

BY D. B. BURISSE.

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 Instruction, analytical, practical, thorough. Governmental, Commercial, Climate, delightful. Scientific, beautiful. Please apply immediately to
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Maple and Walnut Bedsteads,
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Step By Step.

By J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise.

From the lowly earth to the vaulted sky, As we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true, That a noble deed is still toward God.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men, We must borrow the wings from the wind.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown, From the weary earth to the sapphiric walls.

And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone, Heaven is not reached by a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise.

And we mount to its summit round by round, In TWENTY YEARS.

"And you really think there is nothing serious in Margaret's naughtiness, my dear Sir, as a fashionably dressed lady of five and forty summers to a gentleman fifteen years her junior, who stood behind her in an open library window, regarding her with an amused smile."

"Nothing at all serious, my dear Mrs. Gray," said the gentleman quickly.

"And what do you think I had better do with her?"

"Yes, my dear madam, as I am finishing my career as a farmer, I will be happy to do so."

"Oh, it will be such a weight off my mind, Mr. Strong. I cannot tell you what I have suffered from the girl's peculiar ways since I came into this house."

"I doubt if I ever could have made up my mind to take him had I known as much of his only daughter as I know now. And since her father's death, she has been under my eye."

"I have not the slightest control over her. In fact, she sets every one at defiance."

"Yes, my dear madam, as I feel she is such a wonderful creature, I have understood it all. But she has some wild natures in her blood, madam."

The next day saw Margaret, daughter and heiress of the late S. Gray, sitting quietly at a desk in the village school among a group of girls, and her school books as neatly and as cheerfully as she had been a newly imported kangaroo.

First, because, with her clear, bright, brilliant complexion, her large, dark eyes, her curling brown hair, she was by far the handsomest girl in the whole school.

On the Other Log.

Robertson County, in North Carolina, a band of outlaws have their camp, and from it have issued any day for these four years to rob, and when it suits their purpose, to murder the helpless people of the vicinity. Rawdus, pistol-wielding in the amount, have been inefficient to secure the capture of any member of the gang; indeed, such is the immunity they enjoy, purchased by years of successful plunder and unwise rapine and violence, that they boldly ride along the public highways and swagger through the streets of the neighboring towns, with not a hand brave enough to attempt to stay them.

With all this, this reckless band of midnight assassins, and aggressors as they have never been styled the "Ku Klux," nor has every Federal authority inclined to protect their victims. They make daily forays through the whole country around, and especially to the mountain and mountainous regions, where they prey upon the helpless and the frightened population.

But the Federal judiciary that dispatched United States marshals, aided by United States bayonets, to the upland counties of South Carolina, and secured the conviction of hundreds of ignorant and hapless county youths, is blind to the desperate condition of affairs in and about the State of North Carolina.

And the days and years went on. And a birthday came at last, which showed how the school girl of fifteen was now the woman of thirty-five.

On the day, Margaret arranged her abundant tresses before the glass, and saw the first gray hair.

"Ah, he would not say I was too young now to be reclaimed."

"I am thirty-five years old to-day, and to be near a man of fifty."

She was wounded with a pistol bullet and nearly died with a large feather-bed, as she was in the act of washing.

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Brevities and Levities.

Here is what they sing at public school examinations in a Vermont village, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," visitors and all joining in the chorus:

Chorus—Five times five are twenty-five, Five times six are thirty, Five times seven are thirty-five And five times eight are forty.

An Indiana man murdered his wife. He pleaded guilty; but the court proved that he could tell a lie—that he did it with his little hatchet.

Col. Ezra Miller contends that "loose coupling" causes seven-eighths of the accidents on American railroads.

The two most precious things this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other.

A boy at Kingston, seven years old, is destitute of ears, and has a good joke on his mother, who finds him difficult to box. But she makes it up on him on different portions of his territory.

The greatest pleasure in life is love; the greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest possessor, health; the greatest ease sound sleep.

An unfortunate wight was fined five dollars the other day, by some dogberry in Washington, for damning the President. If every man who "damns the President" has to pay five dollars, Mr. Boutwell can pay off the public debt before March with the revenue thus raised. It is a luxury which it may be said "everybody" takes it; the children cry after it!

Mr. Hamilton, of Indiana, held on to the muzzle of his arm while the

Chicago conflagration. All the progress has made thus far is to ascertain that there is no conflagration in the United States. The next compartment will be in the subject of kerosene lamps.

It is a fact worthy of remark that when General Morgan, of Ohio, presented his constitutional amendment to the House, making naturalized citizens eligible to the Presidency, all the colored members voted against it. It is a curious feature of our Government, at the present time, that a negro is eligible to the highest office, while the most intelligent white man in the world is shut out if he happened to be born in a foreign country. The Cincinnati Volksblatt, speaking of the fact, says:

Formerly a very large, well-known and somewhat noted billy-goated at large in the streets of Washington, and the newspaper boys, boot-blacks and street generally made common cause against him. Henry Clay never liked to see dumb animals abused or worried, and on one occasion while passing down the avenue, a large crowd of these mischievous urchins were at their usual sport. Mr. Clay, with his walking stick, drove them away, giving them a sound lecture in the meanwhile. As they scampered and scattered in every direction, Billy, seeing no one but Mr. Clay within reach, made a charge on him. Clay dropped his cane and caught his goat by the horns. The goat would rear up, being nearly as high as the tall Kentuckian himself, and the latter would hit him down again. This sort of sport was continued for some time, and he could conceive of no way by which to free himself from the two-headed dilemma, so in his desperation he sang out to the boys to knock what he would. One of the boys stepped forward and said, "Let go and run, you fool!" Clay always maintained that when he signed the treaty of peace at Ghent, he was that good boy knew more than he did.

Henry Ward Beecher, whose political orthodoxy cannot be questioned, says in the Christian Union of this week, in reference to excluding Southerners from participation in political affairs, as follows:

We commend to the attention of the gentlemen who are afraid of a minority the holders of political power in that community such a select and virtuous minority as they can find in the South? Since we cannot directly cure it, let us at least leave the people perfectly free to do as they please. Let us not shut out all their old and trusted leaders from the offices which the varied riff raff are free to enter. We are excluded from office—the most honest and capable men in the South—for supporting cause which the whole white population supports. Surely it is time for this injustice to be done.

Maps of Edgefield County.

THE BROWN COTTIN GIN CO.

Professional Card.
 WE the undersigned have this day formed a partnership for the Practice of Medicine in the Village of Edgefield and surrounding community. We will at all times, except when respectfully engaged, be found at our respective houses, and will give prompt attention to all who will favor us with their patronage.

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CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES.

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LEATHER OF ALL KINDS.

RUST PROOF RED OATS.

COTTON SEED MEAL.

COMMISSION GROCERIES.

SUGARS, TEAS, CHEESE.

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BAGGING, TIES, CANDLES, BUTTER, SOAP, STARCH.

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES, ALE, PORTER.

TOBACCO, SEGARS, CANNED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

The Warehouse of this Bank, corner of Reynolds and Campbell Streets, Augusta, Ga., is now ready to receive COTTON.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES will be made upon Cotton in Warehouse, or upon Railroad Receipts.

CHAS. J. JENKINS, President.
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T. P. BRANCH, Cashier.