

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLES

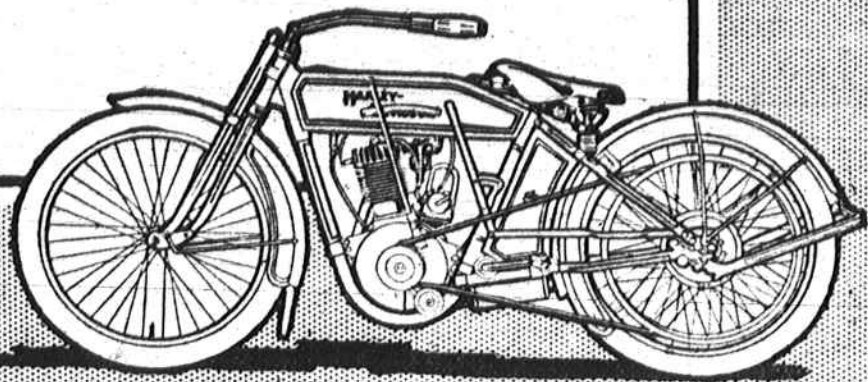
1912

WE want to show you the *Ful-Floting Seat*—an exclusive feature of the new Harley-Davidson. We want to prove to you that this seat does away entirely with jolts and jars and makes every road feel like a boulevard to the rider.

We also want to show the *Free-wheel Control*, a new and distinct type of clutch which never stalls the engine and which permits the Harley-Davidson to be started like an automobile.

The 1912 Harley-Davidson is two years ahead of the times. Come in and see it.

Camden Motor Co., Agents for Kershaw County



That Invitation

"That's funny," said Mrs. Crockett. "Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson requests my presence at bridge Monday afternoon and she requests it in the most expensive engraved old English, too!"

"Why funny?" inquired Crockett, temporarily suspending the reading of the sporting page. "Did you expect her to pick the letters in a pin or make a transparency of it?"

Mrs. Crockett turned up her nose at him. "It is funny," she said, "because I have not the slightest idea who Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson is—have you?"

Crockett laid down his paper. "Never heard of her," he said. "But think, Jimmy," begged Mrs. Crockett. "Was she on your list when we sent our announcement cards?"

"She was not," sang Crockett in descending scale. "To the best of my knowledge, she isn't the sister or mother or relative of anybody I know or ought to know. Why should she invite you?"

"Well, as to that, why shouldn't she?" bristled Mrs. Crockett. "And it's to be at the Northedge club, and I'm dying to see the inside of that club. It's two weeks off, so it must be a big party."

"Well, why don't you go?" asked Crockett. "You've got the ticket letting you in."

"Go to a party given by an utterly strange woman?" demanded Mrs. Crockett. "I have heard of women who were social climbers inviting women they wanted to get in with, even if they hadn't ever met them. Maybe—"

"Darling," interrupted Crockett, "I am loath to blast your sweet illusions, but why should anyone as expensive as Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson look to be from her invitation card be sitting up nights planning how to get acquainted with a perfectly sweet lady living in a \$45 flat and able to afford one tailor gown a year?"

"All this," said his wife, "comes from having a legal mind! But I simply don't understand! It is addressed to my full name and the address is right!"

Mrs. Crockett stuck the card in her dressing mirror so it would be handy to ponder over. By diligent search she found that Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson lived on "a boulevard quite near, and she walked by the house without getting any further clues. Every night she told Crockett that she simply must find out about the invitation, so she could either accept or decline it.

"I'd hate to offend her by declining it if it really is some one I ought to know," she wailed. "But, of course, I don't want to thrust myself upon her if she doesn't know me! Consider how awkward it would be, Jimmy, for a perfectly strange hostess to meet a perfectly strange guest, and neither of us have the slightest common ground to stand on! We can't even ask how each other's families are, because we don't know who belongs to the families! They say that Northedge club is perfectly beautiful. Of course I'm not so crazy to go that I want to accept this invitation, still—and there's my new velvet dress, and this would be such a good chance to wear it."

"Well, go on and go!" urged Crockett.

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of such a thing!" cried his wife. "But do you think it would be awful if I did? If she's asked me she should take the consequences, shouldn't she? Of course I shan't—but, then—don't you think that last hat I got looks particularly well with the velvet? I'm just dying for a good game of bridge—I've got to write my acceptance or regrets today, that's all there is to it!"

That afternoon, as Mrs. Crockett sat down at her writing desk, her sister-in-law came in. She saw the card from Mrs. Hamilton Hurlburt Dickson, and reached out a casual hand, when Mrs. Crockett told its story.

"Oh, that's meant for me!" she said. "Mrs. Dickson is a bride, and I'm a friend of her mother's and her mother is in Europe, and she didn't know my front name, so she looked in the telephone book and when she found a Crockett on this street she thought the first one must be I. I wouldn't have missed that party at the Northedge club for anything!"

Crockett heard about it that evening. "I'm awfully sorry," he sympathized, "when you wanted to go so badly!"

It was then that his wife exploded. "Why, James Crockett!" she cried. "As if I ever dreamed of going to her old party! The idea! I should say not!"

Difficult Alternative.
"What I want to see," said the economist, "is a system which will compel these big enterprises to get out and fight each other to a finish."
"In other words, your idea is that the only way to prevent collusion is to arrange a collision."

Squelched Him.
Mr. Hoopah—You's de onliest girl I ever loved, Della!

Miss Cole—You kin set heah an' say dat till you turns black in de face, but I ain't gwinter b'lieve yo!'—Puck.



LOGAN.

His real name was not Logan but Tah-gah-jute. He was the son of a famous Cayuga chief and was born about 1725 near the Moravian settlement in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania. His father was the white man's loyal friend and admirer, and not only brought up his boy to reverence and love the colonists, but insisted on giving him an English name. So the youngster was called "John Logan," in honor of William Penn's secretary.

Throughout Pennsylvania and Virginia as well, young Logan grew to be known and respected. He was pointed out as a proof that Indians could become civilized and could be as brothers to the white man. Logan's fame as a trapper, hunter and trader spread throughout the whole region. His influence with his fellow Indians was great. The Mingoes chose him for their chief. Handsome, of splendid bravery, he was universally liked. During the French and Indian war against the English colonists he did all in his power to curb the local Indians and to bring about peace. In 1770 he built a home for his family and himself on the banks of the Ohio river and made a good living as a fur trader.

Friendship Turned to Hate.
Up in 1774—when he was nearly 50—the life of Logan had not been much more noteworthy than that of a New York policeman. Had he died then, his name would now be forgotten. His biography would have held no more or less historical interest than that of any other commonplace, well-behaved man.

But in 1774 there were disturbances between some Ohio river Indians and the frontier settlers. A few lives were lost and a band of white "land jobbers" decided to overawe the savages by a show of severity. These frontiersmen chose the peaceful Logan as an example. They swooped down upon his cabin, destroyed it and killed nearly all the friendly chief's family and near relatives. Logan himself escaped the massacre. But his lifelong love and trust toward the white man was changed in an instant to murderous hate. He took the warpath and attacked every white settlement within reach. In that one wild campaign he, single-handed, killed and scalped no less than 30 persons. He believed—rightly or wrongly—that Capt. Michael Cresap, a frontier celebrity, was leader of the men who murdered his family. And against Cresap he swore horrible vengeance, sending him this note, tied to a blood-stained war club:

"Capt. Cresap: Why did you kill my people? You killed my kin and took my cousin prisoner. Then I thought I must kill, too. I have been three times to war."

The Foe to Mankind.
Not content with personal vengeance, Logan is said to have stirred up other Indian tribes against the colonists. At any rate, that same autumn, 1500 braves sprang to arms and ravaged the surrounding country. A thousand Virginia militiamen were sent against them, and a fierce battle was fought near the mouth of the Great Kanawha river. The Indians were so badly defeated that they begged for peace. Lord Dunmore, colonial governor, sent for their chiefs to come to a conference. Logan alone refused to obey. His brother-in-law, John Gibson, was bidden to fetch him. In answer to the summons, Logan sent the following historic message, which generations of schoolboys have since declaimed:

"I appeal to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said: 'Logan is the friend of the white man.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Capt. Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice in the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

Henceforth, Logan became a hopeless drunkard. He gave way to melancholy and to wild fits of temper. In one of these rages, during the summer of 1780, he struck his wife senseless to the ground. Believing he had killed her, he fled. Near Detroit he came upon a party of Indians from his own tribe. He thought they had come to arrest him. So, leaping from his horse, rifle in hand, he swore he would die fighting. He sprang at them before they could explain. In the conflict that followed he was shot dead, in self-defense, by a brave named Tadah-dhos—Logan's own nephew.

So perished the ex "friend of the white man." A gentle, Indian whom injustice had turned into a wild beast.

(Copyright.)

He Was.

"Was the aviator you went to see equal to the test?"

"He certainly rose to the occasion."

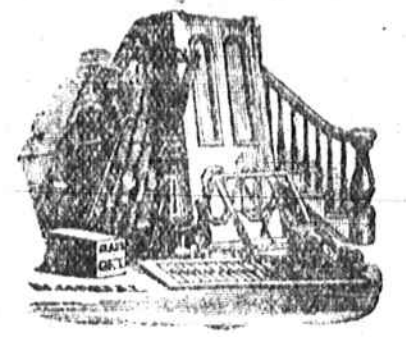
Local Pride.
"Why do you insist on investing your money away from your home town?" "Well," replied Farmer Corn-tassel, "I've got a good deal of local pride, I have, and I regard the people in this here townably as bel'n' so smart that none of 'em is goin' to let any real bargains git away from him."

Repair Work

We have just installed in our shop one of the largest and finest lathes ever brought to Camden, and are now prepared to do any kind of repair work on engines and machinery of all kinds. Mr. W. O. Hay, who has had years of experience in this kind of work, is with us and he will be glad to have his friends to call on him.

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NOTICE

We beg to give notice to our customers that after the first day of May, 1912, the lights will be shut off at 12:30 at night, until further notice.
Camden Water & Light Co.

PRINTING

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grade of printing is
turned out at this
shop.

The Chronicle