

TO BE A TIME OF JOY FOR HIM

This Little Story Shows Just What a Lot of Good Things the Bachelor Misses at Merry Christmas Time

"My wife has been questioning me for the past three weeks about what I would like for Christmas."
 "Well, I suppose you told her?"
 "Yes. The first thing I thought of was an umbrella. I really need an umbrella, because it is quite a distance from my house to the train, and I have to walk it. A nice umbrella would come in handy on rainy days. Then there are some books I would like very much. I gave her a list of them as nearly as I could at the start, and have been adding to it day by day as I happened to think of something else in that line. I mentioned cuff-buttons and studs for full-dress occasions, and I gave her to understand that if she didn't feel like troubling herself over the matter I would be glad to take the money she had set aside for me and buy myself some cigars. Last night I had occasion to look into a closet we don't use much, and there I found my present, all ready to be placed before me on Christmas morning."

"Of course, then, she hadn't adopted your suggestion as to the cigars."
 "No. I'm going to be made glad with a beautifully worked sofa pillow."

At Christmas Time

By S. E. KISER



Along the road to Bethlehem
 These weary wise men slowly fared,
 And wondering shepherds gazed at them
 And bowed the heads which they had bared—
 Three wise men who had journeyed far
 Rode slowly o'er the hills that night,
 Still following their guiding star
 Whose constant beams were broad and bright.

At Christmas time they heard a voice
 That sweetly sounded far on high;
 "Rejoice, ye sons of men, rejoice!"
 The words rang clearly from the sky.
 The trembling wise men paused to hear
 The song that angels sang to them,
 And ceased to doubt and turned from fear,
 That Christmas night in Bethlehem.



We hurry through the busy days
 And in the market-places contend;
 We strive to win in shameful ways,
 Forsaking brother, wronging friend;
 We foster greed and cling to pride,
 We have no time for being kind,
 We rudely push the lame aside,
 And give no guidance to the blind.

We madly struggle after gain,
 Forgetting all the Master taught;
 We worship riches, and disdain
 To heed the message that He brought—
 Yet, even so, at Christmas, love
 Assails our hearts and chastens them
 And brings us back remembrance of
 That holy night in Bethlehem.



We cease a little while to hate,
 We turn a little while from sin;
 We greet the stranger at the gate,
 And reaching forth we lead him in,
 And, happily remembering
 The babe that in the manger lay,
 We still acknowledge Him our King,
 As they did, that first Christmas day.

Three shadowy wise men slowly fare
 Along the shadowy highway still,
 And shadowy shepherds watch them there
 And see the star blaze o'er the hill,
 And men, wherever men may dwell,
 Still hear the message borne to them;
 That God still reigns and all is well,
 The star shines on o'er Bethlehem.



Child's Reasoning.
 "Mamma, Santa Claus isn't married, is he?"
 "I don't know. Why do you think he isn't, dear?"
 "Cause if he was Mrs. Santa wouldn't let him stay out that way at night."

No Room for Any More.
 "Goin' to hang up your stockin' Christmas, Mickey?"
 "Naw."
 "Better. You might git it filled."
 "It's filled now."
 "What with?"
 "Holes."

His Gift.
 He gave the girl a pair of skates,
 And now his heart is full of hate;
 He merely stands around and waits
 And inwardly rebels at Fate.
 While one more favored far than he
 Is or may ever hope to be
 Knows where she stands, so fair, so sweet,
 And fastens them upon her feet.

Joy Ahead for Him.
 Don't forget that the clothes you are not going to wear any more may look mighty good to somebody

THE MAN WITH THE SUIT CASE

A Story For Thanksgiving

By MARLHA V. MONROE

"Jim, I heard you are going to be married."

"Where did you hear that?"

"Oh, I heard it a month ago. I think it was on Thanksgiving day. I dined with the Atwaters. They said Clara Webster was just the girl for you, you being impulsive, she steady and cautious."

"Did they say that?"

"Yes."

"Listen. I have a little story to tell you. On the very day, Thanksgiving, that these persons were attributing these traits to us a little drama was being enacted."

"My friend Billy Smithson invited Clara and me to spend the Thanksgiving week-end at his house in the country, which he opened for the occasion. The affair was got up to celebrate our engagement, for Billy is an old chum of mine, and his wife is an intimate friend of Clara's."

