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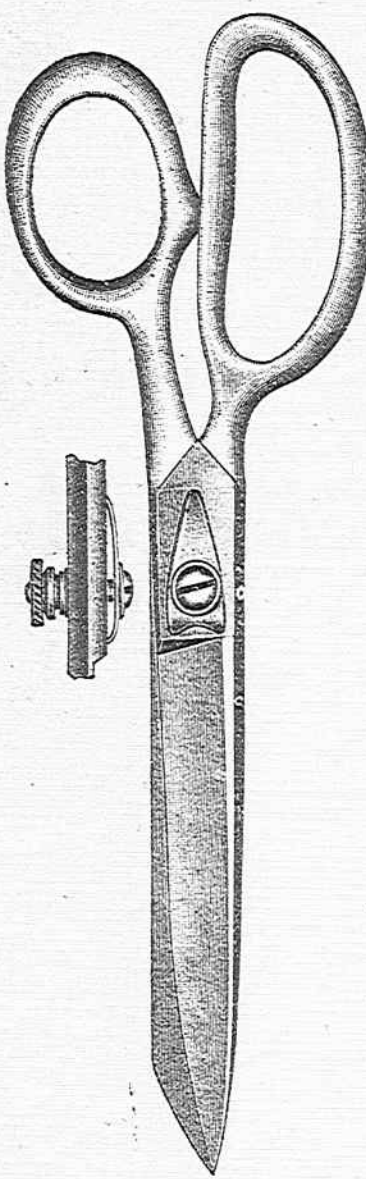
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We will send to all who subscribe between now and June 1st, THE MANNING TIMES and THE TWICE-A-WEEK NEWS AND COURIER, THE FARM AND HOME

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Cash in advance, and as an additional premium we will make to each one taking advantage of this combination, a present of a Nickel-plated, 8-inch Steel, adjustable patent-tension Shears.



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BANK OF CLARENDON, Manning, S. C.

We solicit your banking business. It is to your interest to patronize this safe and strong bank. Four years of continued growth and operation without the loss of a cent, as a dollar, speaks for itself, does it not?

Interest Paid on Savings Deposits.

BANK OF CLARENDON, Manning, S. C.

What to Do in an Emergency.

Shipwrecked.—Go ashore as soon as possible; remove wet clothing and relate your experiences to nearest reporter. Add photograph if possible.

Baby, Cat, Asleep on Face Off.—Remove cat.

Train, Run Over By.—Remove train, using force if necessary. Upon release acquaint nearest station master with the facts and proceed as in case of shipwreck.

Pantry, Burglar In.—Procure a copy of the Tariff Reform League's latest publication on free food fancies and read same to intruder, taking care to elucidate most telling arguments. The contrite crackerman will at once turn over a new leaf and express his sorrow. Under the circumstances you will do well to accept his assurance of regret.

Crime, Having Committed or Being Suspected Of.—Apply to nearest music hall manager for an engagement. Insist on being put among the "star" turns and demand a salary proportionate to the gravity of the crime in question.—Punch.

Not Worth It.

A young man, after his banns had been twice announced, called upon the busy vicar early one morning. He wanted to have a private word with him about the banns.

"Well," said the vicar, "what is wrong?"

"Oh, it's the girl's name."

"Hasn't it been given correctly?"

"Oh, yes, it's correct enough, but I want you to put another girl's name for the third calling. I've changed my mind and would rather marry Mary 'Arris instead of Sarah Jenkins."

The vicar lectured the youth upon his fickleness and told him if he wanted any alteration it would be necessary to make a fresh start and have the banns published afresh.

"What, and pay another shilling?" gasped the lover.

"Certainly," replied the vicar.

"Well, in that case you had better let it be as it is, and I'll marry my first love!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Enlivened His Sermon.

A minister of Cromwell, in Fife, frequently talked from the pulpit to his hearers with amusing and indeed irreverent familiarity. Expounding a passage from Exodus one day, he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses—snack that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yersel' ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open. It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, got his death o' cauld, and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open."

"And the Lord said unto Moses—I see a man aethat the laft wi' his bat on. I'm sure, man, ye're clear o' the scrog o' that door there. Keep aff your bannet, Thomas, and if your bare paw be could ye man just get a gray worsted wig, like mysel'." They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for 10 pence apiece." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

A Sample of His Nerve.

