

THE HOME BANK

The Home Bank

Has helped wonderfully to build up the Commercial and Agricultural enterprises for Barnwell and Barnwell County, and the people are showing their appreciation by their liberal deposits.

Join the Army of Depositors at The Home Bank.

Turn Over a New Leaf

To those who have not been customers of Hill Top Stables in the past, we say, "Turn over a new leaf and resolve that hereafter you will buy your horses and mules at the place where the square deal is the watchword."

I am selling more and better Horses, Mules, Buggies, Carriages, Wagons, Whips, etc. than ever before, and still have on hand quite a number of fresh stock—the cream of the Western markets—that I want you to see. With the New Year I am in a better position than ever before to supply your needs and my long experience makes me the best prepared dealer in this section to supply your every want in this line.

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My stock of High Grade Buggies, Wagons, Harness, Whips, Lap Robes, etc. was never better, and having used careful judgment in buying, I am enabled to offer you exceptional values. Come and see me. I know I can please you in both price and quality.

Charlie Brown, Barnwell, S. C.

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YOUR HOME, YOUR STOCK

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JOHN K. SNELLING, MANAGER.

FOR BIRTHDAY PRESENTS CHRISTMAS PRESENTS WEDDING PRESENTS

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VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME TO OUR STORE.

JAMES ALLAN & CO.,
Charleston, S. C.

An Advertisement in The People Brings Results. Nuff Said

HER CHRISTMAS GIFT

BY DOROTHY DIX

(Copyright, by Dally Story Pub. Co.)
It was Christmas eve, and Alice Maitland sat alone in her luxuriously furnished boudoir, putting the finishing touches on the gifts she was to bestow on the morrow. She tied the last bit of scarlet ribbon about a jewel box with mathematical precision, tucked a bit of holly under the bow, and pushed it away from her with impatient weariness.

"There," she exclaimed, surveying the heap of packages that littered the table and the couch; "there, thank goodness, that's done! I've done my duty by my family and remembered every one that is likely to remember me, and I have worn myself to a frazzle, and brought on paralysis trying to find things for people who already have everything there is. Let me see," she continued, taking up the packages one by one and checking them off with a smile that was half sad, and half cynical.

"Let me see—here is a silk smoking jacket for Uncle Joseph, that he will never wear, and the Sevres cups that Aunt Maud coyly hinted would be an



"I Don't Believe I Have Forgotten Anybody I Love."

acceptable reminder of the blessed season to her; the string of pearls that Adele has been openly admiring for months, and a check for Jack for his college larks—one's relatives aren't bashful about letting one know what they want, and that is a comfort, at any rate, at Christmas.

"Then, um-um-um, a gold bangle for Mayme Winslow that she will take right down to the jeweler's to appraise, and a tortoise shell and ostrich feather fan for Sally Stinton; she'll be sure to send me something, though she hates me, the little cat, and a couple of bronzes for dear old Mrs. Bullion, though where she'll put them in that overcrowded house of hers I'm sure I don't know, and—oh, things for the servants, and steins and etchings for the men who have been nice to me—and—er—I don't believe I have forgotten anybody I love, or who holds a kindly thought for me."

She paused abruptly, pushed the gay litter of costly trinkets away from her with disdainful hands, and with a sudden rush of tears, buried her face in her arms on the table.

"Yes," she murmured brokenly to herself, "there is one that I have forgotten, and he is the one in all the world that I have remembered most, and to whom I would give all if I dared," and then she sat still.

"Why do you not send him some little trifle, just a token that you have not forgotten the old days?" suggested her heart.

"Never," said Pride. "Even casual acquaintances may exchange gifts at Christmas," urged her heart, speciously.

"He would cast my gift back at my feet," said Pride.

"Christmas," said her heart, "is the time of peace on earth and good will towards men. It is a time when old wrongs should be forgotten, when old wounds should be healed, when broken ties should be mended, and hearts estranged should be reunited. Why do you not kiss and make up, as children do?"

"What!" cried Pride, "and be scouted once more?"

"You were very tired of the old, empty life, with its monotonous rounds of insipid gaiety," went on her heart.

"You were that loneliest and most forlorn of human beings, a great heiress and an orphan. All your life you had had everything you wanted, except the thing you wanted most of all—sincere and disinterested love. Your father and mother had died before you could remember them, and you had been left to the care of a cold uncle and aunt, who thought that they had done their entire duty towards you by seeing that you were properly fed, clothed and educated, and implanting in you a distrust of every human being who came about you.

"You never knew the joy that other girls had of being liked for themselves. When suitors came you were told they were fortune hunters. People, in speaking of you, never praised you for any charm of your own, or any grace, or accomplishment. They always said that you were rich, and you wondered sometimes if they knew how their words hurt, or how it must seem to a girl to come to believe that there was nothing about her that could win love—that she must buy it with the money she hated.

"Finally you began to realize that your whole nature was being warped by your environment, that your soul was being atrophied, and so you ran away from it all. You persuaded dear old Mrs. Bullion to take you away as her hired companion to a little quiet place, where no one would recognize you. You wore plain little cotton gowns, and snobs who would have flunkied before the rich Miss Maitland snubbed and ignored you, but there was a man who saw the woman's heart under the shabby gown, and the woman's brain under the common hat, and he loved you, and asked you to be his wife. "We shall be very poor," he said, "for I have my way yet to make in the world, but, please God, we shall fight the battle out shoulder to shoulder."

