

# BANKRUPT SALE

## \$15,000

### Stock of Seasonable Merchandise.

Entire Bankrupt Stock of Aaron Abrams, consisting of Clothing, Shoes, Dry Goods, Millinery, Fancy Dress Goods, Embroideries, Etc., must be disposed of in the next 30 days, at 50 cents on the dollar. Sale begins Thursday, March 31st. Don't miss this great Bankrupt Sale.

# AARON ABRAMS

The Store That Flies The American Flag.

MANNING, S. C.

## LIQUIDATION SALE.

**RESIDENCE—**  
A one-story eight-room house, with barn, stables, and other valuable improvements, on one-half acre lot, on West Boundary Street, in Manning.

**PEOPLE'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE—**  
A large tobacco warehouse. Building alone cost about \$5,000. On eighty three hundredth of an acre, Church Street, Manning, S. C. Will sell one third interest for \$1,050.

**FARM—**  
One hundred and sixty-five (165) acres five miles of Manning. Bounded by lands of J. A. Gibson, L. R. Gibson, and Amzi Tindal.

**FARM—**  
Two hundred and ten (210) acres five miles Northeast of Manning. Bounded by lands of D. W. Alderman, C. H. White, and J. E. Kelly.  
All this property will be sold at very low figures, either for all cash, or part cash and balance on time.

**GASOLINE ENGINE—**  
A 9-horse power gasoline engine is offered for sale at a bargain.

**STORE FOR RENT—**  
The store building heretofore occupied by the W. E. Jenkinson Company is offered for rent. Possession can be given in about forty days.

**NOTICE TO DEBTORS—**  
Having disposed of the stock of general merchandise, all accounts will now be placed in the hands of our attorneys for collection.

**W. E. JENKINSON CO.,**  
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.

**BRING YOUR JOB WORK TO THE TIMES OFFICE.**

### WHITE FACES.

Effect They Produce When First Seen by Colored Races.

Either Stanley or Livingstone perhaps told the world that after long living in Africa the sight of white faces produced something like fear. (And the evil spirits of Africa are white.) Well, even after a few months along with black faces I have felt that feeling of uncomfortableness at the sight of white faces. Something ghostly, terrible, seemed to have come into those faces that I had never imagined possible before. I felt for a moment the black man's terror of the white. At least I think I partly realized what it was.

You remember the Romans lost their first battles with the north through sheer fear. The fiercer the warriors, the more spectral the more terrible. Beauty there is in the north, of its kind. But it is surely not comparable with the wonderful beauty of color in other races.

To appreciate the beauty of colored skins it is not simply enough to travel. One must become familiar with the sight of them through months and years. (So strong our prejudices are.) And at last when you perceive there are human skins of real gold (living statues of gold with blue hair, like the Carib half breeds) and all fruit tints of skins, orange and yellow and peach red and rousous browns of countless shades, and all colors of metals, too—bronzes of every tone—one begins to doubt whether a white skin is so fine. (If you don't believe these colors, just refer to Brock's pattern books, where you will find that all jewel colors exist in eyes and all fruit colors and metal colors in skins. I could not believe my own eyes till I saw Brock.) I have seen people who had grass green emeralds instead of eyes and topazes and rubies for eyes. And I have seen races with blue hair.—Cor. Lafcadio Hearn in Atlantic.

### TRICK ANIMALS.

Sometimes the Trainer Has to Do His Work Quickly.

"You wouldn't believe how fast you have to work to train an animal," said the man who has broken everything from elephants to geese the other day. "Why, I can tell just how many hours it is going to take to break in any kind of animal you might mention." "A woman came to me the other day and said: 'I want a trained goose for my magic act. How much will you charge me to break one?'" "Sixty dollars," said I. "Well, how do you figure that out?" she asked.

"Why, it's very simple," I said. "It's \$1 an hour, and it will take me just sixty hours."

"Yes, sir; I can train a goose—that is, to follow me around and do some simple tricks—in sixty hours, a pig in thirty hours, and so on. But as for a peafowl and a guinea hen—they can't be trained in a hundred years. Now, you take a troupe of trained dogs. That doesn't take half as long to do as people suppose. No, sir; a man with an animal show has got to work fast. Why, maybe the boss comes around on a Monday morning and says: 'Here—here's a bunch of six dogs. Now make an act out of it

### for next Monday's show.'

"There are six green dogs to make into a troupe in a week. Can't be done, you say? Sure, it can! One dog—one trick—one day. That's the principle, and you can do it too. Each dog will learn a trick each day all right. One will learn a back somersault, one a front somersault, one to walk on his hind legs, one on his front legs, one to roll over, and so on. Then by the end of the week you've got a nice little act, and all the people are acclaiming about your years of patience and that sort of stuff. Patience is a good thing, of course, but the secret is just 'know how'; that's all!" —New York Post.

### TRICKED THE SAVAGE.

The Explorers Forced Him to Lead Them to Water.

A party of explorers, four in number, were traveling across the sandy plains of Western Australia. They had been struggling on for weeks and were now greatly in need of water. Their two camels had not had any water to drink for nearly a fortnight.

After a time they came to a deserted camp hidden among some trees.

While they were looking at the still smoldering campfires they were startled by some dreadful yells, and a shower of spears, thrown by a number of black savages, came flying about them.

This made the travelers so angry that they rushed after the blacks, who fled in all directions. After a stern chase they found one of the savages up a tree. As he would not come down, one of the travelers climbed the tree after him.

Presently a branch of the tree gave way, and they both came tumbling down, but without hurting themselves much.

The travelers asked the black man where they could find some water, but he would not say.

Then they tried to get friendly with him and gave him some food. But, although he enjoyed the food, he would not tell them where water was to be found.

Then one of them had an idea. He took some tinned meat, mixed into it a handful of salt and gave it to the hungry savage. The black soon cleared it up and seemed to enjoy it, much to the amusement of the travelers. Then they sat down and waited.

In about an hour the savage began to get fidgety and wanted to leave them, but they would not let him go. Presently he began to wail: "Water! Water!"

Jumping up, he ran to the densest part of the scrub, followed by the white men.

Clearing away some twigs, he revealed a hidden pool of clear water. That is the way the spring was discovered.

### A TIMELESS WORLD.

What Would Happen if We Were Entirely Inclosed by Clouds.

If astronomers are right in ascribing the wonderful brightness of Venus to the existence of an atmosphere continually filled with clouds, then she must be a world without time—at least there can be no measurement of time there such as we have here.

It is because we can see the sun and the stars that we are able to traverse the oceans and run railroad trains across the continents.

Surround our earth with an unbroken shell of clouds and what would become of all our clocks and chronometers? Not a ship could safely cross the sea; not a railroad would be able to run its trains without a series of frightful wrecks. In a few weeks every clock and watch would be hopelessly wrong and all exact timekeeping would cease.

Probably there are few who stop to think of the way in which our everyday life depends upon astronomical observations. Our great primary timekeeper is the earth rotating on its axis. If we could not see the sun and stars because of clouds we should not know that the earth rotates and there would be no standard to which we could refer our timepieces and by which we could correct them. In fact, we should probably have no timepieces.

There could be no hours and minutes, for they are exact divisions of an ideal day based upon celestial observations which would be impossible to us.

They could not be based upon clocks or other mechanical devices, because the most exquisite chronometer that can be constructed will not keep time indefinitely and must be continually corrected by means of observations of the stars made in the observatories.

There could be no accurate maps of countries or charts of the seas, for such maps and charts can be made only by the aid of astronomical observations.

There could be no parallels of latitude or meridians of longitude, for they, too, are based on celestial observations which would be impossible to us.

We should not know with any certainty where we were upon the earth. We could not measure the distance from New York to London nor from New York to San Francisco.

Poetical minds, moved by the spectacle of Venus in her glory, have drawn brilliant pictures of the delights of life in that radiant world, but there is another side to the question of which we may well think as we gaze admiringly upon her electric splendor.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York American.

### NAMES OF CITIES.

They Are Frequently Miscalled by Travelers Abroad.

"How far are you going?" asked my fellow traveler as we came across the St. Gotthard. "To Paris," I replied. He looked puzzled. Then I recollected that he was an Italian and that he had told me he had never been out of Italy before. "Parigi," I said, smiling, and he knew at once what I meant.

Then it occurred to me to mention London to him and see if he understood. He obviously did not. "Londra," I translated. "Ah, Londra," he repeated. "Yes, yes." Here were two of us journeying together across Europe in an age which is supposed to have broken down the barriers that once hindered free intercourse, yet we were not even agreed as to the names of the principal places on our route.

He called Milan Milano, Florence Firenze, Turin Torino, Naples Napoli. For Basle he said Basilea and Lucerna for Lucerne (which the Swiss themselves call Luzern, pronouncing the "z" like ts).

Stop a moment, though. When I say he called Florence Firenze, and so on, I am laying myself open to misconception and the charge of insular ignorance. Rather should I put it that we English call Florence Firenze, just as we call Padova Padua and Livorno Leghorn. We cannot even give the Eternal City its proper beautiful name. Instead of Roma we say Rome, which is only a trifle better than the Germans, who deep down in their throats grunt out "Rom."

The Germans are very bad offenders in this matter of miscalling places, for they give them often such cacophonous equivalents as one would never think of connecting with the real name. The first time I went to Italy I let the train leave Bellinzona without me. I was drinking a cup of coffee and it slipped off. I thoroughly enjoyed a sunny September afternoon's ramble amid vineyards and along the shore (so far as I recollect) of an enchanting little lake. Then I went back to the station to catch the evening service to Milan.

Presently a long and important looking train thundered in. On it were boards—"Berlin-Mailand." I regarded them idly, wondering where Mailand was and why I had never heard of it before. It was only when I saw a friendly porter wildly summoning me to enter and heard a guard crying out, "Chiasso, Como, Milano," that I realized the situation and understood Mailand to be German for the city we even more ill soundingly—"Venedig." Who would ever associate that harsh trisyllable with the glories and loveliness of the miracle city of the lagoons? —London Mail.

**A Wife's Early Lesson.**  
A curious custom used to accompany an Anglo-Saxon betrothal. After the giving of the ring the father gave the son-in-law one of his daughter's shoes, with which the son-in-law hit his wife on the head to teach her subjection! Later on a more moderate (3) chastigation was suggested, and three blows with a broomstick became the custom! —"The Months of the Year," by Rev. Pemberton Lloyd.

## The Sumter Iron Works, SUMTER, S. C.

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MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

Struthers-Wells Steam Engine.

Stover Gasoline Engine.

Nagle Boilers, all sizes and types.

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Central Foundry and Machine Co.

"Vance Saw Mills and Wood-working Machinery."

## The Buicks & E. M. F. AUTOMOBILES

All types carried in stock for immediate shipment.

All at the right prices and on satisfactory terms.

Drop us a line for full particulars. Give us a trial and let us show you.

Yours very truly,

## The Sumter Iron Works.

## FERTILIZERS! FERTILIZERS!

We are now manufacturing at Manning all grades of Commercial Fertilizers and solicit your patronage. We use only high grade material, and "NO FILLER."

## MEAL MIXTURES A SPECIALTY.

We make the price right and guarantee satisfaction. See us before you buy.

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