

Now is the time for merchants to begin advertising their spring and summer goods. There is no better way of reaching the trading public than an attractive ad in this paper.

Traffic on nearly all roads to Camden has been interrupted during the past week. Our efficient Supervisor is busily engaged replacing bridges and washouts and the roads will soon be in good shape again.

The county fair encourages large hogs, fine chickens, splendid preserves, pickles, etc. The horse show encourages good horses. Patronize both. There is no telling of the good that the horse show has done in the way of improving live stock in Kershaw county. Camden and Kershaw county can boast of as fine horses as any county in the state.

Brother Hamel, of the Camden News, suggests that the merchants close their stores every afternoon, with the exception of Saturday, at six o'clock the year round. The suggestion is a good one. As Mr. Hamel says, "Night trading, with the exception of Saturday is a needless habit," and then too, some merchants, who keep open until late hours, do not make enough to pay for the extra lights burned. Most of the stores in Columbia close at six, every day in the year.

The census bureau's preliminary report on cotton ginning, giving the government's first figures, other than estimates, on the size of the 1911 cotton crop of the United States has just been issued and shows the total crop to have reached the unprecedented six of 16,050,819 running bales, counting round as half bales and including linters, which is equivalent to 16,205,097 500-pound bales. The crop in South Carolina was also the largest ever made. For the past four years the crop was as follows: 1911, 1,677,204; 1910, 1,191,929; 1908, 1,195,235; 1906, 895,130.

A Card of Appreciation.

To the citizens of Ward Four who supported me in the recent primary I desire to express my sincere appreciation and wish to assure them that it will be my highest ambition to merit their continued confidence. To those who opposed me, I take this opportunity of saying I harbor not the slightest ill will, because I feel that in my opinion they worked for a man worthy of high consideration and deserving a strong support. I also want them to know that their interests will receive the same consideration as the interests of those who supported me. To the citizens of Camden outside my ward I desire to say, that while I ostensibly represent one ward only, yet it shall be my earnest endeavor to co-operate with the alderman representing the various other wards in such a manner as not to elevate the interests of any particular section or particular person above that of another but to give every section and every citizen fair and equal consideration. With this end in view, I feel that I voice the sentiment of the whole Council body when I say that we desire the earnest and sincere co-operation and support of the entire citizenship of Camden, in order that we may accomplish something for the good and progress of the city in the short space of two years we have to serve. F. M. Wooten.

An Editor's Appeal.

My friend, help the editor in his wild-eyed search for news. When your friends come to see you, if you are not ashamed of it, tell him; if you have recovered from the effects of the gossip, drop in with the news; when a baby arrives fill your pockets with cigars and call; if you go to a party, steal some of the good things and leave 'em with the item in our sanctum. If your wife licks you come in and let us see your scars and tender sympathy through the paper; if your mother-in-law has died don't be bashful about it; give in all the commonplace news. In short whatever makes you feel proud, sad, lonesome or glad submit it to our 24 karat wisdom and see our matted locks part and stand on end with gratitude, which will pour from every pore like moisture from the dew-be sprinkled earth.—Gaffney Ledger.

Because of Bennett

By M. C. England

The June evening was balmy and fragrant. The last long rays of the setting sun slanted over the grass and up on the wide, vine-hung porch, where two wicker chairs were drawn cozily together. In one sat a girl, duffy as to gown and hair, dimpled of cheek. In the other sat a youth, impressive of manner, dark of eyes, of a type of physical attractiveness that corresponded with a satisfying completeness to the girl, the night, and the general atmosphere of June and roses.

"I brought you those flowers," he was saying, an accusing finger directed toward the table where they lay, "not to be put over there and forgotten about, but to wear, or hold in your lap."

She looked around with a little air of penitence. "Why, I did forget them, didn't I? Poor things!"

Rising, she went over to the table and picked them up tenderly, smoothing out the crumpled petals where they had lain.

"I bet if Bennett had brought them over you wouldn't have forgotten," he said.

She paused in her advance toward him and an odd, arrested look stole over her face. Presently she moved somewhat stiffly over, dropped precipitately into the chair again, while a burning blush spread slowly up to her very hair and as slowly died away.

The youth stared at her suspiciously. "What are you blushing about?" he demanded, a dawning resentment in his voice.

She retorted indignantly, "I'll blush if I want to. And, besides, I'm not, anyway," she added incoherently. "You're always imagining something."

"Imagining!" he scolded, growing more resentful as his suspicions took firmer root. "Why, it was a regular sunset! I make a silly remark just to hear you laugh at it, and instead of that you give a color exhibition that would fade a bunch of firecrackers to a sickly pink. I'd like to know what you mean by it."

"Would you really?" inquired the



To sit on a long rock and curse fate.

maiden with suspicious sweetness. "By what right, may I ask, do you—"

"Right!" he interrupted hotly. "What right? Haven't I asked you to marry me every other night for the last three months? You know very well you're going to say 'yes' sometime. I was going to do it again to-night if you'd given me half a chance. I was only waiting till the moon came up."

"Then I certainly wouldn't have said 'yes' tonight," returned Miss Dimples indignantly. "You look sillier in the moonlight than at any other time."

The youth rose majestically from his chair. "Very well," he announced calmly, "that ends it! You've given me every reason to believe you're in love with that Bennett. I mention his name and you blush. Not only that, but you refuse to explain. And not only that, but—"

"Go away!" a stifled voice commanded.

"Oh, I'm going! You needn't be in such a hurry. It's the last you'll see of me," the youth threatened, in sepulchral tones.

He turned on the third step. "You might walk down to the gate with me," he conceded gloomily. "It's the last time."

"I will not!" explained a furious little voice. "I won't stir from this chair—not if you stand there till the crack of doom!"

She watched him as he strode to the gate, listened intently to the vindictive crunch of his boots on the gravel outside till the sounds grew faint in the distance. Then she rose, walked forward three steps, gave an angry little shake to her ruffled skirts and carefully stepped out of a filmy mesh of lace and linen that was caught about her feet.

She picked it up, crunched it into a little ball and shook it viciously in front of her face.

"What did you have to start coming down for?" she demanded, "and just at that moment, too! Why he'll never understand. He'll always think I blushed because... And I can never explain never!" she wailed, sinking down into the chair

again. "At least I couldn't possibly tell after we were married—and he'll never ask me again till after I've explained, and so—and so—"

The duffy head sank down to the arm of the chair and she sobbed.

Weeks passed and the youth and the girl passed each other with averted looks or frankly belligerent stares. Once, notably on an evening of the fragrant, glamour-filled variety, the heart of the youth softened and he started out through the moonlit enchantment toward the porch and the wicker chairs. But as he neared the familiar environment there came searing through him the memory of his innocent remark and the strange look and vivid blush that had greeted it. His resolution turned to gall within him. He drifted aimlessly down a side avenue, whence he wandered to the outskirts to sit on a lone rock and curse fate.

Gradually he began to meet the maiden and Bennett going about together. Presently he met her at a dance. Though she kept far from his vicinity, and her slivery mirth seemed oftentimes mingled with Bennett's braying laughter, he imagined with a thrill of rising hope that her vivacity was not quite so genuine, her eyes not quite so sparkingly bright nor her beauty so radiantly undimmed as in the days of his uninterrupted devotion.

Nevertheless rumors began to reach him that the girl and Bennett were engaged.

There came an October evening, chill and gray. The blood-red rays of the setting sun struggled through banks of stormy cloud, across wind-swept reaches of dead leaves and up on a wide, vine-hung porch, where two wicker chairs were drawn stiffly apart. In one sat a girl, slimly plain as to long ulster and jaunty cap, disconcertingly distant of mien. In the other sat a youth, mournful, shadowed of eye, of an ensemble which accorded cheerlessly with the girl, the night, and the general atmosphere of ruin and decay.

"I brought you that autumn foliage," he was saying bleakly, "not because I thought you would care for it, or value it as from a one-time friend, but merely as a symbol of the death of our—"

"Thank you," she murmured absently.

He leaned back heavily, and the wind moaned in dirge-like cadence through the deepening gloom.

"It was good of you to let me see you, for the last goodby."

"I had nothing else to do," she admitted with faint regret. "Mr. Bennett is out of town."

The youth's eyes burned with a dull fury. The fiery rim of the crimson sun shot an angry gleam at their feet. Suddenly he leaned forward, cheerless decision in his air. "You needn't pay any attention to it, of course," he chanted wearily. "I don't expect you to. But I'm going to do it again—just to round the thing out and—because I'm accustomed to doing it, and I miss it. Here it is. I love you. I have always loved you. I am going to love you to the bitter end. Will you marry me?"

"Yes," said the maid.

The sun shot down precipitately, wrathfully. The youth sat petrified, immobile, his mouth still partly open. The girl looked back at him with level eyes.

"I said you looked silliest doing it in the moonlight," she taunted. "You don't."

"Why did you blush?" he asked tenderly.

Annoyance spread over the face of the maiden.

"I refuse to discuss it," she said.

Again the mystery, unsolved! For one fateful moment the heart of the youth grew cold with doubt and things threatened to go wrong again for evermore. Then an illuminating thought leaped in. She was going to marry him. What mattered it?

"I have it!" he announced exultantly. "You were blushing over the thought of being silly enough to blush over Bennett."

"Exactly!" she murmured with joyful pride. "How clever, dear!"

Then peace and darkness fell.

Not Familiar to Him.

The political game was wholly new to William O. L. Ziehn when Harrison, Sears and Harlan fought it out for the mayoralty. He was a pattern-maker and lived in the old Fourteenth ward, now the Fifteenth.

Mr. Ziehn was persuaded to run for alderman and he succeeded in defeating George Mugler.

This was after he got going. At the outset campaigning was full of surprises to him, and he was naturally a bit suspicious of that which he did not understand.

It was arranged to give him a start-off with a meeting. A vacant store was hired and filled with chairs. At the far end of the store a brewery table was stretched across, draped with an American flag, and behind the table was Joe Strauss.

The candidate's entrance was timed so that he should be greeted by a full house, and as he progressed down the aisle Mr. Strauss shouted in welcome:

"What's the matter with Ziehn?" Mr. Ziehn paused, glared at Strauss, and shouted back:

"What the— is the matter with you?"—Chicago Evening Post.

To Bring Back Erring Husband. Mrs. Alice Edwards, East Columbus, Ohio, firmly believes her husband will return, as she confided to a neighbor, who inquired why his picture hung on the wall upside down. "If a wife deserted by her husband turned his picture upside down, he is certain to return," she declared.

AN ORDINANCE

Providing for and Regulating the Butchering and Sale of All Fresh Meat Within the City of Camden.

City Council of Camden, Camden, S. C., March 18, 1912. Be it ordained by the City Council of Camden, S. C., in due session assembled the 18th day of March, 1912.

Section I. That from and after the 1st day of July, 1912, no cows, hogs, sheep or other animals shall be butchered and sold within the corporate limits of the City of Camden, unless same are butchered and sold in accordance with the provisions of this ordinance.

Sec. II. That before any such cattle shall be butchered for sale within the City limits of the City of Camden, the said cattle shall be inspected by the health officer of the said City, or some member of the Board of Health duly appointed for such purpose and such animal found by such officer to be healthy and in fit condition to be butchered and dressed for sale.

Sec. III. That all animals butchered and the meat thereof sold within the City limits of Camden, shall only be butchered in some sanitary slaughter house approved and licensed by the City of Camden.

Sec. IV. That no slaughter pen shall be erected unless the persons desiring to build same shall first make written application to the City for a license to build same, the said application to give in detail the manner of construction of said slaughter pen.

Sec. V. That any slaughter pen hereafter licensed by the City Council shall contain a room for cooling and inspecting department, same to be at least fourteen (14) feet by eighteen (18) feet, the walls to be at least ten (10) feet high, four (4) feet of which, from the ground, to be constructed of brick and cement, and all corners rounded; the balance of the wall to be six (6) feet of double wire screens; the roof to be of shingles or other material approved by the City Council. The slaughter house proper to be of the following dimensions: The body of same to be ten (10) by twelve (12) feet, walls as specified for cooling and inspecting room. The water supply to be by hose and spigot.

Said slaughter house shall also conform to the following conditions:

1. The premises should not be within 100 feet of any dwelling house; and the site should be such as to admit of free ventilation by direct communication with the external air on two sides at least of the slaughter-house.

2. Lairs for cattle in connection with the slaughter-house should not be within 100 feet of a dwelling house.

3. The slaughter-house should not in any part be below the surface of the ground.

4. The approach to the slaughter-house should not be on an incline of more than one in four, and should not be through any dwelling house or shop.

5. No room or loft should be constructed over the slaughter-house.

6. The slaughter-house should be provided with an adequate tank or other proper receptacle for water, so placed that the bottom shall not be less than 6 feet above the level of the floor of the slaughter-house.

7. The slaughter-house shall be provided with means of thorough ventilation.

8. The slaughter-house should be well paved with asphalt or concrete, and laid with proper slope and channel towards a gully, which should be properly trapped and covered with a grating, the bars of which should not be more than three-eighths of an inch apart; the gully to be in the center, said floor to slope from sides to center. Provision for the effectual drainage of the slaughter-house should also be made.

9. The surface of the walls in the interior of the slaughter-house should be covered with hard, smooth, impervious material to a sufficient height.

10. No water-closet, privy or cesspool should be constructed within the slaughter-house. There should be no direct communication between the slaughter-house and an stable, water closet, privy, or cesspool.

11. Every lair for cattle in connection with the slaughter-house should be properly paved, drained and ventilated.

12. Inspection—Free access to every slaughter-house for the purpose of inspection must be afforded at all reasonable times to the Medical Officer of Health, Inspector, Surveyor, and Committees appointed by the Sanitary Authority.

13. Water must be supplied to every animal kept in a lair prior to slaughter.

14. Mode of Slaughter—Cattle

must be secured by the head so as to be felled with as little pain as practicable. 15. Drainage, water supply, and ventilation must be kept in efficient order. 16. Cleanliness.—The walls and floors must be kept in good order and repair, and must be thoroughly cleaned within three hours after any slaughtering; the walls and ceiling must be limewashed four times yearly, that is to say, within the first ten days of March, June, September and December respectively. 17. Animals not to be kept.—No dog may be kept in a slaughter-house; nor other animal, unless intended for slaughter upon the premises, and then only in proper lairs, and not longer than may be necessary for preparing it for slaughter by fasting or otherwise. 18. Removal of Refuse.—Suitable vessels made of non-absorbent materials, and provided with close-fitting covers, must be provided for the reception of blood, manure, garbage, and other refuse; all such matters must be placed in these vessels immediately after the slaughtering; the refuse must be removed within twenty-four hours, and the vessels forthwith cleaned. All skins, fat and offal must be removed within twenty-four hours. Sec. VI. The owners of such slaughter house shall have the right to charge reasonable tolls for the use of such slaughter house; said tolls to be approved of by the City Council. Sec. VII. That all meats butchered in said slaughter houses shall be conveyed to the respective places of sale in covered sanitary wagons or receptacles, and while offered for sale shall be kept pure in clean sanitary apartments; and when the weather requires it, in clean sanitary refrigerators and shall at all times be screened from flies. Sec. VIII. The provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to dressed meat shipped from outside packing houses, when same conforms to the Pure Food Law of the United States Government, and said meat is inspected and approved by the said City Health officers. Sec. IX. Any person violating the provisions of this Ordinance, upon conviction shall be subjected to a fine of not more than one hundred dollars (\$100.00) or imprisonment, with or without hard labor on the public works of said City, for a period not exceeding thirty (30) days, for each and every offense. Ratified in Council assembled the 18th day of March, 1912. S. F. BRASINGTON, Mayor. J. J. GOODALE, Clerk.

HOME LIFE ON FARM

Glad to Get Back With old Friends and Associates.

Dear beloved friends, old schoolmates and associates in my boyhood days: Think not to say with in yourselves that I am no good and have forgotten all about how to farm. I am deeply conscious of your assistance, your friendship and am resolved to fall in line with you and give you the best I can and command. I am sorry I ever broke ranks and left you, and am more than glad to get back in the old ship with you again.

Your prosperity will help mine. The sense of our common fortune lifts me up and I wax warm for my work, pulling the bell cord for a mule. Agriculture is a Divine art and a very safe vocation in life. 'Tis meet and well to succor each other. Let us help to lift the ever ascending foot steps of our State and County.

There is an atmosphere of prosperity among our farmers. The methods of farming have changed and far surpasses our ancestors in their day. Tradition says of our forefathers: they loved old dreams and cultivated gracious courtesy, and were proudly naive. Our forefathers are an heritage precious and forever. If they had no great events in their past, yet they were events precious and eternal. They lived by the sweat of their brow and at day break was up and doing.

Perhaps the most extensive farmer that ever lived was the grand old Job in the ages long gone by. We locate him over in the land of Uz subsolling the fertile plains with five hundred yoke of oxen. Wasn't that farming some? Men of his means this day and time would be classed with the millionaires. Yet in his adversity and great affliction he could look his three friends in the face and ask the solemn question: "If a man die shall he live again? I wait all the days of my allotted time until my change come."

We have several jobs in our county who went through the trying ordeals in the Civil war. The only thing that looked natural to them on their return home was the smoke from their neighbors chimneys—everything swept and gone. But with an insatiable ambition that never slept, putting their shoulders to the burden like they did at the battle of Reams station below Petersburg, when they made the boys in blue step over the hills like the ground was hot. Some of our boys who came home after they took a no-count to quit at Appomattox without a dollar in the world are now our largest taxpayers.

Yes, boys, reduce your cotton acreage and make your potato rows longer. The finest sweet potatoes I ever saw was at your county fair at Camden last fall.

Henry L. Fletcher.

One Satisfaction.

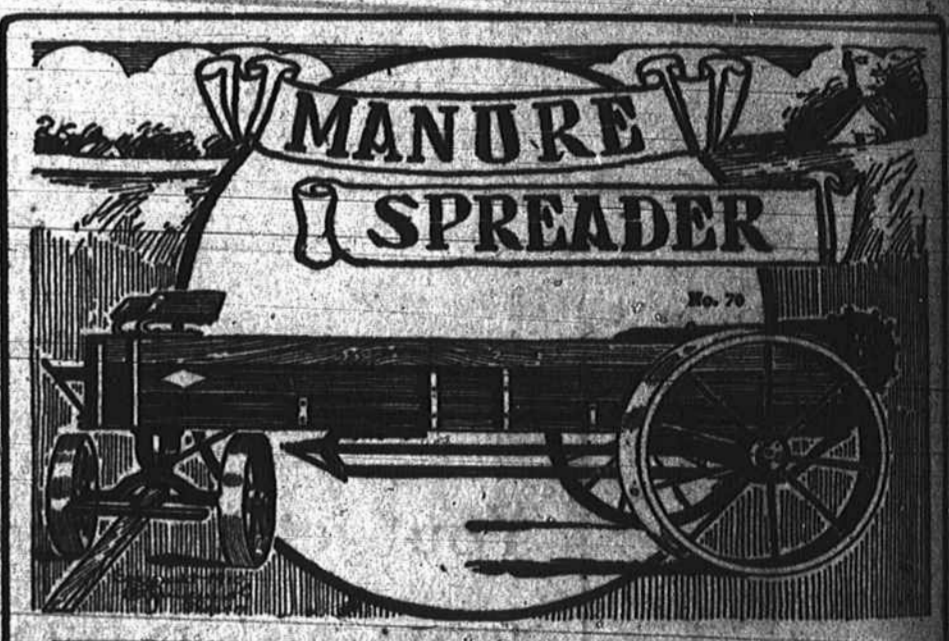
In after years a woman may be sorry she married the man in the case, but she's always glad that "that other woman" didn't get him.—Chicago News.

Where Tea is Eaten.

The tea grown in Burmah is almost entirely made into letpet (pickled tea) and eaten as a condiment. It therefore does not affect the world's supply of tea for drinking.

Matrimonial Revival.

A Boston pastor wants the basement of his church turned into a "courting parlor." Planning a matrimonial revival, as it were.—New York Herald.



Every farmer knows the value of fertilizing his land. There is enough fertilizer on every farm to enrich the soil and make it more productive and valuable, year after year, if it is utilized properly.

While one, of our manure spreaders will save a great deal of time and do away with the most disagreeable work on the farm, this is not half so important as the fact that there is no other way you can fertilize your ground evenly and at the right time.

To say that one of these implements will pay for itself in one season in the labor it saves is putting it mildly, but the extra value of the crops raised through its use will amount to a great deal more.

You will lose time and money if you don't buy one this season.

A. D. KENNEDY