

Consolidated Aug. 2, 1881.

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IN THE MIRELIGHT.

The fire upon the hearth is low. And the flames glow where—like a troubled spirit, here and there. The freight shadows fluttering, and as the shadows round me creep.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines" etc.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIII. FRANK MULLER SHOWS HIS HAND.

Presently Muller turned round. "Do you know why I have told you this, Om Silas?" "No."

"Because I want you to understand that you and all the Englishmen in this country are in a very dangerous position. The war is a complex thing, and you must suffer.

"Well, Frank Muller, and if all this should come to pass, what of it? What are you driving at, Frank Muller? You don't show me any hand, do you?"

"I don't understand you and your dark sayings," said the old man, coldly. "I am a straightforward man, and if you will tell me what you mean, I will give you my answer."

"Very well, I will tell you what I mean. I mean Bessie. I mean that I love your niece as much as I can love a girl."

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there, but more like something belonging to another world. And to explain the facts of the case, which John did with much humming and hawing and a general awkwardness of manner.

"So," he said, "that is what you young people have been doing. I suppose that you want to enlarge your interests in the farm, eh, John? Well, upon my word, I don't blame you; you might have gone farther and fared worse."

"How are you, Bessie?" said, in a quiet voice, as he looked into his face, saw that it belied his voice. It was alive with evil passions that seemed to make it positively lurid.

"I am quite well, thank you, Mr. Muller," she answered, as she began to move homeward, commanding her voice as well as she could.

"The important domestic event described in the last chapter took place on Dec. 7, 1880, and for the next twelve days or so everything went as happily at Moonfontain as things should go under the circumstances."

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of Paarde Kraal. Frank Muller wanted me to do, but I would not, and now they have declared war on the British government, and sent a proclamation to Lanyon. There will be fighting, Om Silas; the land will run with blood, and the poor roobooties will be shot down like hares.

"The poor Boers, you mean," growled John, who did not like to hear his majesty's footstep on his head with the air of one who knew all about it, and then turned an attentive ear to Silas Croft's version of Jantje's story.

"Allemacht!" groaned Coetzee, "what did I tell you! The poor roobooties are down like hares, and the land is running with blood, and the poor Boers will be shot down like hares."

"Oh, no, uncle dear, John shall go. It seemed not a little hard at first."

"Of course I must go," John said. "Don't fret, my dear, I will look after you. My horse is good, and I can carry a good load. I will take that Zulu boy, Mouti, with me."

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soon be plenty of wounded and dying there. They will all be like the roobooties at Bonkers' Spring. Lord, what a sight that would be! But they will get the best of us, so they won't want to let us go. We can stop and look after our wounded, if the roobooties manage to hit any of us."

"Well, we will let the old crew go," said the first man. "If we don't let him go we shall have to take him up to headquarters, and I want to go to sleep."

"I think you are right. The pass said two carts. Be off, you d—d preaching Englishman!"

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"I AM WANTED TO PREACH THE WORD." "Yes, yes," said the first man, "there will be a great deal of preaching."

Camden Journal, May 12.

We regret to learn that ex-Sheriff Barnes, one of the oldest and best known citizens of the county, died at his home in Eastern Kershaw on last Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock.

According to the report made by the engineers in charge of the river and harbor improvements in South Carolina, it will require \$25,000 more to put the Wateree river in good condition for navigation up to Camden.

The barley birds, one of the worst enemies of the oat crop, has arrived in large numbers, but thus far they have had but few fields to prey upon as the early oat crop is very limited, indeed.

Near Boykin's depot, below Camden, on last Saturday afternoon, Messrs. W. F. Reed and Duncan Albert got into a difficulty which resulted in Mr. Albert being shot and slightly wounded in two places—once through the upper part of the shoulder and a glancing shot across the stomach.

Not long since a C. O. D. package arrived at a certain express office addressed to a person who had been dead for several months.

"Dear Sir: Please hold the package for 30 days, and if he does not call for it please deliver it to some one whom you know has his, or to the druggist of your place."

On last Monday night about 8 o'clock as a storm was passing over Camden, the residence of Mr. J. W. McCurdy was struck by lightning and set on fire, burning it to the ground.

The stroke of lightning was pretty severe, but none of the family were in the least shocked by it. In fact, they did not know that the house was on fire until it was seen by outsiders.

A company of Northern capitalists have bought what is known as the Stevens, or Porter Gold Mine in this County and expect to work it on an extensive scale.

Forest fires have recently done much damage in the Christmas neighborhood. Mr. S. W. Gowdy had about 7,000 turpentine boxes burned, and Mr. E. Christmas lost all his fencing.

Mr. James Epps, Sr., of Clarendon County, who lives near the Williamsburg line, was greatly damaged last week by a forest fire, which swept over his woodlands, destroying hundreds of dollars' worth of timber.

The Williamsburg Base Ball Club returned on Friday from Anderson, flushed with a victory won there. The Rev. Mr. Mundy, an evangelist, who is conducting services at Williamsburg, set out on his way to remark that if he had a yellow dog which went to see a base ball game he would kill it.

Clarendon Enterprise, May 12.

Mr. S. A. Brunson, who lives near Summerton, in the Santee Section, tells us that during the progress of the storm last Friday afternoon lightning struck one of the chimneys to its base, and knocking down a considerable quantity of plaster, also setting fire to the upstairs of the house.

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