

Weak Kidneys

Causes more trouble than any other organ of the body. The function of the kidneys is to separate impurities and water in the process of circulation, and to remove them and excrete them from the body through the bladder. Therefore when the kidneys become diseased and weak they are naturally unable to perform their work properly, and pains in the back, inflammation of the bladder and urinary disorders are the result. It is imperative that prompt relief be afforded, which is impossible unless you remove the cause.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills promptly eliminate poisons from the system and at the same time make the kidneys well and strong.

For Weak Kidneys, Backache, Inflammation of the bladder and all urinary troubles DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are unsurpassed.

A Week's Treatment for 25c.
Money back if they fail.

W. E. BROWN & CO.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, County of Clarendon.

By James M. Windham, Esq., Probate Judge.

WHEREAS, A. I. Barron, Clerk of Court, suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the estate and effects of Joe Nelson.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Joe Nelson, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Manning on the 7th day of May next, after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand, this 20th day of March, A. D. 1908.

JAMES M. WINDHAM, Judge of Probate.

APPAREL SHOP FOR MEN AND LADIES

Everything of the best for the personal wear and adornment of both sexes.

We fill mail orders carefully and promptly.

DAVID OUTFITTING COMPANY,

Charleston, S. C.

Notice of Discharge.

I will apply to the Judge of Probate for Clarendon County on the 7th day of May, 1908, for letters of discharge as guardian for J. A. Reese, formerly a minor.

A. H. REESE, Guardian.

Alcoia, S. C., April 4, 1908.

Notice of Discharge.

I will apply to the Judge of Probate for Clarendon County, on the 28th day of April, 1908, for letters of discharge as administrator of the estate of J. H. Hodge, deceased.

A. J. RICHBOURG, Administrator.

Summerton, S. C., March 28, 1908.

Prescribes Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy.

Dear Sirs—I first used your Catarrh Cure in the case of my son, who had chronic naso-pharyngeal catarrh, with great benefit to him. I can give you for other of my patients, and I think it is quite the finest remedy for catarrh that has ever been placed on the market.

Yours very truly,
M. J. DANTZLER, M. D.,
Blosser, S. C.

Dear Sirs—Your medicine is "winning fast" in this case. It has effected some remarkable cures. I do not know if it has failed in one instance where it has been fairly tried.

Very truly yours,
REV. T. H. ALLEN,
Longwood, Ky.

Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is for sale by H. R. Boer, Manning, S. C. A month's treatment for \$1.00. A free sample of the asking. A postal card will bring it by mail.

Eat and Grow Fat

FRESH MEATS AT ALL TIMES. EVERYTHING GOOD TO EAT.

Give us a Trial.

Clark & Huggins. W. O. W.

Woodmen of the World.
Meets on fourth Monday nights at 8:30.
Visiting Sovereigns Invited.

DR. J. A. COLE,

DENTIST,
Upstairs over Bank of Manning.

MANNING, S. C.

DR. J. FRANK GEIGER.

DENTIST,
MANNING, S. C.

J. H. LESENESE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MANNING, S. C.

J. McSWAIN WOODS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MANNING, S. C.

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Bring to The your Job Work Times office.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer, can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

The Restorative is a genuine tonic to invigorate the nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish circulation and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys, and oftentimes weakens the heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few doses will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

TIBET'S TEA CARAVANS.

The Merchants Carry Prayer Flags and Devotional Wheels.

In the valley of Tatsien, west China, we were fortunate enough to meet a great tea caravan, says an eastern traveler. We have met them on the passes and on rough ground till it seemed as if we encountered yak wherever the road was difficult, but here in the valley we saw them to advantage, and the sight was unique. The merchants who go to Tatsien to trade travel together for protection and mutual assistance. One man has ten yaks, another fifty, until the whole caravan numbers far into the hundreds.

