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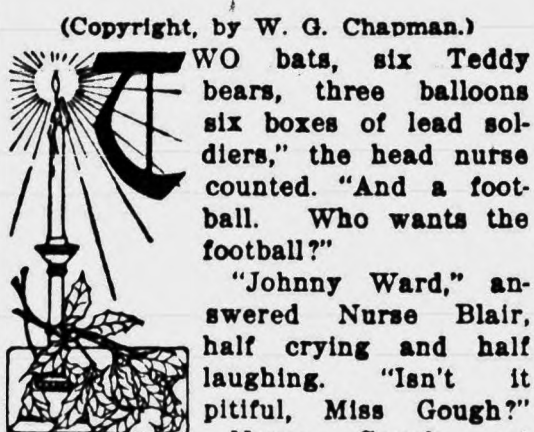
(N. B. These schedule figures are shown as information only and are not guaranteed.)

2:08 a. m. No. 23 daily from Columbia to Jacksonville. Pullman sleeping car Cincinnati and Augusta to Jacksonville.
4:20 a. m. No. 24 daily from Jacksonville to Columbia. Pullman sleeping cars Jacksonville to Cincinnati and Augusta.
8:35 a. m. No. 134 daily from Allendale to Columbia.
10:18 a. m. No. 31 daily The Southern's Southeastern Limited from New York to Jacksonville. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car service.
12:06 p. m. No. 149 daily from Batesburg to Allendale.
2:12 p. m. No. 148 daily from Allendale to Batesburg.
4:30 p. m. No. 32 daily The Southern's Southeastern Limited from Jacksonville to New York. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car service.
6:06 p. m. No. 133 daily from Columbia to Allendale.

For detailed information, sleeping car reservations call on nearest ticket agent, or,

W. H. Caffey, DPA W. E. McGee, AGPA, H. F. Cary, GPA,
Charleston, S. C. Columbia, S. C. Washington, D. C.
S. H. Hardwick, PTM, E. H. Coopman, VP&GM
Washington, D. C.

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT By Harold Carter



(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)
"WO bats, six Teddy bears, three balloons six boxes of lead soldiers," the head nurse counted. "And a football. Who wants the football?"

"Johnny Ward," answered Nurse Blair, half crying and half laughing. "Isn't it pitiful, Miss Gough?" Nurse Gough set down her pencil and the memorandum and looked at the other wonderingly. "A football!" she reiterated. "Then he doesn't realize?"

"No, poor little fellow. Would you give it to him, Miss Gough?" "What would the mother think?" the head nurse asked, and then Nurse Blair ceased all pretense and dabbed her handkerchief against her eyes openly.

"Let's ask Dr. Keith," she answered, and that solved the difficulty for the time being. Johnny Ward was eight years old and had been in the hospital for nearly five weeks, ever since he was knocked down by the baker's wagon while playing upon the street almost in front of the hospital entrance. He was quite helpless below the waist, and would always be so, said Dr.



"I've Brought Him This—and These."

Keith, after the operation, unless—well, miracles had happened and such cases had got well before. So he said nothing to the pretty young mother who came day after day, wistful and patient and always hopeful. Of late she had begun to suspect that her only boy, her stay that was to be in her later widowhood, would never leave the building save in a wheeled chair. But she kept her fears to herself, and nobody had had the heart to tell her.

And Johnny wanted a football for his Christmas present!

"Well," said Dr. Keith gruffly, "why shouldn't he have one if he wants it? Isn't there enough money to buy a football? Why, I'll buy him one myself. What sort should he have? What are they made of? It's a long time since I was a boy myself," he added, in self-excuse.

"Why, they're made of pigskin, aren't they, doctor?" answered the nurse. "But you don't understand. How can we let him have a football and let his mother see him with it, and him lying there so helpless? It would be inhuman, doctor."

"Hum! I'll take the matter under consideration," the doctor answered. But a few minutes later he was asking the head interne, "Where would you go to buy a football?" He put down the address in his memorandum book, and the interne looked at him in wonder, for football and Dr. Keith seemed somehow unassociable.

"Well, here's the football, nurse," he said that evening, coming into the ward. It was Christmas eve. All the children were supposed to be asleep. Here and there an eye drowsily unclosed to see if Santa Claus had really come, but sleep was stronger than expectation, and Nurse Blair would see to it that no gifts went to the sleepless. Dr. Keith held out the paper-wrapped globe. The clerk had blown it up for him, and, not thinking of having it deflated again, he had carried it thus for half a dozen blocks. "If you think it best for him not to have it, give it to someone else. Give him a Teddy bear," he said.

"Why, a boy that age doesn't want Teddy bears," answered Nurse Blair scornfully. She thought for a long while after the doctor had gone. At last she went softly to Johnny's bed and hung the football from the head. The little boy's eyes were closed and he was sleeping soundly. The little helpless feet made tiny mountains under the bedclothes. Nurse Blair turned away quickly.

