

McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

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VOLUME X.

Table with columns for names and amounts, titled 'DIRECTORS OF THE POOR OF CAMDEN COUNTY'.

Table with columns for names and amounts, titled 'STATEMENT'.

REPORT OF I. LILLY, STWARD.

Table with columns for names and amounts, titled 'REMITTANCE'.

Table with columns for names and amounts, titled 'AMOUNT DUE POOR HOUSE'.

Table with columns for names and amounts, titled 'AMOUNT DUE POOR HOUSE AS PER ADJUSTOR'.

THE WELL LOCATED TAV... TAVERN STAND FOR RENT.

Farewell to My Native Mountains.

[ORIGINAL] BY J. GIL LONDON. Farewell to My Native Mountains. Vast temple of nature! unconquered and strong...

Beautiful mountain, all honor to thee! Yes, honor to thee, in honor, farewell! No more shall I gather thy mystical spells...

FERGUSON'S AVENGERS.

A STORY OF PATRIOTIC DAYS.

"This for the gallant Ferguson!" The foregoing five words had instituted a reign of terror in one of the loveliest districts of the Palmetto State...

They were, beyond doubt, the Avengers of Ferguson's death, for several masks lay on the table, along with three or four bottles of wine which they had taken from some patriot's cellar...

"We'll rest here and finish that wine!" said one of the leaders of the band, whose face told that already he had imbibed freely. "Bring in the poultry, and on old Beauchampe's hearth we'll prepare a feast..."

During the week that followed the discoveries I have mentioned, the work of the Avengers was terrible. They fell upon patriot houses at the dead of night, and left on the bosom of their victims the five words which had already terrorized the country...

horses. They came and went like ghosts, but always left behind the terrible sentence which had made their existence execrable.

There was no sash in the window, and the cool winds of the night kissed the pallid cheek of the partisan's daughter. For a moment she tried to pierce the darkness beneath the window; but, failing in her endeavors, she crept over the sill, resolved to trust to fortune for success.

Alice counted them before she touched a single rein; and then in a brief period of time she loosened the horses and quietly led them into a small copse not far away. The steeds did not refuse to obey her guidance, and when she had reached the copse, she struck them with a whip which she had found beneath a saddle.

She saw the fowls, smoking and well burned, placed on the table, and watched the greedy men crowd around for their shares. Their tongues and movements told her that stolen liquor was doing its accustomed work on all save the giant, who had superintended the cooking of the late repast.

"Up! up! the rebels are coming!" But his cry of alarm did not infuse much life into the men at the table. One or two heads were raised, but the drunken leer that made the faces hideous was enough to provoke a smile, even from the mad tory.

"How's the horses," asked one of the Avengers, as the man flung the poultry on the table. "Standing like rocks," was the reply. "Such horses as they are don't need watching, and, besides, there isn't a rebel within ten miles of this accursed place."

"I didn't think of her," was the reply. "How bitterly old Hartzell hated us, but we caught him at last." "And presented him with a breastpin! Ha! ha!"

upon the dark palmetto grove, behind the building.

"Now for the swamp!" she cried, with triumph, and the next minute rushed from the disgusting sight. An hour passed away, and the drunken tories began to recover; their chief, who had dropped to the floor, seemed to sober them with his cold face and staring eyes, and when they had almost recovered their scattered wits, the foe they dreaded was upon them.

That was a big book P. T. Barnum wrote about himself. It is very complete, too, but there is one little incident which he either forgot to mention, or which got pried when the forms went to press.

Then a calm thought of her situation drove fear from her heart, and Alice Beauchampe prepared to perform one of the most daring deeds of the Revolutionary War. The noise in the house increased, and oaths and ruder jests preceded and followed the lighting of a fire on the hearth.

"Good by," he gasped in a whisper, as he prepared to drop. "Good by, Phinny," she whispered back. Then he let go, and instantly shot from sight into a yawning abyss of darkness and rain water, and if he had been of solid iron he would have been melted.

"Who in the mischief?" "Alice Beauchampe!" was the interruption of the apparition. "The daughter of the old man basely murdered by your hands! Down on your miserable knees, Godfrey Lang, and beg for the mercy you have never granted others! Down, I say!"

"The next moment, with an oath on his lips, he strode to the door, which he jerked open, and stepped upon the porch. "Curse such dogs as I lead!" he hissed. "I suppose I must lead the horses up, and tie each foot in the saddle."

"Now for the swamp!" she cried, with triumph, and the next minute rushed from the disgusting sight.

Alice Beauchampe's voice had fired the hearts of a patriot band for vengeance. On her way to the swamp she had encountered the partisans who had captured one of the flying horses, and were following the trail.

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago wedding tours were not fashionable. One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines. One hundred years ago our mothers did not worry over disordered sewing machines.

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ORIGON boasts of a grandmother who is only thirty-two years of age. THE FOLLOWING PITHFUL STORY COMES FROM ST. LOUIS: It appears that at a school in that city the pupils were in the habit of bringing a luncheon. Among those who did not go home for dinner the teacher noticed a little girl who always sat looking at her playmates when they went out with their lunches, but who never brought any herself. The child was always neatly but very poorly clad, and one of the closest students in school hours. One day the teacher noticed that the little unfortunate had apparently brought her dinner with her. The lunch was coarse and the children took their lunch as usual and went out to eat it. This little girl alone remaining in the room, with her dinner wrapped up in paper on the desk before her. The teacher went to the child and asked why she didn't go out with the rest, at the same time putting out her hand toward the package. Quick as thought the little girl clasped her hands over it and exclaimed, sobbing: "Don't touch it, teacher, and don't tell, please. It's only blocks." Having no dinner to bring, and too proud to reveal the poverty of her family, the child had carefully wrapped up a number of blocks in paper, and brought the package to present the appearance of a lunch.