

We Have Moved Into Our NEW STABLES

which is one of the largest, most convenient and up-to-date buildings in the State. We have spared neither pains nor money in making our stables a comfortable and safe place for the accommodation of our friends and patrons.

New Horses and Mules

There never has been in this market a cleaner lot of Horses and Mules than can now be found at our stables. Every Horse or Mule we sell goes with our guarantee. Farm Mules, Draft Mules, Carriage Horses, Buggy Horses, Saddle and Driving Horses. Also Dr. White's famous Horse Remedies.

New Buggies and Wagons.

If you want a good, strong, handsome Buggy, Surrey or Wagon, we can supply you at prices to meet competition. Come to see us for Harness, Saddles, Robes and Whips, and anything pertaining to this line. We want your personal inspection of our stables, and we feel assured that we can suit you to a Horse, Mule or Buggy, Surrey or Wagon.

COFFEY & RIGBY.

In The Year

just closed, 1909, we have much to be thankful for, in common with all our citizens, good trade conditions and general prosperity. Our trade has about doubled itself and we hope this year to see the march of progress continued for ourselves as well as our friends and patrons everywhere. Friends, we as for a continuance of your support and patronage, promising on our part honest, fair and square dealings with all. Our aim is to offer you the best goods at lowest prices. Our stock of

General Hardware

will be more complete than ever before. New goods are constantly arriving. A full Line of Stoves, Ranges and Heaters. Farmers will find a complete assortment of Farming Implements and Tools to select from. Our "All-In-One" Plow, entirely new, will fill a long felt want. Another carload of the famous Pittsburgh Fence for both garden and field fencing has just arrived. Agent for all "Keen Kutter" goods—none better. Headquarters for Guns and Sporting Goods. We ask the ladies to inspect our line of Enamelware, Reeds' Enamelware made especially for us—every piece guaranteed.

Plowden Hardware Company.

Yours for business,
In the Levi "Busy" Block.

A CAR LOAD OF THE NICEST

Horses and Mules

ever shipped to Manning, to arrive Thursday morning, December 23rd. Come and see them. If you need a Horse or Mule look them over before you buy. An article well bought is half sold. My Stock is bought right. Come and get yours before they are picked over. I carry a large stock of Tyson & Jones, Hackney and Wrenn Buggies. A car load of Piedmont Wagons just arrived. The best on the market for the money. Call and get my prices before you buy.

F. C. THOMAS, MANNING, S. C.

HORSES, MULES, BUGGIES, WAGONS, HARNESS, Building Material,

Lime, Cement, Acme Wall Plaster, Shingles, Laths, Fire Brick, Clay, Stove Flue, Drain Pipe, &c.
HAY AND GRAIN.

SEED.
Oats, Wheat, Rye, and Barley. A carload or a single article. Come and see us, if unable to do, write or phone No. 10.

BOOTH-HARBY LIVE STOCK CO.
SUMTER, S. C.

Physicians Advise

the use of a good laxative, to keep the bowels open and prevent the poisons of undigested food from getting into your system.

The latest product of science is VELVO Laxative Liver Syrup, purely vegetable, gentle, reliable and of a pleasant, aromatic taste. Velvo acts on the liver, as well as on the stomach and bowels, and is of the greatest possible efficacy in constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, feverishness, colic, flatulence, etc. Try VELVO.

VELVO LAXATIVE LIVER SYRUP

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 second Monday nights at 8.30.
Visiting Sovereigns invited.

Dr. King's New Life Pills
The best in the world.

WHEN YOU COME TO TOWN CALL AT

WELLS' SHAVING SALOON

Which is fitted up with an eye to the comfort of his customers.

HAIR CUTTING IN ALL STYLES. SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING Done with neatness and dispatch.

A cordial invitation is extended.

J. L. WELLS,
Manning Times Block.

A WEST POINT HAZING

It Knocked All the Egotism Out of the New Cadet.

