

# CANCEROUS ULCERS

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 constantly developing 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 destructive work.

No ulcer or sore can exist without some predisposing internal cause that has poisoned the blood, and the open 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 antitoxic and purifying properties that soon destroy the germs and poisons and restore the blood to its natural condition. And when pure blood is begun, the discharge ceases and the place heals over 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 blood will be sent free.

**CAROLINA PORTLAND CEMENT CO.,**  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

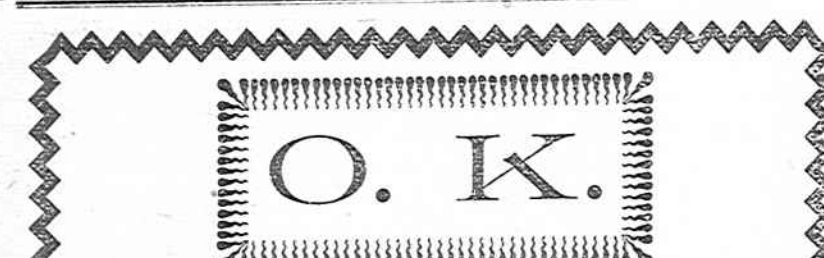
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Fire Brick, Fire Tile, Arch Brick, Bull-Head and All Special Tiles.

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Carload Lots. Less Than Carload Lots.



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

# Unequaled, Unapproached, Better Than the Best,

We have discarded all other lines of Cook Stoves from our floor and sell them only. Housekeepers, we invite you to see this truly magnificent line of Stoves and Ranges, they are built for service. We have an excellent assortment of Plain and Decorated Lamps from which you could select, and our line of Crockery is all you could desire to replenish your stock from. We have the goods at all prices, which we assure you is the lowest. Sportsmen, we have Loaded Shells, Powder and Shot, Caps, Leg guns and Hunters' Coats, Cartridge Belts and the handsomest line of Single and Double Guns ever shown here. Come to see us. Very truly yours,

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# THE NEW IDEA.

We have just received a ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR stock of Shoes. We bought out a concern at

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and as we have no room for so much additional goods, having a full stock on hand, we will sell them at

First Wholesale Cost Price

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 over.

# THE NEW IDEA,

M. M. KRASNOFF, Prop.

BRING YOUR

# Job Work

TO THE TIMES OFFICE.

# Black Rock

By Ralph Connor.

## CHAPTER XIV. GRAEME'S NEW MIRTH.

THEIR was more left in that grave than old man Nelson's dead body. It seemed to me that Graeme left part at least of his old self there with his dead friend and comrade in the quiet country churchyard. I waited long for the old careless, reckless spirit to appear, but he was never the same again. The change was unmistakable, but hard to define. He seemed to have resolved his life into a definite purpose. He was hardly so comfortable a fellow to be with; he made me feel even more lazy and useless than was my habit, but I respected him more and liked him none the less. He would not roar. This was disappointing to me and to his friends and mine, who had been waiting his return with eager expectation of tales of thrilling and blood-thirsty 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 him a place in the firm, which, however, he would not accept. Then, when he felt clean, as he said, he posted off home, taking me with him. During the railway journey of four hours he hardly spoke, but when we had left the town behind and had fairly got upon the country road that led toward the home ten miles away his speech came in like a great flow. His spirits ran over. He was like a boy returning from his first college term. His very face wore the boy's open, innocent, earnest look that used to attract men to him in his first college year. His delight in the fields and woods, in the sweet country air and the sunlight, was without bound. How often had we driven this road together in the old days!

Every turn was familiar. The swamp where the tamaracs stood straight and slim out of their beds of moss; the brule, as we used to call it, where the pine stumps, huge and blackened, were half hidden by the new growth of poplars and soft maples; the big hill, where we used to get out and walk when the roads were bad; the orchards, where the harvest apples were best and most accessible—all had their memories.

It was one of those perfect afternoons that so often come in the early Canadian summer before nature grows weary with the heat. The white gravel road was trimmed on either side with turf of living green, close cropped by the sheep that wandered in flocks along its whole length. Beyond the picturesque snake fences stretched the fields of springing grain, of varying shades of green, with here and there a dark brown patch, marking a turnip field or summer fallow, and far back were the woods of maple and beech and elm, with here and there the tuft of a hollyhock in a meadow, or a representative of the mistle-bird race, standing clear above the humbler trees.

As we drove through the big swamp, where the yawning, haunted gulph plunges down to its gloomy depths, Graeme reminded me of that night when our horse saw something in that same gulph and refused to go past, and I felt again, though it was broad daylight, something of the greenness that slithered down my back as I lay in the moonlight of the pine trunks, thinking not far from the pine trunks, as we came nearer the houses became familiar. Every house had its tale. We had eaten or slept in most of them; we had sampled apples and cherries and plums from their orchards, openly as guests or secretly as marauders, under cover of night—the more delightful way, I fear. Ah, happy days, with these innocent crimes and fleeting remorse, how bravely we faced them, and how gayly we lived them, and how yearningly we went back at them now! The sun was just dipping into the treetops of the distant woods behind us 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 farm 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 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 them the criminality of attempting to do anything but walk carefully down a hill, at least for three-fourths 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 Dun McCreame called out to the moment, for 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 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 over the wheel, for coming down the walk, with her hands lifted high, was 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 lad!" was his greeting as he kissed his son, and the sound of his voice and the sight of the two men kissing each other, like women, sent me again to my horse's head. "There's Connor, mother!" shouted out Graeme, and the dainty little lady, in her black silk and white lace, came out to me quickly, with outstretched hands. "You, too, are welcome home," she said and kissed me. I stood with my hat off, saying something about being glad to come, but wishing that I could get away before I should make quite a fool of myself, for as I looked down upon that beautiful face, pale, except for a faint flush upon each faded cheek, and read the story of vain endeavor and conquered, and as I thought of all the long years of waiting and of vain hoping, I found my throat dry and sore, and my words would not come. But her quick sense needed no words, and she came to my help.

"You will find Jack at the stable," she said, smiling. "He ought to have been here." "The stable? Why had I not thought of that before? Thankfully now my words came: "Yes, certainly, I'll find him, Mrs. Graeme. I suppose he's as much of a scapegrace as ever." And off I went to look up Graeme's young brother, who had given every promise in the old days of developing into an stirring rascal as one could desire, but who, as I found out later, had not lived these years in his mother's home for nothing.

"Oh, Jack's a good boy!" she answered, smiling again, as she turned toward the other two, now waiting for her upon the walk. The week that followed was a happy one for us all, but for the mother it was full to the brim with joy. Her sweet face was full of content, and in her eyes rested a great peace. Our days were spent driving about among the hills or strolling through the maple woods or down into the tamarack swamp, where the pitcher plants and the swamp lilies and the marigold waved above the deep moss. In the evenings we sat under the trees on the lawn till the stars came out and the night dew drove us in. Like two lovers, Graeme and his mother would wander off together, leaving Jack and me to each other. Jack was reading for divinity and was really a fine man, by far, and I took to him amazingly, but after the day was over we would gather about the supper table, and the talk would be of all things under heaven—art, football, theology. The mother would lead in all. How quick she was, how bright her fancy, how subtle her intellect, and through all a gentle grace, very winning and beautiful to see!

Do what I would, Graeme would talk little of the mountains and his life there. "My lion will not roar, Mrs. Graeme," I complained. "He simply will not." "You should twist his tail," said Jack. "That seems to be the difficulty, Jack," said his mother, "to get hold of his tail." "Oh, mother," groaned Jack, "you never did such a thing before! How could you? Is it this baleful western influence?" "I shall reform, Jack," she replied brightly.

"But, seriously, Graeme," I remonstrated, "you ought to tell your people of your life, that free, glorious life in the mountains." "Free! Glorious! To some men perhaps!" said Graeme and then fell into silence. But I saw Graeme as a new man from that night he talked theology with his father. The old minister was a splendid Calvinist, of heroic type, and as he discoursed of God's sovereignty and election his face glowed and his voice rang out.

Graeme listened intently, now and then putting in a question, as one would a keen knife thrust into a foe, but the old man knew his ground and moved easily among his ideas, demolishing the enemy as he appeared with jaunty grace. In the full flow of his triumphant argument Graeme turned to him with sudden seipousness. "Look here, father. I was born a Calvinist, and I can't see how any one with a level head could be anything else than a Calvinitist. I have had some idea as to how he wants to run his universe, and he means to carry out his idea and is carrying it out. But what would you do in a case like this?" Then he told the story of poor Billy Breen, his fight and his defeat. "Would you preach election to that chap?" The mother's eyes were shining with tears. The old gentleman blew his nose like a trumpet and then said gravely: "No, my boy. You don't feed babes with man. But what came to him?" Then Graeme asked me to finish the tale. After I had finished the story of Billy's final triumph and of Craig's part in it they sat long silent till the minister, clearing his throat and blowing his nose more like a trumpet than ever, said, with great emphasis: "Thank God for such a man in such a place! I wish there were more of us like him."

roads and lend a hand to some poor chap if I can." "Could you not find work nearer home, my boy?" asked the father. "There is plenty of both kinds near us here surely."

"Lots of work, but not mine, I fear," answered Graeme, keeping his eyes away from his mother's face. "A man must do his own work." 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 ancient sacrifice. But not all the agony of sacrifice could wring from her twenty or thirty years of 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 of that sort of fight.

At the end of the week I took leave of them and last of all of the mother. She hesitated just a moment, then suddenly put her hands upon my shoulders and kissed me, saying softly: "You are his friend. You will sometimes come to me?" "Gladly, if I may," I hastened to answer, for the sweet, but so face was too much to bear, and till she left us for that world of which she was a part I kept my word, to my own great and lasting good.