"You remember," went on her heart, "how, with your head upon his breast, and his arms around you, you planned out the future—the little house, with the rose above the door, the dear little economies, the struggles, and the final success, and you drank deep of the cup of joy, for you knew life had made you rich at last, for you were loved for yourself alone—loved as a woman would be when a strong man trembles at her touch, and his smile grows soft and tender only for you. Then, at last, came the time when you had to tell him that you were none other than the rich Miss Maitland—"

"And he went white as death while he listened, and said that had he known it he would never have asked you to be his wife," interrupted Pride.

"But it was then too late," triumphantly cried her heart; "he loved you, and nothing—not money, nor position, nor anything, could change that. You came home," continued her heart, "and your worldly wise uncle and aunt called him a fortune hunter, and said that he was going to marry you for your money. You did not believe them, but, by and by, as you plunged into the old life, with its sordid strivings, and selfishness, and disbelief in all that is high and true, the old distrust began to creep up and poison life again."

"He should have trusted your love," said Pride; "he should have known that you were merely playing."

"His life," said her heart, sadly, "had not taught him how to play. It had all been hard, bitter seriousness and so when he saw you smiling into this other man's eyes with the counterfeit of the look you had worn when your head lay upon his breast, he thought that you were faithless and loveless, and that you—you who had so much—had come down out of your high estate to rob him of the little he had, and to make life worthless."

"Then," said Pride, desperately, "he came and flung back your promise in your face and told you that he was ashamed to have loved so poor a thing."

"Love does not go at any man's bidding," sighed her heart; "you saw him the other day. He looked ill, and worn, and poor. Tomorrow will be Christmas day—"

"Think—" began Pride; but Miss Maitland had risen up with a look on her face of great and exceeding joy.

"Think, I can think of nothing but my love!" she cried.

The next morning Miss Maitland arose early, and spent much time at her desk printing a large placard in bold and unmistakable letters. This done, she donned a simple little gray gown, much affected by her the summer before, and over this she threw a long cloak. An hour later she directed her astonished coachman to drive her to a certain building—one of whose upper floors a struggling young lawyer was, at the moment, engaged in devouring with his eye the photograph of a comely young woman. As she reached his office door Miss Maitland's courage wavered and sank, but, taking a death grip upon it, she hurriedly passed the office boy, and before she knew it was in his presence.

"Alice!" he cried, starting to his feet; but she did not wait for him to speak.

"Tom," she said, hurriedly, "I—I—I have come to bring you a little Christmas present," and with that she dropped the enveloping cloak aside, and pinned upon her breast was a large placard with the inscription:

FOR TOM,
WITH ALICE'S LOVE.

"You darling," he murmured, folding her in his hungry arms.

"It's so hard to know what to get for a man, so I just thought I'd bring myself," she said, hypocritically, "but oh, Tom, please don't send this present back, and change it." But he stopped her mouth with kisses.

Protection vs. Sentiment

Bank of Western Carolina.....	Protection
Total of the [Nine] Other	\$843,500
Banks in Barnwell County.....	\$383,500

Excess in favor, Bank of W. C. \$460,000

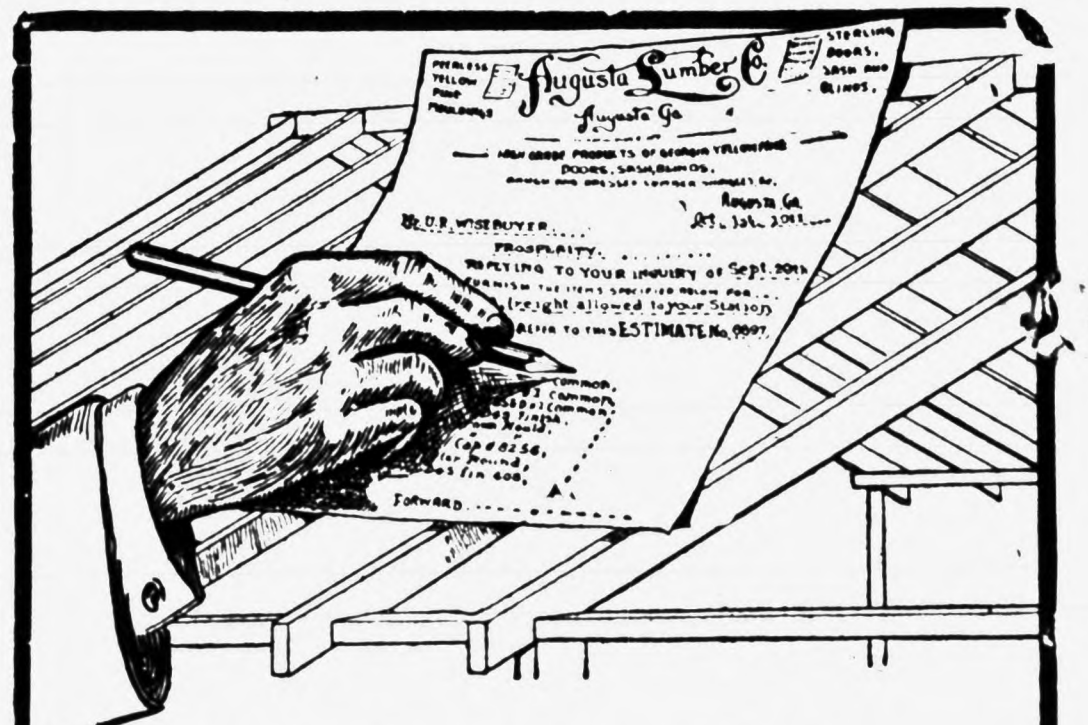
In the only true test of protection to its depositors that any bank can offer—that is, its capital and its surplus—the Bank of Western Carolina furnishes considerably over twice as much protection as do the other nine banks in Barnwell County as a whole.

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Bank of Western Carolina

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Aiken, S. C.

Barnwell, S. C.



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