

Purchased Drug Store.
L. A. Sowell, who was formerly associated with the Clyburn Drug Co., who has been in the naval service the past year, has purchased the drug store of Dr. W. R. Clyburn in the town of Camden, S. C., and will conduct the

business in the future. For the present it will be run under the same firm name, and Dr. Clyburn will continue to have his headquarters there. Mr. Sowell tells us that he intends to make some improvements in this store and will later install a soda fountain.

COMPARE YOUR FARM WITH THESE SALES

YOUR farm land, subdivided into small farms and sold at auction by our method will produce quick and profitable returns for you. Many South Carolina owners realize the advantages of our methods and are selling their farms through us. Here are a few South Carolina sales made last year.

Date of Sale	Owner	Location	Am't Sold For
Aug. 31, '18	C. O. Dixon, Esq.	Near Mullins, S. C.	\$42,999.16
Sept. 10, '18	H. N. Singletary, Esq.	Lake City, S. C.	66,723.66
Sept. 11, '18	Durant, Horton & Floyd	Manning, S. C.	35,294.62
Sept. 13, '18	Mrs. Mary J. Harrell	Darlington, S. C.	25,134.56
Sept. 14, '18	J. D. Coker, Esq.	Hartsville, S. C.	10,116.20
Oct. 1, '18	F. L. & John Wilcox	Timmonsville, S. C.	71,589.82
Oct. 9, '18	W. T. Wilkins, Esq.	Kingstree, S. C.	19,206.72
Nov. 19, '18	York Real Estate Co.	York, S. C.	11,331.25
May 7, '19	Catawba Real Estate Co.	Rock Hill, S. C.	17,500.00

South Carolina Farms can be sold to better advantage now than ever before. Money is plentiful and there is a demand for small farms.

Quick Action—Satisfaction to Seller—Satisfaction to Buyer

are three principles that have made our organization the largest and most in demand for selling city, farm and suburban property.

We have hundreds of endorsement letters that emphatically express the satisfaction of our customers. Write for copies of these and booklet explaining our methods.

Farm Lands Our Specialty—Territory Unlimited

Atlantic Coast Realty Company

"The Name That Justifies Your Confidence"

Offices { Petersburg, Va.
Greenville, N. C.

Reference: Any bank in Petersburg, Va. or Greenville, N. C.



Table Manners

as pertaining to the house-wife are just as correct as the meal she is serving.

The best way to secure a good meal of vegetables, canned goods, tea, coffee, bread, desert is to patronize a good grocery store.

Food that puts vitality in you is what you want. Food that is fresh and wholesome. Standard manufactured goods that are branded; quality by their trade-mark and your sanction.

Bruce's Pure Food Store

PHONE 66



You have but one pair of eyes and when they are gone or your vision impaired they cannot be replaced.

We will give you the advantage of our expert advice and charge you only the cost of the glasses.

We guarantee the accuracy of our fittings and the examination is free.

GLASSES FITTED EXPERT REPAIRING

G. L. BLACKWELL

JEWELER & OPTOMETRIST

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

NOVELTIES TROPHIES

Wanted—A Chauffeur

By BERTHA R. McDONALD

When Mrs. Hastings discovered her daughter Mildred had promised to marry Harry Prescott she raised a great disturbance and forbade the young people seeing each other. She was determined to marry Mildred to one of the millionaires who visited their summer resort every year, and Mildred was equally determined to answer the call of her own heart only. So there had arisen between the two a battle royal in which the community was greatly interested.

Harry Prescott's only fault lay in the fact that he was a struggling barrister, with no particular fortune save his honest heart and steady ways, but that was sufficient to taboo him forever as a future son-in-law for the fastidious Mrs. Hastings.

She was harassed night and day trying to keep the lovers apart, but the town was not large and nothing short of locking her daughter up seemed to solve the problem.

"Mildred," she said one day, seemingly apropos of nothing, "How would you like to make your Uncle William a little visit?"

"I'd love it!" answered the daughter. "But why the change of heart, Mumsie?"

"There's been no change of heart. I suppose it's no more than human to allow you to visit your dear father's brother once in a while, even if I don't particularly like him."

Mildred was a wise child. She saw fit not to question the goods the gods provided and went away with a song in her heart and a merry twinkle in



Mildred Was Equally Determined.

her eyes, while Mrs. Hastings sighed a sigh of great relief with each succeeding mile which rolled between her daughter and "that insignificant Prescott."

Uncle William was delighted to have his favorite niece with him.

