### THE MANNING TIMES, MANNING, S. C., OCTOBER 19, 1904.



We are in our new quarters at the same old stand, next to Jenkinson's, where we are prepared to fill all orders for

# Groceries.

We will be glad to see you and "figger" yer's voice. on any bill of Groceries you may need, and feel assured we can satisfy you both in qual- before you found out who it was." ity and price.

## The Manning Grocery Co.

lamp. "All

ment

"come in."

an almost alarmed stare.

88

88

Texas?"

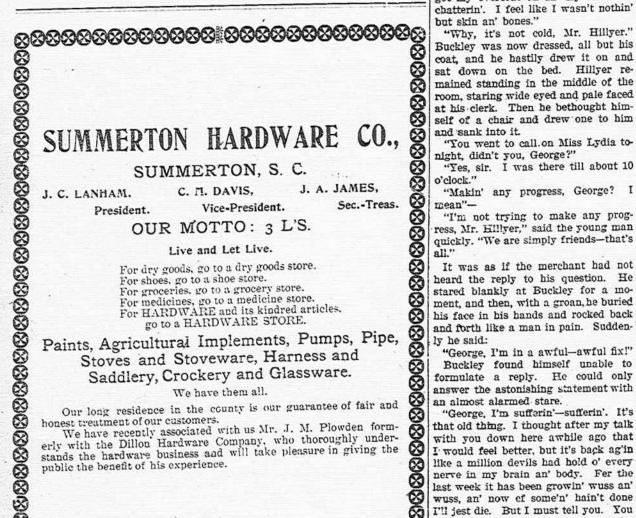
Hillyer.'

man."

pity.

the hoss.'

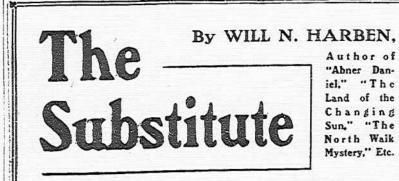
"And you?"



We have them all.

Our long residence in the county is our guarantee of fair and

We have recently associated with us Mr. J. M. Plowden formerly with the Dillon Hardware Company, who thoroughly under-stands the hardware business and will take pleasure in giving the public the benefit of his experience.



Correction 1903, by HARPER & BROTHERS

"She won't miss me; she's got used to my night prowlin'. I'd keep her

CHAPTER VII. awake ef I was at home. I'm goin' to NE night about the middle of pace this floor back an' forth an' try to git tired. Go ahead, George. Don't the month George Buckley was awakened by a gentle rapwaste any more time. You'll know what to say. I don't want you to plead ping on the window of his He rose and stood listening. fer me. I've plead with a higher power 'n he is till I'm through. All I want is The sound was repeated. a verdict-the verdict I dodged so long "Who's there?" he called out. "It's me, George." answered Hillago."

"I want to see you a The next day about 10 o'clock, as minute. You needn't dress. I-I've George was returning home and was got a key to the front door, but I was within a mile of town, he saw his emafeard you mought jump up an' shoot ployer emerge from a clump of persimmon trees on the edge of the road Buckley's delay in answering showand walk toward him. He was/almost ed his surprise at the unusual visit. a nervous wreck; his eyes were blood-Hillyer heard him strike a match and shot and his gray hair disheveled. saw him in the light it furnished as

"I couldn't wait fer you to git to George applied it to the wick of his town," he said, looking up and down the road furtively, as if afraid some right. Mr. Hillyer." be said, one might be coming, "and so I walked out. I come away from the warehouse jest after breakfast, an' I've been In a moment the merchant opened

the great, rattling door in front and walkin' through them woods over than came slowly back to his clerk's apartever since. Once I fell in a deep ditch. I thought it was God's mercy an' that "Git back in bed." said he. "I've it was all goin' to be over, but I got my overcoat on an' my teeth are didn't git a scratch. You notice I keep talkin'. It's beca'se I'm afeard to look at you or let you speak."

"Why, it's not cold, Mr. Hillyer." "You haven't a thing to fear, Mr. Buckley was now dressed, all but his Hillyer." Buckley dismounted and coat, and he hastily drew it on and stood by his employer, his arm through sat down on the bed. Hillyer rethe bridle.

"You didn't see Williams?"

"Yes, I saw him and had a long talk at his clerk. Then he bethought himwith him. He said you were the best self of a chair and drew one to him man he had ever known in his life and that he'd rather die than harm you "You went to call.on Miss Lydia toin any way. He would have come to see you, he said, but he thought you "Yes, sir. I was there till about 10 might not want to be reminded of the past. He actually cried when I told "Makin' any progress, George? I him of your sufferings. He said it was your influence that had made him try to lead a better life. He said his "I'm not trying to make any progress, Mr. Hillyer," said the young man protection of you in that case was quickly. "We are simply friends-that's the one thing in all his life that he was proud of. He declared he would

do it over again. He's got into some new religion. I don't know what it is, but it is not exactly orthodox. He says it would have been wrong to punish a man for a thing he regretted as much as you did that act, and that he was glad he yielded to the impulse

"George, I'm in a awful-awful fix!" to help you." Buckley found himself unable to "Oh, George, you don't mean"formulate a reply. He could only A great sob rose in Hillyer's breast inswer the astonishing statement with and burst; his red eyes were full of

tears "George, I'm sufferin'-sufferin'. It's "He says he is proud of what he did that old thing. I thought after my talk to save you from further trouble," with you down here awhile ago that George went on tenderly. "He says if I would feel better, but it's back ag'in you had gone to prison for life it would like a million devils had hold o' every have wrecked your career, but that his nerve in my brain an' body. Fer the testimony spared you to go on betterlast week it has been growin' wuss an' ing the world. He's heard a lot about wuss, an' now ef some'n' hain't done you. He says he runs across somebody I'll jest die. But I must tell you. You every day that you've helped in one

Hillyer looked up indifferently. "It's about George," said Kenner. "You say it is?" Hillyer brightened visibly. "What about him?"

The cotton buyer sat on the corner of Hillver's desk and swung one of his slim legs to and fro. "George Buckley stands all right in the society o' this town," he said, "but the boy's at a sort o' turnin' point, Mr. Hillyer. Joe Drake an' some more young men is organizin' a club. It's Major Crarston's idea, an' the major's contributed \$25 to help 'em fit up the room. The list o' charter members was lvin' on the show case at Drake's drug store, an' I looked at it. George's name wasn't on it. I'm sure it was jest a' oversight, but I don't exactly like the idea o' havin' George left out o' anything jest right now. Some busybodies mought make capital out of it. Do you see what I mean?"

Hillyer understood, and he nodded knowingly as he rose to his feet. The cloud had left his face. "You stay here, Jim," he said. "I'm

goin' uptown an' look at that list." He found Joe Drake dusting the bottles on his shelves, and he turned to him respectfully. "Anything I can do for you, Mr. Hill-

yer?" he asked. The old man smiled genially. "I've

got a crow to pick with you boys," he "That's a old Yankee army overcoat." said. "fer not callin' on me fer a donamoney, an' offered to swap beef fer tion to that club you are a-gittin' up the pies; he refused to trade. Then Pain Balm is an antiseptic and causes among you. I'm interested in boys -I used to be one-an' I want to see 'em have all the fun they kin git." "Well, we certainly will take all you make tracks we'd shoot at the beef. ment. It is for sale by The R. B. Lorwant to give us, Mr. Hillger," the But we didn't have time to eat the young man laughed. "The fact is, we pies even, fer the thing had begun. haven't called on a soul. Major Cran-Folks has often axed me what a battle

ston" was like. I couldn't tell you. It jest "Well, you can put me down fer a made a sound-ooo-ooo-like a hundred," said Hillyer, as he took up harrycane rippin' gullies in the earth the list of names on the show case and an' sweepin' away trees, rocks, hills, ran his eye over them. an' everything in its track, an' on she "My Lord! You don't mean that, do come! I hain't here to lie-I was

you, squire?" scared clean down into my socks. "Yes. I do. Why, you have left When they hove into sight round the George's name off, as shore's preachin'!" hill in the sun. I couldn't see nothin' The druggist flushed as he took the but a solid bank o' silver. By gum, it sheet and glanced at it with a waver-

ing eye. Then he managed to bring p'ints displayed thar to stab all the "The truth is, squire, some of out: flies in the universe. I seed our genthe boys thought perhaps George might eral about that time; he was a-settin' not care to join anything of this kind on his hoss a chawin' tobacco an' spit now. You see, he hasn't seemed to want to go out much since-since 'the old tin' over its head; he was as cool as a cucumber; looked like he was jest man was arrested, and"tryin' to study what would be the right Hillyer put his hand on Drake's thing to do. He was a daisy; part Inshoulder and smiled. "That's just why

jun, an' not afeard o' God Almighty. want him in this at the start," he Seein' him that a-way made me sorter "Then he kin go whenever he said. ashamed, an' I plunged in. At fust it wants to. You put his name down; come awkward, but in a minute it I'll be responsible. Put me down fer the wasn't any more'n shootin' at rabbits. hundred, too, an', of that ain't enough. "We plugged away an' laughed an' you know whar I do business."

made jokes an' had a good all round "All right, Mr. Hillyer," responded time as long as it lasted, an' then we the young man, "and we are very much got rattled an' begun to retreat. I was obliged to you." shot through the left arm an' side, an' "Huh," said the merchant to himself

fell in a ditch. A Yankee run up with as he turned down the street with a lighter step. "a feller's got to keep his a p'inted bayonet an' yelled, 'Cuss you, come out o' thar or I'll shoot you!" eye pecked these days. Ef this hadn't Some o' our boys said I ort to 'a' been fixed it mought 'a' hurt George's cussed 'im back, but I didn't. It jest feelin's. Kenner's the right sort. He'll seemed part o' the game to me, an' he joke an' carry on, but a body kin was winnin'. 'You come down after count on 'im ever' time." me,' said I, 'ef you want me.' An' a

CHAPTER VIII.

bank. They had ketched a few more VE morning, a few days later, of our boys on the wing, an' they driv' Bascom Truitt came down the us up in a circle an' put some foreign main street of Darley wearing guards around us. Every one of us a long, dingy overcoat and was cut ur had balls som'ers in us, but blowing a roll call on an old army we sassed them guards about the'r brogue, an' one thing an' other, till

couple of 'em did, an' drug me up the

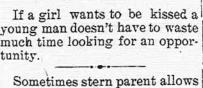


The pleasant to take and harmless All persons having claims against One Minute Cough Cure gives instant relief in all cases of Cough, Croup and the estate of A. F. Richardson, deceased, will present them duly at-tested, and those owing said estate LaGrippe because it does not pass immediately into the stomach, but takes will make payment to effect right at the seat of the trouble. It draws out the inflamation, heals and soothes and cures permanently by en-Pinewood, S. C. abling the lungs to contribute pure life-giving and life-sustaining oxygen to

the blood and tissues. Sold by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

grudge against him.

yea Drug Store.



Cause of Lockjaw.

Laura E. Johnson, Harper Johnson, Carah E. Moore, J. G. Johnson, W. H. Johnson, Samuel J. Wil-son, B. A. Johnson and E. M. Coskrey, Plaintiffs, his daughter to wed the man of her choice because he has a

against

Notice to Creditors.

JAMES B, RICHARDSON.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

**County of Clarendon.** 

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Administrator.

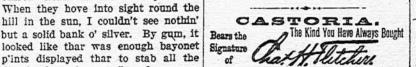
L. A. McElveen and Julia S. Young, Defendants. Decree of Partition.

Lockjaw, or tetanus. is caused by a UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A bacillus or germ which exists plenti-Judgment Order of the Court of Comfully in street dirt. It is inactive so mon Pleas, in the above stated aclong as exposed to the air, but when tion, to me directed, bearing date carried beneath the skin as in the October 6, 1904, I will sell at public wounds caused by percussion caps or auction, for cash, to the highest bidby rusty nails, and when the air is exder, at Clarendon Court House, at cluded the germ is roused to activity Manning, in said county, within the and produces the most virulent poison legal hours for judicial sales, on Monnown. These germs may be destroyed day, the 7th day of November, 1904, and all danger of lockjaw avoided by being salesday, the following deapplying Chamberlain's Pain Balm scribed real estate: freely as scon as the injury is received. "All that tract or parcel of land ly-

ing, being and situated in the counwe put 'im on his sway backed hoss cuts, bruises and like injuries to heal ty of Clarendon. State aforesaid, on an' loaded 'Im back and front with without maturation and in one third the east side of Pudding Swamp, bloody beef an' tol' 'im ef he didn't the time required by the usual treat- waters of Black river, containing seventy acres, and bounded on the north by lands of estate of Emma E. Johnson; east by lands now or for-merly of W. T. Kenuedy, and on the

Smile and the world smiles with you—if you are willing to J. H. Johnson." settle with the bartender. Purchaser to pay for papers. J. ELBERT DAVIS.

Sheriff Clarendon County. Manning, S. C., October 12, 1904. A good woman is usually too good for any man—but fortunately she doesn't know it.







good. Why don't you try it? It is unequaled as a General Tonic,

ହିତ୍ରଷ୍ଟର୍ଷ୍ଣରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେଡ୍ଡର୍ଡ୍ର୍ ବ୍ରେ LEVI BROS.,

# SUMTER, S.C.

We are giving more attention to the handling of Cotton fess the truth. They say men will git, this season than ever before, which means that while we bought more Cotton than any other firm on the market, it is know, fer the acts quar in not comin' our purpose to buy a still greater quantity. This we can- to see me. I'm as nigh crazy as a not do unless we pay the price, and when you bring or ship to us your Cotton, the VERY HIGHEST PRICE IS AS-SURED.

## **Our General** Mercantile Department

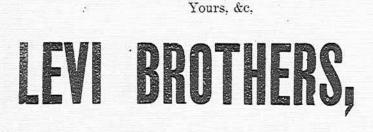
stand this uncertainty. Hank Wilhas been thoroughly looked after and we invite an inspecliams intends to come to me, but he's tion of our Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, Shoe and Clothing puttin' it off to the last minute. But I Stocks. Our buyer has devoted much of his experience this want, him to spout it all;out an' be done season in looking after the Dress Goods selections, and we with/it. Ef he don't, I will. Then tonight I went up to the graveyard an' picked can assure our Lady friends that we are enabled to please out Lynn Hambright's grave an' laid them. not only in styles, but prices. Our General Dry Goods down on it amongst the weeds an' Stock was never more complete and better bought-"GOODS briers an' prayed to his bones to rise up an' dogsome'n'. Anything's better WELL BOUGHT ARE HALF SOLD. than this awful silence of God an'

## Shoes! Shoes!

There is no need wearing out shoe leather running about for questioned. footwear, when we have, direct from the factories, Shoes of the best make, and which we can sell with a guarantee. to do vou a service." Then, we carry as nice a line of Gents' Youths' and Boy's Clothing as you will be able to see in any other city. This ily. Department was selected with a view to style, fit and dura- you to take my hoss an' ride out to bility.



Cannot be excelled anywhere, and our prices defy competi- peart, git back here by 10 in the tion. We have always enjoyed a fine Clarendon patronage mornin'. for which we are grateful, and we shall strive to continue to merit the patronage and confidence you give us-come Mr. Hillyer?" The old; man astared for a moment. to see us. and then he replied:



way and another, and when I came know I said I hadn't spoke about it fer thirty year to a single soul, an' talkin' right out and told him-yes, I told him to you here that night seemed to do how near I was to the brink not long me some good, an' so tonight when I ago and how you saved me-when he couldn't sleep I thought I'd come to heard that he actually sobbed and said,

Bully old man; bully, bully old man!"" the horse in his quivering fingers and ans of our camp-the Joseph E. John-"I'm glad you came, Mr. Hillyer." "You remember. George, I said that Hank Williams, the man whose testileaned forward till his face touched mony had cleared me. was livin' in the neck of the animal. "God's good, George; God's good!"

"Yes, I: remember you said that, Mr. he sobbed. Buckley put his arm on the old man's

"Well, jest a week ago last Thursday shoulder caressingly. he come back to this county to see his "Now get on the horse and ride old friends an' kin When I heard

home," he said. "I want to stretch he'd come I was settin' at my desk. my legs. They are stiff." Kenner an' Hanks was a-talkin', an' radiant. "You ride. I want to go back ger went off after the war an' got rich a smile. Hillyer looked up, his face in the woods an' pray an' shout. I an' come back home jest in time to one of 'em mentioned it. All my strength went out o' me, fer they said don't want to go home now. I want buy his old master a suit o' clothes an' he'd gottreligion an' was leadin' a upto thank my Maker. I may not come pay his way to a reunion. Ef thar was right life. Do you know what I'm feared of now, George? I'm afeard he's come to dinner. I'll fast. May God bless back to-to ax me to-to let 'im conyou, my boy!

George mounted the horse, and as he that a-way as they nigh the grave, an' rode away he saw the old man plunge he's gittin' old. Some'n's wrong, I into the woods at the roadside, his hands clasped before him, his lips in motion.

man ever was. Do you know what I Buckley did not see his employer done lastenight? It was as dark as again until about 2 o'clock in the aftcape.' pitch, an' I knowed nobody wouldn't ernoon. Then he came in slowly and see me. You know the old livery stasank into his chair at his desk and ble whar'the shootin' occurred is still took up the letters George had left standin'. I had never been past it there for him. There was a general since then. I jest couldn't. But last droop of despondency on him, and he night, in the pitch dark an' drizzlin' handled the letters with listless inatrain. I got out'n bed an' went thar an' tention. knelt down right whar he fell, an' "Wheat's still a-climbin'." he said, a

begged an' 'begged God to let me die little note of gratification in his voice then an' thar an' face whatever was as he allowed a thin market report to a-comin' to me, even ef it was eternal. futter from his hand to a wastebas-I want; my pumishment-the rail thing ket. "I'm glad o' that, George, fer it -to begin, an' go on an' on ef it's God's backs yore judgment. I wonder what will. I don't care how long. I cayn't Kenner thinks now."

"Both he and Hanks are urging me to get you to sell." replied the young

"Well, you kin bet I won't till you tell me to on yore judgment." "Well, I can't do that yet, Mr. Hill-

Then George saw the old man push back the letters on his desk, half of which he had not opened, and a low. stifled groan escaped his lips. Buckley got down from his high stool and went corner.

With his shands, tightly pressed over and leaned over him. his face the merchant sar, breathing "Has anything happened since I left heavily. George Buckley stood over you, Mr. Hillyer-anything to-upset him, his handsome face heavy with rou?

The merchant gave him a steady there mything-anything on look. "No, I cayn't say anything has earth that I tcan do. Mr. Hillyer?" he happened-anything, at least, like you "I'would do anything to mean-but my thoughts have happenrelieve you. I'd' cut off my right arm ed, George. Fer about a hour after you left me out in the woods I was "Yes, you can do some'n'," said the jest too happy fer anything, but after

merchant, looking up and staring steadawhile I got to thinkin'. I got to won-"You know, how I feel. I want derin' what I was so happy about, anyway, an' the thought come to me like Williams' the first thing in the morna lick from a club in the dark that it in'. You could git thar by 10 or 11 was jest beca'se I 'lowed I was goin' o'clock, but"-Billyer paused and utto escape the consequences o' my deed tered a soft groan-"but I'd have all without undoin' it. George, I cayn't never-never-never give back that that time-to wait, like a man goin' to be hung. George, ef-ef you started boy's life, an' he had as much right to tonight, you'd git thar about the time it as I have to the content I'm prayin' he was risin', an' you could, by ridin' fer right now. Huh! What difference

does it make to-to the dead how much good Hank Williams an' other folks "Why, yes, I can go . easily," said believe I'm a-doin'? How do I know Buckley. "Buttwhat must!I say to him, Lynn Hambright hadn't ruther be alive than fer me to be doin' anything?

Buckley found himself unable to "Tell.'im I'm a million times sorrier make any reply adequate to the situathan I'was when-the deed was done, Different thoughts suggested tion. an' that I want 'im not to delay any, themselves, but he discarded them one ionger ef-ef he is goin' to take any by one. Something made him think step. Tell 'im I want it over. That that the old man would like to be will be enough, George. Now git out alone, and he took his hat and went out. As he did so Kenner came into the office with some samples of cotton "I'll stay here the balance o' the in his hands and threw them into a night an' open-up, as usual, an' make huge pile that lay like a snowdrift in Jake-put the-officerin:order." one corner of the room.

"I've jest dropped on to some'n' I

bugle. Under his arm was a tattered they was mad enough to kill us. They Confederate flag. "What's up today?" Kenner asked him

give us good treatment-I'll say that much fer 'em-an' I liked the'r grub. as he came into the office and stood They had all sorts o' good stuff in cans. towering over the stove. They patched us up in the bospital an'

"Nothin' but a meetin' o' the veterfinally exchanged us." ston, sir. I'm goin' up now to stick ain't all, is it?" the flag on the gate at the courthouse.

"It's all I've got to say today. I've We intend to see about who's goin' got to blow a few blasts at the postto the reunion in Atlanta next spring; office an' stick up the flag." He thar's a sight o' the boys that want to go, but cayn't raise the scads. We'll stepped to Buckley's desk and leaned on it. "I wish, George, that you was chip in an' send the most deservin', ef our women folks go hungry this winout our way to make Jeff behave hister. Thar was a lie afloat in the self."

"Drinking again?" George asked, with newspapers awhile back that some nig-

"Yes, an' that ain't all; he's got every moonshiner over thar down on 'im. He informed on some of 'em while he was out o' his head an' now thar's no teilin' whar it will end. Somebody shot a man in our camp that ud go that a-way, we'd send 'im in tar an' feathers, an' on a rail at that." at 'im while he was in the field t'other

"Oh, come off, Bas," Kenner laughed, day-some skunk in the woods, afraid as he looked around at George and to show hisself." Hillyer at their desks. "That's a old "That's pretty bad," said George Yankee army overcoat you got on sympathetically. right now. You've had it dyed with more cautious.' logwood, but I'd know it by that long

waddled in, her gray shawl wrapped "Yes, that's what it is," admitted tightly round her body. Truitt sheepishly. "The Yankee that "Come fer money to run the house owned it died at my house while I was on," she said, with a laugh, to her husband. "No, thank you, I won't set BOOTS and LEGGINGS. off in the war. It was the only thing he left that was any 'account, an' my down," she added to Kenner, who was women folks had fed an' pampered 'im offering her his chair. "The truth is, up with all they could rake an' scrape I'm goin' to steer clear o' this house. in the neighborhood, goin' without Mrs. Dugan says all the reports in the the'rselves beca'se he was so bad off. town git started among you uns. After he died they put this coat away Ef she knew I came here she'd lay it in camphor to keep the moths out of it. on me. I thought fer a while, after The blame garment eat up a quarter's they lifted her quarantine, that she wuth a year fer ten year, an' ever' winwas goin' to do different, but she's ter I had a row with my women folks wuss 'an ever. I sawed 'er off short beca'se I wouldn't wear it. Finally, yesterday, though." Mrs. Hillyer I agreed ef they ud dye it so none o' laughed heartily. "You know, Mr. my crowd ud fergit the war was over Kenner, she's got one tale that she an' shoot me, I'd put it on. My women tells over an' over constantly. One of folks tuck me up, but they wouldn't the longest winded yarns you ever make a fortune runnin' a dye house. heard, about how she fust got ac-

quainted with a woman she met by ac-This dratted thing has sp'iled twenty cident. She forgets she's told it twen-Sunday shirts fer me. T'other day, when I went in the meetin' house out ty times, an' jest takes 'er chair an' begins to unwind. So far nobody hain't of a shower o' rain, I left a streak o' black ink from the door to the amen been bold enough to say they'd heard it before, but when I seed her a-comin' "Whar did you git that bugle?" Kenthrough the gate yesterday I told Hor-

through the gate yesterday's told hold tense ef she dared to spring that old gag on me ag'in I'd stop 'er ef it people's warehouse ner questioned. "I know you never blowed it in the army." "No; Tred Langston had it when he cost me my life. I thought Hortense ud die laughin', fer Mrs. Dugan was bugler in our company, an' he give

had no sooner 'n set down than she be-It to me to use in our veteran camp; he said his boys hadn't a sign o' regun to tell about how she fust met the spect for what it had been through, an' woman. Well, I'd made my bet, an' I wasn't goin' to be beat. 'Hold on,' used it to call the dogs to go possum huntin'. He said his gals tied a gray said I; 'right here I want to tell you some'n, Mrs. Dugan-some'n powerful ribbon about it an' hung it up on the quar about me. I believe, on my soul, wall, but the boys wouldn't'lethit stay I've got second sight' 'Second sight,' thar. They treated his canteen jest as bad. They toted it about with moonsays she, in her mean way, 'why, I shine whisky in it till it sprung a didn't think you was quite old enough leak, an' then they hung it up on a' to have yore second sight.' 'I don't mean that sort o' second sight,' says tree an' shot more holes in it. I reckon I; 'but I've noticed sometimes when a I am a sight, totin' a reb' flag an' bugle with a Yankee overcoat on, but body would begin a tale I could see clean to the end of it long before the

"I reckon you went through the thick of it," said the cotton buyer tenta- I ain't right; the next time you met State.

"I got as much fight as I cared, fer whar she tuck fust prize on her patch at Baker's creek," answered the veter- quilt,' an' with that I finished out her an. "Our boys was about starved to yarn, as pat as ef it was one o' my death on short rations, an' we had own brag tales. Lord, wasn't she hot! jest got hold of a lot o' fresh beef when She got as red as a ripe tomato. we got the call to arms. Our colonel wasn't goin' to tell that,' says she; 'I told us we'd better take some of the beef with us, an' me 'n' another feller to git round to some'n else; but, since was a-fillin' our knapsacks when the you are so almighty smart, I reckon feller all at once said to me, 'Look y' I'll go on about my business,' an' with

here, Bas, the odds is agin us, an' I that she flirted out o' the house, an' hain't a-goin' to let no bluecoat ketch kicked the dog as she went by it on the me with a passle o' raw beef in my porch. When a woman's mad enough knapsack,' an' he th'owed the meat | to kick a dog her dander's flyin' in 'er down. I followed suit. Jest then, in eyes." Mrs. Hillyer laughed as she all the hurlyburly o' gittin' ready, a thrust her red hand from beneath her man rid in with a big basket o' pies shawl and took the money the merchant was giving her. "Don't git mar-

remember tellin' you that. I was goin'

"Oh, say," protested Kenner, "ihat DON'T GET ALARMED!



No matter what you meet with while your are out hunting. "Jeff ought to be You are safe if you trade with the

#### **Dickson Hardware Company** As Truitt was leaving, Mrs. Hillyer

for you get the best goods for the least money. We have this fallthe largest and best assortment of

GUNS and RIFLES.

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DICKSON HARDWARE COMPANY,

Still in the Lead. We feel that we would be ungrateful did we not stop and ex press our sincere thanks to the tobacco planters of this and adjoining counties for the liberal patronage that they have given us this

Manning, S. C.

season. Our sales have been far ahead of what we expected. We are told by men who have visited every market in South Carolina that we are selling more tobacco in proportion than any market in the end was reached. Now,' says I, 'see ef

that woman was at the county fair, You may ask why this is. Simply this: We have the best corps buyers in this section-men who know tobacco and are willing pay the farmer every dollar it is worth.

If you want the worth of your tobacco bring it to us. My business is to see that all are treated right.

Again thanking you for past patronage I beg to remain Your friend,

> R. D. CLARK, Manager.

they tell me the war's over."

tively

