

The Camden Chronicle

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BY

W. L. McDOWELL.

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Camden, S. C.

OCTOBER 5, 1900.

People meet and petition the Almighty for rain and other blessings. Would it not be proper, now that the people are being blessed, financially—something that has been needed for many years—to meet and offer thanks to the giver of all good things? Think of the difference between times now and when cotton was 4 cents a pound! Truly there is much to be thankful for. —Darlington Messenger.

... for acre is superior to land w/

5.00 7.32
Shibby 7.25
6.20 Latthorne 7.15
28 Mo.

We learn to be saving of every-

thing else but Time. We economize in money matters; we curtail ex-

penses in eating and dressing. We save our old bottles, rags, hats, cop-

per and clothes to sell it to the rug-

man and vender, but every day, ten

times a day, in a dozen willful, fool-

ish ways, we throw away Time!

Time the measure of our lives! The

golden grains that go to fill up the

chalice of our four score and ten!

We waste it, sitting idly in our easy

chairs; we waste it standing on the

street corners; we waste it talking

nonsense and in repeating stories we

hear, that were born of malice and

envy! We throw whole golden

hours of it away at clubs and bar-

rooms! We scatter the golden minutes

broadcast, like some spent thim-

bit, who neither knows nor cares for the

limit of his inheritance.

Suppose fate should give us an

hour glass, containing a grain of

sand, for every remaining minute of

our life. Do you think we should be

so willful and wanton in watching

our life ebb away with the falling

grains? How we would stand amazed,

when we saw how swiftly the

shining grains were flowing, how we

too would look in wonder at our lit-

tle pantry, insignificant handful,

when we compared it to the vastness

of eternity! We would hold up the

grains, like they were priceless

gems, clasp them close to our heart,

and watch the little store of time,

sinking lower and lower, as fondly

as a mother would watch and listen

for the faint and fainter heart beats

of her dying child! How we would

rebuild our lives, purge thought and

word and deed of every tare, lay

new the foundations of our aims and

faith and purposes and while the

sunshine lasted, how swiftly we

would labor to build the best and

brightest, o'er the night came down.

We think less of time than of any-

thing else around us. We improve

its opportunities so little, we sleep

away its golden dawn, pass heedless

through the mystery and beauty of

rise and set of sun and star.

It is ticking away, second by sec-

ond; we are doing nothing worthy

and we are growing older and older.

We will only have a handful of busy

minutes to offset years of sloth and

inactivity. All our idle moments

are kept against us. We were given

life and opportunity only in trust.

We must render our returns at last.

We can't hide the truth. We can't

abandon. No country is so far away,

but what every man who has embez-

zied the golden hours allotted to him, and appropriated them to his

own designs of idleness and waste-

fulness will be confronted with an

irate judge, whose records are infal-

lible and whose judgments are just

—Bert Huffman.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charlton H. Fletcher*

See the Tailor Made Suits at the Gilt Edge Store—they are lovely, and cheap too.

Orders being taken every day for Fall hats at the Gilt Edge Store, Millinery. See their Milliner at once if you want your hats soon.

The ladies are charmed with the beautiful line of Dress Goods at the Gilt Edge Store, and especially the black goods for winter.

The Man Behind The Shears.

Editors who exchange throughout this mighty land should sign agreement on this form. A trust, you understand, Pray, listen while I tell you, The end of lots of men. We read about at breakfast time, And then at night write.

If they should form an shear exchange this mighty clipping tree. The world would have no place to make, but like a bundle test. And Ping! What would become of iron in any such event?

Or of the bodies of the people? That to the war we were?

An end would come to the King George and Anna, in a word, and the Queen of England, too. And even the blessed George Washington would vanish like a vision. The queen would be never transmuted. Our vision range, and then—Would disappear come Uncle Paul, And all the fighting men.

And Rutheller, too, would prance. Long with the Standard on.

