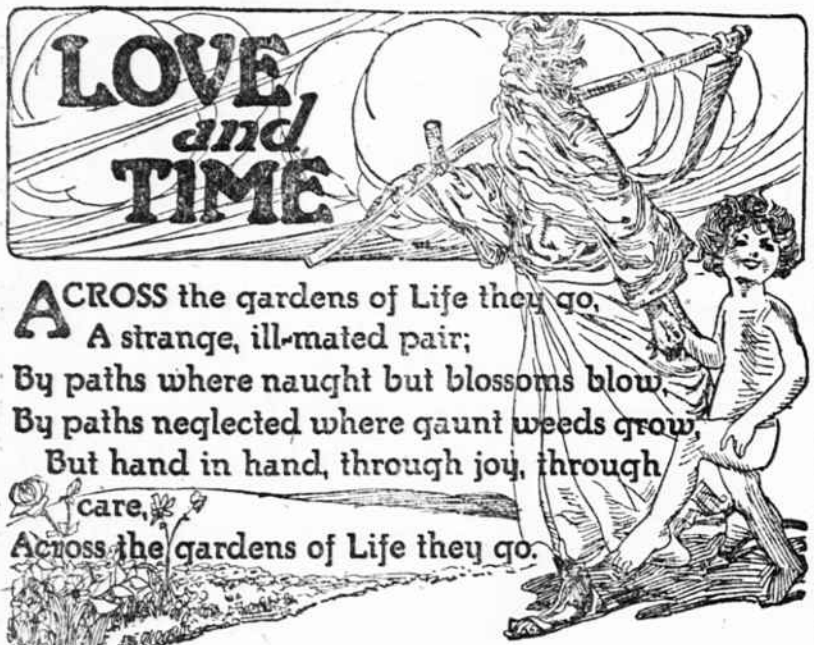




LOVE and TIME

ACROSS the gardens of Life they go,
A strange, ill-mated pair;
By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
But hand in hand, through joy, through
care,
Across the gardens of Life they go.

The one is old, and grim, and gray,
His eyes stare off, like one in dreams;
Across his breast his white locks stray;
The sands in his glass fall day by day;
Over his shoulder his scythe-blade gleams,
And he is old, and grim, and gray.

And one is young, and bright, and fair;
The golden curls about his head
Shine as a halo; his red lips dare
The birds in song; he knows no care,
Joy in his heart is never dead,—
He lives to love and he is fair.

Hoar-headed Time was never young,
And Love on earth can not grow old;
And yet, since first to that hand he clung—
Since first his tender song he sung,
Since first his love-tale he had told,
And to a dart his bow had strung—

Together, through ways of joy, of woe,
Though one is old and one is fair,
By paths where naught but blossoms blow,
By paths neglected where gaunt weeds grow,
Together, a strange, ill-mated pair,
Across the gardens of Life they go.

A New Year's Promise

Miriam Lee

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NORMAN HARDY was born on New Year's day, and deemed the fact a decided misfortune. There was one feature in which his father specialized—system—and this involved discipline. "A strict disciplinarian," he would boast to his neighbors. "That's me," he looked it and acted it out until Norman fancied he had been placed in the world simply to become the butt and victim of rigid rules.

When Norman's tenth birthday was only eight hours distant, his father gave the order, sternly spoken: "You will be in the house for the night at seven o'clock," and Norman moped in a martyrlike way, envying his boy friends who had mapped out a joyous New Year's eve program of skating, bill sliding, and like boyish pranks. He wondered what was coming, but his father simply viewed him speculatively and sent him to bed at the usual time. He was awakened to find his father roughly pulling at his arm. "Get up, Norman, and come down to the kitchen," said Joel Hardy; "you needn't dress."

Norman arose, rubbed his eyes, and followed his father downstairs. There was a light on the table and beside it the house clock. Norman noticed that it told the time as ten minutes to twelve. All was still and solemn except his monotonous tick, and outside an occasional echo of shooting, announcing imminent celebrants already pressed to herald in the new year.

