

The Manning Times.

LOUIS APPELT, Editor.

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The Mississippi embroglio seems to be getting on the rough house stage and that State is in the limelight as one of the very corrupt States of this Union.

The most encouraging sign for the future in South Carolina is the widespread interest that is being taken in the raising of corn.

A large number of prominent citizens have petitioned to ask R. W. Shand, Esq., of Columbia, to be a candidate for mayor under the new system of government.

"It was I who killed the old city form of government, while Betsy stood by admiring my prowess." The State, the morning after the almost unanimous vote for the commission form of government.

Judge A. C. Haskell died in Columbia at 3 o'clock this morning. He had long been recognized as one of the ablest and most prominent citizens of the State.

F. H. Hyatt, of Columbia, has sent out a letter asking the advice of those he is writing to, whether or not he should run for Governor.

The Columbia State gave out some good Democratic doctrine last Friday, it was a line of stuff had its editor adhered to in 1890, the political revolution of that year would not have made scars that have taken so long to heal.

The Roosevelt incident at Rome has provoked a very acrimonious controversy between Archbishop Ireland of the Catholic church, and Bishop McIntyre of the Methodist church, in which the Methodist prelate uses language that fairly sizes, and the Catholic domine comes back with saying that Bishop McIntyre is beneath his notice.

Resolutions of Respect. At a recent meeting of Turbeville Farmer's Union the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of R. A. Green this Union loses a brother who was always active and zealous in his work as a member; ever ready to help the needy and distressed both in and out of the order; an honest and upright man, whose virtues endeared him not only to his brethren of the Union, but to all of his fellow citizens.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this Union, and that a copy be sent to the family of our deceased brother, to THE MANNING TIMES and to THE FARMERS UNION SUN.

LOOKING BACKWARD. The Spring of 1865, When the Soldier in Gray Came Home, and His Passing Since the War, Etc.

Horace Greeley, philosopher and journalist, with his facile pen, wrote these words, which I quote: "The hope of the then Southern Confederacy was carried aloft on the points of the bayonets of the bright rifles of the army of Northern Virginia." But alas, on the ninth day of April, 1865, came the crisis of our fate; the end of the rebellion was at hand, and his little band of courageous soldiers, were hedged in on all sides by Grant's ponderous army; the best equipped the world has ever seen; lacking nothing appertaining to war, cruel war.

Lee's FAREWELL TO HIS SOLDIERS. "After four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have confidence in the loyalty and honor of the soldiers with whom I have been so long associated; and I am sure that you will all be true to the principles which have governed us during the past year."

I now place a withered white rose on the bosom of the young nation that died in its purity from constant attrition and exhaustion. The soldier in gray came home with his parole in the pocket of his worn and faded jacket, over his fearless heart, a meagre crust in his hand moistened by the dew from the stars, with many miles between him and his childhood home, with his thoughts upon those who were near and dear to him; yes, loving hearts, who were looking and waiting for him at home, sweet home, Dixie land, a land of sorrows; yes, she sorrowed for her gallant dead, whose now sunken graves cover our sunny land, which was furrowed by shot and shell of devastating war. Let us not forget the traditions of the South. As I listen to the tender soul-stirring strains of the good old song Dixie, my heart goes out for the love I have for my dear old native land, a land consecrated by precious memories of the past, when our hearts were young and free from care.

Oh, how many hearts quickened when the soldier in gray came home, forty-five years ago; mothers looking anxiously for their sons, wives with glad expectancy of welcoming their husbands home again, and dear children saying from their innocent hearts, dear father come home. Oh, the hundreds of hearts that were crushed, for the soldier in gray that never came home. The mother's tears for her only son, the wall of the widow, for husband that never returned, the father's heart aching to hear the orphan's plaintive cry, saying good father never came home. I have read history (remote) that Thermopylae had its messenger; (but the Alamo had none, the slaughter was complete, the survivors in its own time, the would have been fruitless, to have destroyed, that splendid remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia; but if our peerless leader had thought proper to have continued the contest, every one of the gray jackets, eyes would have been obedient to the command. No, this great exemplar of modern times thought best to stay annihilation, and let the faithful soldier in gray come home, that the gallant tribe might increase in number.

