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The Greatest Display of Stoves and Ranges in South Carolina

Can be found in our store. We want you to come and see them.

We are headquarters for Machinery Supplies of all kinds and sole agents for the best Rubber, Leather and Canvass Stitch Belting.

We invite special attention to our stock of

PAINTS, *Sold With Our Guarantee.*

HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS. There is no stock superior to ours.

Come and see our stock of Guns and Sportsmen's Supplies, the largest and best ever seen on this market.

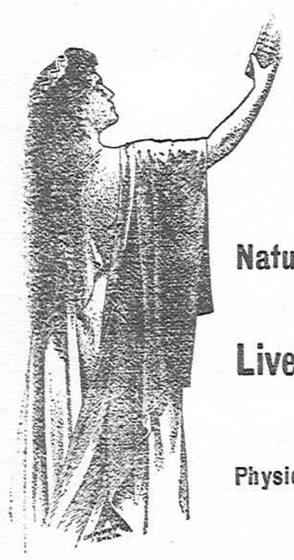
Farmers and mechanics can find any implement or tool in our store, made of the best material and at prices which defy competition.

Lubricating Oils of the best quality and at low prices.

We solicit the trade of the people of Clarendon with whom we have had business for so many years.

STOVES, CROCKERY, HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIES.

L. B. DuRant, Sumter, S. C.



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Nature's Greatest Remedy

FOR DISEASES OF THE

Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Skin.

Physicians Prescribe it,
Patients Depend on it, and
Everybody Praises it.

FOR SALE BY

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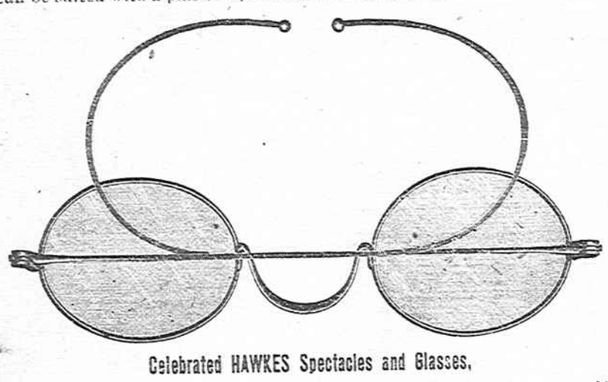
Look to Your Interest.

Here we are, still in the lead, and why suffer with your eyes when yo can be suited with a pair of Spectacles with so little trouble? We carry th



Celebrated HAWKES Spectacles and Glasses,

Which we are offering very cheap, from 25c to $2.50 and Gold Frames at $3 to $6. Call and be suited.

W. M. BROCKINTON.

S. R. VENNING, JEWELER.

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and All Kinds of FANCY NOVELTIES.

I make a specialty of WEDDING and HOLIDAY PRESENTS and always carry a large and handsome line of

Silverware, Hand-Painted China, Glassware

and numerous other articles suitable for Gifts of all kind.

COME AND SEE THEM.

All Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing done promptly and guaranteed.

LEVI BLOCK. - - MANNING, S. C.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signatnre of Chas. H. Fletcher. **and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.**

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE **CASTORIA** ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Donald Donaldson, Jr.

[CONTINUED.]

He stood by the end of the table, and we fell into a sort of group around it. The light was above, and it showed our inverted images in the black and polished surface.

"It was all in the past," said Donald. "I feared that it might be so. I cannot help you, Mr. Kelvin, further than to assure you that the deed of transfer once existed and that it came into the possession of the rightful owner of this property after having been in the hands of a rascal. This I judge by the scene itself. I know nothing of the people."

"Come!" said Reedy. "That's worth knowing. Let's hear your story."

Bunn, who was standing beside me, suddenly leaned upon my shoulder.

"I feel a bit faint," he said and pointed down to the reflections in the table, where for a certainty we all looked like dead men.

"I'll have to do the best I can," said Donald, with something like a groan. "This takes the life out of me, but I'll have to go through with it somehow. It's as if I saw this room, but a good deal different, of course. This table is here, and there is a single candle burning upon it. Beside the table is a man sitting in a chair. He seems to have a sort of light sack coat on over a part of a military uniform. He is very broad in the shoulders. He's one of the strongest looking men that ever I saw, though not very tall, I should judge. He has a little black mustache that is too small for his face. It looks ridiculous on a man with such a heavy jaw."