SINGING HIS OWN PRAISES.

He Was Kept at It to His Own Mortification and the Delight of the Upper Class Men—A Clipping From His Home Paper Started the Trouble.

Hazing at the United States Military Academy, West Point, has in the past ten years been so frequently followed by punishment and otherwise discountenanced that it has practically become a thing of the past. A third of a century ago the modes of hazing were varied and many of them unique. A certain graduate who hailed from the south of Mason and Dixon's line and from west of the Allegheny mountains told this story of his own experience:

It was a tall, raven-haired fellow when he entered the academy as a "plebe" and had been assigned to a room with a bright little chap, with whom he soon became very friendly and confidential. Several weeks after he had entered the academy he received a letter from his good mother, in which she had enclosed a clipping from their county newspaper.

The article mentioned the fact that young Mr. — had received an appointment to West Point and had left for that place several days before; that, whereas they extended congratulations to the young man, the United States government was to be much more greatly congratulated upon obtaining as one of its embry soldiers a man from their community, the son of such a noble sire, whose sire and great-sires had been equally noble, a young man above reproach, of great intellect and bound to make his mark in any calling he might elect, etc.

This article inspired its recipient with pride and pleasure. He found it impossible to refrain from showing it to his roommate and an hour after having done so was secretly while going downstairs by an upper class man who had been drilling him and had been very severe. At this meeting the upper class man, who was about half his size, looked at him solemnly, removed his cap and said: "Mr. —, I humbly beg your pardon for having been so stern with you. I did not know until a few moments ago what a distinguished and intellectual young man you were. You honor us by becoming one of us."

The pleased "plebe" never for a moment scenting mischief, gratefully replied: "That's all right, Mr. —, I forgive you."

That evening while the "plebe" and his roommate were engaged in study there was a knock at their door, and there entered the upper class man who had accosted and apologized to the "plebe" on the stairs, he being accompanied by a dozen other upper class men. He thus addressed the "plebe": "Mr. —, here are a number of your brother cadets who are desirous of knowing what a particularly distinguished man they have among them. You will therefore kindly read what your newspaper says of you."

The "plebe" was inclined to demur, but the determined manner and steady eye of the little upper class man compelled obedience. Embarrassed, he stammeringly read the whole article, at the conclusion of which the little upper class man stated that the reader had mumbled in parts, had failed to enunciate distinctly and required the poor "plebe" to read it again. This having been done, all shook hands with him in an apparently most deferential manner, after which the little upper class man stated that they would call the next evening augmented by other cadets and that in the meantime the "plebe" would commit the article to memory and be in readiness to repeat it when they called.

His manner brooked no disobedience. The call was made the next evening, the number of cadets being nearly double that of the previous evening, and he repeated the article, being prompted by the little upper class man. Before the departure of his visitors he was informed that he would be visited the next evening by a still greater number of cadets, and he was ordered to be prepared to declaim the article depicting his virtues.

The visit was made, and the declamation rendered. He was then informed that he would be again visited the following evening and would prepare himself so as to be able to render the article in song. This visit was made, the room being fairly packed with cadets, and the poor "plebe" was required to stand on a table and bow the article from start to finish, for he had not the faintest understanding of how to sing or turn a tune. In after years he said that if he had ever had any egotism in his composition it was completely knocked out of him by having to handle that article as he had to handle it.—J. W. Duncanson in Lippincott's.

COWED BY MOSQUITOES.

A Clergyman's Experience on a British Columbia Trip.

In 1800 the Rev. John Sheepsbanks, later on the bishop of Norwich, was traveling through British Columbia. His book, "A Bishop In The Rough," relates his experiences on the Douglas trail, where the greatest discomfort was caused by the swarms of ferocious mosquitoes. He met with Indians covered with paint, carrying branches of trees in their hands, which they were sweeping around them as they walked. They were evacuating their country, being temporarily driven out by these pests. If by chance a traveler arrived at a clearing or an open space where there appeared to be an immunity from them, ere long they would appear.