Yes, the Confederate soldier has made history, telling of the deeds of valor and of love for a cause that was lost, and of the patriotic devotion of the women, of the then seceded states, who made sacrifices and suffered privations for the sake of a just cause. When the story is written in fact, it matters not from what clime he hails from in this great American republic, the future student of history will read with increasing admiration and wonder; he will exclaim with glorious pride: these were my people.

I must now say something about the little army of the West, commanded by Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, which surrendered in North Carolina on the 26th of April, 1865. And still another small army, in command of Gen. Kirby Smith, surrendered in Texas, May 22nd, 1865; better fighting material never marched in battle, with the starry cross fluttering in heaven's breeze than those men, who were as true as any that wore the gray that forced their way to the cannon's mouth. When Lee's disbanded soldiers were making their way home, this matchless general mounted his faithful horse Traveler turned his face towards his Richmond home, perhaps with his great heart sad to see the men that he had led through such a long and arduous campaign, but he was a well balanced soldier, so gentle in manner, forcible in execution and undaunted to the end. For some days young nation that was dying; were anxiously looking for the return of the spotless old hero home to show their devout affection. (If ever a man, a soldier, was ever sincerely loved by his people, it was the unequalled Lee. In the army he bore the name of the "Old Man of the Mountain.") A few days had elapsed, the people of the city who had been out early and late, saw a commotion at the bridge that spans the historic river James. Some one exclaimed, "The old man is coming!" and literally thronged with old men, matrons, young women, maidens, boys, girls and tots. No laurel wreath encircled his peerless brow, with unweary head he rode through the immense throng, the gentle breezes of an April morn'g fanning his noble brow, no demonstration whatever. A calm over-spreading the people of the besieged city that he so often defended; Yes, they were paying homage to this phe-

nominal soldier. No rebel yell rang in his ears that he so often heard upon so many famous battle fields, when victory perched upon the flag that now is furled forever. This old-timer, who rode on quietly and unintercepted, until he reached his peaceful home, passed in, unbuckled his trusty sword, hung it against the wall without a speak upon its shining blade. He never was seen again, in his uniform of gray.

What did the brave soldier do who once wore the gray jacket in his return from the war? Did he sit down and repine, and to build an imaginary monument of despair? No, he pulled himself together, shook the ashes of adversity from his loins, and has builded greater than he knew. Oh, sunny land, what still greater possibilities are now within your reach. Let the decrepit man look backward. You young men of Dixie Land, look forward, jump your selves, reach ahead of you, seize this grand opportunity; in other words, make the fur fly.

