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A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

Indigestion Causes Catarrh of the Stomach.

For many years it has been supposed that Catarrh of the Stomach caused indigestion and dyspepsia, but the truth is exactly the opposite. Indigestion causes catarrh. Repeated attacks of indigestion inflame the mucous membranes lining the stomach and exposes the nerves of the stomach, thus causing the glands to secrete mucus instead of the juices of normal digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

relieves all inflammation of the mucous membranes lining the stomach, protects the nerves, and cures bad breath, sour risings, a sense of fullness after eating, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

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Paid in Capital, \$215,000.
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County collections a specialty, and prompt returns always given.

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Bring your Job Work to The Times office.

CHARM OF THE OVERHEARD

Strange Fascination of Remarks Not Meant For Our Ears.

Why is it that the legitimate conversations of our associates, to which we have harkened from the beginning and which we are predestined to follow, interest us, whereas the interrupted remarks we overhear and which were never meant for our ears, fill us with the liveliest curiosity and concern? The breaking off of a serial story is a trial to most men's minds. But we know that another month will bring another number. The inevitable breaking off of a causerie in which we have no share fills us with a sense of hopeless and irremediable loss. I once overheard an old English lady say, with slow emphasis, to a friend: "It is a charming book, a charming book. It is just the kind of a book you would want to give to your dressmaker." And for fifteen years I have speculated in vain as to what that volume was. Apart from the manifest indiscretion of giving any book to one dressmaker and thus withdrawing her attention from one's clothes, the only appropriate literature I can think of is the instructive history of Ananias and Sapphira, and that has ceased to charm.

A man waiting patiently at the glove counter of a New York department store heard one young shopwoman say to another who handed down a box of gloves, "Maria told him downright she'd have nothing more to do with him, and she called him a poison faced adder, he gripped her in the waltz that scandalous."

This was all! Customers clamored for attention, and the confidence ceased at this point. But the force and richness of the language, the liveliness of the allusion, captivated the hearer's soul. He confessed that for years afterward, when he was waiting with decorous reluctance under the compelling eye of his hostess, memories of Maria's partner would assail him and he would find himself envying the adder the mysterious nature of his enthusiasm.

It sometimes happens that fortune favors us beyond our deserts or our desires, and the conversation to which we have no right to listen, but which we cannot help hearing, goes on as tranquilly in a railway carriage or on a steamer deck as though we were not in close and helpless proximity. English travelers are particularly exacting in their confidences and particularly indifferent to their surroundings.

In one hour on a Como boat I have learned a whole family history, full of purely domestic features—how Dan had been sent to school at Louisiana because he was so troublesome and the school so cheap, and how Connie (a sister-in-law, I think) made the "castle" a most unpleasant place of residence, and how Laura, with her three children, came to stay a week just when granny was dying, which was, to say the least, inconvenient, and how the trouble between Harold and his wife lay entirely in the bringing up of the children. At this point the details became too intimate for repetition, though there was no question of withholding them from my ears. I felt like a fellow countryman who once traveled from Bordeaux to Paris in the company of a young Englishwoman, her sister, nurse and child. "I entered that railway carriage," he said, "an innocent American bachelor; I left it capable of running a day nursery, an infant school or a mothers' congress!" Agnes Repplier in Life.

The Celtic Affirmative.

In the speech of so many of the people as the Celts there is no equivalent to "yes." Thus it happens that you shall never hear an Irish walter pronounce the shibboleth "yessit" of his English confere, for he invariably expresses an affirmative by some such phrase as "I shall, sir," "It is, sir," Blackwood's Magazine.

CRUSHES OUT THE LIFE

The most loathsome and repulsive of all living things is the serpent, and the vilest and most degrading of all human diseases is Contagious Blood Poison. The serpent sinks its fangs into the flesh and almost instantly the poison passes through the entire body. Contagious Blood Poison, beginning with a little ulcer, soon contaminates every drop of blood and spreads throughout the whole system. Painful swellings appear in the groins, a red rash and copper colored spots break out on the body, the mouth and throat become ulcerated, and the hair and eye brows fall out; but these symptoms are mild compared to the wretchedness and suffering that come in the latter part of the disease when it attacks the bones and more vital parts of the body. It is then that Contagious Blood Poison is seen in all its hideousness. The deep eating abscesses and sickening ulcers and tumors show the whole system is corrupted and poisoned, and unless relief comes soon this serpent disease tightens its coils and crushes out the life. The only antidote for the awful virus is S. S. S. It is nature's remedy, composed entirely of vegetable ingredients. S. S. S. destroys every vestige of the poison, purifies the blood and removes all danger of transmitting the awful taint to others. Nothing else will do this. Strong mineral remedies, like mercury and potash, dry up the sores and drive in the disease, but do not cure permanently. Send for our home treatment book and write us if in need of medical advice or special information. This will cost you nothing.

