Are in many respects like other ulcers or sores, and this resemblance often proves fatal. Valuable time is lost in fruitless efforts to heal the sore with washes and salves, because the germs of Cancer that are multiplying in the blood and the new Cancer cells which are constantly developing keep up the irritation and discharge, and at last sharp shooting pains announce the approach of the eating and sloughing stage, and a hideous, sickening cancerous sore begins its

part of the body will continue to

destructive work.

No ulcer or sore can exist without some predisposing internal cause that her rejected the blood and the that has poisoned the blood, and the S.S.S. and after I had taken seven botopen discharging ulcer, or the festering sore on the lip, cheek or other part of the body will continue to

spread and eat deeper into the flesh unless the blood is purified and the Cancer germs or morbid matter eliminated from the circulation. S. S. S. cleanses the blood of all decaying effete matter. It has great

antidotal and purifying properties that soon destroy the germs and poisons and restore the blood to its natural condition. And when pure blood is carried to the ulcer or sore the healing process begins, the discharge ceases and the place heals over and new skin forms. S. S. S. is a strictly vegeover and new skin forms. S. S. S. is a strictly vegetable blood purifier containing no mercury or minerals of any description.

If you have an ulcer or chronic sore of any kind, write us about it, medical advice will cost you nothing. Books on Cancer and other diseases of THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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point of merit without competition; For the reason and because of the wonderful success achieved, together with the most udprecedented general all-round satisfaction given and the verdict handed down by the people who have used them, that O. K. STOVES and RANGES are

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Until the goods are entirely disposed of. All these Shoes are new, fresh and clean goods, all in the latest desirable styles, and it is a rare and good chance for all who want to save money in this line. Now, step lively! Come at once, before it is picked

THE NEW IDEA,

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BRING YOUR

full run down the gentle slope, over the little brook and up to the gate. He had hardly got his team pulled up before, flinging me the lines, he was out knows."

TO THE TIMES OFFICE

CHAPTER XIV.

GRAEME'S NEW BIRTH. dead body. It seemed to me try churchyard. I waited long for the hands. old careless, reckless spirit to appear, "You, too, are welcome home," she but he was never the same again. The said and kissed me. change was unmistakable, but hard to not a success. He would not roar. This was disappointing to me and to his friends and mine, who had been

tion of tales of thrilling and bloodthirsty adventure. His first days were spent in making right, or as nearly right as he could, the break that drove him to the west. His old firm-and I have had more respect for the humanity of lawyers ever since-behaved really well. They proved the restoration of their confidence in his integrity and ability by offering

ever, he would not accept. Then, when to look up Graeme's young brother, have eyes." he felt clean, as he said, he posted off who had given every promise in the home, taking me with him. During old days of developing into as stirring I gave him a supper, asking the men the railway journey of four hours he a rascal as one could desire, but who, who had been with us in the old varhardly spoke, but when we had left as I found out later, had not lived sity days. I was doubtful as to the the town behind and had fairly got these years in his mother's home for wisdom of this and was persuaded upon the country road that led toward | nothing. the home ten miles away his speech its ran over. He was like a boy returning from his first college term. His her upon the walk. very face wore the boy's open, innocent, earnest look that used to attract one for us all, but for the mother it men to him in his first college year. was full to the brim with joy. Her ferent, you know." His delight in the fields and woods, in the sweet country air and the sunlight. her eyes rested a great peace. Our was without bound. How often had days were spent driving about among per, and if the boys can't stand me, we driven this road together in the the hills or strolling through the ma- why, I can't help it. I'll do anything

pine stumps, huge and blackened, were lawn till the stars came out and the for a year and then finally secure-him where we used to get out and walk wander off together, leaving Jack and heartlessly. "But I'll tell you what when the roads were bad; the orchards, me to each other. Jack was reading I'll do-I'll feed! Don't you worry," where the harvest apples were best for divinity and was really a fine, man- he added soothingly. "The supper will and most accessible-all had their ly fellow, with all his brother's turn go."

the sheep that wandered in flocks along how subtle her intellect, and through esque snake fences stretched the fields of springing grain, of varying shades of green, with here and there a dark talk little of the mountains and his whole business from this out." brown patch, marking a turnip field or | life there. summer fallow, and far back were the woods of maple and beech and elm. with here and there the tufted top of a mighty pine, the lonely representative | Jack. of a vanished race, standing clear above the humbler trees.