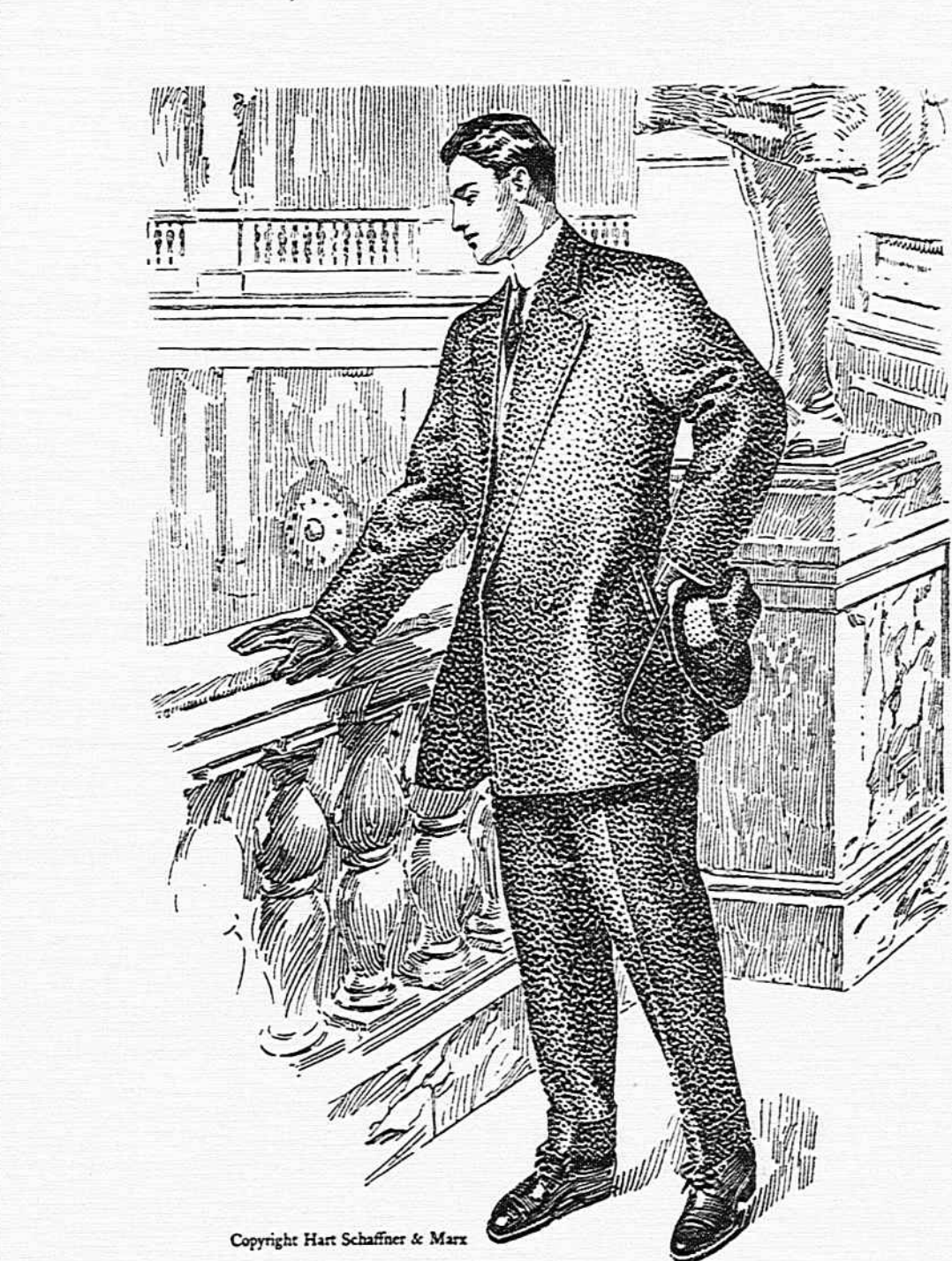
The material progress of this section of our reunited country, (for I am certain that I am now resting in the folds of the stars and stripes, old glory; and no one dare make me afraid.) Yes, the welfare of Dixie land depends almost entirely upon diversified farming, which we fact. There is no new South, it is a misnomer, Dixie land or the South, they are synonymous. Land of the sturdy oak, palmetto and the pine, the orange and cotton bloom, favored land, one that has no equal on this globe, with a climate sublime and a soil that responds to every effort of man, with the soft and generous rays of the ascending sun, ripens and mellow the grain and fruit of our Southland. I must say, that the first settlers had been divested of its beauty and grandeur; a few trees have been left us as land marks of our fathers, of which we now and then inhale the pleasant aroma. (Let us not forget posterity.) The swamps are still here, where the coons and opossums prance, when the moon does not shine. We miss old mammy Dinah, who lived in the ante-bellum times, who could cook the best dish of "possum and taters, and oh, that crackling bread that we grew to a taro. "Oh me, oh my, oh honey hush," as old mammy would say, if flattered too much. And there was old daddy Ned, with his fiddle and bow, who played those good old melodies of the long ago. Those old darkeys, of the "before the war" have passed away from earth, and I hope that they have gone where the good niggers go. In the long ago, before the first gun was fired against Fort Sumter's walls, when sweet, gentle peace rested on our land, when I was young, when the merry days were on, when we, the young fellows, used to hunt the "possum and coon, attend the caudy pullings and dancing parties, when we danced the hoe down sling, the high land fling and cut the pigeon wing and went home with the girls in the morning.