The only ones remaining would be the who sow'd and toil'd, work hard, and the world's calling. Who would pick his crop? And then—

Across the sky would there step up his little ring now.

All others, amirs, millions. Would die, twain are said to be. It ceased at once the past droop'd. They've grown accustomed to So ye'll well, ye famous folk. There's reason for your fears.

The greatest power on earth today's the man who runs the shears.

You know well, if with his pals He'd solemnly agree.

Just what your end would be.

Alas, sorry, sad, the day for you. Though come in time it must.

When edition who exchanges Decide to form a loss girl into the thoughtful

exact copy of wrapped

MY FAVORITE STORY.

Robinson Crusoe was born in the city of York, England. He wanted to go to sea, but his master said that he would never return from the sea. But the master sold him to his master and sold him to another master, where he was taken prisoner by the Moors.

He died in prison with a Moor, and caught some fish. Robinson went with him to a bay some days. While there was resting near the shore, the Moor was intending to take a load of his hook. Robinson, who had been to the shore and was not afraid, caught hold of the Moor's spear and drove it into the Moor's head. Then he swam ashore and made his way to the coast. There he found a boat, and shot an arrow into the water, so that he would not do well to sail that he would shoot him again. After many years Robinson arrived at his home in York. He paid off his master dead, left the town two sisters and two nephews still alive.

—Harold G. Moore.

The largest Oak Tree.

A correspondent of The Gileadville Mountain, writing from New York, in the upper portion of that country, says: "The largest tree in this country fell last Saturday night. It was a winter oak, which stood in Henry Briggs' yard at his summer home. It was planted or set outwards of eighty years ago by Mr. John Randolph. The McElroy family have taken care of this tree ever since the property has been in the family. Varday McElroy, Sr., purchased the property upward of sixty years ago. The tree made a shade for one acre of land, and was in the middle of the yard, which covers a half acre. It split and fell in three different parts, one part falling on Noddy Park's house, but the body not out before the tree fell, and it was long in coming down. The entire tree is covered with brush and timber, and there are over ten thousand cords of wood lying around. This noted tree was known by many in the city. This tree was eleven feet through the stump. I have often heard Captain Alexander McElroy say to his friends not to touch that tree, which was the largest oak tree in South Carolina. I do not doubt it, and I have been where the water oaks grow on the coast in Maryland, North Carolina and South Carolina."

Notice.

The Kershaw County Teachers Association will meet in the Graded School Building in Camden on Saturday, Oct. 6th at 11:30 a.m. All teachers, trustees and others interested in education are urged to attend.

J. W. Dunn, Sec'y.

L. T. Mills, President.

Money Loaned.

I negotiate mortgage loans on improved farms in Kershaw county, reasonable rates.

C. L. Winkler,

Camden, S. C.

Three Papers a Week

FOR ABOUT THE PRICE OF ONE.

This paper and the Atlanta Twice-a-Week Journal for

\$1.50.

Here you get the news of the world and all your local news while it is fresh, paying very little more than one paper costs. Either paper is well worth \$1.00, but by special arrangement we're entitled to put in both of them, giving three papers a week for this low price. You cannot equal this anywhere else, and this combination is the best premium for those who want a great paper and a home paper. Take these and you will keep up with the times.

Besides general news, the Twice-a-Week Journal has much agricultural matter and other articles of special interest to farmers. It has regular contributions by Sam Jones, Mrs. W. H. Felton, John Temple Graves, Hon. C. H. Jordan and other distinguished writers.

Call at this office and leave your subscriptions for both papers. You can get a sample copy of either paper here on application.

—It Deserved to.

The only Exclusive Hardware Store in Town.

Will carry a full line of Harness, Saddlery, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Wagon Material, Tinware;

Bicycles & Bicycle Sundries,

Guns, Cutlery, Ammunition, Glass and Agate Iron ware.

The best Hand Made Collar on the market at the lowest price.

Call and take a look and you will be convinced.

Respectfully,

JAS. H. BURNS.

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