

# Horses and Mules



We have just received a car load of fine HORSES and MULES and want you to call and see them . . .

# W. C. MOORE

A good time to send one of the children here for meats?



## YOU

can send your children here with the assurance that they will return with as choice a cut of meat as you would purchase yourself. We seek your continued patronage.

**Campbell Bros.**



## "Worth More Than it Costs"

Lots of farmers declare their telephone service is worth more than it costs. J. W. Harris, a well-known farmer living near Choccolocco, Ala., writes:

"I had occasion to call our doctor not two hours after my telephone was connected with your exchange. My mother, who is very old, fell down the door steps and broke her arm, and I called the doctor. He was at my house before I could have gone to his residence, as he has an automobile."

"We would not be without our telephone for more than it costs and appreciate the assistance you rendered us."

Our free booklet tells how you may have telephone service on your farm at small cost. Write for it today. A postal will do.

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT

**SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY**

5 FRYOR STREET

ATLANTA, GA.



**The Point of View.**  
"This section is almost mountainous," remarked the pedestrian to his companion as they trudged along a country road one summer's day carrying heavy grips.  
"Yes, it's a bit hilly," said the farmer a few minutes later as he drove his guest from the station in the big buckboard.

"Nice, rolling country, this," observed the automobilist to his chauffeur as they whizzed by in a big touring car.  
"Gee, what a flat, uninteresting region," thought the aviator, looking down as he sailed over it in his majestic biplane.—Life.

**A Fellow Feeling.**  
The hold-up man had his victim covered. Suddenly the latter, with hands held up, broke into a violent fit of sneezing.  
Then the highwayman's face wrinkled and he sneezed, too.  
Incidentally, they sneezed together.  
"Shake!" gasped the footpad, and put out his hand.  
"Lay it there," wheezed the victim. One touch of hay fever makes the whole world kin.

**A Timid Tradesman.**  
Clock Drummer—I've got the finest line of alarm clocks on the market, Mr. Schmidt.  
Schmidt—Vell, you can't sell me any alarm clocks dis season.  
Clock Drummer—Why?  
Schmidt—Vell, I tell you. Dis is a year ven dey elect a bresident. And effery candidate, mit all dem campaigners, yill run apout de country and 'vlew mit alarms!'—Judge.



**WILLING TO OBLIGE.**  
Horace—I say, old fellow, I wish you would intercede for me with that pretty niece of yours.  
Harold—Sure, I will. Only the other day I told her you had more money than brains.  
Horace—What did she say?  
Harold—She wanted to know if you had as much as 30 cents.

**A Great Number.**  
How many men go to the bad, Alas, alack!  
Spend every cent they've ever had  
And don't come back!

**Beats Champion FASTER.**  
"Just fancy! There's a fasting man who has been living for forty-five days on water."  
"That's nothing. My father lived for twenty years on water."  
"Go on!"  
"Yes; he was a sea captain."

**Exonerating the Police.**  
"Yes, sir," averred the New York man, "my house was robbed. Looted in broad daylight."  
"Where were the police?"  
"Now hold on. I don't say the police were mixed up in it."

**Back to the Ranch.**  
"Mr. Spooned, isn't this the third time you have asked me to be your wife?"  
"I—I believe it is, Miss Jennie."  
"Well, you've fanned the air three times. You're out on strikes."

**A Lively One.**  
"I hear when you have your children gathered around you, it is quite a picture."  
"Well, when we all went to our new house, I can tell you it was a moving picture."

**Expensive Spot.**  
"Gilt Crest is considered a healthy place, yet all the guests who leave the hotel look sick."  
"Oh, they don't look sick until they get their bills."

**A Silly Season Jest.**  
Owens—Do you know, I find it easier to borrow money in hot weather.  
Bowns—That's not surprising. Ordinary friends become warm friends when the mercury is in the nineties.

## DEVELOPMENT OF THE PIANO

Centuries of Invention Have Been Needed to Bring It to Present State of Perfection.

Have you ever thought, when playing some melodious sonata upon your piano, that the instrument, as it is today, is the perfection of centuries of invention?

In the beginning it was a harp-shaped piece of wood, having two or three strings. From time to time more strings were added until the cithara was invented. This was an instrument in the shape of a capital P, with ten strings stretched across the open space. Many centuries afterward musicians conceived the idea of stretching strings across an open box. About the year 1200 this was done, the dulcimer made its appearance, and the strings were struck with hammers.

For another hundred years or so these hammers were held in the hands, and then some genius invented a keyboard, which, being struck by the fingers, caused the hammers to strike the strings. This was called a clavicytherium, or keyed cithara, and from time to time it was modified and improved.

During Queen Elizabeth's time it was called a virginal, and then a spinet, because the hammers were covered with the spines of quills, which struck and caught the strings and produced the sound.

During the period between 1700 and 1800 it was much improved and enlarged, and was given the name of harpsichord. It was in 1710 that Bartholomew Cristofoli, an Italian, invented a keyboard similar to the one we have now, which causes the hammers to strike the wires from above, and thus developed the piano.

During the last century the inventive genius of musicians the world over has revised and improved it until it has reached the present-day perfection.

## SUDDEN ENDING OF ROMANCE

Task Set for Reformed Tramp Was Just a Little More Than He Could Stand.

"Oh, yes, we have romances in our lives," said the tramp, "but there is always something to spoil 'em. I had my last one last fall. I was pegging along a Rhode Island highway, thinking more of good feed than romance, when a couple of wearies ahead of me turned into a farm house. I turned in as well when I came along up, and I walked into the kitchen just as they had locked a girl up in a closet and were about to go through the house. They invited me to take a hand in their game, but I took two in my own. They made it interesting for me for three or four minutes, but the average weary is no boxer. He depends upon wild swings instead of straight punches. I had 'em both down when the farmer came up from the field, and the girl was released and the fellows sent off to jail.

"Well, currant jam, big red apples and mince pies were none too good for me for the next week. The daughter was a school ma'am, about twenty years of age, and I had won her romantic heart ere three days had passed. I think the old man would have sanctioned the match, but he didn't take me right. On the fourth day of my stay he took me out and showed me a ten-acre lot of the stoneliest ground I ever saw in my life, and intimated that I might start in plowing next morning. It was too much. That night I left the house by way of a window, and daylight found me seven miles away. I would have helped gather apples or husked corn, but when it came to plowing among boulders as big as barrels, romance fled, and I followed close at her heels."

## Hindu's Agonizing Penance.

An extraordinary scene was witnessed in Calcutta recently when a small trolley, studded with rows of iron spikes, on which a Hindu was lying at full length, was being pulled through the streets. A large crowd was following. Inquiries elicited the information that the man was doing penance, and was on his way to the temple of the Goddess Kall at Kallihat. The Hindu had been several days on the journey, and was in a terrible condition. The spikes, which numbered about 150, were quite sharp, and the man wore only a loin-cloth. He must have been suffering acute pain from the fact that his body was bruised and lacerated all over as a result of lying on the sharp nails. Neither the police nor any passer-by made any attempt to stop the self-imposed torture.

## Chinese Oysters.

A New York Chinese laundryman is helping out his daily breakfast with native Chinese oysters on the half shell. The shells he brought along with him from China. The oysters he receives from China in the half barrel, dried and smoked.

As they come they resemble somewhat dried apples or peaches. The laundryman places a mess over night, each oyster in a shell full of sea water, and the next morning they have the plump and juicy attractiveness of freshly opened oysters, and if they did not have so much the taste of oysters ham one might perhaps detect an oyster-flavor about them.

The Chinaman says the oysters are preserved in this way by first being dried in the sun and then smoked with seaweed which, when burning, has a smell like oyster soup.

# BANKS

Are becoming more and more the custodians of the funds of the people of both large and small means. This is due to the wider appreciation of the value of banking service as its usefulness is extended and its methods become more and better known. If there is any feature of the banking business you do not understand, call and we will gladly explain the same.

## The First National Bank OF CAMDEN, S. C.

# REAL ESTATE

Do You Want To **SELL BUY LOAN BORROW**  
I May Help You.  
**LAURENS T. MILLS,**  
CAMDEN, S. C.

**HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW FORD?**

FORD CARS and a full line of FORD PARTS always on hand

COME AND TAKE A LOOK

**D. C. SHAW**  
THE FORD MAN  
SUMTER, S. C.

# LANG'S PHONE 2

When you think of Groceries, think of Lang's.

Fresh this week: "Sunshine" Biscuit, Saratoga Chips, Hams, Breakfast Strips, Sliced Bacon.

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