As we drove through the big swamp, plunges down to its gloomy depths, never did such a thing before! How Graeme and used to make my heart her eyes till I could not see their color. Graeme reminded me of that night could you? Is it this baleful western stand still at his cool deliberation. But But all that, too, is another story. when our horse saw something in that | influence?" same gully and refused to go past, and I felt again, though it was broad day- brightly. ight, something of the grewsomeness that shivered down my back as I saw strated, "you ought to tell your people had developed into a cynic with a in the moonlight the gleam of a white thing not far through the pine trunks.

As we came nearer none the houses

tale. We had eaten or slept in most of them; we had sampled apples and cherries and plums from their ormarauders, under cover of night-the more delightful way, I fear. Ah, happy days, with these innocent crimes and fleeting remorses, how bravely we faced them, and how gayly we lived them, and how yearningly we look back at them now! The sun was just dipping into the treetops of the distant woods behind as we came to the top of the last hill that overlooked the valley in which lay the village of Riverdale. Wooded hills stood about it on three sides, and where the hills faded out there lay the millpond sleeping and smiling in the sun. Through the village ran the white road, up past the old frame church and on to the white manse hiding among the trees. That was Graeme's home and mine, too, for I had never known another worthy of the name. We held up our team to would you do in a case like this?" look down over the valley, with its rampart of wooded hills, its shining pond and its nestling village. The beauty, the peace, the warm, loving

homeliness of the scene, came about our hearts; but, being men, we could find no words. "Let's go!" cried Graeme, and down the hill we tore and rocked and swayed, to the amazement of the steady team, whose education from the earliest years had impressed upon their minds the criminality of attempting to do anything but walk carefully down a hill, at least for two-thirds of the way. Through the village, in a cloud of dust, we swept, catching a glimpse of a well known face here and there and flinging a salutation as we passed, leaving the owner of the face rooted to his place in astonishment at the sight of Graeme whirling on in his old time, well known reckless manner. Only old Dunc Me-Leod was equal to the moment, for as Graeme called out, "Hello, Dunc!" the old man lifted up his hands and called

> back in an awed voice: "Bless my soul! Is it yourself?" "Stands his whisky well, poor old

chap!" was Graeme's comment. As we neared the church he pulled up his team, and we went quietly past the sleepers there, then again on the | swer she slipped her hand into his and | saintly woman. over the wheel, for coming down the walk, with her hands lifted high, was | smiling a little and patting her hand. a dainty little lady, with the face of an angel. In a moment Graeme had her in his arms. I heard the faint cry, "My boy, my boy!" and got down on the other side to attend to my off. horse, surprised to find my hands trembling and my eyes full of tears. Back upon the steps stood an old gentleman, with white hair and flowing beard, handsome, straight and stately, Graeme's father, waiting his turn.

"Welcome home, my ladi" was his greeting as he kissed his son, and the tramer of his voice and the sight of the HERE was more left in that two men kissing each other, like womgrave than old man Nelson's en, sent me again to my horses' heads. "There's Connor, mother!" shouted

that Graeme left part at least out Graeme, and the dainty little lady, of his old self there with his dead in her black silk and white lace, came friend and comrade in the quiet coun- out to me quickly, with outstretched