"That's Westcott—Norman Westcott!" gasped Bunn. "When I was a boy"—

Donald went on without seeming to hear this interruption.

"I never saw a man sit so still," said he. "It startled me at first. I thought he was dead. After quite a long time another man comes into the room—the man whom I described to you this morning. He looks scared; he has a pistol in his hand. He comes in by that window, and the other man seems to see him without looking that way.

"'Have you brought it?' he asks without a movement except of his lips. The other seems to go into a sort of panic. He walks up to the table like a crab, the pistol in his left hand and that side of him coming foremost.

"'Yes; I've got it,' he says, and then he breaks into a sort of harangue. 'No tricks!' he cries over and over again. 'You'll do as you say—Westcott!'

"That's the officer's name—Westcott."

"And the other's Walmsley!" exclaimed Bunn.

Donald looked up dreamily.

"Walmsley?" he repeated. "What was I saying?"

"Keep quiet, everybody," said Reedy. "Don't break in. This is too big a thing to be fooled with. 'No tricks,' that's what you said. He was afraid the other fellow would do him out of something."

Donald looked down at the table and put his fingers lightly upon the scar in it before he proceeded.

"'You shall have your price, Walmsley,' said Westcott, 'and you shall leave this room with it in your pocket, and I will not put the law upon you for this crime. I give you my word as an officer and a gentleman. Put the deed on the table.'

"'The money first,' said Walmsley.

"Westcott had had both his hands under the table. He withdrew the left hand and threw down a little bag. Walmsley, still holding his pistol, managed to open the string that fastened the mouth of the bag, and he poured out the gold coins upon the table. Then he counted them off with his right hand, putting each into his pocket.

"'It's right,' he said, 'and here's the deed.'

"He took it from the breast of his coat and laid it before Westcott. As

"Right there!" he cried, striking his left hand upon the wall.

he did so he lowered his pistol, and the next second it went spinning across the room. Walmsley gave a cry like some wild animal. He seemed to lose his wits. Meanwhile Westcott had risen to his feet, his right hand being behind him. The document lay between them on the table just there."

And Donald laid his finger upon a certain spot.

"I cannot understand what insane impulse moved Walmsley, but he reached forward to snatch the deed. I think he must have meant to get it anyway, protected by his pistol; to get the money, display the document and then treacherously take it again in order to have a hold upon the other, and his mind was so set upon this act that he performed it mechanically in his terror, forgetting the loss of his weapon.

"Westcott made a sudden sweep with his right arm, incredibly rapid. I can hear the whistling sound of his sword in the air. He had been holding a cavalry saber under the table. Walmsley's fingers were closed upon the deed and he was drawing it toward him. Those fingers, long and yellow, remained clasped about that bit of paper, even after the hand fell away from the arm, severed clean by the strongest blow I ever saw or dreamed of."

There was a pause during which I was aware that every one breathed rather hard, including myself.

"Walmsley screamed, but not very loudly," continued Donald. "It was the quick cry of horror and surprise. He stared at his own hand, lying there upon the table. In an instant Westcott caught him and ripped his right shoulder and arm bare. He had everything ready, and he worked with great skill. He put a tight bandage around the arm above the elbow; then he did something to the wrist, tying up the severed arteries, I suppose. When this was done and the stump wrapped in cloths, he picked Walmsley up in his arms, for the man had fainted, and carried him out through that window."

"To the doctor's, of course," said Bunn.

"I have not followed him," responded Donald. "I have seen nothing that happened outside this room. Wait!" he cried suddenly. "Westcott is coming back. He takes the hand from the table, the deed still in it. By the Eternal!"

He sprang toward the wall and pulled away a movable bookcase that had been put in since the Kelvins' advent. How he could have swung it away from the wall I really do not know, for the thing with its load of books must have been a great weight.

"Right there!" he cried, striking with his left hand upon the wall. "He put it there!"

