

# ANNOUNCEMENT

It is with pride, that I take pleasure to inform all my friends and customers that I had my store remodeled, installing an entire new front, positively the best and largest windows in Kershaw County, and in addition to the new front, a great transformation was made in my store in order to place the enormous stock which I have just purchased while at the market; visiting the largest and best manufacturers in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond and Philadelphia. The installation of my new purchased stock will exceed the sum of \$25,000, making in all a complete stock of nearly \$40,000 which will enable you to choose from this big stock.

Every season I try—I strive to please one hundred customers out of every hundred, and every season these satisfied customers respond to my appeal. Below you will find a list which comprises this stock and you'll be convinced by all means the largest and best assorted stock in Camden.

<b>Women's Wear</b> Aprons Belts Brassiere Coats Capes Corset Covers Corset Accessories Combs Cloaks Dresses Dressing Sacks Dress Goods Embroidery Fancy Feathers Flannellettes Gloves Hats Hair Goods Hoods Hose Supporters House Dresses Handkerchiefs Hosiery Jabots Jewelry Jackets Kimonos Knitted Caps Knit Underwear Long Coats Leather Bags	Linens Ladies Shoes Ladies Suits Leather Novelties Middy Blouses Mesh Bags Millinery Mourning Dresses Muslin Underwear Neckwear Nursing Waists Nursing Caps Nursing Aprons Petticoats Parasols Plumes Ribbons Rain Coats Rubbers Stockings Scarfs Shoes Shoulder Braces Silks Suits Skirts Sweaters Trimmed Hats Umbrellas Underwear Oil Cloth Vests Waists Wash Goods	<b>Miscellaneous</b> Art Needlework Needles Pins Curlers Thread Embroidery Silk Leather Goods In fact the largest and most complete stock of Notions. <b>New Arrivals in Dress Goods</b> Panama Chiffon Crepe Voile Foulards Silks Poplin Brilliantines Broad Cloth Suitings Mercerized Gingham Zephyr Amoskeag Chambric Madras Silkline Taffeta Infants Cloth Flannellette Kimono Outing	Apron Gingham Percales Prints Calicoes Bleaching Sheetting <b>Household Furnishings</b> Bed Spreads Pillow Cases Bed Sheets Comforts Blankets Towels Doylies Curtains Creton Curtain Scrim Window Shades Counterpanes <b>Men &amp; Boys' Wearing Apparel</b> Boys Suits Boys' Trousers Belts Bath Robes Caps Coats Gloves Garters Hats Hosiery Handkerchiefs	Jewelry Knit Underwear Leather Goods Men's Suits Overcoats Pants Pajamas Rubber Coats Rubber Shoes Shirts Suits Shoes Sox Suspensers Suspensers Sweaters Sox Supporters Umbrellas Walking canes <b>Musical Instruments</b> Titters Guitars Mandolins Banjos Violins Harps Strings Accordions Musical Accessories
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**I SELL EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY**—Everything to wear for man, woman and child. Everything to eat. Everything for the home and for sport is included in this immense stock. Investigate and convince yourself, and, REMEMBER, WATCH THE WINDOWS AND THEIR SPLENDOR OF MAGNIFICENT MERCHANDISE EXHIBITION

I thank the people of Camden and vicinity for their past favors and sincerely hope to have the pleasure to serve you again.

## H. L. SCHLOSBERG

To Out-of-Town Customers—If you can't come write for samples and we'll send them to you. Write about anything you want.

### MORE TROUBLE IN A GARDEN

Old Gentleman Went Too Far in His Inquiry, and Demonstration Proved His Undoing.

An elderly gentleman walking through his garden one day stopped before a fig tree on which were two figs just ripening. His favorites were figs, and summer often came and went without the fruit coming to maturity. Shortly after, he met his gardener, who, assuring him the figs were quite ripe, was requested to send them to the summer house, where his master was about to rest. Picking the figs, the gardener sent his little boy of seven with the basket. On the way the little fellow stopped and, removing the leaves, gazed upon the tempting fruit. The attraction was too great; he ate one. Covering the other with the leaves, he proceeded upon his errand. On being asked if the gardener had not sent two figs, the boy, after a moment's silence, answered: "I ate one." "You ate one? How?" exclaimed the old gentleman, angrily. "How did you come to do that?" Dropping his eyes to the basket. "I took it like this," said the child, taking the remaining fig, "and I ate it like this." And, sulking the action to the word, he consumed the second fig before the astonished eyes of the old gentleman.

### LITERAL IN HIS THEOLOGY

Darkey Preacher's Humorous Comment on Biblical Text As He Understood Its Meaning.

"Of old the right of individual private interpretation of the scriptures was not accorded to the laity. Only the priests or preachers were authorized to say what was meant by the sacred text. That has all been changed, and no man will now be expelled from the most orthodox church for believing that Balaam's palace mule did not really address his fellow citizens of Judea on the political issues of the day, or considering that the statement of the sun's standing still at the order of Captain Joshua was an illustrative allegory and not the record of a frozen fact. This advance in theology is illustrated by the story of the darkey preacher who delivered a sermon from the text, 'These eight did Mlcah bear.' 'Muffrinds,' said he, 'you is singularly blessed by de Lawd in dis generation. If you wants some milk you done goes to youah cow, and at one milk you gets enough of de laceriferous fluid foah eight people. In de olden times of which de Bible speaks it took eight folks to milk a bear, en I specs dey gets mighty little milk at dat.'—Los Angeles Times.

### Spiders Catch and Eat Fish.

Specimens of the spider known as Thalassius Spenceri are in the museum at Durban, Natal, and the curator, E. C. Chubb, has just made scientific announcement of the discovery of a member of this species in the act of catching fish for food.

One of the spiders was captured several years ago by the Rev. N. Abraham at Greytown, and it was placed in an aquarium. A servant boy soon noticed the creature eating a pet fish, and the startled clergyman left his study to watch. The spider, three inches across with legs extended, stationed itself at the water's edge, with two legs on a stone and the eight others spread out on the water. After a time a fish came under the outstretched legs, which were suddenly thrown around it as the spider made a plunge, driving its fangs into its prey, and then at once climbing out on the rocks. It soon ate a fish of four times its own weight.

### Bagdad and Queen of Sheba.

The Bagdad of the "Arabian Nights" still exists, but in a greatly diminished form. In fact the grand old palaces and mosques of its prime are nearly all in ruins, and only a small population lives where once was a city of 2,000,000 people. A new city is gradually coming into existence on the opposite (east) bank of the Tigris, the site being valuable from a commercial point of view. The inhabitants number about 200,000, and are mainly Bedouins. The famous palace of Haroun-al-Raschid has disappeared, and the foreign consulates occupy its site. It is only a tradition which asserts that the queen of Sheba, who once visited King Solomon, lies buried under an eight-sided brick tower bearing her name in old Bagdad. The citizens have ceased to venerate it, we are told, and the tower is approaching a state of ruin.

### Concerning Men With Tails.

It would not be wise to build upon the story of the coast natives that in the interior of Papua there are men with tails. Similar beliefs have been held in many parts of the world and many ages, sometimes from impressions of apes, sometimes from more or less spiteful credulity about a people's neighbors. For centuries it was a common gibe on the Continent that Englishmen had tails. It originated from the story that the people of Canterbury or Strood, having mocked at St. Thomas riding upon a little ass and cut off its tail, were punished with the curse that thenceforth all their boys should be born with tails. And the scoffs of other Englishmen at the "Kentish longtails" rebounded upon the whole nation, so that even in the time of Edward VI. Englishmen abroad suffered from the taunt.

### IT WAS SO PUZZLING

By JOHN NEWTON.

Dobozoy and Angyal were sitting on the divan in the smoking room talking of a fair-haired lady. The stillness of the night, the red light of the lamp on the armors, swords and shields on the wall, the strong Turkish tobacco wrapped everything in the room in a blue fog and led their imaginations into the empire of mystery. They talked of many things in the abstract, though the principal subject of their conversation was a golden-haired lady who was very real indeed.

"You know that I am madly in love with her," said Dobozoy, the magnate. "When I see her I have to use all my self-control not to throw myself at her feet. But listen—last week we were on our way towards the Turkish ruin and it was getting dark as we returned. She and I had walked a little ahead of the others. We stopped on a bridge to wait for them. Below us the Danube was rushing and above our heads the moon was shining. Suddenly I felt her hand gripping my arm and she said: 'I can look into your very soul as if it were made from glass. I can read every word written there. Surely you can also read mine. No, please do not say anything.' Strange words, you must admit. I did not answer. The others caught up with us. She was unusually quiet all the rest of the evening. Occasionally she looked at me and smiled sadly.

"And what happened then?" asked Angyal, the poet, very much interested.

"We arranged a new excursion to Bookstal, and then we drove home. The next day we started out in six carriages. She sat opposite and until we reached Jause she was bubbling over with good humor. There some gypsies began singing their ugly melancholy songs. Her face had turned quite pale and she bit her lips nervously. At last I did not dare say anything more to her, for I felt her soul was filled with bitterness. Suddenly she arose and went away from the rest of us to sit down alone on a bench in the wood. I followed her and noticed that her eyes were full of tears and her face was convulsed with pain.

"Irma, do tell me what is the matter with you?" I asked. "She stamped her foot angrily and said: 'Please leave me alone.' An hour later she drove home alone without saying goodby to anybody. But now comes the strangest part of all. When we returned we passed her villa. She stood on the balcony with her sister waving her hand at us, and when my carriage passed she threw a red rose to me and cried 'Goodnight, Dobozoy.' What do you think of this, my friend? How am I to explain the sudden change in her treatment of me? She must have a secret. But what can it be?"

### MISSIVES LONG IN TRANSIT

Correspondence Sent From Paris During Siege Took Years to Reach the Consignees.

What would Americans say if they received mail matter that had been delayed in transit for a lifetime? In France, a few years ago, letters for 300 persons were delivered—to as many of the addressees as were living—that had been mailed years before. They were delivered, moreover, at the earliest possible moment; although the distance between the sender and the receiver was in many cases only a few miles.

During the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870 the postoffice administration hit upon the expedient, in addition to the balloons, of inclosing letters in small zinc globes, water tight and hermetically sealed, and dropping them into the Seine. There they floated, if they were not captured by the Germans, down the river to the French lines, where a net stretched across the river gathered them in, and they were sent on their way.

Unfortunately for the French, the Germans discovered the character of these zinc floats, and as they could not hope to see and fish out by ordinary means all the letters that went down thus, they stretched across the river, at Villeneuve Saint Georges, a net of their own and effectually stopped this system of postal communication. The zinc balls and their use were pretty nearly forgotten, when, some years ago, a fisherman found in the Seine, near Villeneuve, a queer looking globe of zinc. With a large knife he opened it, and found 300 letters, still legible, and all dated December, 1870. They were delivered to the postal authorities, and after this long wait in the river went on their way.—The Sunday Magazine.

### Found Doctor Didn't Need Him.

Wedding cut ups in Clay Center have a new form of diversion. The Times tells about it: "Recently a Clay Center young man was going to be married. The day of the affair, in the morning a friend pretending to be Dr. Olsen, telephoned him, telling him that under the new law a man had to undergo a physical examination by the city health officer before he could get married. He took it all in, in solemn earnest, and went to Dr. Olsen's office for the examination, Olsen being city health officer. Reaching the office he told the doctor he was ready for the examination. 'What examination?' asked Olsen. 'The examination you told me I would have to undergo. I am the young man who is to be married.' 'Some one has been playing a joke on you, my friend,' was the doctor's answer and the young man has about come to that conclusion himself. He thinks he will get even some day."—Kansas City Star.

### COLORS NOT BORNE IN WAR

British Troops Go Into Action Without the Inspiration of the Regimental Colors.

The colors of the British army are made of silk, with gold-fringed edges and cords and tassels of crimson and gold, mounted on a staff eight feet seven inches long.

To insure their absolute correctness in matters of detail and pattern, an official of the Herald's College acts as "inspector of colors." He has to furnish drawings and designs, and is responsible that an unauthorized departure is made from them.

Every infantry battalion has two colors—"the wings" and "the regimental." The former is always of the same pattern, and shows the union jack on a blue ground, while the latter has a wreath of roses, shamrocks and thistles, with the regiment's motto and crest, surrounded by a list of the

### various battles in which it has taken part.

Regimental colors are no longer carried into action, but are now left behind at headquarters when a battalion proceeds on service. This has been the rule since the Boer war in 1881. A couple of years earlier two young officers of the South Wales Borders were killed while endeavoring to prevent the colors, of which they had charge, from falling into the hands of the enemy at the battle of Isandhlwana.

### Japanese Like Other Babies.

There is a mistaken but popular belief that a Japanese baby never cries. There is really no reason why he should. Replete with nourishment and rarely denied a wish, he blossoms like a wild rose on the sunny side of the hedger, so sweet and so unrestrained.

His life is full of rich and varied interests. From his second day on earth, tied safely to his mother's back under an overcoat made for two, he finds amusement for every waking hour in watching the passing show. He is the honored guest at every family picnic. No matter what the hour or the weather, he is the active member in all that concerns the household amusements or work.

From his perch he participates in the life of the neighborhood, and is a part of all the merry festivals, that turn the streets into fairyland. Later, his playground is the gay market place or the dim old temples.—Francis Little, in the Century Magazine.

### Question of Degree.

On a writ of error to the supreme court of one of the territories, counsel for plaintiff in error sharply criticized the rulings of the trial judge. When the counsel for the defendant in error began his reply, the following took place:

"May it please your honors, before I finish my argument, I think I can show you that the trial judge was not as crazy as counsel on the other side would make him out to be."

By a member of the court: "Let me understand you; you admit the fact of insanity of the trial judge, but deny its degree?"—Case and Comment.

### Gentle, but Pointed.

A young practitioner had one troublesome patient—an old woman who was practically on the free list, but who registered more kicks than all the other patients put together. One day she called to roast him for not showing up when she called him the night before. "You can go to see your other patients at night," she complained, "so why can't you come when I send for you? Ain't my money as good as the money that them rich people pay you?" "I don't know, ma'am," answered the doctor gently. "I have never seen any of yours."