"My boy," spoke his father after a moment of ominous deliberation, "when I was a lad of ten, my father taught me a lesson that has left its impress on my whole life in a salutary way. Upon the tick of midnight just preceding my birthday he always called me down to the kitchen and gave me a good sound strapping. It hurt him more than it did me, he used to say, but the reminder would be ever present with me. Until I was twenty-one, regularly, upon each birthday the strap played its part and I think it did a good deal towards teaching me that I had a master and in making me a better man. I have concluded to adopt that feature with my system. You're a pretty good boy, but for fear you might kick over the traces I'm going to buckle the system

until you are of age. Now, then, take your punishment like a man."

Joel Hardy produced a short, thick piece of tanned cowhide and Norman winced, but did not cry out during the unique chastisement. It was five years later, and with the usual routine late in the afternoon Joel Hardy reminded Norman of the pending midnight event. His eyes bulged and his face betrayed overwhelming amazement as Norman stood up before him, a tall, well-knit stripling, almost manly in his bearing as he said:

"Father, there will be no strapping this time, I'm through with it. Half the town has heard of it, and the boys taunt me and the girls twist me. Not that I care for any of them except Milly Daniels, and she's true blue and stands by me, and I won't have her humiliated and shamed. I'm going to spend this New Year's eve with the crowd, and I'll be home to breakfast."

"If you don't report here by ten o'clock I'll send the town marshal after you," pronounced his father, with fire in his eye.

Norman marched out of the house, hung around downtown until eight o'clock, and then repaired to the agreed-on rendezvous of the crowd, an old buggy shed attached to a great barn owned by Farmer Logan. He felt uneasy, stubborn and nettled. Recently he had been dared by his companions to smoke a cigarette. He had met the dare and won, one of two of them in his pocket, he lit one, and, in sheer rebellion against his father's system, was about to puff out his resentment when the signal cry of his comrades echoed forth. Carelessly throwing the lighted cigarette into a corner of the shed, he bounded out and for over an hour forgot all save the excitement of the moment. The unruly coterie rolled a giant snowball and let it slide down the hill leading to the town common; they got up into the town hall tower and rang its bell. In the midst of setting loose a drove of cattle from a live stock enclosure they were attracted by the dash and rush of the village fire cart, making for a vivid, spreading glare.

"Why, it's Farmer Logan's place!" shouted a chorus of excited voices, and Norman Hardy's heart stood still. He recalled the cigarette and the littered woodshed. He stood dumb and scared. The flames completely engulfed the great frame barn. Norman skulked off alone by himself, oppressed with an appalling sense of guilt. His emotions were doubly intensified when he heard some one say:

"Logan thinks it was set ablaze. Arson. I pity the fellow if he's caught. It's straight 14 years in the penitentiary."

"It will ruin Logan, they say," spoke another. "The barn was stored with grain and machinery and the insurance ran out last week."

Norman was crushed with a sense of his culpability. He felt like flying from home, town and all the people he had ever known. He skulked behind a hedge as a group of girls came along. They were discussing the fire so excitedly that they paid no attention to a lone member of their group trailing on behind them. Norman noticed her, however. She was Milly Daniels. He startled her by stepping directly in her path.

"Just linger for a moment, will you,

Milly?" he spoke under high agitation, "or I'll walk with you a bit. I'm in terrible trouble, and I'm going to leave town for good," and Norman recited the entire story of the evening.

"There's only one way out, don't you see it, Milly?" he said. "I don't dare to face Farmer Logan; I'm going away to make something of myself, and the day I have got the money to make it square with Mr. Logan I'm coming back. And Milly, dear, you have been my truest friend and have always stood by me. Will you try to think of me while I'm gone, will you—will you wait for me? For I shall never love anybody but you."

Five years went by. Not a word had been heard from the truant son. Joel Hardy had forbidden even the mention of his name in the home. Mrs. Hardy, half heartbroken, repined in silence. Milly Daniels became an orphan, and when Mrs. Hardy needed a nurse and then a companion, it came about that she found a permanent home with the mother of the man she loved. She and Mrs. Hardy, with the tyrant father, all unaware of it, cherished a mutual memory of the absent youth and took comfort in watching and hoping for his return.