"Do you shilly a car about as well as ever?" he asked, pinching her rosy cheek.

"When Mumsie lets me out, but she's so afraid I'll smile on some man a few cents less than a billionaire that she rarely lets me drive alone."

"Well, you can go alone here all you like, and when you get tired of driving the car yourself we'll advertise for a chauffeur."

One day soon after this an idea popped into Mildred's little brown head which refused to be silenced, and she remarked casually to her uncle:

"I had a letter from Mumsie this morning she's about ready to whisk me home again. There's a brand-new millionaire in town."

"Better take the millionaires. I need you here."

"We'll put off the evil day as long as possible, uncle, but don't you think we'd better get the new chauffeur and let me break him in before I have to go?"

"Well, maybe, but you 'tend to it—put the ad in and then I'll interview the scamps as they come along."

Of course it couldn't have been Mildred's fault that there was only one applicant in answer to their advertisement, and if Mildred was just a wee bit nervous when the applicant was being interviewed Uncle William never appeared to notice it. Mildred proceeded to "break in" the new chauffeur with a vengeance, but if uncle noticed any growing intimacy between the two he made no comment.

Finally, Mildred decided to take Uncle William into her confidence. The animosity between him and her mother was thoroughly mutual, and she was reasonably sure of his being a strong ally in any project which was something Mrs. Hastings did not want.

"I suppose you've guessed, uncle dear, that Mumsie sent me here to get me away from a man she didn't like?" she queried.

"Um—er—perhaps."

"Well, she did, and he's the very nicest man you'd ever want to know."

"Who is this paragon, anyway?"

"At present he's your chauffeur, but

most of the time he's the smartest lawyer in our city."

And then uncle laughed long and loud and merrily.

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked when he could get his breath.

"I'm going to marry him by some hook or crook, but I promised dear old dad I'd never marry without Mumsie's consent, and I want you to help me get it."

"Leave it to me, Milly, my girl. We'll have her eating out of our hand yet." That same day Mrs. Hastings was thrown into hysterics by the receipt of the following telegram:

"Millsie bound to marry my chauffeur. What shall I do?"

A telegram being entirely too slow for the enraged mother, she sought refuge in a long-distance telephone call, and when she finally succeeded in getting Uncle William on the wire, she was so flustered she could barely make herself intelligible.

"Has—has she married him yet?" she finally managed to ask.

"Not yet, Maria, but I don't know how long I can hold out against her."

"Oh, save me, William—for your dear brother's sake—save me from this awful disgrace!"

"Is there anybody there—back home? If she's bent on getting married, perhaps—"

"Yes—yes—there is!" exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, grasping as a dying man at the proverbial straw. "She's been in love with Harry Prescott, a young lawyer. Tell her if she'll only come home she can marry him any time she wants to. I'll promise her anything!"

Uncle William went back to the lovers, accompanied by a poorly concealed smile of triumph.

"Milly," he said, "your mother says to come home and marry Prescott—that a lawyer, even if he is poor, is more dignified to have in the family than a chauffeur. But we'll take no chances on her changing her mind. I've sent for a minister and we'll tie that knot good and tight right here before you start back."

So Mildred married the humble Prescott after all, and with her mother's full and free consent.

PARADISE FOR BOOK HUNTERS

Writer Tells of Treasures of Various Sorts That May Be Picked Up in Japan.

Book hunting is an agreeable pursuit and nowhere can it be conducted with more zest and profit than in Japan. I think there are more old book shops and stalls in Tokyo than in all the cities of the United States combined. In many of them one finds only school text books and cheap magazines, but there are shops in almost every quarter that contain real treasures. The greatest number are in Hongo and the neighborhood of the university. The second-hand book sellers have a society and a club house where they have weekly auctions for members, and once or twice a year they hold a public sale on the second floor of a large house belonging to the Tokyo Fine Arts club in Hongo, near Ryogokubashi, on the opposite side of the bridge from the wrestling pavilion. The entire second floor is thrown into one large room by removing the interior screens and the books are spread out on the mats, each dealer's lot apart, each set of volumes plainly labeled with its title and price. There is a bewildering variety; Chinese books, often old and rare editions that cannot be found in China; European and American books of many sorts, maps, prints, rolled books and, not least interesting, albums of brocades and dyers' pattern books.—From "On Japanese Calico Patterns," by Stewart Culin, in "Asia" Magazine.

Not of Poetic Taste.