When Graeme met me in the city at the end of the summer, he brought me her love and then burst forth: "Connor, do you know, I have never known her till this summer." "More fool you," I answered, for often had I, who had never known a mother, envied him his.

"Yes, that is true," he answered shortly, "but you cannot see until you have eyes." He set out again for the west I gave him a supper, asking the man who had been with me in the old variety days. I was doubtful as to the wisdom of this and was persuaded only by Graeme's eager assent to my proposal.

"Certainly, let's have them," he said. "I shall be awfully glad to see them. Great stuff they were." "But I don't know, Graeme. You see—well, hang it—your know—you're different, you know," he said curiously. "I hope I can still stand a good supper, and if the boys can't stand me, why, I can't help it. I'll do anything but roar, and don't you begin to work off your menagerie act. Now, you hear me!"

"Well, it is rather hard lines that when I have been talking up my lion for a year and then finally secure him he will not roar." "Serves you right," he replied quite heartily. "I'll tell you quite honestly, I'll do—I'll feed! Don't you worry," he added soothingly. "The supper will be." And so it did. The supper was of the best, the wines first class. I had asked Graeme about the wines.

"Do as you like, old man," was his answer. "It's your supper. But," he added, "are the men all straight?" I ran them over in my mind. "Yes, I think so." "If you don't you help them down, and anyway you can't be too careful. But here I stand. I am quit of the whole business for an out."

So I ventured wines, for the last time, as it happened. We were a quaint combination—old "Beetles," whose nickname was prophetic of his future fame as a bugman, as the fellows irreverently said; "Stumpy" Smith, a demon bowler; "Polly" Lindsay, a slow as ever and as sure as when he held the ball back with Graeme and used to beat my heart steady at his cool deliberation. But 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, had developed into a cynic with a sneer, awfully clever and a good enough fellow at heart; little "Wig" Martin, the sharpest quarter ever seen, and Barney Lundy, center scrapper, whose terrific roar and rush had often struck terror to the enemy's heart and who was Graeme's slave. Such was the party.

My supper went on my fears began to vanish, for if Graeme did not roar he did the next best thing—ate and talked quite up to his old form. Now we played our matches over again, bitterly lamenting the "ifs" that had lost us the championships and wildly approving the tackles that had saved the runs that had made the varsity crowd go mad with delight and had won for us, and as their names came up in talk we learned how life had gone with those who had been our comrades of ten years ago. Some success had lifted to high places, some a few lay in their graves.

But as the evening wore on I began to wish that I had left out the wines, for the men began to drop an occasional oath, though I had let them know during the summer that Graeme was not the man he had been. But Graeme smoked and talked and heeded not till Rattray swore by that name most sacred of all ever borne by man. Then Graeme opened upon him in a cool, slow way:

"When an awful fool a man is to damn things you do, Rat! Things are not that. It is men who are, and that is too bad to be talked much about. But when a man flings out of his foul mouth the name of Jesus Christ—here he lowered his voice—"it's a shame; it's more—it's a crime." There was dead silence. Then Rattray replied:

"I suppose you're right enough. It is bad form. But crime is rather strong. I don't know, Graeme." "Not if you consider who it is," said Graeme, with emphasis. "Oh, come now!" broke in Beetles. "Religion is all right. It is a good thing and, I believe, a necessary thing for the race. But no one takes seriously any longer the Christ myth." Beetles considered him to the pit and was silent, for his father was an Episcopal clergyman and his mother a saintly woman.

"I feel with that for some time, Beetles, but it won't do. You can't build a religion that will take the devil out of a man on a myth. That won't do the trick. I don't want to argue about it, but I am quite convinced the myth theory is not reasonable, and, besides, it won't work." "Will the other work?" asked Rattray, with a sneer. "Sure," said Graeme. "I've seen it." "Where?" challenged Rattray. "I haven't seen much." "Yes, you have, Rattray; you know you have," said Wig Martin. But Rattray ignored him.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Graeme. "I want you to know anyway why I believe what I do." Then he told them the story of old man Nelson, from the old coast days, before I knew him, to the end. He told the story well. The stern fight and the victory of the life and the self sacrifice and the pathos of the death appealed to these men, who loved fight 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. "You're quite right about that. I'm willing to own up to it. I know a few of at least of that stamp, but most of those who go in for that sort of thing are not much account." "For ten years, Rattray," said Graeme in a downright matter of fact way, "you and I have tried this sort of thing, tapping a bottle, and we got out of it all there is to be got, paid well for it, too, and, damn, you know it's not good enough, and the more you go in for it the more you curse yourself. So I have quit this, and I am going in for the other."

"What? Going in for preaching?" "Not much—road-raging, money in it—and lending a hand to fellows on the rocks." "I say, don't you wait a center for me," said Big Barney in his deep voice. "Every man must play his game in his place, old chap. I'd like to see you tackle it, though, right well," said Graeme earnestly. And so he did in the after years, and good tackling it was. But that is another story.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
MANNING, S. C.

**RHAME & LESSENE,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
MANNING, S. C.

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