Buck Taylor, the showman, was a great friend of Captain William O'Neill, the rough rider who was killed at Las Guasimas, Cuba, in the Spanish-American war. O'Neill was sheriff of Tucson, Ariz., when Taylor became acquainted with him, and on more than one occasion the cowboy rendered the easterner a service.

"Did O'Neill deserve the reputation he held for nerve?" Taylor was once asked.

"Well," he said and then hesitated, as if careful to choose the right words. "I don't think there was anything that Bucky O'Neill was afraid of. Once he went into a den where ten of the pals of a murderer and train robber he was after were gathered, laid his hand on the man's shoulder and walked him out. He had not a friend or ally within sight or hearing. Was that nerve?"

She Had Tested the Oyster.

Dora, the pet of the household, was very fond of oysters, and after eating her lunch of oysters and crackers she thought of her dear mother busy at her sewing machine. She selected a nice large oyster, put it in a plate and carried it to her mother, who, pleased with her little daughter's thoughtfulness, ate the oyster and said:

"It is most as good as my little girlie."

"Yes," answered Dora, "I know it is good 'cause I licked it all the way from the kitchen."—Dellator.

His Mean Comment.

Wife (reading)—Here's the advertisement of a matrimonial agency offering to supply any man with a wife for a guinea.

Husband—Oh, of course; it costs less to get into trouble than it does to get out again.—London Scraps.

Cheered Him Up.

The prisoner was downcast. "Cheer up," said his lawyer. "I've got a jury of twelve men too stupid to find out that you're guilty."

Naturally the client took a more hopeful view.—Philadelphia Ledger.

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

Words to Freeze the Soul.

"Your son has Consumption. His case is hopeless." These appalling words were spoken to Geo. E. Blevens, a leading merchant of Springfield, N. C., by two expert doctors—one a lung specialist. Then was shown the wonderful power of Dr. King's New Discovery.

"After three weeks use," writes Mr. Blevens, "he was as well as ever. I would not take all the money in the world for what it did for my boy." Infallible for Coughs and Colds, it is the safest, surest cure of desperate Lung diseases on earth. 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists.

Quite Clean.

Manager—You say this is a play of the slums. Is it a clean play? Author—It couldn't be cleaner. The hero is a white wings and the heroine is a washerwoman.—Baltimore American.

Full of Mystery.

Doctor—And what did you eat for dinner? Patient—I can't tell you. Doctor—You can't tell me? Patient—No. I ordered chicken croquettes and mince pie!—Town Topics.

The only thing that beats paying debts is not making them.—Holmes.

A Real John Doe.

"There goes a man who would be justified in changing his name," said the city salesman. "His name is real John Doe."

Moreover, he has a sister Jane. I wonder what kind of joke their parents were trying to perpetrate on those helpless mortals. Doe as a surname was bad enough without adding to the offense by tacking on John and Jane.

When I first met John Doe I didn't take his name seriously. I thought the man who introduced us was enjoying a little pleasantry at my expense or maybe at the expense of John Doe. I smiled. John Doe did not smile.

"You don't believe it," he said, "but unfortunately it is true. I am the famous Doe."

"Later I met his sister Jane and the rest of that particular Doe family. They assured me that there are a number of Does in town. I presume there are, but I trust that in most cases the old folks had sense enough not to christen their offspring John and Jane."—New York Press.

The Moor and His Horse.

The horsemastership of the Moors is primitive and entirely successful. A Moor never walks when he can ride and never by any chance gets off to ease his beast. How a Moorish pony would have chuckled at the weary wails enforced on tired men by well meaning cavalry colonels in South Africa! He would have said to himself: "I don't think much of animals that can't carry fifteen stone fifteen hours a day. I must be a really superior kind of beast." The Moorish (and Goumler) horse always spends his nights in the open. He is never groomed or clipped. His youth is passed wandering untended over the vast fields. When in work he gets all the barley he feeds in the evening. From 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. he expects to work and to work hard without bite or sup. His saddle is a wooden tree superimposed on at least half a dozen folded blankets, the thickness of which often reaches six inches, and he never gets a sore back.—London Spectator.