It was a few minutes after midnight, five years to a day since Norman Hardy had gone forth into the world to seek his fortune. Milly had pleaded to sit up and watch the old year out and the new year in. All three of the family, though in different ways, were thinking of the boy who had run away from home. The bells had just finished a resonant chime when the knob of the outside door turned. Stepped into the room a bronzed, stalwart young man, at a sight of whom Joel Hardy gasped incredulously, his wife uttered a joyous scream, and Milly stood breathless and fluttering.

"I waited till I was sure the final hour of discipline and the strap was past and gone," spoke Norman Hardy. "Mother," a warm embrace. "Father," and a sturdy hand reached out to "Milly," and the young girl swayed to and fro and would have fallen had not Norman caught her.

"I said I wouldn't come back till I could pay for the damage I did to good old Farmer Logan," continued Norman. "I've kept my word. I hear you are struggling with a two-thousand-dollar mortgage, father; I can pay it off and loan you as much more if you need it. Milly, dear, am I welcome? I have come to keep my promise true."

Joel Hardy left the room. He returned with the strap that had been so familiar to his son. Taking out his pocketknife, the old man proceeded to cut the strap to pieces and flung them into the blazing grate.

"You've cheated me out of several years, my son," he observed, "but I forgive you. It's enough to know that you are back home safe and sound this blessed New Year's day!"

The New Year

WITH the whirling and drifting of snows Comes breathless the wild New Year; While bitter north wind blows, O'er the fields that lie stark and drear.

Yet hope is a light in her eyes As she looks from the heart of the storm, "Earth sleeps in her shroud," she cries, "But the life in her heart is warm."

"Death is but a dream of the night And the hymn of joy is begun, For slowly seeking the light The great globe turns to the sun."

"Behold, I will bring delight In place of darkness and cold; Safe under the meadows so white Is hiding the buttercup gold."

"And summer's splendor shall reign In place of the winter's death, Her color and music again Shall gladden the patient earth."

Hark to the New Year's Voice Through the murk of winter drear! Oh, children of men, rejoice! At the tidings of hope and cheer. —Celia Thaxter.

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Public Square Huger St.
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DENTAL NOTICE
I will practice at
Chesterfield Mondays and on Wednesday Evenings.
Pageland on Tuesdays.
Mt. Croghan on Wednesday morning of each week.
Society Hill on Thursdays.
Cheraw on Fridays and Saturdays.
R. L. McMANUS, Dentist
Cheraw, S. C.

\$1.50 a year for The Chronicle

New Year's Ghost Party

HERE is a pleasant old superstition that jollity in a house during the first week of the New Year brings pleasure and happiness to that household during the entire year. There are many interesting ways of entertaining a New Year's party, but the favorite of all is the masked dance or party, and the most interesting way of having this sort of entertainment is to give a ghost party. The invitations read in this manner:

Our good old Father Time Has promised to convene The shades of many notables To meet you New Year's eve. We'll look for you, you know, To help to make things go. And incidentally to meet Some ghosts you're sure to know.

There should be 20 or more guests, and after the invitations have gone out, the hostess has a little private chat with her guests over the telephone. She requests them to come dressed to represent some famous person now dead, pantomime, words, gestures and costume being used to carry out the impersonation.

Dressed in a misty black robe covered with stars cut from gold paper, the hostess will receive her guests in a room draped all in white. Sheets or cheesecloth can be used for this. No word is spoken until a little red ink distributes cards and pencils to the assembled guests. Then each in turn speaks some word or does some stunt to suit his or her character. The person guessing the greatest number correctly receives a pretty copy of the book, "Ghosts I Have Met."

Games, contests and dancing will follow, and the supper or refreshment table will be filled with things tempting enough to attract even the most ghostly appetite. The table decorations should correspond with the festivities of the season. A New Year's pie made of crepe paper over a deep pan is filled with dainty little favors for the guests or cards upon which some funny rhyme is written for each individual guest. Part of the entertainment for the evening may be the telling of fortunes, informing each guest of their fate for the coming year.

Whatever you do, don't let anyone shatter your faith in New Year's resolutions. They are the best things ever if you know how to handle them, and the most discouraging things if you don't.

BUSINESS LOCALS

WANTED—A housekeeper, white or colored, to look after house and care for little eight year old girl. Apply at Chronicle office.

For Pot Plants and small gardens get **STIMULANT**. Ask **THE PURE SEED CO.** about it.

FOR SALE—5000 stalks fine Seed Sugar Cane. **W. L. GILLESPIE.**

Now is the time to plant Garden Peas. We have the kind that withstand cold weather—**THE PURE SEED CO.**

WANTED to Exchange—A 10-20 Titan International tractor for a 20 or 25 H. P. Portable steam engine and boiler.

H. C. CURRY.
Rt. 1 Patrick, S. C.

FOR SALE—1 four burner Oil Stove and Oven used short while, also a two well stainless cooker almost new cheap. Apply Mrs. R. S. Huey, Ker-shaw street.

NOTICE

All lands owned or operated by us especially those known as the Tar. kiln place are hereby posted against hunting. All violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

H. L. Powe,
3-11 B. Calder

Rub. My-Tism, antiseptic and pain killer, for infected sores, tetter, sprains, neuralgia, rheumatism.

COMPULSORY ATTENDANCE LAW.

Under Act of Legislature, 1921, at page 754, No. 420, all parents or guardians or other persons having charge of children between the ages of eight and fourteen years inclusive are required to send such child or children to school for four consecutive months in each scholastic year, subject to other provisions of said act, and the Board of Trustees of each school district shall determine what time the period of compulsory attendance shall start in each school district. Now the trustees of special school district of Cheraw hereby designate the 31st of January, 1922, to May 15th, 1922, inclusive, as the term of such compulsory attendance for such school district. Inclusive, as the term of such compulsory attendance for such school district.

This December 15th, 1921.
J. E. McCOWN, Sec. & Treas.
R. W. GASTON, Chrm. of Board.

666

will break a Cold, Fever and Grippe quicker than anything we know, preventing pneumonia

A Tonic For Women

"I was hardly able to drag, I was so weakened," writes Mrs. W. F. Ray, of Easley, S. C. "The doctor treated me for about two months, still I didn't get any better. I had a large family and felt I surely must do something to enable me to take care of my little ones. I had heard of

CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

"I decided to try it," continues Mrs. Ray. "I took eight bottles in all. I regained my strength and have had no more trouble with womanly weakness. I have ten children and am able to do all my housework and a lot of odd jobs. I can sure recommend Cardui."

Take Cardui today. It may be just what you need. At all druggists.

E. S.

State of South Carolina,
County of Chesterfield.
Court of Common Pleas.
Vann H. Gregory, et al.,
Plaintiffs,
vs.
Mrs. Bessie Gregory, et al.,
Defendants.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Pursuant to the order of Hon. Jas. E. Peurifoy, Presiding Judge, dated at Chesterfield, S. C., December 7th, 1921, made in the above entitled cause, I will sell before the doors of the Court House at Chesterfield, S. C., between the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in January, 1922, upon the terms herein mentioned, the following described premises:

"All that certain lot of land, with dwelling thereon, situate on the West side of Christian Street, in the town of Cheraw, Chesterfield county, South Carolina, known and numbered on the map of said Town made by Gillespie & Watson, engineers, 1914, as Lot No. five (5) in Block 31, the same lying between the premises of the Estate of Mrs. Josephine Powe and the premises of E. J. Waddill and measuring one hundred (100) feet on Christian Street and extending back therefrom, a distance of two hundred and eighty (280) feet, more or less."

Premises will be sold for one-third (1-3) cash and the balance of the purchase price payable in two annual payments, purchaser to execute notes and mortgage on premises to secure deferred payments, such payments to bear interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum from date of sale.

W. J. DOUGLASS,
Clerk Court Chesterfield County, South Carolina.
December 10th, 1921,
B. F. PEGUES, Plaintiff's Atty.

State of South Carolina,
County of Chesterfield.
Court of Common Pleas.
J. W. Rainwater,
Plaintiff,
vs.
Dock Brown, et al.,
Defendants.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Pursuant to the order of Hon. Jas. E. Peurifoy, Presiding Judge, dated at Chesterfield, S. C., December 7th, 1921, made in the above entitled cause, I will sell before the doors of the Court House at Chesterfield, S. C., between the legal hours of sale, on the first Monday in January, 1922, upon the terms herein mentioned, the following rescribed premises:

"All that piece, parcel or lot of land lying and being within corporate limits of the town of Cheraw, County and State aforesaid, being a part of lot number thirty (30) as shown on old map of the Town of Cheraw being a portion of the back part of said lot having a front or width of 90 feet by a depth of 96 feet and bounded on the North and East by the balance of said lot number 30, on an agreed line, on the South by lot No. 29 and on the West by lot No. 15, all of the said numbers being those as shown on old map of town of Cheraw and being more fully described as follows: Beginning at a point at the southwest corner of said lot No. 30, and the southeast corner of lot No. 15, thence East along the southern boundary of lot No. 30 a distance of 96 feet to a corner; thence North parallel with Front street a distance of 90 feet to a corner; thence a straight line at right angles to Front street, a distance of 96 feet to lot No. 15, thence South along the line of lot No. 15 a distance of 90 feet to the starting point."

Purchaser to pay for all necessary papers.

W. J. DOUGLASS,
Clerk Court Chesterfield County, South Carolina.
December 10th, 1921,
B. F. PEGUES, Plaintiff's Atty.

Signs and Posters PAINTED

Drop a card and will come in to see you
R. G. Macfarlan
Cheraw, S. C.

Try A Sack of Our
LUCILE or BLUE BIRD
High Grade Flour
A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SACK.
Horton & Hendrix Co.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

The Auditor's Office will be open for the assessment of all classes of property, both real and personal, poll, road and dog tax, from January 1st to February 20th, 1922.

All able-bodied men between the ages of 21 and 60 are required to return poll tax and those between the ages of 21 and 55 years are required to return road tax.

The law requires a penalty of 50 per cent on all property not returned for taxation on or before the 20th day of February, 1922.

I will be at the following places on the dates named:

Patrick, January 3rd, from 10 to 3 o'clock.
Cedar Creek, January 4th, from 11 to 3 o'clock.
John H. Wallace's, January 5th, from 11 to 3 o'clock.
Cash, January 6th from 10 to 3 o'clock.
Cross Roads, January 9th, from 9 to 12 o'clock.
Mt. Croghan, January 10th, from 10 to 3 o'clock.
Guess, January 11th from 11 to 3 o'clock.
Ruby, January 12th, from 11 to 3 o'clock.
Angelus, Jan. 16th from 11 to 3 o'clock.
McBee, Jan. 17th and 18th.
Middendorf, Jan. 19th from 10 to 2 o'clock.

Jefferson, Jan. 23rd and 24th to 12 o'clock.
J. G. Holly's, Jan. 24th from 11 to 4 o'clock.
Dudley, Jan. 26th, from 10 to 3 o'clock.
Pageland, Jan. 27th and 28th.
Cheraw, Feb. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, from 10 to 3 o'clock each day.

Below is the Oath that is Sworn to by Every Person Making Tax Return.

I, _____ do solemnly swear, that I have listed above all the Real and Personal Property, Moneys, Credits, over and above my Indebtedness, Investments in Bonds, Stocks, Joint Stock Companies, or otherwise, belonging to me, or under my control as Manager, Holder or Husband, Parent, Guardian, Trustee, Executor, Administrator, Receiver, Accounting Officer, Agent, Attorney or Factor, on the 1st day of January, 1922, which are subject to the laws of this State, and that I have returned the same at what I honestly believe to be the market value and that the above list, as furnished by me to the County Auditor, is a true and faithful return of all the property which I am required by law to list; and further, that I am _____ liable to the Poll Tax, and that I am _____ liable to Road Tax.
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this _____ day of _____, 1922

T. W. EDDINS, Auditor.

Your Blank Book Supplies for 1922 CARRIED IN STOCK IN COLUMBIA

Sheet Holders	Day Books	Ledger Sheets
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Light Wood, Oak and Pine Cut to Order.

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Any Quantity Delivered.

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