

"Fan's" in Holland's Magazine. The report that a distinguished American writer was shot during the late troubles in Mexico at best seems to be not more than half true.

If anybody does any kicking about the new yard-and-a-half-wide skirts it won't be the women who wear them.

If an over-supply of unsmuzzled raw material running around loose in any evidence, Dallas ought to offer a splendid location for a dog skin glove factory.

Many a girl considers her education in domestic science complete when she knows how to open a can of sardines and a charge account. Love is not all hot chocolate and ice cream. They are merely symptoms.

Weeds and objections are easily raised and the crop is always profitable.

Nearly every man has a tender spot, but it is just as likely to be on his toe as in his heart.

Young men of twenty-five long

for a fortune to spend, while men of fifty wish they had some of the money they squandered when twenty-five.

All men are born honest but soon lost their birthright.

When women enter politics, betting hats on the result of an election will be an expensive proposition.

Moleishness is sometimes mistaken for willpower.

The man who can't make up his mind about a thing ought to know just what to do when his wife makes up hers.

**ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.**

All parties indebted to the estate of F. R. Alexander, deceased, are hereby notified to make payment to the undersigned, and all parties having claims against the said estate will present them duly attested within the time prescribed by law.

(Mrs.) Belle Alexander, Administratrix  
Camden, S. C., March 19, 1913.  
47-48-49.

**HIS UNKNOWN RIVAL**  
By LOUIS E. CHARLTON.

They were both in the chorus. Every night they sang love ballads and nonsense rhymes; flashed for an hour or two in spangled garments behind glittering lights, and then went into darkness and forgetfulness again. They were only of the mob. They might have died any day, either of them or both, and the manager would merely have written a letter, or nodded a word, and hardly a soul in the next night's audience would have known that there had been a change in the chorus.

And yet these two of the chorus were set far above the common lot of mummies and onlookers alike. They were lovers. When the opera demanded that they sing the chorus of a drinking song, the eyes of these two met and drank to each other the intoxicating song of silent love. When their hands met in some stately minuet or mazy peasant dance, the thrill of shrinking, fearfully sweet pleasure touched them both. The people beyond the footlights saw none of these things. Every night he waited until she came from the big dressing rooms, he opened the door of the stage entrance to let her pass out, and with a smile and tender adieu, she was gone into a world he knew not. Several times he had tried, when it had been fierce weather, to accompany her to her home, to lend her aid, protection, but no, she had always gently declined these offers, and so they both came nightly out of the unknown, danced awhile in the light of a love that never spoke, and went out again into the unknown.

But one night he was waiting for her sooner than usual. Eager and trembling he waited for her coming. He held out his hands to her. She hardly knew why, but she took them in her own and looked into his face wistfully. "Well," she said timidly. "Oh, Fan," he said, "you know what I mean. I love you, that's all. Long ago I told you with my deeds, and you understood. But that is not enough. Now, Fan, I must know. Will you be my wife? Strange is it not, that I hardly dared ask before?"

Pain crept into her face as she listened—pain that struggled with joy. "Yes," she said in low agitated tones. "I knew that you loved me. I knew—and I loved you, too—dear. I love you now—but I cannot marry you—I cannot."

Her head dropped upon his breast and she sobbed softly. Then she held herself erect and wiped away the tears quickly. "You understand," she said dully, insistently—"I cannot marry you."

An awful thought came to him as she spoke. Could it be that she was already married—belonging to another? How should he have known? Had she not always gone into the unknown and forbidden him to follow? And there came to his lips that cry of thousands like him, thousands of lovers in whom a sudden jealousy creates a frightful monomania of suspicion.

"Ah, then there is—somebody else!" Why is it that lovers always think that because they are not chosen some one else must needs be? Is there no such thing as a woman who refuses to love simply from disinclination, instead of from a previous exhaustion of the sentiment?

But in this case the girl nodded her head and said: "Yes, there is somebody else."

"Then why," he retorted, with quick anger evolved from his passive grief, "did you not tell me so before—with your eyes? Why did they always say 'Yes,' if your lips were to say 'No?' You are cruel. How is it possible? And he—who is he? Ah, well, what does it matter? You have turned my day into night. I will go away into it."

He turned to go, but her hand was on his sleeve.

"Stop," she said. "Come with me. I will show you the somebody else. And it is you who are cruel. Do I not say that I love you? Come."

Thus for the first time he accompanied her into what was to be no more the unknown.

They reached the house at last. She opened the door and beckoned him to follow her. In the dim, shabby room, he saw a figure lying on the bed, a wasted, shrunken figure that breathed heavily.