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The Sign of the Big Cigar.

The big cigar hangs over the sidewalk in front of the modest little building where

CAPERS & CO.

make a specialty of compounding prescriptions. They keep a full line of

Medicines and Toilet Articles.

They carry a line of high grade Cigars, including the smallest as well as the biggest Cigars.

Look for the sign of the Big Cigar.

The * Prescription * Drug * Store,
CAPERS & CO., Proprietors,
SUMMERTON, S. C.

THE SILVER STATUE.

A Strange Story of Odd Happenings in a Bohemian Village.

M. de Blowitz in his memoirs mentioned this little story of his birthplace, the quaint little country village of Grunberg, an out of the world nook in Bohemia. The church, a poor modest affair, possesses a life size statue of St. John in massive silver. Curiously enough, the statue has only one arm; hence this strange incident. The statue had been stolen and recovered as if by a miracle by the falling of a priest's cross during a procession of lamentation into a deep pool, where in recovering the cross they found the statue. The thieves had hidden the latter, but had taken away one of the arms.

As the sacred burden was taken back into the church the archway over the door gave way and fell straight on the shoulder of a peasant, the last person in the procession, and cut off his left arm. The crowd immediately surrounded the wretched man, yelling: "He's the thief! He's the thief! St. John has punished him by cutting off his arm!" There was a terrible mob from all sides. The people attacked the peasant, and in a minute his clothes were all in shreds. They were about to drag him along and hurl him into the pool without having asked him a question and without even hesitating as to whether or not he was the real author of the theft when the old priest intervened.

"I alone have the right to command here," he said. "Do not touch that man!"

The crowd fell back a little, and the priest went on speaking.

"You are in my church," he said, addressing himself to the peasant, "and this is an inviolable and sacred place. No one has a right to touch you here. Stay inside the church, and do not leave it, for once outside you belong to human justice."

And the mutilated peasant remained there. "He was in the church all day and all night," continues M. de Blowitz, "and he was still there the following day when I left Grunberg."

"Five years later, when my voyage through Europe was accomplished, as I passed through Grunberg on my way to my native village, I saw at the door of St. John's church an old man who had lost his left arm. He was on his knees at the threshold of the sanctuary, which he had never dared to leave lest he should be torn to pieces by the people."

Yourself.

Ask yourself, young man, all sorts of hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man you say you are; if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are good and temperate man at a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday picnic; if you are as good when you go out of the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you to be.

The Real Thing.

Sportsman—Any good hunting in this part of the country?
Native—Lots of it.
Sportsman—What kind of game?
Native—No game at all. Just hunting—Illustrated Bits.

The Natural Part.

"She seems to be a natural flirt," he said.
"Natural!" the woman impatiently replied. "There's nothing natural about her but the framework."—Chicago Record-Herald.

He who is most slow in making a promise is the most faithful in its performance.—Rousseau.

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A TRUE GHOST STORY

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF BISHOP WILBERFORCE.

Signalar and Important Disclosure Made by the Quiet Clerical Guest at an English Country House When Addressed by the Bishop.

The following remarkable incident in the life of the late Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Oxford and afterward of Winchester, is related as absolutely authentic, and the good bishop himself is said to have many times rehearsed the story to his friends:

On a certain occasion the worthy bishop had accepted an invitation to stay at a country house not far from London. Entering the drawing room previous to dinner on the evening of his arrival, he noticed a priest, evidently of the Roman communion, sitting by the general conversation. The bishop was somewhat surprised. The priest presented himself as a priest, and his astonishment was great when a few moments later dinner being announced the guests retired, leaving the priest at his place by the fire. The hostess having assigned Bishop Wilberforce the seat of honor at her right hand, as soon as an opportunity offered he remarked:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but may I inquire who was the priest we left sitting apart in the drawing room?"

"Ah, you have seen him, then?" replied the lady. "It is not every one who has that privilege. I cannot tell you who he is or whence he comes. For many years this specter has haunted the house and grounds. It has, in fact, been a tradition in the family. He seems to do no harm, and although he appears only occasionally, we have become quite accustomed to our friendly ghost."

"How very singular!" remarked his lordship. "But have you never addressed your priestly specter?"

"Indeed, I have had no opportunity, nor the desire, for that matter," responded the hostess, growing pale.

"May I take the liberty now?" inquired the dignitary.

"With all my heart, your lordship," replied the lady. The bishop arose and, returning to the drawing room, found the priest where he had left him a few minutes before. Having no fear, the bishop said kindly:

"Who are you, my friend, and why are you here?"