"Quite early in the morning after meeting those Indians I issued from my tent and found an open space on the river's side where I could get my bath. But no sooner had I emerged from the water than I found swarms of mosquitoes assailing me, and do what I would, slaughter them by dozens, I suffered severely.

"It was on that same day, dining at a wayside house, that I took part in a scene which I can never forget. There were twenty-five men going up to the mines. Food was on the table. There was a ceaseless hum in the apartment, for it was literally brown with thousands of mosquitoes.

"It was so extremely hot, yet every man had made himself as impervious as he could. Each man wore his coat buttoned up, strings were fastened round his cuffs, and trousers also if he had not on top boots. They had gauntlets on their hands, their hats were on, and veils hanging down covered face and neck. A man would stick his fork into a piece of meat and pop in under the veil as quickly as possible. When drinking their coffee the men would hold the cup underneath the veil, first clearing out the bodies of the mosquitoes which possibly had been feeding upon the hairy mince close at hand."

"Not a word was uttered during that brief meal, for they were beaten down and cowed by the insects. The first words spoken were by a miner in pushing away his chair from the table, 'Oh, this God forsaken country!'"

ABSENTMINDED.

The Dinner to Which Wills, the Artist, Invited a Friend.

Mr. Wills, the artist, was renowned for his absentmindedness, and the following story, says Henrietta Cockran in her book, "Celebrities and I," was told of him by a friend: "Wills invited me to dinner one afternoon when I met him in the Strand. I accepted, reminding him that as he was absent-minded he had better make a note of the evening. As he had no paper in his pocket, he wrote the date on his shirt.

"When the appointed evening arrived I went to his studio. The door was opened by Wills, and I could see that he had forgotten all about the appointment."

"Ah, old fellow," he exclaimed, 'do not be too hard on me. The cuff went to the wash and the date with it. But there is a fowl in the pot boiling here,' continued Mr. Wills. 'Just come in and wait a few minutes.'

"I had my misgivings, but walked inside and sat upon the only chair not crowded with paint brushes and palette knives.

"After waiting for about twenty minutes, feeling decidedly hungry, I groaned. This had its effect.

"He exclaimed in a dreamy voice, 'The fowl must be boiled by this time,' and, coming forward, he lifted the lid of the pot and peered inside. 'It is very odd,' he remarked, 'but I cannot see the fowl. Extraordinary. No one has been here, so the bird cannot have been stolen.'

"Well, the long and short of it is that a week or two later he called again at the studio, noticed a peculiar odor and asked me if the fowl wrapped up in a piece of paper."

"Ah! said Wills, 'Now I know how it all happened. When the fowl was brought in there came a smart visitor—Lady G.—about sitting for her portrait. I must have thrown the fowl behind a canvas and forgotten about it.'"

Kissing the Book.
In England and all the English speaking countries the kissing of the book before the oath comes from the practice of touching a "haldame," or sacred object of the old Roman touched the altar or Harold the casket of relics. The form "So help me God" is inherited from ancient Teutonic-Scandinavian law, under which the old northmen, touching the blood daubed ring on the altar, swore, "So help me Frey and Njordh and the Almighty God"—that is, Thor. The first and last of these are the two old English gods, whose names we keep up in Friday and Thursday.—New York American.

Why Women's Minds Are Cleaner.
"Of course women should vote," he said. "Women deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing who had taken in to dinner. "Of course they are, ever and ever so much cleaner! But how do you know that?"

"Because they change them so much oftener," said he solemnly.—Exchange.

in Doubt.
Mrs. Meadow (at Paris hotel)—Ooo! There's a fly in this soup!
Mrs. Meadow (who has traveled a little)—Hush, Miranda! don't speak so loud! No use exposing our ignorance. This bill of fare is all in French, and mebbe we ordered fly soup.—London Tit-Bits.

A Wild Billiard Raging
brings danger, suffering—often death—to thousands, who take cold coughs the lungs, and grippe, the terror of Winter and Spring. Its danger signals are "sneezed up" nostrils, lower part of nose sore, chills and fever, pain in back of head, and a throat-gritting cough. When Grippe attacks, as your life depends, delay getting Dr. King's New Discovery. "One bottle cured me," writes A. L. Dann, of Pine Valley, Miss., after being laid up three weeks with Grippe. For sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, it's supreme. 50c., \$1.00. Guaranteed by all druggists.

The Funny Door.
"How children do coin words and phrases for a household!" exclaimed the young mother. "When my little boy first began to talk he called every sort of opening a 'door.' It was an association of ideas for him, and he applied it to everything. One night his father took off his shoes a hole in his stocking was disclosed. "Funny door, funny door!" exclaimed the little chap gleefully. And now in our family a hole in the stocking is always a 'funny door!'"—New York Press.

MARINERS' COMPASS.

Little Known of the Real Origin of the Instrument.

ITS USE BY THE CHINESE.

This Wonderful People Knew of the Magnetic Needle Long Before the Christian Era—The Claims of Giola, the Pilot, and the Credit Due Him.

Much interest must forever attach to the discovery of that valuable instrument the mariner's compass, and yet there are few subjects concerning which less is known. For a period the honor of the invention was ascribed to Giola, a pilot, born at Pasitano, a small village situated near Amalfi, about the end of the thirteenth century. His claims, however, have been disputed.

Much learning and labor have been bestowed upon the subject of the discovery. It has been maintained by one class that even the Phoenicians were the inventors, by another that the Greeks and Romans had a knowledge of it. Such notions, however, have been completely refuted.

One passage, nevertheless, of a remarkable character occurs in the works of Cardinal de Vitly, bishop of Ptolemais, in Syria. He went to Palestine during the fourth crusade, about the year 1204. He returned afterward to Europe and subsequently back to the Holy Land, where he wrote his work entitled "Historia Orientalis," as nearly as can be determined, between the years 1215 and 1220. In chapter 91 of that work he has this singular passage:

"The iron needle, after contact with the loadstone, constantly turns to the north star, which, at the axis of the firmament, remains immovable while the others revolve, and hence it is essentially necessary to those navigating on the ocean."

These words are as explicit as they are extraordinary. They state a fact and announce a use. The thing, therefore, which essentially constitutes the compass must have been known long before the birth of Giola. In addition to this fact, there is another equally fatal to his claim as the original discoverer.

It is now settled beyond a doubt that the Chinese were acquainted with the compass long before the Europeans. It is certain that there are allusions to the magnetic needle in the traditional period of Chinese history, about 2,000 years before Christ, and a still more credible account of it is found in the reign of Chingwang of the Chow dynasty, before Christ 1111.

All this, however, may be granted without in the least impairing the just claims of Giola to the gratitude of mankind. The truth appears to be that the position of Giola in relation to the compass was precisely that of Watt in relation to the steam engine—the element existed; he augmented its utility.

The compass used by the mariners in the Mediterranean during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was a very uncertain and unsatisfactory apparatus. It consisted of a magnetic needle floating in a vase or basin of water, supporting it on the surface of the water.

The compass used by the Arabians in the thirteenth century was an instrument of exactly the same description. Now, the inconvenience and inefficiency of such an apparatus are obvious. The agitation of the ocean and the tossing of the vessel might render it useless in a moment.

But Giola placed the magnetized needle on a pivot, which permits it to turn to all sides with facility. Afterward it was fastened to a card divided into thirty-two points, called rose de vent, and then the card containing it was suspended in such a manner that, however the vessel might be tossed, it would always remain horizontal—Electrical Engineer.

Stung.
The old gentleman went into the parlor the other night at the witching hour of 10:30 and found the lights out and his daughter and a dear friend enjoying a tete-a-tete in a corner by the window.

"Evangeline," said the old man sternly, "this is scandalous!"

"Yes, papa," she answered sweetly. "It is scandalous because there are no lights on. Lights cost so much Ferdinand and I said I would get along with the starlight."

And papa turned about in speechless amazement and tried to walk out of the room through a panel in the wall paper.—Exchange.

The Difference.
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is the difference between farming and agriculture?"

"Well, my son, for farming you need a plow and a harrow and a lot of other implements, and for agriculture all you need is a pencil and a piece of paper."—Washington Star.

The Mess in the Oven.
"How came such a greasy mess in the oven?" said a dainty old spinster to her maid of all work.

"Why?" replied the girl, "the candles fell into the water, and I put them into the oven to dry."—London Tatler.

Mildew.
An easy method of removing mildew is to place the article in a warm oven for a few moments and then brush it.

When you forget there are others you are nearing a burned bridge.

It is a dangerous thing to take a cough medicine containing opiates that merely stifle your cough instead of curing it. Foley's Honey and Tar loosens and cures the cough and expels the poisonous germs, thus preventing pneumonia and consumption. Refuse substitutes and take only the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. W. E. Brown & Co.

There is more to a Fertilizer than Analyses

The mere mixing of materials to obtain analysis requires no special knowledge. The value of a fertilizer lies in the source from which the plant food is obtained. Each ingredient in Royster goods is selected with a view of supplying the plant from sprouting until harvest. The plant is not overfed at one time and starved at another. Twenty-five years experience goes with every bag.

TRADE MARK
F.S.R.
REGISTERED

Sold by reliable dealers throughout the South.

F. S. Royster Guano Co.
NORFOLK, VA.

THE "REGENT."

A Diamond That Restored the Fortune of the House of Pitt.

Men have never collected great crystals for personal adornment. Even that "fribble in lace and amethysts," the rival of Ben Brummel and afterward George IV. of England—even he sought them simply for some Peditia he was pursuing.

Louis XIV. the grand monarch, purchased twenty-five large diamonds, mostly for La Valliere, Montespan, Fontanges, Maintenon. Among them was the wondrous "Pitt." A slave in India found it. Having found it, his heart shouted for liberty. Cutting the calf of his leg in order to hide the diamond within the slit, he limped to the coast. To an English ship captain he offered it for passage to any country where men were free.

The captain, quite casually and with nice humor, took the gem and threw the slave into the sea.

The gem of such jesting release from servitude was sold to a dealer for \$3,000 and through him reached Sir Robert Pitt, governor of Fort St. George, for \$102,000, who shipped it home to England to be faceted.

A Scotch financier, John Law, then doing business in France, negotiated for a fee of \$25,000 the sale of the diamond to the regent (afterward Louis XIV.) at \$750,000.

It is pleasant to remember that thereby the fortunes of the house of Pitt were restored and that the seller's son, William Pitt, and his grandson, the Earl of Chatham, were assisted to high place and service by opportunities made possible through the profit on the diamond for which a poor slave, seeking freedom, was thrown into the sea.—Everybody's.

BREAD SHEETING.

The Sun Dried Dough of the Land of the Pyramids.

In the land of the pyramids when ever coffee is brought into a visiting guest the sun cooked bread sheeting is always served therewith. It looks like so much charred leather and is of sweetish taste, being compounded solely of flour and the expressed pulp of sultana raisins. It is clearly to handle and can be crumpled up in the hand without fracture.

This bread sheeting is a most important article of interior commerce, per camel caravans, among the Asiatic kalfats and bazars. It has for thousands of years been their combined bread, cracker and cake all in one.

The bread sheeting is used in the countries of origin as minor articles of furniture and furnishing. Just as the natives of the tropics make a bewildering variety of uses of the cocoon palm and its products, as sun blinds, awnings, lanterns, easelers for holding papers and so on through a dozen uses. In their dry climates these uses are practicable, but in rainy seasons the goods if wetted collapse like paper almost.