I stood with my hat off, saying somedefine. He seemed to have resolved thing about being glad to come, but his life into a definite purpose. He wishing that I could get away before was hardly so comfortable a fellow to I should make quite a fool of myself, be with; he made me feel even more for as I looked down upon that beautilazy and useless than was my wont, ful face, pale, except for a faint flush but I respected him more and liked upon each faded cheek, and read the him none the less. As a lion he was story of pain endured and conquered, and as I thought of all the long years too much to bear, and till she left us of waiting and of vain hoping, I found for that world of which she was a my throat dry and sore, and the words part I kept my word, to my own great waiting his return with eager expectawould not come. But her quick sense and lasting good. needed no words, and she came to my

> "You will find Jack at the stable," her love and then burst forth: she said, smiling. "He ought to have been here. The stable! Why had I not thought known her till this summer." of that before? Thankfully now my words came:

"Yes, certainly, I'll find him, Mrs. | mother, envied him his. Graeme. I suppose he's as much of a him a place in the firm, which, how- scapegrace as ever." And off I went shortly, "but you cannot see until you "Oh, Jack's a good boy!" she an- proposal.

came to him in a great flow. His spir- swered, smiling again, as she turned toward the other two, now waiting for "I shall be awfully glad to see them. Great stuff they were.'

The week that followed was a happy sweet face was full of content, and in ple woods or down into the tamarack but roar, and don't you begin to work Every turn was familiar. The swamp swamp, where the pitcher plants and off your menagerie act. Now, you hear where the tamaracks stood straight and | the swamp lilies and the marigold | me!" slim out of their beds of moss; the waved above the deep moss. In the brule, as we used to call it, where the evenings we sat under the trees on the when I have been talking up my lion half hidden by the new growth of pop- night dews drove us in. Like two lov- he will not roar." lars and soft maples; the big hill, ers. Graeme and his mother would "Serves you right," he replied quite for Rugby, and I took to him amazing-It was one of those perfect after ly, but after the day was over we best, the wines first class. I had asked noons that so often come in the early would gather about the supper table, Graeme about the wines. Canadian summer before nature grows and the talk would be of all things weary with the heat. The white gravel | under heaven-art, football, theology. road was trimmed on either side with The mother would lead in all. How added, "are the men all straight?" turf of living green, close cropped by quick she was, how bright her fancy, ngth. Beyond the pictur all a gentle grace, very winning and

"My lion will not roar, Mrs. Graeme," I complained. "He simply will not." "You should twist his tail." said

"That seems to be the difficulty, Jack," said his mother, "to get hold of his fale." "Oh, mother," groaned Jack,

"I shall reform, Jack," she replied

"But, seriously, Graeme," I remonof your life, that free, glorious life in sneer, awfully clever and a good the mountains." "Free! Glorious! To some men per- Martin, the sharpest quarter ever seen,

became familiar. Every house had its | hapsi" said Graeme and then fell into and Barney Lundy, center scrimmage, But I saw Graeme as a new man the struck terror to the enemy's heart and

night he talked theology with his who was Graeme's slave. Such was chards, openly as guests or secretly as father. The old minister was a splen- the party. did Calvinist, of heroic type, and as he discoursed of God's severeignty and gan to vanish, for if Graeme did not election his face glowed and his voice roar he did the next best thing-ate and

rang out. Graeme listened intently, now and we played our matches over again, bitthen putting in a question, as one terly lamenting the "ifs" that had lost would a keen knife thrust into a foe, us the championships and wildly apbut the old man knew his ground and proving the tackles that had saved and moved easily among his ideas, demoly the runs that had made the varsity ishing the enemy as he appeared with crowd go mad with delight and had jaunty grace. In the full flow of his won for us, and as their names came triumphant argument Graeme turned up in talk we learned how life had to him with sudden seriousness.

