

Boulah News.
Mr. and Mrs. Richard McCreary of Columbia spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon.
Misses Laura McGarity, Fieda West and Miss Zizer of Cassatt spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. C. B. Thompson.
Miss Bernice Dunn was a visitor in our neighborhood last week.
Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Humphries and family spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Humphries at Bethune.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WHEN the North-Mother saw the whirlwind hour,
Greeting and darkening as
She bent the straggling heavens
and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need,
She took the tried clay of the common
road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of
earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed in laughter with the serious
stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and
compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.
The color of the ground was in him, the
red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the
corn,
The courage of the bird that dares the
sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all
leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wa'side well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives us freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matter-
horn
That shoulders out the sky
And so he came
From prairie cabin up to capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a
king.
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through
every blow.
The conscience of him jesting every
stroke
To make his deed the measure of a man.
So came the captain, with the mighty
heart,
And when the step of earthquake shook
the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient
hold,
He held the ridge pole up and spiked again
The rafters of the home. He held his
place—
Held the long purpose like a growing
tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not
at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind he went
down
As when a kingly cedar, green with
boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the
hills
And leaves a lonesome place against the
sky.
—Edwin Markham.

Mr. S. J. West spent Thursday in Columbia.
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wiley of Sumter spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Sowell.
Mr. and Mrs. Louis Spears have recently moved into our neighborhood.

Stockton News Notes.
Boykin, S. C. Jan. 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wiley of Sumter spent the week end with Mrs. Wiley's mother Mrs. Elizabeth Sowell.
Mr. Kelly of Columbia spent a few days last week with his daughter Mrs. C. V. Galloway.
Mr. Lem Baker of Pisgah visited in this section Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. David Gillis and children spent the week end with Mrs. Gillis' parents Mr. and Mrs. Landy Young of Westville.
Mr. E. M. Workman spent a few days this week in Laurens.
The many friends of Mrs. Mattie Shiver are glad to know she is improving.
Mr. Paul Gillis spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Gillis.
Mr. Lanoe Kelley who was called to the army about a month ago has returned home.
Mr. Haney Galloway spent Saturday and Sunday in Greenville.

Waterloo Mill Village Notes.
On last Saturday night the young folks enjoyed an informal reception at the Club House. Games were played and music from Victrola added greatly to amusement of the evening.
Messrs. Herble and Ed Lisenby of Chesterfield are visiting their aunt Mrs. D. T. Hancock.
Miss Bell Toppins of Columbia is visiting friends here.
Mr. Bruce Player has returned from a few days stay in Columbia.
Miss Annis Martin has returned from visiting his brother near Columbia.
Rev. J. L. Moore and family of Columbia spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Player.
Mr. Tom Sclair and wife of Antioch spent last Thursday with Mr. W. T. Player.

Married in Chesterfield.
Lieut. Frank B. Sanders, Medical Reserve Corps, of Hagood, and Miss Willie Douglas, of Chesterfield, were married at Chesterfield on January 20th. The groom is a son of Hon. A. K. Sanders, and the bride is a popular young lady of Chesterfield and a Winthrop graduate.

WAR DARE DEVILS

First of the American Heroes to Storm No Man's Land.

News of United States' Declaration of War on Germany Signal for Bound Over the Top.

It was night in the trenches of France, and the Canadian contingent lay watchful for the foe, on duty at the listening posts, and night patrols crept stealthily about in No Man's Land. Their bayonets were rubbed with lamp black so that the sudden bursting of a star bomb would not betray their presence.

In this particular Canadian section, writes Henry James Buxton, were one hundred or more stalwarts from the United States—men who went over the international boundary into Canada so they could enlist. These Americans were together in one section of the trench.

One of these was Private "Scotty" Anderson, farmer, telegraph operator, who had tapped the key from Boston to Frisco.

Scotty was long, lean and lank, with arms like bean poles. But his muscles were steel, and his courage without a blemish. Said Scotty to his pal, Jack Murdoch:

"This is too slow for me; why can't we go over the top once in a while, and take a slam at the Boches?"

"Time apparently ain't ripe," replied Murdoch.

"Ripe," snorted Scotty disgustedly; "we'd soon make the Boches ripe if we got at 'em with our bayonets."

Just then a sergeant hurried into the trench from a communicating passage.

"Boys," he cried excitedly, "the United States has declared war with Germany."

Scotty was on his feet with a whoop. He grabbed the sergeant and said: "Say that again." The sergeant repeated the message.

Scotty grabbed an American flag with one hand and seized his gun with the other.

"Come on, Yanks," he yelled, "over the top for us; we've got to celebrate this!"

With a whoop 100 Americans followed Scotty over the top. The sergeant yelled something about orders, but he was brushed aside.