The specter seemed to sigh deeply and say as though to itself, "At last!"

Then in a hollow voice, addressing the bishop, he continued: "I am the spirit of a priest who left this world some thirty years ago, and I am here to impart to any one who will receive it a secret which died with me. I could not rest in my grave while a great wrong was being done which it was in my power to right. I have been returning all these years in the hope some one would address me, for it was not given to me to be the first to speak. All men have shunned me until now, and it is your mission to do my bidding. I was a priest of the church of Rome and was called to this remote eighty years ago to receive the confession of a dying man. He was the sole possessor of a secret the knowledge of which would alter materially the entail of this vast estate, and in his death he wished to repair the terrible wrong he had brought upon his kin.

"At his request I wrote down the confession word for word as he gave it to me and when he finished had barely time to administer the final sacrament of the church before he expired in my arms. It was very important that I should return to London that night, for I was to deliver the funeral oration to leave the house. I concluded it would be safer not to carry the paper on which was written the confession away with me, but to place it in some secure, unseen spot, where I could obtain it the following day and deliver the document to the person for whom it was intended. Mounting the steps to the bookshelves, I took out a copy of Young's 'Night Thoughts,' which was the first book upon the uppermost shelf nearest the last window, and, inserting the paper carefully between its leaves, I replaced the book and departed. A horse was awaiting me at the door, but ere we reached the entrance of the grounds he took fright. I was thrown and instantly killed. Thus died the secret of my confessor with me. No one has disturbed that book in all these years, and no one has had the courage to address this messenger from the unknown. The paper will be found as I have stated, and it remains for you to correct the injustice which has so long been upon this noble family. My mission is over, and I can rest in peace."

At the close of this remarkable speech the specter faded gradually from sight, and the bishop was left gazing into space. Recovering from his astonishment, Bishop Wilberforce went at once to the library and found the book exactly as indicated by the specter. In its secluded corner upon the top shelf, thick with the dust of ages, evidently the book had remained unnoticed many years. There was the document just as described, but now faded and yellow. The secret of the confession never became known to the world.

The good bishop regarded it as a confidence from the spiritual world and always read the story with the assurance that the priestly specter was never again seen. It is a fact, however, that about the time of this extraordinary occurrence the magnificent estate in question passed into possession of a remote member of the family who until then had lived in obscurity.

Two Tests.

Wife—Before marriage a man is known by the company he keeps.
Husband—And after?
Wife—By the clothes his wife wears.
—Town Topics.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of **Dr. H. P. Fletcher**

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INDIAN MAGIC.

A Trick that Mystified Lord Lytton and One That Didn't Work.

The following story of Indian magic was told me by the person to whom it was told by the late Lord Lytton. I give it in my own words for the excellent though humiliating reason that I have mislaid the manuscript.

When in India Lord Lytton often sought out conjurers, but never saw any but the usual feats, such as the mango tree trick and the basket trick. The method in each case is known, or at all events plausible explanations have been given by Mr. Maskelyne and other experts. On one occasion Lord Lytton liked something in the looks of the conjurer who was performing in an open space before his house. After the ordinary exhibition his lordship asked the magician if he could not do something more out of the common way. The man said he would try and asked for a ring, which Lord Lytton gave him. He then requested an officer to take in either hand a handful of seeds. One sort was sesame. The name of the other sort my informant did not know. Holding these seeds and having the ring between his finger and thumb, the officer was to go to a well in the corner of the compound. He was to dip the seeds in a certain way—I think on the low wall round the well, into the depth of which he was to throw the ring. All this was done, and then the magician asked Lord Lytton where he would like the ring to reappear. He answered, "In my dispatch box," of which the key was given to him. The officer, or at all events, he had it with him on the spot. The dispatch box was brought out. Lord Lytton opened it, and there was the ring.

This trick would be easy if the British officer was a confederate of the juggler and if he possessed a duplicate key to the dispatch box. In that case he would not throw the ring into the well, but would take it into the house, open the box and insert the ring. But this explanation involves enormous improbabilities, while it is unlikely again that the conjurer managed to insert a duplicate ring into the dispatch box. Lord Lytton asked the juggler if he could repeat the trick. He answered in the affirmative, and a lady lent another ring. Another officer took it, with the seeds, as before, and dropped the ring into the well. The countenance of the juggler altered in the pause which followed. Something, he said, had gone wrong, and he seemed agitated. Turning to the second officer, he said, "Did you arrange the seeds as I bade you?" "No," said the officer. "I thought that was nonsense, and I threw them away." The juggler seemed horrified. "Do you think I do this by myself?" he said, and, packing up, he departed.

The well was carefully dragged, and at last the lady's ring was brought to the surface. That ring at least had certainly been in the water. But had the first ring been as faithfully consigned to the depths? Experts will be of various opinions as to that, yet the hypothesis of confederacy and of a duplicate key to the dispatch box is difficult.—Longman's Magazine.

TO ANNOY NAPOLEON.

A curious anecdote is illustrative of the disposition of Talleyrand. It was resolved that each of the allied powers should designate a commissioner charged with the surveillance of Napoleon at St. Helena.

Talleyrand proposed to the king for this office M. de Montcheun, described as "an insupportable babler, a complete nonentity." On being asked why he had selected this man, Talleyrand replied: "It is the only strength which I wish to take for his treatment of me. However, it is terrible. What a punishment for a man of Bonaparte's stamp to be obliged to live with an ignorant and pedantic chatterer! I know him. He will not be able to support this annoyance. It will make him ill, and he will die of it by slow degrees."

Possibilities of Translation.

An English writer made an experiment recently of the gain and loss of translation.

I heard that L. would write my "life" "When I take my breath."

I felt that this indeed would add A new delight to death.

This was translated into another language, then from that into another, and so on until a dozen versions had been made. Of course there was a different translator each time. The last version read as follows:

Dear, in my song you still shall live Though under earth you die.
Ah, had you now that grace to give I should not need to die!
—New York Tribune.

People Who Do Not Whistle.

Arabs must be a heaven for those whose lives are made a burden to them by the whistler. The Arab maintains that a whistler's mouth cannot be purified for forty days and nights, and they assert of the whistler that Satan has touched his body and caused him to produce the offensive sound. Then there are the natives of the Tonga Islands, Polynesia, who hold that it is a sin to whistle, as it is an act disrespectful to God. Even in some districts in north Germany villagers declare that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep.

Woman's Unhappy Lot.

Since the world began it has been the custom of man to hold woman responsible for all his misfortunes and at the same time to accuse her of absolute irresponsibility.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Down, Not Up.

"Did any one call me up while I was out?" asked the butcher.
"No," replied the boy, "but a customer whose meat for dinner hadn't arrived called you down."—Houston Post.

A Point of Pride.

"Why do you try to do something for your country?"
"My dear sir," replied Senator Sorghum, "I am doing all I can for my country. I am going to at least spare it the disgrace of having posterity say that one of its most prominent officials died in comparative poverty."—Washington Star.

Precedence.

"I was married to that man once," said the first Chicago woman.
"To Mr. Marryat? The idea! Why, so was I," replied the other.
"You don't say? Were you before or after me?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Now, Wasn't That Mean?

Mrs. J.—I wish you wouldn't snore so.
Mr. J.—I have to, my dear; otherwise the other boarders would hear you.—Columbia Jester.

Your Banking?

NO MATTER HOW SMALL.
NO MATTER HOW LARGE,
Will receive careful attention

AT THE
BANK OF CLARENDON,
MANNING, S. C.

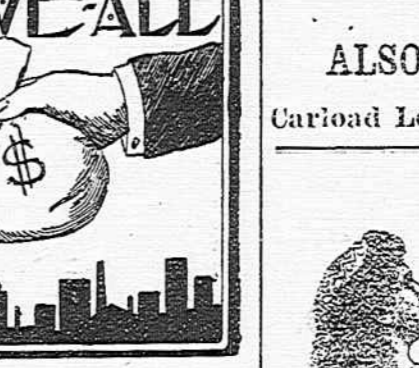
This message applies to all.
TRY US.

We are equipped with a
BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE
and a
FIRE-PROOF VAULT,

which with conservative management insures the utmost safety to depositors.

Don't forget that we pay
Four Per Cent. Interest
on time deposits.

THE
Bank of Manning,
MANNING, S. C.



DON'T HIDE YOUR MONEY.
It isn't the best way to keep it. Lots better to put your dollars in

THE BANK OF MANNING.

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 repairing 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,
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GO TO
R. M. Dean's Shop

For the best Repair Work on Wagons, Buggies, Carts, etc.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.
You can get an allround job of first class work on Horseshoeing for 80 cts. See me and get your work done first class and cheap.

C. JACKSON,
Manning, S. C.

Northwestern R. R. of S. C.
TIME TABLE No. 7.
In effect Sunday, Jan. 10, 1904

Between Sumter and Columbia.
Mixed—Daily except Sunday.

Southbound		Northbound	
No. 69, No. 71	No. 70, No. 68	P. M. A. M.	A. M. P. M.
9:25	9:36	Le. Sumter	Ar. 9:00
6:27	9:38	N. W. Junction	8:58
6:47	9:59	Dalzell	8:25
7:06	10:10	Barlow	8:00
7:23	10:21	Hamlet	7:40
7:30	10:31	Elberon</	