"Look here, father. I was born a Calvinist, and I can't see how any one cess had lifted to high places, some with a level head can hold anything failure had left upon the rocks, and a else than that the Almighty has some few lay in their graves. idea as to how he wants to run his universe, and he means to carry out his to wish that I had left out the wines, idea and is carrying it out. But what for the men began to drop an occasion-Then he told the story of poor Billy during the summer that Graeme was

Breen, his fight and his defeat. "Would you preach election to that

The old gentleman blew his nose like | slow way: a trumpet and then said gravely: "No, my boy. You don't feed babes

with meat. But what came to him?" Then Graeme asked me to finish the and that is too bad to be talked much tale. After I had finished the story of about. But when a man flings out of Billy's final triumph and of Craigs his foul mouth the name of Jesus part in it they sat long silent till the minister, clearing his throat hard and "it's a shame; it's more—it's a crime." blowing his nose more like a trumpet than ever, said, with great emphasis: "Thank God for such a man in such place! I wish there were more of us | bad form. But crime is rather strong.

"I should like to see you out there, sir," said Graeme admiringly. "You'd Graeme, with emphasis.

get them, but you wouldn't have time for election." "Yes, yes," said his father warmly;

"I should love to have a chance just for the race. But no one takes serious to preach election to those poor lads. Iy any longer the Christ myth." Would I were twenty years younger!" "It is worth a man's life," said put in Wig Martin. Graeme carnestly.

His younger brother turned his face eagerly toward the mother. For an- copal clergyman and his mother a said softly, while her eyes shone like

"Some day, Jack, perhaps. God build a religion that will take the dev-But Jack only looked steadily at her, do the trick. I don't want to argue

about it, but I am quite convinced-the "You'd shine there, mother," said myth theory is not reasonable, and, be-Graeme, smiling upon her. "You'd bet- sides, it won't work." ter come with me." She started and said faintly: tray, with a sneer.

"With you?" It was the first hint he had given of his purpose. "You are haven't seen much of it." going back?" "What-as a missionary?" said Jack.

"Not to preach, Jack-I'm not ortho- you have," said Wig again. dox enough," looking at his father and But Rattray ignored him. shaking his head-"but to build rail-

roads and lend a hand to some poor "I want you to know anyway why I believe what I do."

"Could you not find work nearer

home, my boy?" asked the father.

"Lots of work, but not mine, I fear,"

answered Graeme, keeping his eyes

away from his mother's face. "A man

His voice was quiet and resolute,

and, glancing at the beautiful face at

the end of the table, I saw in the pale

lips and yearning eyes that the mother

was offering up her firstborn, that an-

clent sacrifice. But not all the agony

of sacrifice could wring from her en-

treaty or complaint in the hearing of

her sons. That was for other ears and

for the silent hours of the night. And

next morning, when she came down to

meet us, her face was wan and weary,

but it wore the peace of victory and a

glory not of earth. Her greeting was

full of dignity, sweet and gentle, but

when she came to Graeme she lingered

over him and kissed him twice, and

that was all that any of us ever saw

At the end of the week I took leave

She hesitated just a moment, then

"You are his friend. You will some-

"Gladly, if I may," I hastened to an-

"More fool you," I answered, for of-

"Yes; that is true," he answered

Before he set out again for the west

only by Graeme's eager assent to my

"Certainly; let's have them," he said.

"But I don't know, Graeme. You see

"I hope I can still stand a good sup-

"Well, it is rather hard lines that

And go it did. The supper was of the

"Do as you like, old man,"

I ran them over in my mind.

py" Smith, a demon bowler; "Polly"

Lindsay, slow as ever and as sure as

he was never known to fumble or funk,

and somehow he always got us out safe

enough. Then there were Rattray-

"Rat" for short-who, from a swell,

enough fellow at heart; little "Wig"

whose terrific roar and rush had often

As the supper went on my fears be-

talked quite up to his old form. Now

gone with those who had been our

comrades of ten years ago. Some suc-

But as the evening wore on I began

"What an awful fool a man is to

damn things as you do, Rat! Things

There was dead silence. Then Rat-

"I suppose you're right enough. It is

"Not if you consider who it is." said

"Oh, come now!" broke in Beetles.

"Religion is all right. It is a good

thing and, I believe, a necessary thing

"What about your mother, Beetles?

Beetles consigned him to the pit and

was silent, for his father was an Epis-

"I fooled with that for some time,

Beetles, but it won't do. You can't

il out of a man on a myth. That won't

"Will the other work?" asked Rat-

"Sure," said Graeme. "I've seen it."

"Yes, you have, Rattray; you know

"Where?" challenged Rattray.

tray replied:

I think."

are not damned. It is men who are,

"Yes, I think so."

time, as it happened.

-well, hang it-you know-you're dif-

He looked at me curiously.

swer, for the sweet, brave face was

suddenly put her hands upon my shoui-

ders and kissed me, saying softly:

of them and last of all of the mother.

of that sore fight.

times come to me?

must do his own work."

Then he told them the story of old | hopeful than ever. man Nelson, from the old coast days, sacrifice and the pathos of the death and could understand sacrifice.

"That's why I believe in Jesus Christ, and that's why I think it a crime to fling his name about." "I wish to heaven I could say that,"

said Beetles. "Keep wishing hard enough, and it

will come to you," said Graeme. "Look here, old chap," said Rattray. most of those who go in for that sort of thing are not much account."

"For ten years, Rattray," said Graeme it's not good enough, and the more you go in for it the more you curse your- at his hands!" self. So I have quit this, and I am going in for the other."

"What? Going in for preaching?"

"I say, don't you want a center forward?" said big Barney in his deep

"Every man must play his game in his place, old chap. I'd like to see you tackle it, though, right well," said When Graeme met me in the city at Graeme earnestly. the end of the summer, he brought me

And so he did in the after years, and good tackling it was. But that is an-"Connor, do you know, I have just other story .. discovered my mother. I have never

"But, I say, Graeme," persisted Beetles, "about this business-do you mean ten had I, who had never known a to say you go the whole thing-Jonah, you know, and the rest of it?" Graeme hesitated, then said:

"I haven't much of a creed, Beetles; don't really know how much I believe. But"-by this time he was standing-"I do know that good is good, and bad is bad, and good and bad are not the same, and I know a man's a fool to follow the one and a wise man to follow the other, and," lowering his voice, "I believe God is at the back of a man who wants to get done with bad. I've tried all that folly," sweeping his hand over the glasses and bottles, "and all that goes with it, and I've done with

"I'll go you that far," roared big Bar ney, following his old captain as of

"Good man," said Graeme, striking hands with him. "Put me down," said little Wig cheer-

Then I took up the word, for there rose before me the scene in the league saloon, and I saw the beautiful face with the deep, shining eyes, and I was speaking for her again. I told them of Craig and his fight for these men's And I swept the bottles into the champagne tub.

"I say," said Polly Lindsay, coming up in his old style, slow, but sure, "let's all go in, say, for five years." And so we did. We didn't sign any-

answer. "It's your supper. But," he thing, but every man shook hands with And as I told Craig about this a year

later, when he was on his way back "If not, don't you help them down, and anyway you can't be too careful. from his old land trip to join Graeme the coals, then went on in a soft, quiet Do what I would, Graeme would But don't mind me. I am quit of the in the mountains, he threw up his head in the old way and said: "It was well done. It must have been worth see-So I ventured wines, for the last We were a quaint combination-old done yet. Tell me again." And he sitting there in the very dress she wore "Beetles," whose nickname was prophetic of his future fame as a bugman, all the details put in. as the fellows irreverently said; "Stum-

But when I told Mrs. Mavor after two years had gone she only said, "Old things are passed away; all things are when he held the halfback line with become new," but the light glowed in

COMING TO THEIR OWN. MAN with a conscience is often provoking, sometimes impossible. Persuasion is lost angry, and he looks at one with such a one from getting useless and lazy." faraway expression in his face that in striving to persuade him one feels thinking of my life beside his and tryearthly and even fiendish. At least ing to get command of my voice, so as this was my experience with Craig. not to make quite a fool of myself, He spent a week with me just before and for many a day those words goadhe sailed for the old land for the pur- ed me to work and to the exercise of pose, as he said, of getting some of the some mild self denial. But, more than coal dust and other grime out of him. all else, after Craig had gone back to

mained quite sweetly unmoved. It one to do unpleasant duty long postwas a strategic mistake of mine to tell poned and rendered uncomfortable my him how Nelson came home to us and how Graeme stood up before the var- of the old gang were with him, both sity chaps at my supper and made his of lumbermen and miners, and Craig confession and confused Rattray's easy was their minister, and the letters told stepping profanity and started his own of how he labored by day and by night five year league, for all this stirred in along the line of construction, carry-Craig the hero, and he was ready for | ing his tent and kit with him, preachall sorts of heroic nonsense, as I called | ing straight sermons, watching by sick it. We talked of everything but the men, writing their letters and winning one thing, and about that we said not | their hearts, making strong their lives a word till, bending low to poke my and helping them to die well when fire and to hide my face, I plunged:

"You will see her, of course?" al oath, though I had let them know He made no pretense of not understanding, but answered: not the man he had been. But Graeme

smoked and talked and heeded not till "Of course." "There's really no sense in her stay-Rattray swore by that name most saing over there," I suggested. cred of all ever borne by man. Then "And yet she is a wise woman," he Graeme opened upon him in a cool, said, as if carefully considering the

"Heaps of landlords never see their tenants, and they are none the worse."

"The landlords?" "No, the tenants." "Probably, having such landlords."

"And, as for the old lady, there must it would be a godsend to care for her." "Now, Connor," he said quietly, new and old, full of gayest humor and "don't. We have gone over all there of most carnest welcome to the work. is to be said. Nothing new has come. Don't turn it all up again."

Then I played the heathen and raged,

as Graeme would have said, till Craig smiled a little wearily and said: "You exhaust yourself, old chap. Have a pipe-do." And after a pause he added in his own way: "What would you have? The path lies straight from my feet. Should I quit it? I could not so disappoint you-and all of them.

And I knew he was thinking of Graeme and the lads in the mountains he had taught to be true men. It did was moved to say: "And after all, you know, old chap,

there are great compensations for all losses, but for the loss of a good conscience toward God what can make But, all the same, I hoped for some

better result from his visit to Britain. It seemed to me that something must turn up to change such an unbearable The year passed, however, and when

that nothing had been changed and "I'll tell you, boys," said Graeme. that he had come back to take up

again his life alone, more resolutely

But the year had left its mark upon "There is plenty of both kinds near us before I knew him, to the end. He him too. He was a broader and deeptold the story well. The stern fight er man. He had been living and thinkand the victory of the life and the self | ing with men of larger ideas and richer culture, and he was far too quick appealed to these men, who loved fight in sympathy with life to remain untouched by his surroundings. He was more tolerant of opinions other than more tolerant of opinions other than kinds own, but more unrelenting in his fidelity to conscience and more impatient of half heartedness and self indulgence. He was full of reverence for the great scholars and the great leaders of men he had come to know.

"Great, noble fellows they are and "You're quite right about this. I'm extraordinarily modest," he said-"that willing to own up. Wig is correct. I is, the really great are modest. There know a few at least of that stamp, but are plenty of the other sort, neither great nor modest. And the books to be read! I am quite hopeless about my reading. It gave me a queer sensain a downright matter of fact way, tion to shake hands with a man who "you and I have tried this sort of had written a great book. To hear thing," tapping a bottle, "and we got | him make commonplace remarks, to out of it all there is to be got, paid witness a faltering in knowledge-one well for it, too, and, faugh, you know expects these men to know everything -and to experience respectful kindness

"What of the younger men?" I asked "Bright, keen, generous fellows-in Sash Weights and Cords. things theoretical omniscient, but in "Not much-railroading, money in it things practical quite helpless. They and lending a hand to fellows on the toss about great ideas as the miners lumps of coal. They can call them by their book names easily enough, but I often wonder whether they could put TO CONSUMERS OF them into English. Some of them coveted for the mountains, men with clear heads and big hearts and built after Sandy McNaughton's model. It does seem a sinful waste of God's good We are now in position to ship our human stuff to see these fellows potter Beer all over the State at the following does seem a sinful waste of God's good away their lives among theories, living prices:

and dead, and end up by producing a book. They are all either making or going to make a book. A good thing we haven't to read them. But here and there among them is some quiet chap who will make a book that men will tumble over each other to read." Then we paused and looked at each other.

"Well?" I said. He understood me.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "doing great work. Every one worships her just as we do, and she is making them all do something worth while, as she used to make us.'

He spoke cheerfully and readily, as if he were repeating a lesson well learned, but he could not humbug me. I felt the heartache in the cheerful tone. "Tell me about her," I said, for I knew that if he would talk it would do

him good, and talk he did, often forgetting me, till, as I listened, I found my self looking again into the fathomless eyes and hearing again the heart searching voice. I saw her go in and out of the little red tiled cottages and down the narrow back lanes of the village; I heard her voice in a sweet, low song by the bed of a dying child or pouring forth floods of music in the great new hall of the factory town near by, but I could not see, though lives. I told them, too, of how I had he tried to show me, the stately, grabeen too indolent to begin. "But," I cious lady receiving the country folk said, "I am going this far from tonight." | in her home. He did not linger over that scene, but went back again to the gate cottage where she had taken him one day to see Billy Breen's mother.

"I found the old woman knew all about me," he said simply enough, "but there were many things about Billy she had never heard, and I was glad to put her right on some points, though Mrs Mayor would not hear it."

He sat silent for a little, looking into voice: "It brought back the mountains and

the old days to hear again Billy's tones ing. Old man Nelson's work is not in his mother's voice and to see her made me go over the whole scene, with the night of the league, you remember -some soft stuff with black lace about it and to hear her sing as she did for Billy. Ah! Ah!"

His voice unexpectedly broke, but in a moment be was master of himself and begged me to forgive his weakness. I am afraid I said words that should not be said, a thing I never do except when suddenly and utterly up-

"I am getting selfish and weak," he said. "I must get to work. I am glad to get to work. There is much to do, upon him. He will not get and it is worth while, if only to keep "Useless and lazy!" I said to myself, He made me angry the last night of the mountains Graeme's letters from his stay and all the more that he rethe railway construction camp stirred

hours of most luxurious ease. Many their hour came. One day these letters proved too

much for me, and I packed away my paints and brushes and made my vow unto the Lord that I would be "useless and lazy" no longer, but would do something with myself. In consequence I found myself within three weeks walking the London hospitals, finishing my course, that I might join that band of men who were doing something with life or, if throwing it away, were not losing it for nothing. I had finished being a fool, I hoped, at least a fool of the useless and luxurious kind. The letter that came from Graeme in reply be some one in the connection to whom | to my request for a position on his staff was characteristic of the man, both

> Mrs. Mayor's reply was like herself: I knew you would not long be content with the making of pictures, which the world does not really need, and would join your friends in the dear west, making lives that the world needs so sorely. But her last words touched me

But be sure to be thankful every day for your privilege. • • • It will be good to

think of you all, with the glorious mountains about you and Christ's own work in your hands. * * Ah, how we would like to choose our work and the place in which

The longing did not appear in the words, but I needed no words to tell not help my rage, but it checked my me how deep and how constant it was, speech, so I smoked in silence till he and I take some credit to myself that in my reply I gave her no bidding to join our band, but rather praised the work she was doing in her place, telling her how I had heard of it from The summer found me religiously do-

ing Paris and Vienna, gaining a more perfect acquaintance with the extent and variety of my own ignorance, and so fully occupied in this interesting and wholesome occupation that I fell out with all my correspondents, with the I looked into Craig's face again I knew result of weeks of silence between us. Two letters among the heap waiting

[Continued on next page.]

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