"This," she said, "is my mother. She is dying inch by inch of a wasting disease. Every moment that is not spent at the theater I must devote to her. Every thought of mine must be for her and her comfort. She, she has so little left of life. Would you have me deprive her of the care she needs?"

A lump came into the man's throat and seemed to wish to stick there forever. He choked a little hoarsely, and when he had found his voice, asked: "And is this—the somebody else?"

She nodded, and turned to the bed, but the visitor picked her up in his arms suddenly and covered her face with kisses.

"You are an angel on the stage and off," he whispered in a voice which had a suspicion of tears in it. But why didn't you tell me at first?"

"Because," she said, "you wouldn't let me."

And now a certain member of the chorus is daily trying to postpone his marriage by his self-sacrificing tenderness in nursing the somebody else. He is doing it to ease Fannie's burden. But poor somebody else has not long to linger with them, and some day there will be a wedding in the chorus.



## Helps With the Lessons

At night when the children gather around the sitting-room table studying their lessons for the next day, the telephone often rings. A little neighbor a mile down the road wants help from his school-mates. Children as well as grown-ups get pleasure and profit from the farm telephone. Do you know how little this service costs and how valuable it is?

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**How Careless!**

Jimmie Britt, not the puglist, but the circusman, tells a story illustrating how soft-hearted and sympathetic some of the ringmasters are when the acrobats get hurt. The heroine of the story was a girl who did the four-horse act, the six-horse act, the trapeze and the flying bar, for all of which she received the princely remuneration of \$40 a week. One day she fell 40 feet from the trapeze, landing precipitately and illadvisedly on her left wrist, broke the bone near the elbow. The ringmaster ran up and sympathized as follows, with certain profane remarks, which are here excluded: "What in thunder do you mean by falling out of that trapeze? I'm a son of a gun if some of you ginks don't try to put a crimp into this show every time we lift the tent!"—Popular Magazine.

**Alligator Hunting.**

It is a little more than ten years since alligator skins were first exported from Colombia; for five years one concern had a monopoly of the business in alligator skins from catching the animals to selling and exporting the skins and as labor is cheap the exclusive government privilege paid well. Now any one can catch the beasts, but this privilege is not what it would have been five or six years ago, as there are fewer alligators to catch and the number is decreasing each year, as there is a price obtainable for each skin caught. Hunting is conducted in the dry periods, December to March and July and August, at which times the marshes and flat lands, usually covered with water, are drained and the alligators are captured with comparative ease and in great numbers.—Fur News.

**Go-Carts for Papooses.**

Blanket Osage Indians who have a liking for automobiles and other features of modern civilization have taken another step forward. The Osage women are abandoning the ancient aboriginal custom of carrying their infant offspring strapped to a board on their backs. Recently a great many of them have purchased the fanciest go-carts they could buy and now it is no uncommon sight in Tulsa or other towns frequented by the Osages to see an Osage mother, garbed in a gaudy blanket herself, pushing a baby buggy in which reposes a little papoose, who seems as contented as when strapped to the mother's back. It is said the Poncas, Otoes and other blanket Indians are gradually coming to this custom.—Tulsa correspondence Kansas City Journal.

**Women Have Longer Lives.**

The statistics of French insurance companies prove beyond question that women live longer than men; nor is the feminine advantage in longevity a matter of a few months, or even years. The difference is one of almost a third. Thus the average age of death for women annuitants on the books of one company is seventy, and for men a bare fifty. Another company has several centenarians, all women, on its books. This company is now thinking of revising the tariffs and making "one law for the man and another for the woman."

**To Keep Hands of Motorist Warm.**

Another new comfort has been discovered for the automobile driver. Every motorist knows how uncomfortable his hands are in a biting blizzard, or even on a still but cold day. To make life more agreeable an inventive genius has patented a hollow steering wheel, into which exhaust gasses from the motor are conducted by means of a small pipe running parallel to the steering column. In the case of electric, the hollow rim is filled with electric "heaters."

**Clap of Doom Figures.**

If life has got to where there is one case of cancer to every seven people, then build us a palace of death, as urged by noted old Nobel, for it seems as if all the promises of mercy are shams. These one in seven figures are the clap of doom figures given out by an English cancer expert visiting this country. Nobody over here should be silly enough to swallow such stuff, for probably one in forty is an inch or two past the mark.

**Pheasants Become Plague.**

So numerous have pheasants become in the state of Washington in three years of closed season that they are becoming troublesome. Electric suburban cars have on numerous occasions been compelled to slacken their speed to permit the birds to get off the track.

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