The tea is neatly packed in leather cases containing about 125 pounds, and two of these make a load for a yak. They hang easily and evenly from the saddle on both sides, making the picture uniform. As they filed into the valley and crossed the stream the animals were somewhat in confusion, but once on the grass they spread out in a line and moved forward like a squad of cavalry. Each man keeps his own animals separate, driving them before him, so that with a score of squads on the plain the impression of an army of cavalry is complete, with the colored prayer flag fluttering from the guns thrown over the shoulders of the men.

We made the stage to Bakmed before noon and had a refreshing meal of barley flour and butter tea before our dinner was ready. While we did not attempt to live on the native food, we found it most acceptable whenever we arrived tired and hungry after the day's journey before our goods came up.

We visited a lamasery where we saw a prayer wheel six feet in height, raised three feet from the floor and turned by ropes with handles hanging conveniently from the bottom. In the same room was a scroll containing 1,000 Buddhas; the painting was very well done. The Tibetans have certainly outdone every other form of religion in the matter of religious machinery and observance.

When driving yak they say prayers, especially when climbing a pass; the rosary is in constant requisition when the hands are not otherwise engaged or a prayer wheel is turned in the hand—at times both. This does not preclude the necessity of putting up prayer flags in every conceivable place, so that the wind with every flutter of the flag will be saying prayers for the owner or placing a number of prayer wheels in a stream where the water will keep them turning day and night or perhaps attached to a windmill for the same purpose.

The prayer wheels are packed full of prayers written on strips of paper and wound tightly in such a way that the turning of the wheel tells off the prayers in the right way; to turn a wheel backward would say the prayers backward. It is easy to see that the larger the wheel the more prayers are said by one turn. The one we saw was a very handsome one, beautifully finished and doubtless very popular.

An Apt Comparison.

When Ab del Hakk was poor he was one day traveling across a weary plain, says the author of "Life in Morocco," and was very hungry. So he came to the house of the Widow Zaidah, who was also poor. But when he made known his want she set before him two hard boiled eggs, all the food there was in the house.

Later, when Ab del Hakk lived in Marakesh and was very rich, Meludi, the lawyer, disliking him, persuaded the Widow Zaidah to sue him for the eggs, but not for the eggs alone, for they would have become two chickens, which in time would have so multiplied that the whole fortune of Ab del Hakk would not now pay for them. When the case came to trial the rich man was not in court.

"Why is the defendant not here?" demanded the judge.

"My lord," said his attorney, "he is gone to sow boiled beans."

"Boiled beans?"

"Boiled beans, my lord."

"Is he mad?"

"He is very wise, my lord."

"Tush! mockest?"

"Surely, my lord, if hard boiled eggs can be hatched boiled beans will grow."

The suit was promptly dismissed, with costs to the plaintiff—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Olivea at Sorrento.

The olive yields an abundant crop even in two years. The season when olives are plentiful is called by the contadini "l'anno grasso" or the fat year; the other, when they are scarce, being "l'anno magro" or lean year. In the month of September the fruit begins to turn a bluish black, but it is not fully colored till October. It is often attacked by small maggots, such as are found in cherries, and then it falls from the trees; but, though the olives are partially spoiled, they are picked off the ground, and an inferior kind of oil is made from them. The longer they remain on the trees the better is the quality of oil they produce. In other parts of Italy they are seldom gathered before the month of December, but on the coast of Sorrento they are generally gathered in August and September, and in 1897 the crop was abundant and promised well, but owing to the want of rain in August the fruit became dry and shriveled, and when the heavy rains came in September much of it rotted and fell, and most of it had to be gathered before it was entirely spoiled. In such a season the end of October will see the trees entirely despoiled, and the fine crop will bring in a poor harvest and produce an inferior quality of oil.—Chambers' Journal.

The kidneys are delicate and sensitive organs and are very likely at any time to get out of order. DeWitt's Kidney Pills are prompt and thorough and will in a very short time strengthen the weakened kidneys and allay troubles arising from inflammation of the bladder. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup—the cough syrup that tastes nearly as good as maple sugar and which children like so well to take. Unlike nearly all other cough remedies, it does not constipate, but, on the other hand, it acts promptly yet gently on the bowels, through which the cold is forced out of the system, and at the same time it allays inflammation. Always use Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by W. E. Brown & Co.

LINCOLN THE FATHER.

Memories of the President's Affection For His Youngest Son.

Many stories are told of Tad's mischievous pranks and of his father's close companionship with his favorite boy. Thinker records that on one occasion Lincoln came into the telegraph office chuckling to himself over a fairy story told that some one had given to Tad, who was holding his father's hand as he entered the room. He then repeated the story to the cipher operators. It told how a mother hen tried to raise a brood of chicks, but was much disturbed over the conduct of a sly old fox who ate several of the youngsters while still professing to be an honest fox, so the anxious mother had a serious talk with the old rooster about his wickedness. "Well, what was the result?" asked one of us when it appeared that Lincoln did not intend to continue his narrative. "The fox reformed," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling, "and became a highly respected paymaster in the army, and now I am wondering which one he is."

The significance of this reference is in the fact that about that time there were rumors of fraud in the paymaster's department. "Much has been said about Lincoln being influenced by his dreams. For instance, it has been stated by good authorities, including members of his cabinet, that before each of the great battles of the war and also before the occurrence of some other specially notable event in his life he had a vivid dream which led him to look forward at such a time with great anxiety for the announcement of some disaster or other incident of a particularly important character. It is related that on the night before his assassination he had an unusually exciting dream, which he thought was a portent of impending danger of some sort. That he did have this habit of being deeply affected and influenced by these visions of the night is clearly shown by the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., June 9, 1863.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Philadelphia, Pa.: "I think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him." A. LINCOLN.

Here are two telegrams out of a large number in which Lincoln referred to his children in an affectionate manner:

Aug. 31, 1864.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, N. H.: "All reasonably well. Bob not here yet. How is dear Tad?" A. LINCOLN.

Sept. 8, 1864.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, N. H.: "All well, including Tad's pony and the goats." A. LINCOLN.

On another occasion Lincoln wrote to his wife as follows:

• • • Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. • • • The day you left Nanny was found resting her head and chewing the cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she's gone. • • • A. LINCOLN.

The president's affection for his youngest boy was such that they were together much of the time, even while the father was receiving callers or attending to official business in the White House, and nearly always when visiting the army at the front or in the defenses around Washington. They came to the war department hand in hand, and many times the president's arm was around the boy's shoulder.

Lincoln went to City Point in March, 1865. As usual Tad went with him and remained with his father after Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington a week later. Tad became a great pet among the officers and men. Each afternoon during their two weeks' stay the headquarters' band marched up to the open space near the president's tent and played popular airs for an hour or so. Tad enjoyed the music of the brass band very greatly and was on the look-out each afternoon when the appointed hour approached. As soon as he heard the strains of music in the distance he would jump up and down and shout: "There comes our band! There comes our band!"—David Homer Bates in Century.

The Bachelor's Wife.

King, the artist, was a queer character. He was an old bachelor, but he felt the need of companionship, so, according to his fancy, he imagined he had a wife and had a room fitted up for her special use, as if the fancy was real.

"On a sofa are Mrs. King's shawl, her hat and gloves," said a visitor, "she having just returned from a walk. It is supposed. You know with such a wife he is not troubled by feminine extravagances, such as shopping, for instance. Near her chair stands her embroidery frame, the needle sticking there as if she had just laid down her work, and against the wall leans her guitar."

"Indeed, this was a fanciful idea, and the visitor said that as a child he always entered this room with feelings of respect and awe for Mrs. King and readily paid the 'coming out fee,' a kiss for the lady, which he always exacted from the privileged few who were allowed to enter this sanctum of the imagination.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Scallop.

The scallop accomplishes locomotion by a series of leaps. When it is alarmed or wishes to change its location it opens and energetically closes its valves, thus expelling the water. The reaction shoots it backward. By this means the creature is able to travel long distances. Sometimes scallops make considerable journeys in large companies. One can scarcely imagine a lovelier sight than that of a flock of these pretty creatures, with shell of every hue from purple and white to black, enlivened with shades of pink, yellow and fawn, darting about in clear water. In their flightlike movements, vertical, horizontal and zigzag, they are more suggestive of a flock of winged animals than of bivalve mollusks.

Kodol For Dyspepsia has helped thousands of people who have had stomach trouble. This is what one man says of it: "E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, Ill.—Gentlemen—In 1897 I had a disease of the stomach and bowels. I could not digest anything I ate and I was very miserable. I bought a bottle of Kodol and the benefit I received from that bottle all the gold in Georgia could not buy. I still use a bottle occasionally as I find it a fine blood purifier and a good tonic. May you live long and prosper. Yours very truly, N. Cornell, Rodding, Ga., Aug. 27, 1904."

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

"Packing Off of Widows."

Some curious customs in the way of pastimes prevail in Korea. Among the farming classes there is one known as the "packing off of widows." This means a raid on a certain village known to contain a young widow. A widower, accompanied by friends, enters the village, carries off the woman in question and marries her.

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SUNDOWN DOCTORS.

A Class That Is Peculiar to the National Capital.

"Sundown doctors" are an institution peculiar to Washington city. They are an amiable company of medical practitioners who ply their trade only after twilight. Not that these gentlemen prefer darkness to light if they had their druthers, nor are their deeds of questionable complexion that looks best in the shade. Sundown doctors have no ways that are dark or tricks that are vain. They are as open as the day and they practice their profession by candlelight rather than by the sunshine, that's Uncle Sam's fault, not their own. Sundown doctors begin to get busy only after 4:30 in the afternoon. From 10 to that hour, poor souls, they are holding their noses to the grindstones over the government desks, for one must live, don't you know, however soaring one's scientific ambition, and Uncle Sam's wages do come in mighty regular and handy. So that in a pigeonhole is the story of the origin of the struggling fraternity of sundown physicians at the federal capital.

There are thousands of instances. Emburye young physicians, with salaries yet to carve, secure clerkships in some of the governmental departments of Washington in order to keep the pot bubbling while they are getting their medical education after office hours. Their diplomas thus laboriously achieved, they hang out their shingles tentatively, holding fast, however, to their government positions until they are securely established professionally. A job in the hand, you know, is worth a whole city directory full of uncapacitated patients. Never let go a sure thing till you are sure of a surer.—Washington Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.

"N. ny Dummy."

In his "Big-words and Byways in Devon and Cornwall" Arthur H. Noy says that a fragment of antiquity that still "lingers in the neighborhood of Redruth, where the country people when they see a ghost, say, 'Nunny dummy'." and he adds, "I leave the riddle to be solved by any one who is curious enough to undertake a useful piece of practice in unraveling the corruption of 'In nomine Domini,' the Latin for 'In the name of the Lord,' a phrase so familiar in the devotion of the middle ages.

His Compliment.

A few weeks back a wedding breakfast was given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest of whom was a bride. A neighbor, a young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking no doubt that he ought to say something complimentary upon the event, addressed the bridegroom thus:

"Well, you have got the pick of the batch."

The faces of the four unmarried ones were a study.—London Graphic.

Boiling It Down.

"I should like to manage this paper for about six months," said the new reporter of a country paper. "The present editor doesn't know his business."

"What's the matter?" he was asked.

"Why, last night I was told off to report a fire in Broad street, and I wrote it up in grand style, making a half column article of it. I began it in this way:

"Suddenly on the still night air rang the shrill cry of fire, and at the same moment the little licking tongues of flame, whose light, playing along the roof's edge, caught the eye of the midnight watcher, leaped forth, no longer playful, but fierce and angry in their thirst and greed. Like glowing, snaky demons, the lurid lines entwined the doomed building. In venomous hisses and spurts the flames shot into the overhanging darkness, while from every window and door poured forth a dense sulphurous smoke, the deadly suffocating breath of an imprisoned fire."

"I went on in that style for over half a column," said the new reporter, "and this is what appeared in the paper this morning:

"A fire broke out in Broad street last night, but was quickly suppressed." Do you call that journalism?"—London Standard.

Love and Wedlock.

A man of middle age and a youth of romantic appearance sat alone in a smoking compartment of a nearly empty evening train. In the solitude the youth took a photograph from his pocket, looked at it and then said to his companion feverishly:

"Were you ever, sir, in love?"

"The man of middle age started. He looked at the youth and said:

"Was I ever in love?" he repeated as he relighted his pipe. "Was I ever in love? Well, I don't know if—"

"You don't know?" cried the youth.

"Well, if you ever had been in love you'd know it. Why, when you're in love your life is a sweet dream, you have no taste for food, you think of nothing but the beauty of—"

"Were you ever married?" snapped the middle aged man.

"No, but—"

"Well, if you ever had been you'd know it. Why, when you're married you're—"

Put the youth, with a scowl, edged over to the far end of the carriage and got out at the next station, disgraced.—London Scraps.

His Awful Fate.

An American visitor in a German city bought a dachshund. The animal's length of body, short and peculiarly shaped legs and "highly intelligent" dachs face," he writes, would have made the dog conspicuous among the finest of his breed. "One day we missed him and were unable to find our pet. Next day his dead body, a little longer than in life, was shown to me by the man who came to tell us he had found the dog. His was very dead, but I did want to know how he met his untimely end and after inquiring learned that he had been run over by a 'spiezelscheibentransportwagen.' I could readily understand how that would have killed even an elephant and wanted to know why the infernal machine had been allowed to come into the city. It was a relief to be told that a spiezelscheibentransportwagen is a wagon on which mirror plates are transported. Poor little dachshund!"

The Reward of Haughtiness.

The other day a chemist was awakened about 1 o'clock in the morning by a loud clanking at his shop door. Opening his bedroom window, he saw a small boy, who was gesticulating wildly.

"What's the matter?" inquired the chemist.

"I want a penny's worth of camphorated chloroform for 't' toothache," howled the lad.

The chemist was not overjoyed when he found how small the order was for which he had been so rudely awakened from his slumber; but, taking pity on the sufferer, he dressed himself and went downstairs to supply the much desired relief. While measuring the drug he could not help doing a growl at the lad.

"It's like your cheek," he observed, "to wake me up at this time of the night for a paltry penny-orth of chloroform."

"Oh, is it?" said the boy resentfully. "Then I'll let you custom wherever else. You can keep yer chloroform. I won't be here 'till yer blooming saucer."

And he didn't. He went off quite indignantly, nursing his jaw, to wake up another chemist.—Pearson's Weekly.

Easily Turned.

A small boy was asked to take dinner at the home of a distinguished professor in Princeton. The lad's mother, in fear lest he should commit some breach of etiquette, gave him repeated directions as to what he should and should not do.

Upon his return from the great occasion the mother's first question was, "Harold, did you get along at the table all right?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, well enough."

"Are you sure you didn't do anything that was not perfectly polite and gentlemanly?"

"Why, no—nothing to speak of."

"Then something did happen. What was it?"

"But I fixed it all right, mamma."

"Tell me at once."

"Why, I got along pretty well until the meat came, but while I was trying to cut mine it slipped off on to the floor. But I made it all right."

"That did you do? And a plan known as Norrie do Bajian he let into an ambulance and was captured with many of his companions. He was taken to Chihuahua, where he was shot on the 30th of July, 1811.

The head of Hidalgo was cut off and placed in an iron case at one of the corners of the Granaditas fortress, where he had obtained his first great victory. From there it was taken twelve years later, when the war was ended, in 1823, and brought to Mexico, being placed in one of the altars of the grand cathedral.—Mexican Herald.

Disraeli's Nuptial Joke.

There was a little joke between them (Disraeli and his wife) which I heard from the late dean of Salisbury. "You know I married you for your money," Disraeli would say to her. "Oh, yes, but if you were to marry me again you would marry me for love!" was the regular reply. "Oh, yes," her husband would exclaim, and the little nuptial comedy ended.

But what Disraeli said to Bernal Osborne once about his marriage is much better worth the telling. It was at