"Clara and I were to go up on the train together, but just as I was about to leave the office to call for her a job came into the office which nobody but I could do, and I was obliged to remain over till the next day. I telephoned her to go on and I would arrive the next day. I reached the house the next afternoon to find the guests gone out on an automobile ride Billy had got up for them. There were three carloads, and they were not to return till 7 o'clock. About 6 I dressed for dinner and was going downstairs when I met a man coming up with a suitcase in his hand. Presuming he was one of the guests who had just arrived, I went on down into the library, thinking no more about him and amusing myself till the auto party returned."

"This was the evening before Thanksgiving. The next day we were getting ready for the feast when Clara took me off into a quiet corner and said to me:

"Will I have a very unpleasant communication to make? On returning from the auto ride yesterday several of the girl guests missed articles of jewelry. Several boxes in which the jewels were kept were found in the closet in your room."

"Naturally I was a bit upset by this information, but the principal cause was that Clara didn't say this with my hand in hers or her arms around me, but sitting apart, and instead of adding that she felt just absolutely confident that I was not a thief she looked very gloomy and waited for me to say something."

"Clara," I said astounded, "do you mean to say that you have the slightest suspicion that I stole these jewels?"

"It is the bounden duty of every one," she replied, "to consider an accused person innocent until proved guilty. And as your niece I feel obliged to do what I can to influence the others to give you every opportunity to clear yourself."

"It was not so much the position in which I was placed that troubled me as the snapping of the cord that bound me to Clara. In a twinkling my feelings toward her were changed from attraction to repulsion. And yet what fault could I find with her? What right had I to expect her to believe me innocent in face of such proof as that me and before I had brought forward any proof in my favor? She was simply acting on that trait in her character for which those persons you have mentioned on that very day were giving her credit."

"This change in my feelings toward her for awhile overrode every other. Then the gravity of my position rushed upon me with full force. But what could I do? Ignorant as I was of how the jewelry boxes got into my closet, I didn't see that I could do anything but leave the house."

"I went to Billy, who begged me to stay, saying that there was some mystery about the matter which he hoped would be cleared up, but I judged that he didn't know what to make of the matter, and at last he agreed with me that I might as well go. On passing out, Sue Wentworth, who, since her father's failure, has been making her own way by teaching school, came out of the drawing room into the hall and said:

"Mr. Thurston, this idea of your having stolen jewels is absurd. There are a hundred suppositions that can be made, each more likely than what appears on the surface. Some one stole the jewels, took them into your room temporarily and threw the boxes down there. That's one."

"There was something in her hypothesis that brought back the man I had seen going upstairs with the suitcase, and it solved the problem for me, for it occurred to me that I had not seen him since. But this was nothing to me compared with the comfort I derived from Miss Wentworth's faith in me. I just put my arms about her and hugged her."

"She backed by my statement as to the man with the suitcase, changed everything. All came to me and begged me to remain. I did so and was treated cordially by every one. Since that some of the jewels have been recovered in possession of a thief, who confirmed my theory of their loss."

"And how about your engagement?"

"I'm engaged, but not to Clara. She has too much caution for me. I don't think I could do, notwithstanding the opinion of your friends."

"To whom are you engaged?"

"To Sue Wentworth."

A CHRISTMAS STORY



I SPENT a happy Christmas eve At blithesome Ennedale, And sitting by the cozy hearth, I listened to this tale.

Old Thomas told it—he had seen Some seventy years or so, And over many lands had been

A roamer to and fro.

"When I was but a boy," he said, "There dwelt not far from here A woman young in widowhood—Her name was Helen Vere."

"One child she had—a little boy—I scarcely need to say He was her only earthly joy, Her comfort night and day.

"Oft would she stroke his golden hair And sigh, and say, 'Ah, me Oh, weary, weary was the day Thy father went to sea!'"

"One day he to his mother said—'I long so much to be A sailor, as my father was, And sail the wide, wide sea.'"

"She gave consent, although her heart Was bound up in her son—'It may be better for us both—O Lord, Thy will be done.'"

"You won't forget me, my dear boy, When far away, I know, So with my blessing and my prayers, Go, my own Willie, go."

"Ten long, long years then rolled away, And sorely Helen pined; No letter from her son had come, No news of any kind."

Here Thomas poked the fire, and made The flames leap high and clear— "Now I must shift the scene," he said, "And tell of Willie Vere."

"When Willie left his mother's home He shipped on board the 'Tyne,' And all went happily and well Until they crossed the line."

"Then on them burst a furious storm That fiercer grew each day, Until upon a lonely isle The ship was cast away."

"And when the raging storm drew off, Its work of havoc done, Of all the crew but one survived, And Willie was that one."

"For two long years he strained his gaze Across the wide, wide wave, But never came a friendly ship To succor or to save."

"For two long years his only food Was shell-fish from the shore, And sea-birds' eggs, and leaves, and fruit The feathery palm-trees bore."

"The long third year drew near its close, And it was Christmas Day, Poor Willie sat upon the shore— His thoughts were far away."

"A hand is on his shoulder laid, A loud voice greets his ear— 'What, mate! who would have thought to find A human being here?'"

"Don't cry, my man, but come on board, Belay your thanks and fuss, We're sailing for a land of gold, 'So come along with us.'"

Here Thomas poked the fire, and said: "Again shift time and scene— 'Tis Christmas Eve at Ennedale, The wind blows wild and keen."

"Poor Helen crouches o'er the fire And shudders at the storm; The latch is lifted, at the door There stands a manly form."

"I've been a wanderer," spoke the man, "On many a far-off shore; I've traveled twenty thousand miles To look on home once more."

"She rose up slowly from her chair, Her lips no words expressed; She flung her arms around his neck And swooned upon his breast."

Here Thomas poked the fire, and turned His face to hide the tears That filled his eyes, when'er he told The story of the Veres.

And then he said with trembling voice— "No words can tell the joy Of Helen when she looked again Upon her long-lost boy."

"They left the poor and humble cot That had such sorrows seen, And dwelt together in one home Down by old Hazeldean."

"Old William Vere, whom I knew well, Has often said to me— 'Where'er I read my mother's gift, I took with me to go.'"

"I feel I never can forget, That stout mother's love Or ever cease to render thanks To God the Lord above."

Valuable Farm Property For Sale

126 acres of land 9 miles South East of Camden; 50 acres open and under cultivation and under wire; about \$700 worth of long and short leaf timber on tract; good stream running water, also peach and apple orchard; one 4 room dwelling worth \$1200, one 4 room tenant house. Will sell for \$2,500.

We also have listed with us for sale a valuable farm of several hundred acres within two miles of Camden; this can be bought at a bargain and on easy terms. Price and terms on application.

100 acres at Knights Hill, commonly known as the Turpin Certain Place. This farm consists of 60 acres of open land and 40 acres of fine timber; one four room house on place. Price \$2,000 and make terms to suit.

The Doby place, containing 450 acres 3 miles of Blaney; 250 acres open land—a part of this under cultivation; 100 acres pasture land under wire; some good open creek land, plenty of wood and some timber on the place; good buildings; one overseers house; 6 tenant houses and two barns. Twenty-five mile creek runs through this property. Price \$7,500.00. Terms: 1/4 cash, balance in three years at usual rate of interest.

361 acres of land on Town Creek, four miles South of Camden; 60 acres open land; two tenant houses. Will sell at a bargain. Plat of same can be seen at our office.

252 acres 9 miles East of Camden and known as the Turner place; 40 acres open land; 11 acres pasture land under wire; plenty of timber; one 3 room dwelling and one tenant house. For quick sale will sell at \$10 per acre.

Farm of 120 acres 2 miles North of Camden; 75 acres open and under cultivation; 3 tenant houses, cotton house, barn and stables. Price \$35 per acre—terms if desired. This is a good proposition for any one desiring a small farm with improvements.

154 1/2 acres of land 7 miles North of Camden on South side Lockhart road; two tenant houses; 35 or 40 acres under cultivation; plenty of wood and about 50,000 feet of timber. Price \$16.50 per acre.

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REAL ESTATE

FINAL DISCHARGE.

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Friday, December 5, 1913, I will apply to the Probate Judge of Kershaw County for a final discharge as Administrator of the estate of H. Thornwell Thomas, deceased.

B. L. Norwood, M. D., Administrator.
 Camden, S. C., Nov. 7, 1913.

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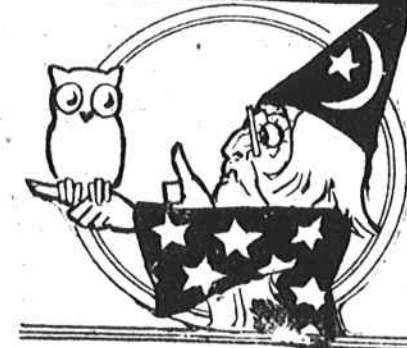
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