Even in Manhattan among the Italian bakers you see the peculiar trellis ed sheets about a yard square made to do duty as temporary shelving. It will not stand much weight, but is used for drying out light articles, as the air strikes the objects both from below and above.—Bakers' Weekly.

The Steady Man.
We'd like to write a little rhyme about the steady man, who keeps on pegging all the time and does the best he can; the man who early goes to work and doesn't get home late, who never tries to shirk in order to be great. There are some fellows who will try to do their business tricks and have a finger in the pie of city politics. They try to put on lots of style and play a heavy role, and in a little bit of while you find them in a hole. I like the man of steady pace; his system I admire. He has no wild desire to place more irons in the fire.—Los Angeles Express.

Love must be cultivated and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener, and love can dwindle and die out of neglect, as choice flower seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

HARD NAMES.

Some in Scotland That Aroused a Lady From Schenectady.

Few Americans have trouble in pronouncing the name "Schenectady," although the spelling of it is not always so easy. In "Talks in a Library" Lawrence Hutton tells of an old Scotch laird whose guest one summer was a young lady named Miss Cunningham, who came from Schenectady. "Skenney-taddy" and "Skenet-taddy" were as near to it as the laird usually came. In his eyes the orthographic and ortho-epic beam of his own title and appellations was entirely eclipsed by the marvelous motto known as Schenectady, and he never realized that the inhabitants of the counties of Schorbra, Cattaraugus and Chemung in the state of New York might safely bite their thumbs at the residents of Scotland until his eyes were opened somewhat rudely and his sight was in a way restored.

"Uncle John," I said to him suddenly one evening when he was in convulsions over Schenectady—"Uncle John, what is the name of your place?"

"Baldutho."

"And of your parish?"

"Aroncruch."

"And of your postoffice?"

"Pittenweem."

"And of your railway station?"

"Killoongubar."

"And still, Uncle John," I continued, "you, as laird of Baldutho (the vernacular form), elder of the kirk of Aroncruch, receiver your letters and papers at Pittenweem and taking your trains at Killoongubar, think Schenectady really?"

An Irish Duel.
Rules Were Ignored and the Meeting Had a Happy Ending.

A duel with a happy ending seems an anomaly, yet one is commemorated in Blackwood's Magazine in an article on Irish "brawlers." The duel as arranged was between John Egan, a country judge, and Roger Barrett, master of the rolls. Both men were humorless, and the meeting upon the fair ground of Donnybrook was characteristic.

"That is true," replied the one who had been, "and that's just about all you can see."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Wouldn't Die.
Mrs. Peachblow—Why does your husband carry such a tremendous amount of life insurance when he's in such perfect health? Mrs. Flicker—Oh, just to tantalize me. Men are naturally cruel.—Life.

Not Unanimous.
She—There's Mrs. Toozle. She seems quite reconciled to the death of her first husband. He—Yes, but I'm afraid her second never will be.—Illustrated Bits.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not displease us.—Rochefoucauld.

For indigestion and all stomach troubles take Foley's Orino Laxative. It is the natural remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, bad breath, sick headache, rapid liver, biliousness and habitual constipation. Foley's Orino Laxative sweetens the stomach and breath, and tones up the entire alimentary system. W. E. Brown & Co.

Cyclus was the name applied to a school of philosophers founded by Antisthenes, a pupil of Socrates. The main tenet of the extreme cycles, and that civilization is a curse, and that happiness can be found only by gratifying the most primary physical appetites, the man has in common with brutes. The general attitude of the cycles as distinguished from that of the stoics, who regarded everything in the external world with indifference, was one of contempt. They were not an important philosophical school numerically, but attracted attention largely by their eccentricities and insolence. On account of their contempt for refinement their name came subsequently to be applied to any one who takes a mean view of human life.—New York American.