Yelling, the Americans rushed over No Man's Land, and leaped into the German first line trench. The onslaught was so sudden that the Germans were taken by surprise. A score or more were shot down before they were aware what had happened, and nearly a score more surrendered. The Americans returned to their own trench with their prisoners and they were greeted as heroes by their Canadian comrades.

"We had to do something to celebrate the entrance of Uncle Sam on the job," Scotty explained to a superior.

Logging in the Northwest.
In some of the high altitudes in the lumbering districts of the Northwest, logging trains are employed to bring big loads of cut timber from the forests to the mill. The snow, in a way, helps this situation, for it permits the use of an ingenious caterpillar tractor steam engine of great power. It is, practically speaking, a locomotive of the cog-wheel type and the front trucks are sleigh runners, which are steered by a man sitting in front, his hands on the steering wheel. The "engineer" concerns himself with the same duties as though he were running on a track, while the fireman has to keep steam up. Specially devised sleighs, as wide as the locomotive itself, are used to carry the logs, and the trackless engine is of such power that it can drag eight or more truckloads of this character at a time.

Why He Quit.
A new confectionery store opened its doors in the north part of the city recently, states the Indianapolis News. The proprietor hired a skilled candy maker. His troubles started early.
The candy maker went on a big spree, and in a few days the stock in the store ran low. The proprietor went out on a hunt for the candy maker and finally found him and straightened him up so he could work again.
But when he was ready for work the sugar famine was on with all of its terrors, and no sugar was obtainable. This condition continued for several days, and when he finally got a sugar supply the candy maker was absent again.
The proprietor closed the doors, sold the remaining stock and store fixtures at auction and retired from the candy business.

Popularity for the Sunflower.
The sunflower is probably destined to play an important part in the economy of the United States as of their wearing. A member of the American Sunflower Association and Varnish of the Camden Hospital, in a report received a general purpose can be made a New York gross return to the farmer of from \$30 to \$36 an acre. Everything in these days seems to be working out to the profit of Kansas. Cannot something be done with the Jimson weed, so as to please Missouri?

Casting Finest Statuary.
The world's finest bronze statuary is cast in sand found in France that contains about 80 per cent silica and 20 per cent alumina.

My Secret

By WARNER MILLER

Annie Clark was fifteen years old when I first saw her, a rosy-cheeked, laughing girl who had never known misfortune. We were fisher folk, and sailors and lived under the canopy of heaven; used to the breaking of the waves on the beach, which at times lulled us to slumber and at times merged with the roar of the tempest.

I was thirty years old then and when I saw Annie racing over the sands or climbing the dunes, her hair streaming behind her, in the wind, I felt then in comparison with her I was a hundred. At any rate I knew that to her I was an old man while to me she was a child. The day would soon come when some youngster would carry her off and I left in a world that would be dreary without her.

But still she romped and pulled about, when the water was calm, in her boat, and with bare feet ran on the sand of a windy day like a bird.

"Of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind"
and no wooer came. The only claim I had on her was when she would sit beside me on the end of the dock under which the waves were rolling and I would tell her stories.

Then came a sailor lad still in his teens and he and Annie came together with a snap like two magnetized metals. How I envied that boy. He was a handsome fellow, and in his sailor togs, a unique costume, unlike any other, I thought it no wonder that Annie should find a mate in him. Annie's father and I were chums, he being but a few years older than I and one day he said to me:

"Tom, d'y'e mind this young Crocker boy, maked up to my Annie?"

The devil tempted me to say he's no good. "T'would be a pity for Annie to throw herself away on such as he. If I had said that Jim Clark would have sent him away without Annie. But I braced myself and said, "He's a likely chap, and I believe would go aloft to furl a sail in a hurricane as quick as any man."

That settled it. The next day Ned Crocker asked Clark for Annie's hand, and got it.

I was menden nets on the sand in the mornen when I felt a pair of arms around my neck and turnin' saw Annie's happy face near to mine. She had come to tell me that she was to marry the sailor boy.

"Papa says you think well of him," she said, "and papa will take your opinion of anyone in preference to his own."

"I'm glad you're so happy, my dear," I said, but the words choked me.

Annie's happiness did not last long. She married Crocker, but he sailed away from her and never returned, my words about him to her father were proved. When his ship came in we were told that in a hurricane he went aloft to furl a sail, when no other man dared go, and losing his hold was blown overboard.

Annie mourned him but she had youth on her side and though she was never the romp she had been in time herself again. She turned to me for comfort and sometimes I dared hope that we might in time be something more than friends, but a few years after Crocker's taking off, she married again, this time the mate of a ship that sailed between New York and Japan. He wasn't the handsome sailor lad Crocker was, and he didn't sail with the wind. His ship was a steamer.

Simmons, this was Annie's husband, didn't live much longer than the first. He came home sick from his first voyage after their marriage, and though Annie nursed him tenderly she couldn't save him. He died in her arms and we buried him in the little plot of ground on the hillside, a mile back from the village.

