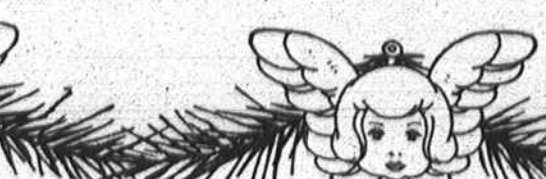


Christmas Bargains

For Holiday Shoppers



OUR HOLIDAY STOCKS ARE NOW IN READINESS FOR YOUR INSPECTION

SO AMPLE AND VARIED IS OUR STOCK THIS CHRISTMAS THAT YOU WILL FIND THE CHOOSING OF APPROPRIATE AND LASTING GIFTS, DELIGHTFULLY EASY, NO MATTER HOW MANY PERSONS YOU HAVE ON YOUR LIST.

FOR FATHER, WHO INVARIABLY GIVES MORE THAN HE RECEIVES; FOR MOTHER, ALWAYS SO DESERVING; FOR SWEETHEART OR LOVER, WHOSE GIFTS SHOULD EXPRESS SO MUCH; FOR BABY, THE JOY OF THE FAMILY; FOR SISTER, BROTHER, FRIEND—FOR EVERYONE—YOU WILL FIND HERE THINGS THEY THEMSELVES WOULD CHOOSE.

ASIDE FROM OUR USUAL SHOWING OF DIAMONDS, GOLD AND SILVER JEWELRY, WATCHES, ETC., YOU WILL FIND HUNDREDS OF NOVELTIES RANGING IN PRICE FROM 50C UPWARD: THAT WILL MAKE PLEASING GIFTS. WE CANNOT BEGIN TO ENUMERATE THESE, BUT INVITE YOU TO COME AND LOOK THROUGH OUR CASES.

FOR THE MORE EXPENSIVE GIFTS WE WILL SHOW A LARGE SELECTION OF CUT GLASS, HAND PAINTED CHINA, SHEFFIELD AND STERLING SILVER, AND THOSE WELL KNOWN SETH THOMAS CLOCKS.

AS USUAL, ALL GOODS BOUGHT OF US WILL BE ENGRAVED FREE.

WE ARE SHOWING QUITE A VARIED ASSORTMENT OF FRENCH IVORY—IN PICTURE FRAMES, MIRRORS, MANICURE SETS, TOILET SETS, MILITARY BRUSHES, AND MANY OTHER ARTICLES THAT WILL MAKE MOST PLEASING HOLIDAY GIFTS.

FOR YOUR OWN CONVENIENCE AS WELL AS OURS, WE URGE YOU TO BUY EARLY. THE STOCKS ARE MOST COMPLETE, OUR SALES FORCE CAN GIVE YOU BETTER ATTENTION AND IT IS MUCH MORE SATISFACTORY IN EVERY RESPECT. WE WILL LAY YOUR PURCHASES ASIDE AND DELIVER THEM THE DAY YOU SUGGEST.

G. L. BLACKWELL, Jeweler and Optician

Phone 69

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

Phone 69

fashioned Christmas.

King's flame has died away; embers into ashes drift. The snows are eddying, gray, falling fast in many a rift. Robed is now the cedar tree, once the catbird nightly sang, from the eaves by two and three circles like arrows hang.

Snows on the somber wall creep and dance amid the gloom, make of ghostly color fall, hanging about the room. Silks in the corners dim, their webs the closer cling, from the mantel's oaken rim of children's stockings swing.

Old and forest, lane and road, and still faster swirl the snows, the barn loft snugly stowed, the rooster wakes and crows, the strikes twelve, and midnight comes.

Winter skies stretch cold and dark, flowers blossom on the panes, snows float by and disappear.

Across the roof-tree swells, by the winds that fall and rise, of many hurrying bells, that ebb and peals and dies, and down the chimney creeps, to all the trysts he keeps, the old on the hearthstone stands, the McGaffrey in Ladies' Home Com.

The Supreme Gift, my friend, giving more than the gift presented to you long ago and try to be true when Christmas comes.

—William Lytle.

CHRIST'S POOR" AT CHRISTMAS.

One of the sweetest of all the Christmas superstitions is prevalent in parts of Germany. Long ago a poor little clockmaker who loved to do all things to church, received a Christmas gift of a large red apple. He was supremely happy because he had something to give dear Christ Child. Hastening to the altar of the church, he placed the precious apple on the table of the Babe in His arms.

Instantly the tiny fingers closed, and a smile of heavenly sweetness over the chubby face. It happened long, long ago, to the people in the vicinity still to Christ through his poor Christmas time, believing that the gift bestowed upon "one of the best of these" is received by Christ Child himself, and is rewarded by the same blessed which brought joy and comfort to the little clockmaker.

The SOUTH'S CHRISTMAS AFTER THE WAR

ON a typical plantation the first Christmas after the war came gloomily indeed, writes Mary E. Bryan in Uncle Remus Magazine. A number of the negroes still inhabited the old "quarter," but they were too demoralized and unsettled in mind to work.

The cotton crop had been a failure, and old debts had swallowed up the proceeds. No boxes and barrels containing good things for Christmas had been rolled from the steamboats out upon the plantation landing, as in better times. But Christmas morning there was the old chorus, "Merry Christmas," under the window.

"The master of the house flung open the window impatiently and called out, 'There's no Christmas for you here; you will have to make your own Christmas now.' An old patriarch of the tribe stepped forward and bared his gray head. 'We's brought 'it' Christmas m'embrance for master and mistis, please, sah," he said. They went in then. Each had a gift and laid it on the table in silence.

One brought a dressed chicken, another a dozen eggs, and the patriarch brought a baked possum. A pair of home knit socks, a bag of hickory nuts and a basket of walnuts were among the offerings.

When their gifts had been deposited they started to file out, when the man of the house, affected almost to tears, called them back and thanked them.

The children poured out the contents of their Santa Claus stockings to share with the visitors, and the house mother brought out a jug of homemade wine.

There was a little Christmas cheer after all. The hard feeling melted away. Every heart responded to the prayer uttered by the negro leader when he was departing: "De Lawd bless you and your family, master, and he's us ter feel abright town'da one anudder."

To Light Yule Log Properly.

There are thousands who still firmly believe that to light the Yule log with the charred remains of its predecessor of a year ago means twelve months of good luck for the provident householder and his family. But it has always been considered an evil omen if a squinting person, a barefooted person or, worst of all, a fat footed woman enters the room while the log is burning.

Once Upon a Time.

My little child comes to my knee And, tugging, pleads that he may climb Into my lap to hear me tell The Christmas tale beloved so well— A tale my mother told me, Beginning "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang With angel rhapsodies sublime; Of that great host, serene and white, The shepherds saw one wintry night— And of the glorious stars that sang An anthem—once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years Tells of the sacrifice sublime Of one who prayed alone and wept While his wearied followers slept— And how his blood and Mary's tears Commingled, once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side And echoes of the distant chime Bring that sweet story back to me, Of Bethlehem and Calvary, And of the gentle Christ who died For sinners—once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told In ponderous tomes of fluent rime Like misty shadows fade away, But the sweet story bides for aye— And, like the stars that sang of old, We sing of "Once upon a time."

—Eugene Field.

"Not Until Next Christmas." It was said the other day by an old southerner in Washington that no home loving Virginian ever would move "until after the next Christmas." The next Christmas comes and goes, but there is still another to come, and the moving is put off and, happily, will be put off until holiday spirit has gone from the south, a spirit that will go when the south goes.

Some Yuletide Jests.

Little Elsie—Santa Claus doesn't go around in a motorcar, does he, mamma? Mamma—Why, certainly not! He still drives his reindeer, darling.

Little Elsie—Oh, I'm so glad! Tommy Rankin told me he used a motorcar, and I've been in a terrible state since, 'cause I'm afraid the repair shops wouldn't be open at night.

Thirty-seven young ladies of the congregation had in mind thirty-seven pairs of slippers for the curate for Christmas.

But one young lady made known her intention. And when the day arrived the curate received one pair of slippers and thirty-six dressing gowns.

Milly (in horrified whisper)—Mamma, Willie is an infidel! Mamma—An infidel? Milly—Yes, he said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus.

"What is the baby crying about?" "Oh, nothing much. He only wants to eat the Christmas tree."

Why Santa Lives.

Was there ever a wider or more loving conspiracy than that which keeps the venerable figure of Santa Claus from slipping away, with all the other old time myths, into the forsaken wilderness of the past? Of all the personages whose marvelous doings once filled the minds of men he alone survives.

He has outlived all the great gods and all the impressive and poetic conceptions which once flitted between heaven and earth—these have gone, but Santa Claus remains by virtue of a common understanding that childhood shall not be despoiled of one of its most cherished beliefs, either by the mythologist, with his sun myth theory, or the scientist, with his heartless diatribe against superstition.

There is a good deal more to be said on this subject if this were the place to say it. Even superstition has its uses and sometimes its sound heart of truth. He who does not see in the legend of Santa Claus a beautiful faith on one side and the naive embodiment of a divine fact on the other is not fit to have a place at the Christmas board. For him there should be neither carol nor holly nor mistletoe. They only shall keep the feast to whom all these things are but the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

The Highland Lassie on Christmas.

Grant in his "Highland Customs" tells how the Scotch lassie rose with the first gray streak of dawn to bake her Christmas sowans, or sour scones, hard oat cakes, soft cakes and pannich paron. The day's enjoyment always consisted of trials of skill and games and wound up with a grand evening meal. In some parts of Scotland, as in England, it became customary to hang a branch of mistletoe in the middle of the room or over the door, and if by accident or otherwise a girl passed under it any young man was privileged to give her as many kisses as there were berries on one of its sprays.

The Christmas Tree.

The Christmas tree is rooted deep in love: Its verdant branches tower far above; Its fruit are emblems of a fairer clime; Its odors whisper of a happier time. 'Tis planted in all lands to spread and grow, And faith and hope among its treasures glow. Till the green life tree in our midst shall stand And earth once more becomes an Eden land.—From "Christmas Chimes."

Santa Claus Up to Date.

The good old custom of hanging the mistletoe from the ceiling at the Christmas festivities is said to have its origin in the idea that since the plant did not have its roots in the ground no part of it should ever be permitted to touch the earth.

Why We Hang Up Stockings.

The custom of hanging up the stocking on Christmas eve arose from an incident in the life of the good St. Nicholas. One day when he was overtaken by a severe storm he took refuge in a convent, and the next day being Christmas he preached a sermon to the nuns which they liked so much that they asked him to come the next year and preach to them again. On his second visit, which was also on a Christmas eve, before going to bed he asked each of the nuns to lend him a stocking, and he filled the stockings with sugar plums.

In the making of mince pies, which form a part of a regular Christmas feast, mutton was the only meat formerly used, as a commemoration of the flocks that were watched on the holy night by the shepherds of Bethlehem. The spices were supposed to be suggestive of the wise men from the east, the laud of spices.

Christmas of the Shetland Islands.

A more less populous but not less striking is old Christmas eve, the 4th of January, when the children and young men of Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, go a-gulzing. The children disguise themselves in strange dresses, parade the streets and invade the houses and shops begging for offerings. At 1 o'clock the young men, coarsely clad, drag blazing tar barrels through the town, blowing horns and cheering. At 6 o'clock in the morning they put off their grimy clothes and dressed in fantastic costumes go in groups to wish their friends the season's compliments.—Harper's Magazine.

Santa Claus was born ages ago, and he has been so busy ever since that he never has taken the time to study his family tree.

American children call him Santa Claus; the little Dutch folk, St. Nicholas; the French, Pere Noel, and the Germans, Prince Ruprecht or Kris Kringle. But they all mean the same thing.

Every year I am tempted to come out on a housetop and tell the young and self raising generation the truth about Santa Claus.

I believe it only right that the children should know Santa Claus no longer goes about in a dinky little sleigh, delivering toys down the chimneys. He simply couldn't do it if he tried. That kind of thing was all right when his business was small and he was younger than he is now. In those days he made the toys himself—glued even the little tails of the little toy sheep in place, stuck the little eyes on the tops of their little heads, painted the little bodies as different from the real thing as he could and do it quick, and then, hitching up his six reindeers, delivered the whole batch before sunrise Christmas morning. It is different now.

Santa Claus is old, and all he does is to live on the profits of the business. The business now is run under the name of S. Claus & Co., and the firm has many workers—clerks, drivers and the rest. Some of the employees of this big firm have grown so careless that they miss little boys and girls who live in out of the way places. Old Santa Claus never did such a thing in his life.

If any of our young people are overlooked this year they must not blame Santa Claus. He is just as jolly and good as ever. They'll have to blame it on the new driver that looks after their section of the earth.

SONG OF THE TREE.

Once out of midnight sweet with mystery The wonder of all wonders came to be, So shall the dawn a marvel make of me, For when in all my beauty I am born In the first glimmer of the Christmas morn, Angels of Innocence in mortal guise Shall look upon me with their faithful eyes; And, looking, see A greater thing in me Than the bare figure of a tree. Behold! in every limb I thrill with praise of him For whom I stand in memory.

Kings of the east and wise men there— Who brought to him rare frankincense— and myrrh. So do my balsamed branches when they stir In the warm air that moves about this room, And render forth their homage in perfume. Lift up your hearts anew, O careworn men! Look up with glad, believing eyes again; And, looking, see A greater thing in me Than the bare figure of a tree. Behold! in every limb I thrill in praise of him For whom I stand in memory. —Tom Daly.