We all ran forward and examined the paneled wall, which seemed to be perfectly solid, but Reedy sounded it in the place indicated by Donald and declared that it was suspiciously hollow. After perhaps ten minutes' work, which showed him to be very expert in such matters, the detective found a spring controlling a panel which opened outward, revealing a recess containing the dust of many old papers and some parchments well enough preserved. There was also the right hand of a man long dead, and the bony fingers still clasped that deed of transfer which Norman Westcott had bought of Ezra Walmsley, the miser.

VIRGINIA SWALLOWWORT.

Its Beautiful Blossoms Are Pitfalls For Bees and Bugs.

Honey bees and insects and bugs of less degree find pitfalls and often death in the beautiful blossoms of the milkweed, otherwise known as the Virginia swallowwort. If these flowers are examined any sunny day, one will be pretty sure to find them decorated with a miscellaneous assortment of struggling or dead insects with their legs fast in the slits of the peculiar blossoms. The pollen of this common plant, instead of being a powder, as in the case of most plants, consists of sticky, waxen masses hidden within the blossom. When a visiting insect thrusts a proboscis or leg into the opening of such a flower, some of these masses stick to it, and the natural course is for the insect to flay off to another flower and fertilize this with the adhering pollen. All insects, however, are not strong enough to extricate their legs from the sticky places, and then ensues the slow torture of hanging there until death or a helping hand releases them from misery. Besides being beautiful, it could be quite a useful plant if we cared to develop its virtues. Thus its milky juice contains caoutchouc. Brown sugar has been made from the flowers. The silky hairs of the seeds are serviceable in the manufacture of textile fabrics, as cotton is, and a fiber of good quality for ropemaking may be extracted from the stalk.

The London Silly Season.

"Always at the beginning of August," says Sydney Brooks, "the editor of each London daily casts about for a subject that will 'fetch' the great British public and fill the correspondence column, such as 'Is Marriage a Failure?' 'The Decay of Domesticity,' 'English Versus American Women,' 'Why Don't Young Men Marry?' 'Should Women Work?' or 'Are We Improvident?' A member of the paper's staff will write a letter to the editor opening the ball. Another member will reply to him. Instantly from Clapham and Brixton and throbbing provincial households there sets in a steady stream of letters—all genuine and argumentative and for the most part quite appallingly earnest. It is a most curious phenomenon, such, I suppose, as no other country can show. For thousands of men and women these annual discussions would seem to be their one chance of really opening their hearts and minds to the world, and a very strange spectacle they make when opened, the minds especially. No one who really wanted to study England could ignore these debates. They throw more than a little light on the English character and the average English intelligence."

Chinese Etiquette.

The polite Chinaman will always refer to himself in deprecatory terms. This trait of Chinese etiquette is aptly expressed in one of their own tales, in which a visitor is represented as calling in his best clothes and seated in the reception room awaiting the arrival of his host. A rat that had been prying in a jar of oil on a rafter above, frightened at the intrusion of the caller, ran away and in so doing upset the oil jar, which fell on the visitor, saturating his elegant robes with oil. Just as the face of the guest was purple with rage the host entered, when the proper salutations were performed, after which the guest proceeded to explain the situation, "As I entered your honorable apartment and seated myself under your honorable beam I inadvertently terrified your honorable rat, which fled and upset your honorable oil jar upon my insignificant person, which is the reason of my contemptible appearance in your honorable presence."

Unjustly Punished.

A friend of mine returning to camp after a day's shooting, says a writer in Navy and Army, suddenly came in sight of a big she bear with two cubs following in single file proceeding along a ridge, the forms of the three being sharply silhouetted against the sky. It was a very long shot, but he determined to try it, so drew a bead on the old she bear and fired. The result was curious. The procession stopped, the she bear scratched herself hastily, then turned around and, regarding the cub immediately behind with grave disapproval, boxed its ears soundly and then went trundling on along the ridge, evidently under the impression that her frolicsome offspring had been up to some unusually objectionable tricks.

Satirical.

"Did you know," said the young man who tried to pose as a handy volume of information, "that there was a time when it was considered a crime for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday?"

"Indeed!" rejoined Miss Cayenne. "And now there are a number of instances in which it would probably be looked on more as a penance."—Washington Star.

Overplayed Themselves.

"Confound it!" exclaimed the sallow dyspeptic in the fifth row, under his breath. "We've overdone the applause. Instead of merely coming out and bowing her thanks, she's going to sing again."—Chicago Tribune.

Child labor is an undesirable "infant industry."—Boston Herald.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL.

Heart Tragedies That Line the Route of Letter Carriers.

"Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might tell a good many stories if that was in my line." The letter carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flecked the dead ash from his cigar, says the Denver News. "Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the livelong day by the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I whistle at the door of her next door neighbor she lays down her knitting and peers with a tired, eager face out of that window until I go by. She's got a boy somewhere out west. He doesn't write to her twice a year, yet twice each day the whole year through she sits there, with that anxious look, waiting, waiting, waiting. I feel a twitch at my own heart every time I pass by and see the look of expectancy fade into disappointment. Sometimes I'd give $50 to be able to stop and give her five lines from that good for nothing boy of hers for whom she's eating out her heart."

"That reminds me," said a younger man who heard the letter carrier's story, "of a pretty baby on my route in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty tot about four or maybe five years old. She has blue gray eyes like a wood violet that look a fellow straight to the heart. Some little girls can do that after they are older. This tot's mamma died six months ago, and for a month afterward she used to come tripping down the walk to meet me with a little white note in her hand, and, looking me to the heart out of those big trusting eyes, she would say, 'Mr. Postman, won't you please take this letter to my mamma in heaven? I used to take the dainty missive from the wee pink hand. I couldn't tell her how far away her mamma was. One day she came without a letter, and there was pain in the great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, baby wants a letter from mamma. Please, Mr. Postman, tell my mamma me wants some letters too.' And, boys, every day for a week I had to pass that baby with the pain in the gray blue eyes, and I wondered the angels did not find some way somehow to make her baby heart understand."

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

Water in which mignonette has been placed should be changed often, since it quickly becomes foul.

The best use to make of old bones is to break them up and bury them near the roots of fruit trees and grapevines.

By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under trees a most beautiful verdure will be obtained.

It is not a good plan to fill an old orchard with young trees. The soil is too much exhausted by the growth of the former occupants.

Geraniums bloom most satisfactorily when grown in comparatively small pots and soil which is termed rich, but not rank with excessive manure.

Stir, spade, rake and pulverize soil thoroughly before planting or sowing. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated if you desire fine blossoms.

Geraniums that have been used for summer bloomers will not flower again until the late spring months. Plants for winter blooming should be grown especially for this purpose.

THE SNIPE.

Much Lead Is Wasted on the Artful Dodger at Migration Time.

The snipe, properly Wilson's snipe, Gallinago delicata, but commonly known as English snipe and wrongfully called half a dozen other names, is a widely distributed species. It visits every state at some season. Its northward migration extends within the arctic circle, while it is known to go southward to northern South America and the West Indies. Comparatively few of the birds which move northward from February until May breed south of the international line. It is quite true there are breeding grounds at various points of the northern states, but the great breeding range extends from latitude 42 degrees north to some undetermined point much nearer the pole than most sportsmen will venture.

Some time in September the first southbound birds pass below the Canadian grounds, and soon most of the suitable marshy bits of east and west have their share of long billed prizes. Then begins an astonishing attack which extends from ocean to ocean and generally sweeps southward from Canada to California. Probably tons of lead, half of which is wasted, are fired at the artful dodger.—Edwyn Sandys in Outing.

That Awful Boy Jones.

Fifty or more years ago "that awful boy Jones" was the torment of Queen Victoria's life, and his short career in public contains a mystery which would try the mettle of Sherlock Holmes.

He was a barber's apprentice who in some unexplained way discovered a passage into Buckingham palace, with which he alone was acquainted. When he was first found trespassing, he was gently admonished and sent home. Soon after he was encountered again in the palace. He would not tell how he obtained access. Again he was sent home, and again he reappeared.

Once he calmly admitted that he had been lodging in the palace for a fortnight. He had laid snug during the day, sleeping in the royal apartments, and at night had wandered from room to room, helping himself to the food left over from royal repasts. He had seen the queen repeatedly and indeed had never been far from her.

The matter was considered so serious that the boy was summoned before a special meeting of the privy council. He refused to give any account of his secret. Soon after he disappeared, and it is supposed that he was removed under state protection.

Promising For the Tenors.

Three tenors while strolling in Paris began to talk of their engagements for the coming season.

"Where are you two fellows going?" asked one.

"I'm going to Rio Janeiro," answered one of his companions.

"So am I," answered the other one.

"That's very queer," said the first speaker, "for I'm going there too."

They then compared notes and, finding that the same theatrical manager had engaged each of them, they called on him and asked for an explanation.

"I don't see why any of you should be dissatisfied," he replied. "I've engaged each of you because I don't want to be left without a tenor in Rio Janeiro. It is very probable that before you are acclimated there yellow fever will carry off two of you, and wouldn't I be in a nice fix then if I hadn't a third tenor on hand?"

Experience worries more men than it teaches.—Chicago News.

THE FASTING FAD.

There Is No Advantage to Be Gained From Going Hungry.

We are living in an age of fads, remarks Good Health, and as its opinion has been solicited in regard to the "fasting fad" it proceeds to give it as follows:

There is no particular advantage to be gained from going hungry. Hunger is the voice of nature telling us that the system needs food and, like all of nature's warnings, should be heeded. To be sure, a great many, we might say the majority, of people eat too much as well as too often. But the entire abstinence from food is an exceptional remedy if it is used at all. In cases where one's stomach is filled with germs it is far better to fast than to go on eating in the usual way, but even then it is not necessary, for one can get all the benefits of fasting and more without discomfort by subsisting for a time upon a fruit diet. In this way the germs are starved out, the fruit juice acting as a disinfectant. Usually one or two days of this kind of fasting is all that is needed, and it is not always necessary to use the fruit entirely alone even then. Some dry sterilized bread, such as zwieback or granose, may be taken with it without interfering with the purpose of the fast. It is really wonderful what can be accomplished by the use of fruit in ridding the digestive tract of germs.

Eau de Cologne.

How many of those who use eau de cologne from Cologne daily, one might almost say hourly, are aware of the fact that it was invented by an Italian and not by a son of the Fatherland, which gives its name?

Almost 200 years ago an Italian priest, Giovan Maria Farina, eked out his modest fortune by selling perfumery, little art objects and so on at Domodossola. In 1702, happening to be in Cologne and making use of some of the finest vegetable productions of the country, he discovered the secret of the miraculous perfume, which has never been revealed to this day except to his descendants. He soon devoted himself to the sale of his invention, which was so satisfactory that, needing help in its manufacture, he had his brother and nephew join him from Italy.

The increasing fame of the water brought increasing difficulties of rivalry. New firms who stole his name, his trademarks, stamps and so on sprang up like mushrooms, but they could not steal his secret.

Smoking a Narghile.

"The narghile is the best instrument to smoke tobacco through, provided you use it in the right way," said a man who knows. "Most people use it in the wrong way. They load it with tobacco and light up with a match as though it was a pipe they were smoking. This is incorrect, and the narghile, so abused, has an abominable taste and odor. The right way to use the narghile is first to dip your tobacco in water, squeeze the water out and place the soaked, damp mass in the pipe bowl. Then you take a lump of burning charcoal and set it on the top of the wet tobacco and begin to smoke. The tobacco itself, you see, is not really alight; it's the charcoal that's alight; it is the burning charcoal that eats the tobacco up. This is the secret of narghile smoking. And a narghile, smoked properly, is delicious—makes, in fact, the very best smoke in the world."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Great Fault.

A Georgia citizen recently said that while riding out from Savannah on horseback he saw a typical southern matron outside a whitewashed cabin, while on the lawn in front a bevy of young colored children were playing. There were eight of them altogether, seven of their number being very, very dark, while the eighth one was light complexioned.

"You've got some fine looking children there, auntie," he said.

"Deed I hab, boss," she replied. "Dere ain't any better pickaninnies in de whole state of Georgia den dat first seben, but dat eighth one, dat mulatto, she done make me more trouble dan de whole oder seben put togedder."

"In what way?" I asked. And she replied:

"'Cause she done show dirt so easy!"

Chased and Refined.

At a recent police court sitting a man was fined 40 shillings and costs for assaulting a policeman. Considering himself a much injured man, on reaching the door he began abusing the magistrate in very violent language. The magistrate sent an officer after him, and the delinquent found himself once more in the dock and fined again for contempt of court.