In the autumn of the year 1865, General R. E. Lee was called to the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University. This great educator, matchless soldier and Christian gentleman had been offered pecuniarily fine positions for the use of his name only. He modestly declined to accept them, by saying, that he could not receive compensation in a war, his services not rendered. What an object lesson handed down to posterity. He accepted the position as president of the college at Lexington with a small salary, which was more preferable to him. Perhaps he thought of the prostrate South and its people, who, no doubt, many were in penury and want, and very few, if any, living in comfort and ease. This mysterious man, we now find him, leading the young men of his country into the paths of peace and civilization into their hearts and minds the finest tributes that make the true man. After five years of service at the college the end came. His useful and eventful life passed into history. On the 12th day of the beautiful month of October, 1870, when the sea and yellow leaf silently drops from its parent tree to old mother earth; this great and good man died. "Yes, he was as good as he was great, and great as he was good." He went to that undiscovered country: The South deeply mourned, the great Lee dead. We will never see his like again.

Some years ago, I read a book of which the title was, "The man that saved the Union," written by Col. Don Platt of the Federal Army. I have had a passage from that book. "Grant died under the shadow of Lee's surrendered sword; and that mighty shadow keeps his tomb green with immortals. It is strange what magic lingers around the mouldering remains of Virginia's rebel leader, who by his name confers renown upon his enemies. The pure white hands are folded now over a heart once so grand in its emotion that his life seemed that of a saint." Yes, his fame will endure with the granite hills, and will go ringing down the corridors of time forever. And if his very name confers renown upon his enemies, his statue in the pantheon of fame would establish the fact that this renowned soldier, has conferred renown upon his enemies.

present, when the bronze equestrian statue of Lee, was unveiled at Richmond, Va., in the month of May, 1890. It was the grandest sight that I have ever witnessed. When the cords that suspended the statue were severed and the statue were severed and the canvas fell to the ground, thousands of eyes beheld Marse Robert in bronze. And heard that rebel yell, that unearthly shout that made the boys that wore blue (during the war) shiver in their shoes. I met an old veteran a few days ago and he said to me that he thought sometimes that some of the young folks now and then did not show the old soldier the courtesy that was certainly due him; if no more, I was silent. Since then I have had a comparison. Old dog Tray is ever faithful, but his sight is dim, his sides are thin, his teeth are worn, his ears are torn, his pace is slow, his bark is low; yet he is gentle and kind, but his tail is cut off. And now, you old gray rooster, those of us, who have passed three score years and ten and have turned our faces towards the setting sun, and the rest of the diminishing number who have not yet reached their three score years and ten; let all of us remember that the shadows are gathering fast around us. Yes, it won't be long, ere the pallid messenger will beckon us one by one to depart to that undiscovered country, and when we line up on its border, we will hear the challenge, "Who comes there?" The answer will be, "The rear guard of the armies of Lee." Advance, rear guard, and give the countersign, (Gray Jacket), Taps, light out. One of the sixty-fivers. "OLD ROCK."

Saved From The Grave. "I had about given up hope, after nearly four years of suffering from a severe lung trouble," writes Mrs. M. L. Dix of Clarksville, Tenn. "Often the pain in my chest would be almost unbearable and I could not do any work, but Dr. King's New Discovery has made me feel like a new man. It has been a blessing made for the throat and lungs." Obsolete coughs, stubborn colds, hay fever, the gripe, asthma, croup, bronchitis and hemorrhages, hoarseness and whooping cough, yield quickly to this wonderful medicine. Try it. Guaranteed as soon as detected. Guaranteed by all druggists.



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STYLISH, ALL-WOOL CLOTHES!

YOU'VE got a great treat in store for you---and this is the store its in. We're going to show you some of the liveliest Clothes you ever saw; special snappy models made for us by

Hart Schaffner & Marx.

It seems as though the weavers had made a special point of getting beauty in design this spring. A new lot of beautiful gray fabrics, some very choice browns, and a big variety of blue fabrics, plain and with self stripes, and with many fine and handsome patterns.

The new models also are particularly good; there's no doubt about it. The clothes we get from Hart Schaffner & Marx have style about them which you don't find in any other clothes made. All the fabrics are all-wool; and the tailoring is the kind that such fabrics and such a reputation deserve.

SUITS, \$20.00 to \$30.00.

This store is the home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes.

THE D. J. CHANDLER CLOTHING COMPANY, SUMTER, S. C. Phone 166.

Fire blight or Pear Blight. Fire blight or pear blight is a contagious disease caused by bacteria (small germs). It affects pears, apples, quinces, and many other pome fruits. Sprouts affected by blight has the appearance of having been burned, hence the name "fire blight." The blight affects blossoms, twigs, foliage twigs, sprouts, suckers, limbs, and fruits.

BLOSSOM TWIG BLIGHT. The first marked appearance of blight is during and soon after blossoming time. It is brought to the tree by the very same insect transferred by them from blossom to blossom and from tree to tree. Warm, moist conditions are most favorable to its development. The effect is that the foliage and flowers turn brown and the disease continues down the twig. Often the injury done is mistaken for that of frost, as the damage in each instance looks very much alike.

DISINFECTANTS. A bottle of mercuric chloride or corrosive sublimate tablets can be purchased at any drug store. Dissolve one tablet in a pint of water and a sponge saturated with this solution rubbed over the limbs, during the fall and winter those cankers are more easily detected and should be cut off below the affected part. Thus you see in case of large limbs you lose a good part of your tree. The cankers, however, should be removed as soon as detected, as they are apparently the main source of new infection.

PREVENTING BLIGHT. Soft succulent growth is more susceptible to blight, therefore anything that tends to prevent this growth will also tend to prevent blight. As pears are borne on spurs which are very apt to be blighted, the spurs should be removed from the trunk and into the main portions of the tree which would mean the loss of the main limbs or entire tree. Sprouts or other soft growth should be kept off the main limbs and trunk. (Where a pear tree is properly trained the first few years, heavy pruning will not be necessary during its older age. Heavy pruning of old trees during winter stimulates soft growth which is favorable to blight.) CULTIVATING AND FERTILIZING. Cultivating and fertilizing with nitrogenous fertilizers after trees have come into bearing produce conditions favorable to blight, therefore, sowing and withholding nitrogen fertilizers is to be recommended as a preventive. Do not cultivate and fertilize bearing trees excessively. Select resistant varieties. Plant in well drained soil. There is no other generally known remedy for blight than the above.

If Women Only Know What a Heap of Happiness it Would Bring to Manning Homes.

Hart to do housework with an aching back. Brings you hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause that backache pains come from sick kidneys. "I would save much needless woe. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. Many residents of this vicinity endorse them."

Mrs. R. B. Smith, Logan, St. Kingstreet, S. C., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have proven of great benefit to me and I therefore highly recommend them. I had kidney trouble for some time and suffered a great deal from dull, nagging backaches. Headaches and pains in my kidneys were common and I always had a tired, worn out feeling. Recently I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and taking them as directed I was greatly relieved. My strength and energy returned and my health improved in every way."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Clarendon Pressing Club. Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing and Repair Work done in first-class manner and at reasonable rates. Member 4 Suits Sponged and Pressed for \$1.

Wayman A. Smith, Prop., MANNING, S. C. All kinds of high-grade Tailoring. Give me a call. Phone No. 87.

