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# CASTORIA

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## What is CASTORIA

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### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over 30 Years  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

#### THEODOSIA BURR ALSTON

##### Tragic Story of the Wife of a South Carolina Governor.

It was in 1812 that Col. Aaron Burr returned to New York, at the termination of his four years' exile for treason, and one of his first acts was to send for his daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Burr Alston, wife of Governor Alston, of South Carolina, relates the Greenville Piedmont. As the state law prohibited the governor from leaving South Carolina during his tenure of office, it was necessary for Mrs. Alston to make the journey alone, save for her physician and a maid, and she sailed from Charleston on December 30, 1812, on the pilot boat "Patriot."

As the time drew near for the "Patriot" to arrive at New York, Col. Burr took up his post on the battery, earnestly scanning the horizon for the first sight of the little boat that was bringing his daughter to him. But day after day passed without any news of the ship and finally she was posted as "Missing." In which category she remains to this day, one of the unsolved mysteries of the sea. Only a short time afterward Alston, one of the youngest governors South Carolina ever had, died, supposedly of a broken heart and the double tragedy added the final climax to the career of Burr himself.

The loss of the "Patriot," however, was not one of the usual riddles of the sea, a case of a vessel putting out from port never to be heard of again. It was surrounded by a number of circumstances which were peculiar to the extreme, starting with the well defined rumor that the pilot ship had been lured by pirates shortly after leaving Charleston and that Mrs. Alston had been sold into a life of slavery. Two sailors arrested in New York several years after the disappearance of the boat, declared that they had found a vessel answering the description of the "Patriot" on the rocks at Nag's Head, North Carolina, and that after solving the cargo they had handcuffed the passengers and crew and had forced them to walk the plank. At the time this was thought to solve the mystery of the vanished ship but only a few weeks later a mail boat at Galveston, Texas, confessed to the fact that she had been a member of the crew of the "Patriot" and what appeared to be a completely correct story of the mutiny followed by the murder of the officers of the ship and all the passengers.

The news then half a century the middle of the pilot boat remained a subject of discussion whenever matters of the sea were discussed, only to be brought once more into the limelight of public notice shortly after the Civil war when Dr. W. G. Pool, of Elizabeth City, N. C., chanced to visit the cabin of a poor woman at Nag's Head, N. C., where he saw an oil portrait of a handsome woman on the wall. When asked about it, the dyed woman declared that it was a relic of a strange ship which had come ashore at Nag's Head about the time of the war of 1812. Her husband she said was one of a crew of wreckers who had boarded the craft, only to find that she had been abandoned and set adrift with all

sails set and her rudder lashed against her stern. Nowhere was the slightest sign of blood or disorder save for the fact that some of the baggage had been broken open. The portrait, she declared, had been brought ashore by her husband who had found it in one of the cabins and it was at once recalled that Mrs. Theodosia Alston had taken an oil painting of herself with her when she left Charleston, intending to give it to her father as a birthday present. There was no name on the picture which Dr. Pool discovered, but it bore a striking likeness to the existing portraits of Col. Burr's daughter.

Still another angle to the mystery appeared only a few years ago in the discovery of J. A. Elliott, of Norfolk, Va., of documents telling of a female corpse which was washed ashore at Cape Charles early in 1813. The only identifying marks were three valuable rings which corresponded in design with those which Mrs. Alston wore.

It appears, therefore, that there are four distinct and different accounts of the final fate of Mrs. Alston—the pirate theory, the mutiny and its accompanying murders, the mysterious deserted ship and the body found on the beach at Cape Charles. If the pirates had looted the ship why did they leave valuable silks and lace on board? If the sailors forced the passengers to walk the plank, why did they overlook Mrs. Alston's rings? Where did the oil portrait which Dr. Pool found come from, for the other residents of Nag's Head had never heard of the strange ship from which it was supposed to have been taken? Finally, what became of the pilot boat "Patriot" and why was no trace of her ever discovered?

There are some who claim that Mrs. Alston was the mysterious "Female Stranger" who was buried in the churchyard at Alexandria, Va., but this opinion is founded on little more than a slight coincidence of dates and a rumor said to throw any real light on the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the daughter of Aaron Burr.

#### Mother and Children Burn

At 11 P. M. Mrs. C. E. Monte and three of her children were killed by fire in their home here last night. The fire broke out at 11 P. M. and the family was sleeping. The fire was caused by a gas stove which was burning when Mr. Monte was awakened and in his efforts to save his wife and children he was seriously burned and is a patient in a hospital here. The dead are: Mrs. C. E. Monte, aged about 35 years; Eugene Monte, oldest son, 15; Clarence Monte, 14, and Eugene DuBose Monte, between two and three years old.

Mrs. Monte was the second wife and before marriage was Miss Naunette DuBose, of Washington, Ga. Mr. Monte is ticket agent for the Southern railway here and is a highly respected man in the community.

The German Bakers' association has petitioned the food ministry for the admission of American flour, which sells in Berlin for 1,250 marks a barrel against 1,400 marks per barrel for German flour of the same quality. Judson D. Albright has been nominated as Postmaster at Charlotte, N. C.

#### TIMES OF STRESS

##### For Negro Who Did Not Save His Earnings When Prosperous.

The Light, a negro paper published in Columbia, has the following editorial: At no time since the Civil War has the Southern Negro's condition been such that his very economic existence depended upon the confidence, sympathy, leniency, and in many cases the charity of his landlord, banker, merchant or creditor as it does now. Having a money flood some years ago, the Negro, like other people, thought it would last, and practiced but little economy, while in many instances he invested heavily, went deep in debt for his farm, his home or his living expenses. Then too, the optimistic merchant, banker and real estate man encouraged the Negro to buy, launch out, get cars, and other expensive, unnecessary things and of course fast living, working revenge on hard times, all helped to put the Negro in too many instances, out of actual living plight. Every face tells the story, no cotton, no money, no job; taxes and debts unpaid, and actual want and need in almost every family. Many Negro farmers, who were in glowing circumstances three years ago are suffering now, and in need, the daddy in the woods and the rest scattered in the same town.

In our rounds over the state, a complaint comes up from every Negro, and on investigation, we find most of the country Negroes, and many city ones too, are burdened with debts, with no immediate chance to make payments. Case after case, the Negro is driven to stand before his creditors and ask for leniency, sympathy and often actual help for daily bread.

We gladly note that the white people, invariably come to the Negro's rescue granting relief in some way. No doubt, the white man is in a desperate state financially, but he is the only source of help for the Negro now; and is taking care of the Negro now in a kindly and indulgent manner. He is proving a friend, the best friend to the Negro and his family now, when friends are needed.

Suppose the white creditors would tell the Negro to pay what you owe or get out—withdraw their leniency and stop favors as they could, to whom could the Negro appeal for help? Yankee sympathy, and philanthropy for the Negro has ceased or dwindled down to a red tape system. The great savior the Republican party, is monopolized by an unscrupulous batch of pig hunters. And moreover, the party bosses have commercialized the political interest and hope of the Negro.

Hence the Yankee and political friends of the Negro can only be counted on in lip and big resolutions of pity or condemnation, neither pays debts, provides jobs nor feed families.

The people are the Negro's best friends who enable him to live, and provide for his family and racial and industrial uplift; and this much-needed avenue is opened, and kept open, by the Negro's white neighbor.

The Negro should see who are his friends in this crisis of hard times, and appreciate the kind efforts to help him to live and develop by his own resources.

The firebrand and big race agitation is still with the Negro, but he too goes somewhere on the favors of his white friends, unless he is scoundrel and robs the poor misguided Negroes out of their daily earnings in salaries enough to hide behind some church or some other secret cut and filches and fees. In every case the big talking Negro who falls so much about race troubles, and of hard treatment, and the suffering condition of the Negroes, is living on money collected from the very people he is bewailing. The same race champion never loans a Negro a dollar, nor secures a home or morsel for the Negro's family. A big collection is the consummation of his race spleen.

We know a scoundrel of a Negro bishop, who filches and robs Negroes to his heart's content, and his family's luxury, makes great speeches of the discriminations against his people and even told Negroes to buy Winchester and pump lead into white folks, and yet when truth and open exposure got behind this dirty firebrand bishop, he went crying for help and protection from the very white men that he had told Negroes to kill, whom he declared he would follow the devil to divide and put in strife. Heed not the ranting of these Negro fleeing sharks, at home or abroad but join hands and heart with your white neighbors; cultivate their friendship; win their confidence and strive to be a true, honorable, full-fledged, 100 per cent American citizen, ready and worthy to fill every function common to the best interest of our great country.

The low thermometer record for the year in New York was made a few days ago at 4 degrees above zero. As the result of careful inspections growing out of the recent Knickerbocker theatre disaster, seven Washington theatres have been condemned as unsafe and accordingly closed.

#### THE "SWAMP FOX"

##### Origin of the Nickname of General Francis Marion.

The title of the "Swamp Fox" was bestowed upon the daring, young, romantic hero Francis Marion by Gen. Cornwallis when the latter was in charge of the Southern British Army at war with the colonists. Gen. Gates had been defeated and Marion withheld the information from his men, fearing it might depress their spirits. The concealment was brief, for that night his scouts brought word of the approach of a strong British guard with a large body of prisoners from Gates' army.

The scene of action was near Clarendon. The British army, being so thoroughly organized and equipped, was having things very much its own way. About this time all that the Continental forces could hope to do was to harass the enemy as much as possible. The chief source of annoyance was Marion and his small body of night riders who seemed to be here there and everywhere at just the opportune moment, dealing a blow upon the unexpected Britishers and off again like the wind.

Marion made his dash into the open, inflicted his wounds and escaped to the swamps in the neighborhood of the Santee. When Marion observed the British in possession of a number of American prisoners he suddenly appeared in their midst. The surprise and victory was instant and complete. Not one of Marion's men was lost, while 24 of the regulars were killed and over 150 of the Maryland Continental line were released.

The British feared and hated Marion and Cornwallis delegated two of the best of his cavalry officers, Tarleton and Wemyss, with the injunction to "Go and catch that 'Swamp Fox' under all circumstances." This instruction gave to Marion his nickname. The British officers took up the title given to him by Cornwallis and ever after referred to him as "The Swamp Fox." Tarleton and Wemyss attempted to follow out their instructions. Marion, as usual, was encamped in the depths of the Black Mingo Swamp. His dash and brilliant sorties had brought to his ranks many hitherto avowed Tories, for he began to be called the "Invincible," on account of his never having struck a blow without success.

Wemyss had been unable to find Marion, but Tarleton was more successful. The latter's legion was at Camden, and with a small troupe of horses he set out from Charleston to meet Marion's men on the Congaree. Marion was informed of his movement and he resolved to attempt the capture of Tarleton before he could effect a junction of his corps. He failed, and the brave colonel, with his whole force, was soon in swift pursuit of the partisan. Through deep morasses and across miry streams they followed until they reached the verge of the vast and gloomy Ox Swamp when, tired of the chase, Tarleton exclaimed:

"Come, my boys, let's go back! We will soon find Sumter, the Gamecock of the Catawba, but as for this cursed Swamp Fox, the devil himself could not catch him." The pursuit was abandoned, and from the gates of Charleston to the high hills of the Santee Marion remained sole master.

Marion conducted all his military enterprises, surrounded by deep morasses and reached by crossways, principally from Snow's Island. This was almost as impregnable as the noted castles of the Norman Barons. From these marshy fastnesses Marion sent out detachments to scatter Tory recruits, destroy bridges, strike camps at midnight; set out off convoys of provisions and arms by day. He never followed beaten tracks and his foes knew not what direction to expect his blade.

"A moment in the British camp—A moment and away! Back to the pathless forest, Before the peep of day." His movements were as secret as they were fleet and efficient and those not actually in his trail were often ignorant of his position.

#### The Alphabet.

The alphabet we use was invented by the business men of the ancient world—the Phoenicians.

These people were traders—their ships went to all parts of the known world in the early days of civilization.

The Egyptians had worked out a way of expressing their thoughts in writing by means of small thumb nail pictures. Other nations had different methods.

The Phoenicians were dissatisfied with the writing of the Egyptians and the Babylonians. Up to their time—about 1200 B. C.—writing had been a sacred matter, something holy, an accomplishment reserved for the priest-craft. It was kept complicated purposely so that it would be difficult to master.

The Phoenicians had no false piety. They needed writing to carry on their overseas business, and so they worked out a system of their own. They reduced the thousands of images of the

ancient world to a short and handy alphabet of only 22 letters.

In their hands the alphabet ceased to be a series of pictures. It became a pure sounding system. Note that the Phoenician alphabet contained only 22 letters—vowels were omitted.

The Greeks picked up this Phoenician alphabet, and with a desire for precision, added the vowels, giving us the basis for the alphabet used by more than half the people of the world to day.

No More Carnivals Except at Fairs—Representative Blease's bill to prohibit carnivals from showing in the

State except at fairs and then when no gambling devices are used, was passed and returned to the house on Wednesday with an amendment offered by Senator Hart to allow "big and pony" shows to exhibit. The Blease bill allows circuses, chatauquas, etc., to show, allowing circuses to be licensed for 48 hours. Senator Bonham tried to kill the bill, but failed.

Eddie O'Brien has been arrested in Los Angeles, California, charged with participating in the \$1,000,000 postal office robbery in Toledo, Ohio, on February 17, 1921.



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