A poet with a precious scrapbook of his own writings under his arm wandered by a theater, when suddenly the idea struck him that he would like to see a play that night, so, entering the place, he asked for the press agent. That gentleman was out, but the manager was in. He was ushered in, and the manager inquired his business. "I would like two seats for tonight," faltered the poet. "An' who might you be?" asked the manager. The poet mentioned his name. "Um, yes," smiled the other. "I've heard of you! But why should I give you seats?" The bard murmured something about the courtesy of the press, and added that probably identification might be necessary, so, as he had a scrapbook full of his published poems he would be glad if—. But the manager cut him short, and calling out to his secretary to make out a couple of passes for that night, said: "My dear sir, I'd rather give you the whole house than read your poems!"

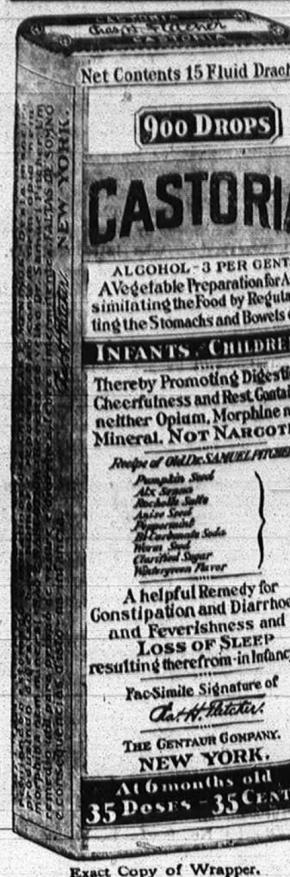
Went Home for Rest.

"Once uponer time," said Uncle Eben, "dar was a man dat said 'he wanted to be his own boss.' He saved up enough so's he didn' owe nobody nuffin' an' set out on an enjoyment trip. An' de car conductor said: 'Step lively!' an' de hotel clerk said 'Go somewhere else!' an' de telephone said 'Drop in yoh ten cents!' an' de taxicab driver hollered 'Git outn' de way!' till finally he jes' packed up an' went back home where he wouldn't be ordered around so much."

What She Missed.

Landlady—I'm sorry you think the chicken soup isn't good. I told the cook how to make it. Perhaps she didn't catch the idea.

Boarder—No; I think it was the chicken she didn't catch!—Stray Stories.



CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of

Chat. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK

Striking.
(New York Herald)
To the Editor of the Herald:
For 40 years I have wanted to visit New York City. I am here for the first time. My impressions of your city are most striking.
On my way up here the railroad "hophens" struck. The day following my arrival the Brooklyn car men struck. Last night the actors struck for shorter hours. Tomorrow the prisoners on Blackwell's Island will strike for shorter months or whatever time they are "in" for.
I am writing with pencil on account of the hotel pens being on a strike. I

must not use a typewriter as I would have to strike the keys. Last night a well dressed man struck me for car fare at Ninety-sixth Street. Said he wanted to go to the Christian Scientist Church. As the odor of his breath reached me it struck me that he was a liar, also that New York was not as dry as I had been led to believe.
Sunday I intend boarding a South bound train and striking out for the land of O. Henry and home, and if ever the notion again strikes me to visit New York I hopethat I will be struck by a stroke of paralysis.
A. Honrine.
New York City, Aug. 8, 1919.

A New Way to Save Soap!

Just a tablespoonful of GRAND-MA, the wonderful powdered soap in the water. That takes the place of all the chipping, slicing and rubbing that you do now whenever you wash or clean. And you save soap. You know just how much to use.

Isn't it simple? What woman would put up with the fuss and bother of bar soap lying around and wasting away, when she can now have this marvelous powdered soap.

5c and Larger Packages

Try this Powdered Soap Today!

Grandma's Powdered Soap

Saves TIME—Saves WORK—Saves SOAP

Your Grocer Has It!

PLAIN TALK

You have been working for two, five, ten, perhaps twenty-five years—and how much actual money have you put away as a reserve for the "rainy day"—for the unproductive period of your life which is sure to come?

There are thousands who at your age were short-sighted financially, now they are old and penniless, and dependent either on their relatives or the State.

Do you want to get caught the same way? Of course you don't. But you will be, just as sure as night follows day, if you do not save, and save systematically, something EVERY week.

You have time if you begin now, but you have got to start, and there is no time like today.

Come in with a Dollar or more, and we shall be glad to help you get started with your savings account.

Loan & Savings Bank

OF CAMDEN, S. C.