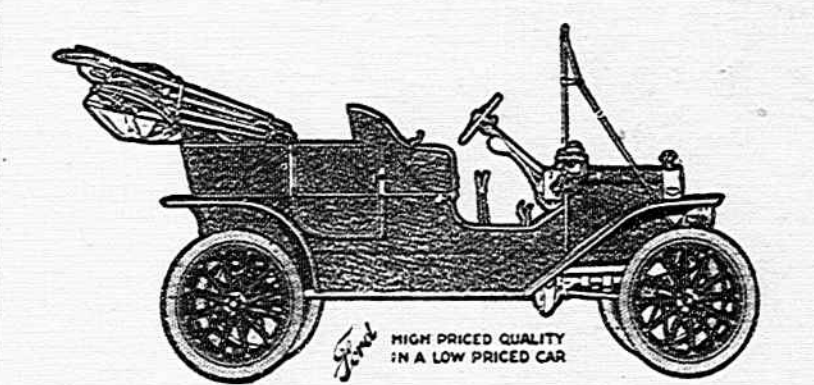
FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR Cures Colds; Prevents Pneumonia. Mr. Willford Adams is his name, and he writes about it: "Some time ago I was confined to my bed with chronic rheumatism. I used two bottles of Foley's Kidney Remedy with good effect, and the third bottle put me on my feet and I resumed work as conductor on the Lexington, Ky., Street Railway. I gave every used and it will do all you claim in cases of rheumatism." Foley's Kidney Remedy cures rheumatism by eliminating the uric acid from the blood. W. E. Brown & Co.

Ready-Mades At Attractive Prices.

We are offering this week some especially GOOD THINGS in Ladies' UNDERMUSLINS, GOWNS, CORSET COVERS, DRAWERS, SHIRTS, ETC., nicely trimmed and well made, ranging in price from 25c. to \$2.50 a garment. Ready-Made Linene Coat Suits, in Blue, Tans, Lavender, Etc., nicely Braided and well made; price, from \$4.50 to \$8.50 Suit. Ladies' Linene Wash Shirts, in Blues, Tans, White, Etc., all sizes. Price from 98c. to \$2. McCALL PATTERNS 10c. and 15c. (All Seams Allowed.) It pays to trade at

Rigby Dry Goods Co.'s.

Ford. Ford. Ford.



Light as the Ford Car is, 1200 lbs., it is no lighter in proportion than a passenger engine of the accepted highest type. The 5000 H. P. Pacific type locomotive used on the Pennsylvania Lines West weighs 53.8 lbs. per horse power. The Model "T" weighs 53.3 lbs. per horse power. Each is designed by an engineering expert for passenger service. On the other hand, the average freight engine, as well as a large proportion of automobiles, weighs from 85 to 110 lbs. per horse power. Note the difference? We are also agents for the mighty Reo. Car Load Automobiles expected this week. Ask for a demonstration.

DAVIS & RICHBOURG, Summerton, S. C. Agents Clarendon County.

Plant This Seed in Your Mind. That Hirschmann always tries to give good VALUES, and we intend, from the time we started business over ten years ago, has been to give everybody a dollars worth for a dollar. We made friends and held them and increased our business from year to year in spite of an advertising that did not reflect the business or personality. This only goes to prove that if a business is founded on the basis principle of giving everybody a fair deal, it is bound to succeed. All that the people want to know is—what they can buy, where they can buy it, and the price at which it can be bought. They want to know if the merchandise is all right and they are everlastingly tired of hearing, "reduced from \$8.00 to \$3.95," "from \$2.50 to \$1.25," and so on. We are now telling of our Merchandise in an interesting way and selling it on the basis of our merit, giving the public satisfaction or money back, the policy we have always followed and the only real basis for a successful business. We have a complete Line of Dress Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Notions and Novelties, and the most handsome and up-to-date Millinery. Yours for business. D. HIRSCHMANN.