"My man, if you had been more chaste and refined in your language," said the magistrate, "you would not have been chased and re-fined."—London Tit-Bits.

How Goshawks Are Trained.

A French traveler states that the goshawk is still used in Persia in hunting the gazelle and that it is trained to feed on that creature's beautiful eyes by placing its food in the emptied eyeballs of a stuffed gazelle, so that when used in the hunt the goshawk stops its victim by attacking its eyes, a horribly cruel form of sport.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

"Halloa, Fitzy! where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."

"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"

"No; it was her other lover."

The ink of the Greeks and Romans was merely lampblack mingled with gum in the proportion of three parts of the former to one of the latter.

Sheriff Tax Sales.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY EXECUTIONS issued by S. J. Bowman, County Treasurer Clarendon county, State of South Carolina, and to me directed, I will sell at the court house in Manning on Monday, 5th day of January next, it being salesday, the following real estate for delinquent taxes:

Fulton Township—Taxes 1901, levied upon as the property of Alex. DuBose—four lots; bounded, north, by right of way of M. and A. railroad; east, by Santee Cypress Lumber Co.; west, by Mrs. C. B. DuBose and William McKnight; south, by Antioch colored Methodist church.

St. James Township—Taxes 1901, levied upon as the property of Middleton & Ravenel—sixty four and one-fourth acres; bounded on the north by A. C. Cobia and R. R. Dingle, agent; east, by estate of J. M. Sprott; south, by S. A. Brunson; west, by A. C. Bochette.

Terms—Cash.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County.
[19-4t

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Samuel M. Nexsen, Plaintiff,

against

Elizabeth Mack, Joe Mack, Jr., Agnes McBride, Edmund Mack and Lizzie Ragin, Defendants.

Judgment for Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date November 22, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 5th day of January, 1903, being salesday, the following described real estate:

All that piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the county of Clarendon and State aforesaid, containing ninety-five (95) acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, to wit: On the north, east and south by lands now or formerly of C. H. Pack and R. R. Dingle, it being same tract of land conveyed by deed of S. M. Nexsen to Madison Mack and Joe Mack and the interest of Joe Mack, conveyed by deed to Madison Mack, dated February 7th, 1890.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County.
Manning, S. C., December 10, 1902.
[19-4t

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Samuel M. Nexsen, Plaintiff,

against

Hannah Revine, Minnie Bennett, Amanda Simmons, Ephraim Felder, Stephen Felder, Cleveland Felder, Leonard Felder, David Felder and Sevilla James, Defendants.

Judgment for Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date of November 24, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 5th day of January, 1903, being salesday, the following described real estate:

All that piece, parcel or tract of land situate and being in the county of Clarendon and State aforesaid, on waters of Santee river, containing forty-two acres as per plat of Jos. C. Burgess, D. S., made January 27th, 1877, and bounded as follows, to wit: On the north by lands formerly Dingle, now L Lyons; on the east by lands of estate of Felder; on the south by lands of J. J. Frierson, and on the west by lands of Dublin Felder, Isaac Felder and Daniel Felder.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County.
Manning, S. C., December 10, 1902.
[19-4t

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Marion Moise, Plaintiff,

against

Catherine B. DuBose, V. C. Badham and John H. Claussen and J. D. S. Claussen, copartners as J. C. H. Claussen & Co. and M. G. Ryttenberg and Abe Ryttenberg, as survivors of the firm of J. Ryttenberg & Sons, Defendants.

Judgment for Foreclosure and Sale.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date of November 22, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 5th day of January, 1903, being salesday, the following described real estate:

"All of that lot of land in Clarendon county and State aforesaid, in the village of Rimini, being one-half of lot No. 5 on a plat of building lots recorded in the Register's office for said county in Book W. W., at page 424 and bounded north by lot of William McKnight, (being the other half of said lot); east, by lot of Alexander DuBose; south, by Antioch church lot, and west by the Camden and Charleston public road, said lot measuring fifty-six and one-half feet on its northern and eastern boundaries, and one hundred feet on its southern boundary and twenty feet on its western boundary."