A big storm raged on the coast. Several miles out was a reef, covered with water at high tide. In the afternoon a ship was seen to founder on the ledge and within a few minutes she was broken to pieces. In time wreckage and bodies began to come in and the beach was soon covered with both. We did what we could to take in and bury the dead, but night came on before we could clean the beach.

The next day I went with several others to hunt for bodies that had drifted northward. We found them scattered along the beach and buried them as we found them. I got separated from the rest and came upon the body of a young man. I started the moment I saw him for I recognized Ned Crocker.

He was several years older than when I had last seen him and had some beard on his face, but he was Crocker all the same. Before any of the others reached me I had carried him back to where there was earth instead of sand and buried him. I found out in time why Crocker was alive the day before I found the body. He had found another mate and the account of his death had been made up to screen his wife from a worse blight. I have continued the deception never having told her that I found his body. She has long been my wife, but the difference in our ages seems much less than when she was a girl.

FINAL DISCHARGE
Notice is hereby given that one month from this date, on Monday February 11th, 1918, I will make to the Probate Court my final return as Guardian of the estate of Hoyt Belk, and on the same day I will apply to the said Court for a final discharge from my trust as said Guardian.
J. R. BELK,
Camden, S. C., Jan. 7, 1918.

DR. R. E. STEVENSON
DENTIST
Crocker Building
Camden, S. C.

WE WANT
—YOUR—
Barber Business

Shave	10c
Hair Cut	25c
Electrical Massage	25c
Hand Massage	25c
Glover's and all	
Oil Shampoos	50c
Plain Shampoo	25c

EUREKA BARBER SHOP
I. B. ENGLISH, Prop.

Old-Time Darkey Passes.
"Polledo" Witherspoon, the oldest negro in Yorkville, died Sunday evening, after a long period of falling health, due to extreme old age. Polledo had lived in Yorkville practically all of his life of about 100 years. His father was brought to this country direct from Africa, and belonged to the Witherspoon family of Lancaster, dying when he was 102 years old. Polledo was a slave of the late Colonel Dennom Witherspoon, who died in 1855. He was an old-time preacher and was a member of one of the negro Methodist conferences and annually received a small pension from that body. He was instrumental in organizing five negro churches in Yorkville and vicinity and years ago was a powerful influence among the colored race. His funeral took place Monday afternoon, being attended by several white people.—Enquirer.

The Jackson Graded School.
To the patrons and friends of the Jackson graded school: I desire to report to you that our school is doing well and carrying its enrollment and average daily attendance in large numbers. The years enrollment is 800, while our fourth month which ended Friday, January 18 showed an attendance of 446 which is 75 to the teacher. Other children are out and we want them to come in at once. We want to help all the children who can crowd in with us. Prof. S. J. McDonald, of Sumter, made a nice address to the school Friday. Thanks to him. We are grateful to the superintendent and trustees for keeping us supplied with good wood which enables us to keep our work going.
C. C. Lowery,
Principal.

Fire at York Saturday morning destroyed the warehouse of the Mackerell-Hart wholesale grocers entailing a loss of \$2,800.

DR. J. W. SHARP
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist
I make a specialty of Surgery and Dental Surgery.
Office Phone 169
CAMDEN, S. C.

A "Leaky Shoe"
on a
"Leaky" Day
What can be more annoying?
And it's dangerous, too.
But, oh! So easily remedied.
Just step into my shop and have them made water-tight, and go on your way rejoicing.
C. C. WHITAKER

COLUMBIA LUMBER & MANUFACTURING CO.
MILL WORK
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS
AND LUMBER
PLAIN & HUGER STS. Phone 71
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Collins Brothers
Undertakers for Colored People
Telephone 41 714 W. DeKalb St.

HOLSTEIN BULL
Registered
Will be for service at
Westerham Plantation.
Terms \$2.00 cash for season.
W. A. RUSH, Manager,
Lugoff, S. C.

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His "bit" is to help you with your "bit".
Are you fair with him in the division of labor?
Don't force him to labor with poor equipment. Bring him to us and fit him with a pair of our splendid double-strength
HARNESSES
Every strap fits in its place like your glove fits your hand. Your horse will give you all that's in him of service if you give him an equipment from our stock.
Let us help you to realize on your horse power.
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PEARCE-YOUNG COMPANY

Q. S. P.

Our Trade Mark

Quality, Style and Price—the three great essentials in worth-while clothing—are found in every garment that leaves our store.

People who care—who value the world's good opinion—demand these three qualities in their wearing apparel.

We never sacrifice efficiency to profit. All our clothing must bear the most rigid inspection and the most searching criticism.

For men's, youths' and boys' clothing that meets these tests come to this store.

Baruch-Nettles Co.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA