

**FINAL DISCHARGE**

Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Monday, January 8th, 1917, I will make to the Probate Court of Kershaw County my final return as Administrator of the estate of Adaline Clyburn, deceased, and on the same date I will apply to the said Court for a final discharge as Administrator of the said estate.

PETER OLYBURN,  
Administrator.  
Camden, S. C., December 8th, 1916.

**ESTATE NOTICE**

Estate of J. H. McGougan. Mr. Lois V. McGougan, Administratrix.

All parties indebted to the estate of J. H. McGougan, deceased, are hereby requested to make prompt payment of the same to me at Bethune, S. C. and all parties, if any, having claim against the said estate will present them duly attested on or before November 25th, 1917.

Lois V. MCGOUGAN,  
Administratrix.  
Camden, S. C., November 25th, 1916.

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Thanking you all for the handsome support given me since going in business for myself, I am,

Yours respectfully,

**W. O. HAY**

**SOMETHING COMING**



Mabel—I got five cents bet on youse, mister.

He—How's that?

Mabel—Me big brudder says he's goin' ter lick youse if you ever call on sis again, and I'm bettin' on youse.

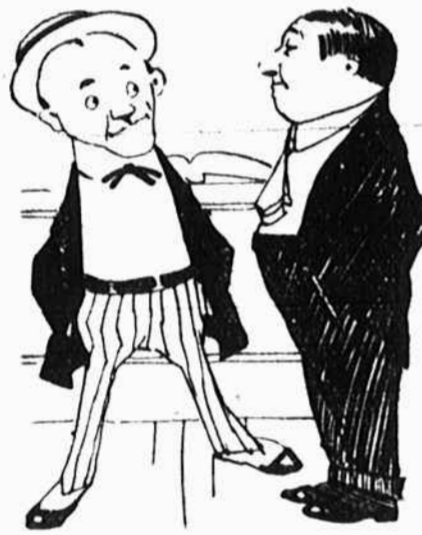
**UNNECESSARY**



Ella—Do you think it is unlucky to open an umbrella in the house?

Stella—I never thought of it; our roof doesn't leak.

**COMPARATIVELY EASY**



"It is hard to lose the savings of a lifetime."

"Oh! not so hard. I know of a dozen men with schemes that you could go into."

**A DREAMER**



"You say your boy Hiram is a dreamer. Does he write poetry or romances?"

"Oh! he don't write anything. But he jes' natchelly refuses to get up till nine o'clock."

**GREATNESS**



Johnny—He's de smartest boy in de town.

Joey—Who said so?

Johnny—T'ink dat at his age he's drivin' a grocery wagon.

**BILLY'S CHRISTMAS**

By MRS. HAZEL B. BEATTY.

WE BILLY sat on the front stairs and pondered. Truly this was a funny world, and Wee Billy could not understand why he could not have a brother to play with. Jimmy, across the street, had one; and Teddy Jones, two houses above, had two. One, a great, big brother, who used to give Teddy pennies. And now to Wee Billy's sorrow the new family just moved in next door had five boys. Of course they were brothers, and none of them were grown up. What good times they must have. And here he, Billy, didn't have a soul but a cat outside of Mamma and Daddy Boy.

Poor Billy boy! The longer he pondered the more dejected he grew, but finally Snooksy, the great big tiger kitty, who allowed his small master to pull his sacred tail and otherwise subject him to such indignities, was aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a much-excited little boy, who just hopped around on one foot, and finally



He Put the Letter in the Fireplace.

ended by grabbing kitty up in his arms. This was too much, for Snooksy was an awful, and down went Wee Billy, Snooksy and all.

Such a mix-up!

For a few minutes nothing could be seen but a roly-poly boy all arms and legs and a much-alarmed cat who managed to crawl from under his little master and sought the farthest corner in the front hall from which he could view Wee Billy Boy safely, and also be ready to run if such another scene seemed imminent.

Billy Boy had solved the problem. What was it his teacher had told him about the Christmas baby?

The small mind groped for the much-desired information, but in vain. Anyhow, it didn't matter. Of course Santa Claus brought the Christmas Baby, because he brought all things at Christmas time; so why not write Santa and tell him all about it.

Wee Billy Boy rushed to mamma's desk and was soon busy. Had he time to send his letter? It still lacked a week to Christmas and everybody was busy, so "Billy Boy mustn't bother," when he had asked his pretty mother; but he guessed it wouldn't take long for a letter to reach such a well-known old gentleman. So Billy Boy wrote:

"Dear Santy Claus, I want a little brother, not a big one, but one just like me becuz I get lonesome, your lovin' billy boy."

He put the letter in the fireplace, happy in the knowledge that Santa Claus had received it because "it burned so beautifully."

Wee Billy guarded his precious secret carefully and counted the days. He haunted the doors and was in the way generally, meaning to intercept anybody bringing a baby brother. But the week passed and a heavy-hearted little boy was tucked into bed by Daddy Boy after a strenuous time undressing and the hanging of the stockings.

Where was his precious mamma, why wasn't she there to kiss and tuck him in?

But Daddy Boy said she was "getting ready for Santa Claus," and of course, Daddy Boy knew, but—and the heavy lids dropped and body grew quiet. Wee Billy Boy was in Dream-land, having an awful fight with a new brother, who insisted on sitting on Snooksy.

Morning dawned and Billy Boy opened his eyes only to remember the day, and shouting:

"Merry Christmas, Mamma. Merry Christmas, Daddy Boy!"

He jumped out of bed. Daddy Boy met him at the door, and strange to say, was all dressed.

"Did he bring him, Daddy Boy? Oh! Did he?"

"Bring what, son?" asked Daddy Boy.

"A brother. I wrote Santa Claus for a brother." And the blue eyes grew teary as he looked at his stocking, but saw no sign of the coveted brother.

"You come with me, son; perhaps you haven't looked in the right place."

And picking up Billy Boy in his arms, he tiptoed into mamma's room, and there in his precious mother's bed was a brand new baby brother.

Santa Claus hadn't forgotten Wee Billy Boy after all.

**Following the Star**

By FREDERIC E. WEATHERLY

IT was the eve of Christmas; the snow lay deep and white. I sat beside my window and looked into the night.

I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars shine, And childhood came again to me with all its dreams divine.

Then as I listened to the bells and watched the skies afar, Out of the east majestic there rose one radiant star,

And every other star grew pale before that heavenly glow. It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

From street to street it led me by many a mansion fair. It shone through dingy casements on many a garret bare, From highway on to highway, through alleys dark and cold, And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold.

Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild, And weary little children turned in their sleep and smiled,

While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes, Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded. I rose as borne on wings Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things. Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe, My old self and its darkness seemed left on earth below,

And onward, upward, shone the star until it seemed to me It flashed upon the golden gates and o'er the crystal sea, And then the gates rolled backward; I stood where angels trod.

It was the Star of Bethlehem had led me up to God.

**Christmas Dinner In Dixie**

In a certain story of Henry James he tells of being in a room of "beautiful omissions," and to many dining tables of today, among both the rich and poor, the same term could be applied so far as food is concerned, but to the Christmas dinners of my earliest recollections it would not properly apply, says Kate Langley Bosher, the well known author, in the New York Times.

Ours was a large family, and always there were guests and relatives to dine with us. In consequence the table was enlarged to the limit of its capacity and reached from one end of the dining room to the other. In the center was a bowl of holly whose berries gleamed in the light which fell upon them, and at both head and foot of the table a large, an imposingly large, and consequential turkey which had long been preparing for his fate lay ready for his sacrifice. Today two turkeys seem scandalously unnecessary. In the yesterdays they were not considered so.

On one side of the holly berries was a Smithfield ham baked to a brownness that was indeed alluring; on the other, a round of spiced beef whose fragrance made waiting difficult. Soup and fish on Christmas day were always dispensed with.

Oysters only were served while the carving was being done, and when the latter was sufficiently advanced to permit it was with right good will and appetites made ready by the close appeal of celery and cranberries and homemade pickles and crisp corn bread and vegetables of all sorts and kinds that thanks were given for another reunion and for God's great gift to man, and all in the household went merrily to work.

When dessert was served the table was again laden with a variety that now seems prodigally wasteful of things called sweet and surely of a tempting not to be resisted. Plum pudding with its burning brandy perkily insisted that it be tried first, then pies of luscious filling and golden jelly or perhaps of a rich red, according to the wine with which it was made. Fruits and nuts and raisins kept the children busy, and when at last the table was left it was with a silent prayer from some that penalty be not exacted for the misdeeds of the flesh.

In many homes of the south eggnog was made on Christmas eve and kept overnight to "season," and in others apple toddy was prepared a week or so in advance of its using. As appetizers either served the purpose well, but it was not as appetizers that they were taken.

The average southerner takes them because he likes them. He thinks them very good, and Christmas comes but once in a long, long year! But of course others may disagree with him as to their use—and he has no quarrel with the others.

**CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS AT LANG'S**

FRESH CRANBERRIES, CELERY, LETTUCE, CAULIFLOWER. FRESH FRUITS, MALAGA GRAPES, NUTS, RAISINS, CANDIES, PLUM PUDDING, FRUIT CAKES, PICKLES, OLIVES, MAPLE SYRUP, BUCK WHEAT FLOUR. TEA, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE COCOA

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| Air Rifles           | Boy Scout Leggings |
| Shot Guns            | Boy Scout Knives   |
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| Express Wagons       | Stoves             |
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