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County.
Manning, S. C., December 10, 1902.
[19-4t

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

County of Clarendon.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Mamie J. Graham, Annie E. Richbourg, Harriet L. Brunson, Henry Brunson, Mathew E. Brunson, Jane T. Richbourg, Lula Brunson, William J. Brunson, David O. Brunson, Jr., Laura L. Browder, Alice Brunson and Ellen Brunson, John P. Brunson, Linwood Lee Brunson, Alice Brunson and Letitia Lowder Brunson, infants, by their guardian ad litem Joseph Sprott, Plaintiffs,

against

Nettie Brunson, Nexsen Brunson, Harvey Brunson, Carrie L. Mandeville and William F. B. Haynesworth, executor of the last will and testament of S. C. C. Richardson, deceased, Defendants.

Decree for Partition.

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A Judgment Order of the Court of Common Pleas, in the above stated action, to me directed, bearing date November 24, 1902, I will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, at Clarendon Court House, at Manning, in said county, within the legal hours for judicial sales, on Monday, the 5th day of January, 1903, being salesday, the following described real estate:

All that tract or parcel of land lying, being and situate in Santee swamp, in Clarendon county and State aforesaid, containing twenty-six hundred and twenty-three (2,623) acres, and bounded on the north by lands of Carrie L. Mandeville; east, on lands now or formerly of estate of John C. Davis; south, on Santee river, and west on lands now or formerly of estate of John A. Colclough.

Purchaser to pay for papers.

J. ELBERT DAVIS,
Sheriff Clarendon County.
Manning, S. C., December 10, 1902
[19-4t

Bring your Job Work to The Times office.

Pure Corn Whiskey.

4 Full $3.00. Quarts Ex. Paid

No marks to indicate contents. Direct from distiller to consumer.

This is old stock whiskey, put up in plain cotton wood cases, holding Four, Six and Twelve bottles to case. No marks to indicate contents. This whiskey is especially suitable for medicinal purposes, being pure and of the best quality. You are at liberty to have your own physician test it and if not satisfactory refund your money. No family should be without a case. No order must be less than four qts. call for less by express prepaid.

If interested in whiskies write for full price list. In ordering remember whiskey cannot be shipped C. O. D., and all orders must be accompanied by cash.

Address all communications to

E. A. LACKEY,
HAMLET, N. C.

Money To Lend.

We have arranged to negotiate loans on first mortgages of improved farm property at 7 per cent interest on sums of one thousand dollars or more, and 8 per cent on sums of less than one thousand dollars.

No commissions are charged on these loans, and fees are reasonable.

LEE & MOISE,
Sumter, S. C.

Money to Lend.

Loans made on Improved Real Estate. Interest at 7 per cent. Time as long as wanted.

Apply to J. A. WEINBERG,
Attorney at Law.

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IF YOU USE

Dutcher's Lightning Fly Killer

Tanglefoot or Diamond Stickey Fly Paper.

SOLD AT DR. W. E. BROWN & CO.'S.

Buggies, Wagons, Road Carts and Carriages

REPAIRED

With Neatness and Despatch

—AT—

R. A. WHITE'S

WHEELWRIGHT and BLACKSMITH SHOP.

I repair Stoves, Pumps and run water pipes, or I will put down a new Pump cheap.

If you need any soldering done, give me a call.

LAME.

My horse is lame. Why? Because I did not have it shod by R. A. White, the man that puts on such neat shoes and makes horses travel with so much ease.

We Make Them Look New.

We are making a specialty of repainting old Buggies, Carriages, Road Carts and Wagons cheap.

Come and see me. My prices will please you, and I guarantee all of my work.

Shop on corner below R. M. Dean's.

R. A. WHITE,
MANNING, S. C.

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Because we overeat of them. Indigestion follows. But there's a way to escape such consequences. A dose of a good digestant like Kodol will relive you at once. Your stomach is simply too weak to digest what you eat. That's all indigestion is. Kodol digests the food without the stomach's aid. Thus the stomach rests while the body is strengthened by wholesome food. Dieting is unnecessary. Kodol digests any kind of good food. Strengthens and invigorates.

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Prepared only by E. C. DeWITT & Co., Chicago. The $1 bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

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DENTIST,
MANNING, S. C.

'Phone No. 25.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists