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Graduate Veterinarian

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B. F. JONES, M. D. V.

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A WOMAN AGAIN

By JEAN ELGINBROD

The rush of the day's work was nearly over in the telephone office. Jeanette Whipple, trunk operator, facing the clock, saw that in a little less than two hours her time would be up. She wondered if Richard were watching the clock as impatiently as she. Such a long, long time to six o'clock and the happy walk home.

She glanced over at the local board. The local girls were always busy. Their hands flew as they connected line after line. The drops fell quicker than they could answer them. The chief operator (No. 25 official), was working back of the board on the Hayes.

The monitor walked up and down, up and down, back of the girls, who hated her nearly as much as they did their chief. She had been 15 years in the business—and showed it. She was reported to have a soft spot in her heart for the young, curly-headed assistant chief operator at the desk.

The messenger boys called him the fellow with the "pretty blue hair." The girls called him "twelve-and-a-half," being assistant to No. 25.

Jeanette laughed to herself as she thought of it. Then she turned down a jack to see if No. 270 were still talking to Ridgerton. Captain Henry's big voice boomed in her ear, and she caught a sentence.

"—tall and dark, about 30 years old, been foreman of the electric company six years."

Mechanically she turned up the jack. Then, as she realized what she had heard, she listened again. Why, Richard was foreman of the Electric company. What could have happened!

"Oh, Lathrop'll die. There is no chance. Don't know just how it happened yet. Nash has always borne a good name, though there has been bad blood between him and Lathrop a long time, I hear. Have your men watch sharp. If he did go on that four o'clock I'll head it off at Saturne. It gets there about 4:30. If he got off at Ridgerton, which I doubt, he can't have gone far yet. I think he will keep on toward the west. Got it all?—5 feet 11, dark, smooth face, well built, brown suit, black derby—all right. Goodbye."

270 rang off. Jeanette took the connection down and leaned back in her chair. The bulletins on the board swayed up and down with a horrible, sickening action. The noise of falling plugs grew faint. The hum of voices died into silence. The board seemed an immeasurable distance away.

Then, slowly her brain cleared. She had no trouble in realizing now what it all meant. Richard Nash, her Richard Nash, had killed Lathrop.

His face came up before her, clear cut as a cameo, the wise, tender face, the frank, steady eyes. Why, every one had hated Lathrop, but Richard. He had only laughed at him. It could not be true. Some one was playing a joke on her.

She looked swiftly down the long line of girls. All were working, still and sober. The monitor paced slowly, back and forth. No. 12½ was writing out trouble reports.

A drop fell. It was 270. She took it before the recording operator could reach it, and plugged in on the line. Her voice sounded strange to her as she spoke.

"Toll line."
"Give me police station, Saturne, Captain Briggs to the telephone. And right away quick, too, central."

She made out the ticket slowly. Her fingers were stiff and cold. She felt numb all over except her brain. That seemed on fire. She looked down at the small diamond on her left hand. Whether it were true, or not, he was Richard—yes—and she loved him.

If Ridgerton had not been able to get a man down to the train in time to search it, after getting Captain Henry's message, there was a small chance for his escape—perhaps she could make it a bigger one, if he were really on that train, as they thought. Could she keep 270 from getting Saturne before the train passed there, a whole half hour yet?

New York was probably his goal. If she could keep the train from being searched before it reached New York he might escape west, or across the water.

Was he thinking of their walk home at the end of the day, now, she wondered, remorse and fear fighting within him. Or had he had no time to think of her yet?

270 was calling again.
"Can't you get Saturne, Central? What is the matter?"

"Wire is busy. I will call you," she answered clearly. It was only quarter of five now.

She cast a furtive look at the monitor, who was coming toward her. She answered two other calls, and made quick connections. The monitor glanced at her board, then walked slowly away again. Time seemed to stand still. 4:57—4:58—

270 called again.
Captain Henry's voice boded trouble for somebody.

"Why can't I have Saturne? I must have them before 4:50."

Jeanette almost laughed. Her blood was up now. 270 must have—Captain Henry said so. 270 must not have—Jeanette Whipple said so. Which would win?

"Wire is still busy. I will call you," she said.

Captain Henry fumed. Jeanette listened in silence. Then he slammed up his telephone. She watched the clock and waited. 4:55—she drew a long breath, and passed the call. In a few moments they were talking.

Captain Henry gave the same details that he had given to Ridgerton, gave them like a flash. Then having evidently learned wisdom, he passed calls to Lakeville, New Burn and New York at the same time.

Jeanette had not thought he would do that. The train did not get into New York until nearly six o'clock. Dared she delay that call so long a time?

She took the calls slowly, making him repeat several times, until his voice was like a cannon roar with anger. Then she set her teeth, folded her arms, and waited. Once she made a feat of receiving reports on the calls and after giving the bogus information courteously to Captain Henry recorded it on the back of the tickets.

5:00 N. C. (no circuit).
5:10 By (busy).

The girl beside her was watching her curiously. How queer Jeanette Whipple was looking.

The fight was on. 270 called every other breath.

Jeanette tried to keep him good natured. If he should call No. 25 and complain, an investigation would quickly settle everything. She would be sent away on the spot. Every minute's delay meant hope, perhaps life.

The intense strain was telling on her. She tried to hold herself still and calm that she might think clearly. She began to realize the terrible thing that had happened. The agony of it sank in slowly. Perhaps she would wake up suddenly and find that she had been dreaming.

But 270 was grim reality. He was calling again.

Then for over an hour she stubbornly fought every inch of the way. Captain Henry was a big man and a smart one, but he could not manage something he did not understand. He had been obliged to wait for busy wires before this. It was nothing new nor surprising. He never even dreamed that this peculiar combination of busy wires, with other technical terms that sounded perfectly proper, even familiar, was due to a slip of a girl, one-quarter his age, in the central telephone office just four blocks up the street.

The numbers danced before her tired eyes. Her face was hot with the excitement. But when six o'clock came she had just put up the connection between 270 and New York. She had won.

She stumbled out of her chair. She was so rigid she could scarcely move. She put on her hat and cloak with stiff fingers. The girls seemed to shun her, or was it her fancy? They must know it, too. Every one must know it. Why, the world was full of it. Richard was a murderer, flying for his life, and yet, so strange and untrue it seemed that, even as she said it, she waited at the street door a minute for his familiar figure. Then she started home alone.

Oh, to know he was safe, to know where he was!

She caught her breath sharply and hurried on.

It had evidently been raining. The dark was coming early. The mist clung to her skirts and dampened her hair. The electric light flickered on little pools of wind-swept water in the road.

Susan met her at the door, her kind, sisterly face placid and smiling. Then she started.

"Why, Jeanette, dear, what has happened?"

But Jeanette could not speak. Something was beating in her throat like a mad thing. She brushed past her and went in. Susan did not shut the door. Jeanette heard her saying, "Have you two been quarreling?"

Who was Susan talking to? A man's voice answered.

"It does look like it," he said. "She has been over a block ahead of me all the way, going like a race horse."

"Richard!"

She turned back to the door and tried to call his name, but it was only a gasp. Then he caught her.

"Sweetheart, has some one been frightening you? Why, Jeanette—Why, Jeanette!"

With a great effort she struggled out of the darkness that threatened to engulf her.

"The murder, Richard, you—"

He lifted her up into his arms and, carrying her in, sat down in the big, old-fashioned rocker with her.

"There, there, child. It's all right. Jeanette, Nash Farnsworth shot Lathrop, but he is not going to die, though they thought he was at first. Did you get it wrong? It was mixed at first, in the excitement. Did they tell you it was Richard Nash who did it? His first name being my last one, and description being rather alike did make a little bother. He got away, I guess. I imagine he got that four o'clock train. Why, little girl, you could not think it was I who shot him, could you?"

And in the hush, while Susan got supper, and the light from the fire played on the walls, the rocking chair swayed gently with its burden, while she told him how she had played the part of Fate to a man she never saw.

After she was quite herself again he looked at her solemnly and shook his head.

"It's just as the poets and philosophers always tell us," he said. "A big door hangs on a little hinge. It takes a woman to fool a man, every time, and to save one, too, God bless her, even if it did not happen to be me."



WHICH DAY IS SABBATH?

Mark ii, 23—iii, 6—April 14.
Text: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."—Mark ii, 27.

WHAT the Bible teaches some important lesson respecting the Sabbath is undisputed, but what that lesson is is much disputed. The fourth commandment of the Decalogue refers to the seventh day and requires its observance as a day of rest, and no more. The Ten Commandments as a whole were the basis of the Law Covenant, compulsory upon every Jew. The Jew keeping all of those commandments was promised everlasting life. Failure to keep them all condemned him afresh. There can be no doubt on this point. However, in our Lord's time, Jewish religionists had become to a considerable degree formalists, and greater stress was laid upon the literal commandments than on their real spirit. Jesus reproved this on several occasions.

No commandment was given by Jesus or the Apostles to the Church respecting the Sabbath day. The early Church evidently did observe the Jewish seventh day in many places, and in some places the first day of the week, the Anniversary of our Lord's resurrection; and sometimes they observed both of these days. But their observance was not that of law or command, for the Apostle wrote, "Ye are not under Law, but under grace."

So with us today. We are glad that one day in the week is so generally observed as a day of rest, a Sabbath (Sabbath day signifies rest day). We are glad that the day so generally set apart is the first day of the week, because it so beautifully commemorates the Christian's hopes, attested by our Lord's resurrection from the dead.

To the Christian, every day is Sabbath, every day should be used as holy to the Lord, and nothing should at any time be done contrary to the Divine will or the principles of the Divine Government. Jesus' declaration that He was Lord of the Sabbath reminds us afresh of St. Paul's declaration that God the Father rested from His own work on the Seventh Day! He left the work entirely for Jesus to do. The Seventh Day of Jehovah's rest was one of the great Days of the creative Week, each seven thousand years long. Six of these great Days had passed and man's creation was in the end of the sixth.

Having established His human son in Eden as the god or ruler of the earth, Jehovah rested or ceased from His work during the Seventh Day, or seventh period of seven thousand years. Six thousand years of this seventh period have already passed and Jehovah God has rested, ceased from His work—He has not interfered to assist man or lift him out of sin and degradation. Another thousand years of the seven remains, but God will not actively engage in man's rescue even then. Why not? Because it is a part of the Divine Program to leave fallen man and his rescue entirely in the hands of Jesus. He is Lord of this Great Seventh Day.

Man's Seventh Day.

This entire period of seven thousand years which constitutes the great Seventh Day or Sabbath with God is divided with man into seven great Days of a thousand years each, in six of which he has been under a reign of sin and death, toil and suffering; but the Seventh, or Sabbath, of a thousand years, has been appointed for his rescue and uplifting and blessing. In that glorious Seventh-thousand year period Jesus is to be Lord. It will be the great Antitypical Sabbath, and the great Antitypical Jubilee for mankind.

The Church's Sabbath Day.

St. Paul clearly intimates that to the Church, the New Creation, every day is a Sabbath day, in the sense that God's consecrated people rest as God rests, in faith, in hope, in trust that Jesus will eventually deliver them, and bring them into a glorious Sabbath Rest. Yet even now, as St. Paul says, "We who believe do enter into rest." Literally, we who believe have a perpetual Sabbath. Seven days in the week, and fifty-two weeks in the year our hearts rest in the Lord and take comfort in the glorious promises of His Word through faith. Thus we rest from feelings of responsibility and worry on account of the world's salvation in exactly the same way that the Heavenly Father rests.

We, like the Heavenly Father, have the fullest confidence that the Redeemer will yet accomplish the blessing of all the families of the earth, and bring all the willing and obedient into the great Rest Time of the future—the thousand years of the Messianic Kingdom, in which the world will be released from the slavery of Satan, sin and death.

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To Him Who Learns. Perennial youth and health of mind and body is only for him whose mind is growing daily through the absorption of those thoughts that quicken every faculty and thrill every feeling with a sense of unlimited life.—Walter De Foe.

Going Over the Books. "This item in your campaign account mystifies me, auditor. 'I don't understand you mean by raw material'—an error on the part of the auditor," replied Senator Sorghum, should read, "charrah material."