He Got the Ticket.

"Seamen's return" tickets are issued by most British railways at seaport towns to sailors at reduced rates. A rather well groomed young man demanded one to Birmingham; the booking clerk at Hull demurred.

"Seamen's returns" are only issued to sailors," he sniped.

"Well, I'm a sailor," was the reply.

"I have only your word for that," said the clerk. "How am I to know it is correct?"

"How are you to know?" came the answer. "Why, you leather necked, swivel eyed son of a sea cock, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights you'll know I've been doing more than sit on a stool bleating all my life, and you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit."

"Give him the ticket," said the passenger superintendent, who had overheard the dialogue; "he's a sailor, right enough!"—London Scraps.

Seeing and Thinking.

Most people see an object when they think of it. They can see before their eyes a geometrical drawing or the figures on a chessboard when they think of them. In order to think at all most men make use of images, though they may be of different kinds. Thus one man when he thinks of "Italy" sees just the printed word; another sees the country's outline on a map; another may see the country spread out before him, with its villages and towns. Psychologists are beginning to classify the different aids or images of which men make use. Some, for example, hear the words of their thought within themselves; others read them, as if the words were written generally in black on a white ground.—London Post.

To Pluck Them.

Lord Justice Mathew once tried a case in which a money lender sued a youth who had fallen into his hands. The plaintiff demurred at counsel's referring to him constantly as a "money lender" and protested that he was something in addition to that.

"What is the addition?" inquired the judge.

"Well, I'm—well, a dealer in—er—birds."

"Certainly—pigeons?" quietly asked the judge.—London Telegraph.

Something Similar.

"Have you a copy of the 'Stolen Rope'?" inquired a visitor to a music seller.

"I am afraid I don't know of such a song."

"Why, it goes like this." And the customer hummed the tune.

"Why, you mean 'The Lost Chord'?" said the assistant.

"Ah, that's it!"

Highly Flattered.

"Your glasses," she said, "have made a great difference in your appearance."

"Do you think so?" he asked.

"Yes. You look so intelligent with them on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Rebuked.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice of a prisoner.

"Not guilty."

"Den vat you want here? Go about your business!"

Occupying.

Dressing dolls has become the serious business of a great many people, but especially of American men.—Puck.

Polliteness is one of the best investments known. It pays enormous dividends.

Swept Over Niagara.

This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warnings growing ripples and faster current Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the Kidneys need attention if you would escape Bright's disease. Proprietary Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see Backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one \$1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c by all druggists.

As a Corollary.

"Are marriages made in heaven?" "As to that I can't say, but I do know this much."

"What's that, Peleg?"

"There's lots of courting done in church."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Didn't Get a Chance.

She—What did papa say when you asked him for my hand?

He—Why, he couldn't say a word.

"No, you mean there?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Busy Holiday.

"Now, I don't think 'Nanny' 'll be stayin' long on this new job he's took up wid," said Mrs. Herlby. "'Tis too hard for him. Sure, he gets no rest at all from Monda' mornin' till Saturd' night, and 'tis not what the man's used to."

"He has his Sundays to rest in," hazarded the caller boldly.

"An' what o' that?" said Mrs. Herlby. "On Sunday's he has to go to church an' take the children to their grandmamma's an' visit wid his cousins an' all—'tis no rest at all."

"'Twas man day out of ivery fortnit he had wid the old job, wa'n't it?" queried the caller.

"It was," said Mrs. Herlby. "an' 'twas a grand vacation he had. I'd save ivery bit o' the washin', and he'd wring it out fine an' hang it on the line for me; this he'd saw an' shplit wood enough to last till the next vacation day, an' he'd bate ivery mat in the house an' shine up the faucets an' the bl'ier an' wash the windys, an' there'd always be some little extra help, drivin' nails or the like, he cud give me."

"An' whin he'd go to his bed at night he'd never fail to say to me, 'Well, Cella, my vacation day is over, but I feel like it's made me ready to go back to work to-morrow,' he'd say."

—Youth's Companion.

A Great Mystery.