Morning came; the ward awoke. Shouts and cries of delight were heard. The day nurses went from bed to bed, unwrapping packages. Nurse Blair had gone to her room, but she did not lie down. She came back, tired but resolute, a half hour before visiting time, and went to Johnny's side. He was playing with the ball, bouncing it upon the sheets. It had fallen down six times, and each time the nurse nearest had picked it up again and returned it.

"Johnny," said Nurse Blair, "your mamma will be here in a few minutes now."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Johnny, what are you going to do with that football?" asked Nurse Blair.

Johnny knew immediately. "I'm going to look at it and look at it and wish hard to be well," he answered. "Johnny, when your mamma comes she will see it and it will make her cry to think of the time when her little boy was strong and well. You don't want to make her cry, do you, dear?"

"No, ma'am," answered Johnny. "Then, Johnny," said Nurse Blair, the diplomat, "suppose we put it away when she comes and don't show it to her."

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny. A tear stole into his eyes and overflowed. He handed her the football. "Y-yes, m-m-ma'am," said Johnny, gulping. And just then the visitors came in.

Nurse Blair had taken the ball, but she had no time to conceal it before the little woman in black had come hurrying to the bedside, and she stood holding it rather foolishly and self-consciously and could not face those searching eyes.

"I've brought him this—and these," said Mrs. Ward, holding out the box of bricks and the mechanical toy. "But you—you've given him that?"

Nurse Blair stammered something, but she could never remember what it was, for the young widow had taken both her hands in hers and was looking at her in such a way as to make falsehood impossible.

"Nurse," she said, "I want to ask you something. Will he ever walk again?"

Nurse Blair was silent. They might have been alone in the ward, so closely did the hum of conversation hedge them in. Each was with her own that Christmas morning and had no thought but for hers.

"Will he ever walk? Will he ever stand?" The widow grasped the nurse's hands tightly as though clinging to her as her last hope in life. "Tell me," she pleaded.

"Never—unless a miracle happens," answered Nurse Blair, and the woman's hands fell and she turned to the child and smiled. Then Nurse Blair understood why some of the Madonnas were painted smiling.

"Mamma!" said the voice from the bed. "I want to whisper something." The widow knelt down, but the childish whisper was loud enough to reach the nurse's ears.

"I mustn't tell you what my Christmas present is, because it will make you cry."

The widow placed her arms round his neck and pressed his face to hers.

"Mamma, I want to show you something I've kept for a Christmas present for you. Sit up, mamma, and look. Look!"

Nurse Blair screamed. Dr. Keith, passing by, stopped, looked, and assumed an attitude of professional pride. His rather tired face broke into a smile.

"Do that again, Johnny," cried Nurse Blair. "Look, doctor, look! He's wiggling his toes!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny proudly. "That's why I wanted a football. There, mamma, you're crying after all!"



Something He Wouldn't Break.

Willie is a boy who is very much biased with aunts and uncles. These use every opportunity to give him presents. Last Christmas he received so many toys that his parents, instead of giving him toys, told him he could carry out one of his cherished plans.

"Actually," said his papa, "you have more things now than you can break in a year."

"Oh, no, papa," said Willie with an injured air; "there's one present I won't break."

"Well, Willie, I'm glad there's one. Which is it?—the cast-iron train from Uncle Jack?"

"Oh, no!" cried Willie. "I can manage to break that. I mean I won't break your promise to buy me a season ticket for the baseball matches."



The Great Meaning.

Lift up your eyes to the great meaning of the day, and dare to think of your humanity as something so divinely precious that it is worthy of being an offering to God. Count it as a privilege to make your offering as complete as possible, keeping nothing back, and then go out to the pleasures and duties of your life, having been truly born anew into his divinity, as he was born into our humanity on Christmas day.—Phillips Brooks, D. D.

Farm Lands, Houses and Lots For Sale

The Duncan Tract near Snelling, Four Hundred and Fifty acres, two hundred and fifty tenable, four room dwelling, three tenant houses. Only \$14.00 per acre. One third cash.

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CITATION NOTICE.
STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF BARNWELL.
In the Probate Court,
by J. K. Snelling, Esq., Judge of Probate in Barnwell County.
Whereas, Frank R. Best, hath made suit to me to grant unto Her Letters of Administration of the estate of and effects of E. Peyton Best, deceased.
These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular, the kindred and creditors of the said E. Peyton Best, deceased, that they be and appear before me in the Court of Probate to be held at Barnwell on Saturday the 20th day of December, next after publication thereof at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause if any they have why the said administration should not be granted.
Given under my hand this 5th day of December, Anno Domini 1913.
J. K. SNELLING,
Probate Judge.
Published in THE BARNWELL PEOPLE, Dec. 11th, 1913.

Thos. M. Boulware,
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Liveryman, Undertaker and Funerals Director.