There is one great mystery in God's universe—somehow flows a fountain of life, where is one of God's secrets. How far its waters flow we cannot tell. No human feet have tracked its streams in their wanderings. The Father has decreed that we must drink of it to live, and yet he blinds our eyes with sleep before he lets us drink. When we awake the strength of the stream is in us, and so we make the journey of the day. And the strange waters have strange powers. Soul darkness and despair are melted in them; fear and trouble shrivel; hope and strength are held in sweet solution in their wakes. Worn and weary with the care and fret, closing her eyes as the tired lids fall in the gloom of night, the faint mother slips into the stream of sleep, and then in a little while the morning comes, and a new woman looks out upon the day with the secret of a new creation in her soul, new power and courage born of the waters of life.—Sturgis (Ky.) News-Democrat.

"Humble Pie."

Originally the term "humble pie" carried no opprobrious meaning. The pie was one made out of the "humble" or "nourish"—i. e., the entrails of a deer. To this day it is highly esteemed in Scotland and in northern parts of England. So late as the time of Pepys "humble pie" was served as part of the menu of a gentleman's table on an extraordinary occasion. Some writers derive the contumelious use of the phrase "to eat humble pie" from an alleged custom of serving "humble pie" below the salt, or at the second table. But this is not supported by authority. It more probably came into use simply through the similarity of sound, there being no similarity of meaning whatever between the noun humbles or numbles and the adjective humble.

The Law of Gravitation.

In 1609—seventy-seven years before the publication of Newton's "Principia"—Shakespeare in the play of "Troilus and Cressida," act 4, scene 2, makes one of his characters say:

To this body what extremity you can. But the strong base and building of my love.

Is as the very center of the earth. Drawing all things to it.

This would seem to look very like the announcement of the law of gravity, and yet nothing can possibly be truer than the fact that the great poet did not in any substantial sense anticipate the philosopher. Between Shakespeare's fancy and the scientific triumph of Newton there is an infinite difference.—New York American.

Moral Courage.

A schoolteacher once told her class that the courage which makes us do what we think right, regardless of the sneers of others, was moral courage, the best kind.

"Then if a boy has a box of candy, like me yesterday," said a lad, "and if he eats it all himself, without giving any to people that have no right to it, no matter how much they call him mean and stingy, that there's moral courage, ain't it, teacher?"

The Time Not Ripe.

Anxious Patron—Doctor, don't you think you'd better call in some other physicians for consultation? Family Doctor (cheerfully)—Oh, no; not yet. There is still some hope.—New York Weekly.

Endurance Test.

"What do they mean by an endurance test?"

"Two chaps bragging about their respective makes of automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gallant.

Beautiful Widow—Do you know, I'm forty years old today?

Gallant Bachelor—Madam, you are twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear.

Corrected.

Miss Kitty—Before you were married, Mrs. Blunt, did your husband bring you many flowers? Mrs. Blunt—I didn't have any husband before I was married, dear.

Pessimism leads to weakness; optimism leads to power.—William James.

Foley's Honey and Tar is a safeguard against serious results from spring colds, which inflame the lungs and develop into pneumonia. Avoid counterfeits by reading the genuine Foley's Honey and Tar, which contains no harmful drugs. W. E. Brown & Co.

What a Memory!

One rainy day in spring an old Yorkshire fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife. Eagerly without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his dirty clay pipe and nodded to a "rowd woman."

"Morning, Maria," he said, with affected unconcern.

She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure, but it would not come.

"Ben," she said instead, once more resuming her work, "bring the sea o'er to 't fire an' Ah'll don't 't hole 't jersey. Ah meant don't 't day tha went away, but summat put me off!"—London Answers.

Queer Life in Johannesburg.

Here is an amusing description of queer life in a Johannesburg residential block: "Nearly every one has one room, and into this you cram nearly all your worldly possessions and learn all kinds of vanishing tricks and juggling feats, such as having a combination bed and piano, using your washing stand for your writing table and converting your hip bath by day with rugs and cushions into an armchair. In this abode of bliss you receive your friends, male and female, and if the gentleman, sitting himself rashly on the bed-sofa, vanishes into the piano or the lady throws herself gleefully into the hip bath armchair and it falls off the packing case with her inside it, no one will turn a hair. You will invite them to lunch or tea or dinner, which ever is approaching, and the gentleman will offer to go and buy chops or kippers and fetch the milk and when he returns will help you cook, and you'll sit together and eat it on the washing stand, which also does duty as a dinner table on such occasions."—London Standard.

The Chief Justice.

"There are very few people who know the proper designation of the man who presides over the supreme court," said the secretary of the senate.

"Generally he is referred to as the chief justice of the United States supreme court. In fact, he is the chief justice. That's his official title. Most of our presidents in nominating men for this office have fallen into the error of giving him the long title. When George Washington nominated Oliver Ellsworth of Connecticut for this post he described it as chief justice of the supreme court of the United States. Andrew Jackson made the same error in nominating Richard B. Taney. So did Abraham Lincoln when he appointed Salmon P. Chase. Grover Cleveland was the first president to give the correct designation. When he appointed Melville W. Fuller he nominated him to be chief justice and nothing else. Future nominations will be framed in this fashion."—Washington Star.

Fifty Dollar Dinners.

"Dinners at \$50 a plate are as common in New York as five dollar dinners are in London and Paris," said a chef. "Our extravagant dinners are no better than the cheaper foreign ones. Their cost is caused not by the exquisite cooking of exquisite materials, but by the use of exotic foods whose expense is their chief recommendation. What do I mean by exotic foods? Well, I mean cane sugar instead of the ordinary beet root kind for the compote; I mean wild rice instead of the cultivated for the canvasback; I mean sole brought alive from England and starlet from Russia when our own native fish is better conditioned; I mean hot-house strawberries as big as apples, pears as big as coconuts and grapes as big as peaches, all tasting rather like raw pumpkin, but looking very fine in blizzard weather. Foolish foods; but, then, it's only foolish people who eat fifty dollar dinners."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Auctioneer's Hourglass.

An auctioneer of Philadelphia collects all sorts of objects pertaining to his ancient calling. He has, among other things, an interesting set of auctioneer's hourglasses. The auctioneer a century or so ago concluded a sale not by saying "Going, going, gone," and rapping the counter with his hammer, but it was his better method to turn up a free running glass toward the end of the bidding and to end the sale irrevocably when the sand ran out. This saved confusion and dispute. The auctioneer's glasses in the Philadelphia collection are picturesque. One is of tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl. Another is of amber and gold. A third is of teak and ivory.

Appropriate.

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—Harper's Weekly.

Gave Him a Pointer.

George Ade was once stranded in a small town. He went into the barber's shop and got shaved and endured even unto the end. When the barber had completed his operation the barber looked at his face, said gravely: "Sir, you have missed your vocation. You ought to be an oyster opener."

Never Gives Up.

"I just had to marry him. He told me he never gave up anything he loved."

"Well, it's good to have a husband who loves one."

"Y-e-s, but I have learned that he loves money also."—Houston Post.

An Impediment.

"It looks as though my marriage with Miss Mullins would have to be postponed."

"What's the matter, old fellow?"

"She got married to young Dobson yesterday."

Chemistry Kindergarten.

Bobby—Is oxygen what oxen breathe all day? Papa—Of course, and what everything else breathes. Bobby—And is nitrogen what every one breathes at night?

The blessedness or misery of old age is often but the extract of our past life.—De Maistre.

During the spring every one would be benefited by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. It furnishes a needed tonic to the kidney's action, the extra strain of the kidney's action, it purifies the blood by stimulating the kidneys, and causing them to eliminate the impurities from life. Foley's Kidney Remedy imparts new life and vigor. Pleasant to take. W. E. Brown & Co.

The Insanity Plea.

"Sir," said the young woman, with what seemed to be indignation. "The young man looked embarrassed."

"Yes, I did kiss you," he admitted.

"But I was impulsively insane."

"That means that a man would be a lunatic to kiss me?"

"Well, any man of discretion would be just crazy to kiss you."

This seemed to ease the strain, and no jury being present to muddle affairs, a satisfactory verdict was reached.—Philadelphia Ledger.

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble would be result. W. E. Brown & Co.

INSURE

YOUR HOUSE.

Then if fire comes you will be saved many a worry and