THE BARNWELL PEOPLE

VOL. VIII. BARNWELL, S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1884.

COMPETITION BOUNCED.

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We also keep in stock at our yard on corner of Watkins and Twiggs Sts., Augusta, Ga., all kinds of material as above stated. All orders sent to either place will be promptly attended to. We are, respectfully,

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SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS TO SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

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RELIABLE STYLES AT POPULAR PRICES,

In Plaids, Brocades, and Solid Colors, from 10 cents per yard up to the finest.

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A handsome line of Velvets and Velveteens, comprising all the new and pretty shades from 50 cents to the finest Silk Velvet.

An elegant line of Black and Colored-Gros Grain Silks from 50 cents per yard up to the finest quality; also a complete stock of Black and Colored R. D. Cashmeres, a celebrated make.

Jackets, Ulsterettes, Pelises, New Markets, Circulars, Jerseys.

Handsome Jackets from $2.25 up to $15.00.
Shoulder Shawls, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c. Large Shawls, 2 yards square, $1 and $1.50 each. Large Wool Shawls, black and colored, $2, $3, $3.50.
Ladies' Cloth and Flannel Skirts, 50c. to $2 each.
White Blankets, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00, $4.00 to $10.00 per pair.
In our Woolen Department can be found one of the largest as well as the best assortments of Kentucky Jeans, Kerseys, Cashmeres, Repellents, Water Proofs, Diagonals, Broadcloths, &c., all at bottom prices.
Plain Red and White Flannels from 15c. per yard up. An extra good quality in Red Twilled at 25c, 35c, 40c. and 60c. Opera Flannels in all shades; also Basket Flannels, in the new Fall colors. Dark Gray and Blue Gray Skirt Flannels. Bleached and Unbleached Cotton Flannels from the lowest prices up to the very heaviest quality.
Thousands of dozens Ladies', Misses' and Children's Fancy Hose at 10c. up to the finest, and fresh stock.
The South Carolina Seamless Hosiery, in Men's Half Hose, New Fall Mixtures; also Ladies', Misses' and Children's, in Fall colors.
☞ A visit of inspection is desired. No trouble to show goods.
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CLEVELAND IS AHEAD IN POLITCS,

——BUT WE LEAD IN——

FURNITURE!

OUR MOTTO, like his, is "Reform"—Old High Prices must get out of the way and give way to the New Low Prices. We buy for Cash, hence are able to get the Bottom, as our Prices will prove. Read and wonder.

SOLID WALNUT MARBLE TOP SUITES, WITH TOILET WASHSTAND, TEN PIECES, FORTY DOLLARS.

This is what Cash does. We have Suites from this up to $500. We are now fitting up two Hotels, who bought as cheap from us as they could buy from the factories, and a little cheaper. We defy all competition. Call and see us.
☞ All goods packed and shipped free of charge.

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Died Yesterday.

Say you the summer's dead? died yesterday?
Ah, no, it cannot be! no moan of pain
Broke the sweet Sabbath stillness; amid earth's
Wealth of bloom, nor in the blue, low-bending
Skies appeared the pallor incident to death;
The singing wind breathed warmly on my cheek,
And in the rich, dark greenery of the trees
I marked no change, save where the gold of
Age itself did not interweave amid their "summer
Tresses," so brief has been the time since June
Upon her fair young brows, the rose-crown of her
Installation placed, I cannot think her dead,
The beautiful bright summer!

But, if it be the truth,
Then that is why the wandering wind to-day,
In his despair, so often plucks and earthward
Hurls the changing leaves, like flocks of gold-brown
Birds, and that is why at intervals the sun
Doth veil his face and darken all his light,
In very grief that one so well beloved should die:
Ah me! 'tis woful news you bring, my friend,
And the glad song that was within my soul
Has changed into a dirge.

—Sarah Louise Morris, Chicago.

WHO WINS?

Delhi, that city of minarets, the seat in former years of the Great Mogul, whose rule dominated Hindostan, and whose style and magnificence reached the ears of the inhabitants of the old world in such an exaggerated way as to make people believe that the streets were paved with gold.

In the year 1857, Delhi, though shorn of its ancient splendor, was still a place to talk and dream of.

The bazaars were filled with rare and costly merchandise, and streets of the capital contained nothing but jewelry, which was largely exported to Europe and America.

But in a single night all this was changed, and instead of the hum of toiling thousands there came the brazen notes of the war-trumpet, the boom of cannon, the rattle of musketry, and the steely flash of naked sabres.

British valor was once more called upon to defend the honor of Old England against a nation in revolt—a handful, so to speak, of devoted men were pitted against Sepoys, outnumbering them a hundred to one or more.

Two officers were seated in a tent enjoying a weed and a cup of fragrant coffee after the toil of the day, on which a hard battle had been fought against the enemy, victory declaring for the side of the British.

"This is a change with a vengeance," remarked Captain Vandeleur, a gallant soldier in a crack cavalry regiment. "A fortnight ago we were dancing at General Coghlan's party, with his sweet granddaughter, Cicely, as an engaging partner; now we caper to different music, with no lady friends to smile encouragement upon us."

"Quite right, old fellow," laughed Cyril Benthorpe, surgeon in the corps, and as brave and handsome a fellow as ever used lancet to relieve suffering humanity. "I'm afraid we were both hard hit in that quarter; an affection of the heart, which, perhaps, a rebel bullet will cure one of these days."

"It's a soldier's lot if it does," said Vandeleur lightly. "I had no idea though, Benthorpe, that you were in the lists against me; but we needn't be less friends for that," need we, old man?"

"Certainly not," said his friend, whose face assumed a more serious air as he added: "By the way, I wonder why we have received no news from the old general. I hope the rebels are giving him no trouble."

"By Jove! I never thought of that. But here comes Major Pringle, looking like another Bombastes Furioso, full of news."

"Hallo, you fellows!" said the major, "do you know that some friends of yours are in great peril? I refer to the Coghlans; but before I say more just give me some brandy-pawnee; the accursed rebels kick up such a dust that I'm well-nigh choked."

Vandeleur helped the somewhat bibulous major to the stimulant, whilst exchanging serious glances with Benthorpe.

"We're sorry to hear that, Pringle," remarked Benthorpe. "How did the news reach our camp?"

"A fellow brought a few lines from the general, rolled up, and hidden in his ear. A squadron of our corps is to start to-night to relieve the beleaguered little garrison, if possible, and to bring its members in," said Pringle, holding out his glass to be refilled.

"I should like to go, Pringle," remarked Vandeleur as he poured out a bumper for his chief with a view of propitiating him.

"So should I," put in Benthorpe eagerly.

"What, two of you badly hit in that direction?" laughed Pringle. "Well, well, I'm no lady's man myself, and so won't enter into rivalry with you fellows. I have already detailed you both in orders for the smart little affair. The trumpet will sound boot and saddle at nine. We shall have a moon to guide us, thank goodness!"

When the major left, which he did in a hurry after his last glass of brandy-pawnee, the friends sat on in silence for some minutes, evidently deeply concerned about the fate of Cicely Coghlan, a lovely brunette, with laughing black eyes and hair as dark as a raven's wing—just such a girl as to conquer a whole regiment of impressionable officers—the very *beau ideal* of a soldier's wife—gay, impulsive, yet full of womanly tenderness and gentleness.

"See here, Benthorpe," said Vandeleur, who was the first to break the silence that had come upon both, "I love Cicely, so do you; let us decide now who shall have her."

"How? in what way?"

"We are both going to the relief of the place—the man who reaches her side first shall win her hand—that is, provided she is willing; the other fellow must retire gracefully."

Benthorpe pondered over the proposal for a few minutes, and then placing his hand in Vandeleur's, said with all a soldier's frankness:

"Done with you, old fellow, it's a bargain. If you win, I'll congratulate you; if I, I shall expect the same treatment at your hands."

Anything more incongruous than thus staking love on the issue of a dangerous expedition could not be imagined.

Love, indeed! when bullets not many hundreds of yards from where the pair sat were falling about like hail, se[illegible] a bit of lead in the coming frame of [illegible] unlucky wight who was unfortunate enough to get in the way.

Round since [illegible] long [illegible] pow[illegible] and shell [illegible] were falling about [illegible] as, [illegible] shuttle-[illegible] amusing themselves [illegible] pastime, knocking over [illegible] lieu of sheep.

But love is stronger than death, which cannot quench its fire, for while the black angel itself rides upon the last great trump shall awake the dead, both small and great, love lives on for ever, sailing over jasper seas to the music of angels' voices.

The moon had just shown itself over a *tope* of mango-trees when the cavalry started on their errand of mercy, to rescue women and children from death and dishonor, and to succor brave men, who at that moment were battling against great odds for dear life.

Delhi was soon left behind, and the boom of cannon became fainter and fainter, until at length it ceased altogether. The squadron rode through silent villages, embowered in palm-trees, whose tall tops looked fairylike in the moonlight which flooded everything.

A few village curs barked defiance, and occasionally a troop of jackals made night hideous with their fearsome cries.

A short halt was called near a tank, or miniature lake, where the horses were watered, and the men partook of such refreshment as their haversacks afforded.

This done, they saw to their girths, and, remounting by word of command, lest the sound of the trumpet should warn the rebels of their approach, they galloped forward, the clatter of their swords and accoutrements awakening the echoes of the night, and sounding ominously of impending strife.

"By Jove! they're at it hammer and tongs," remarked Vandeleur to Benthorpe in a stern tone. "I'm glad to hear firing; it shows that the garrison are still holding out."

"Yes. Now to rescue Cicely," said Benthorpe with a grim smile. "For once I shall become a combatant officer, and shall use my sword to wound and slay, instead of saving life. The black hounds deserve neither pity nor consideration, they have committed so many atrocities."

Every man of the British army shared these sentiments to the full, and resolved that, whenever the shock of battle came, to neither ask for nor give quarter to such dastardly foemen.

Swords leaped from steel scabbards, and for a moment both horses and men were almost as motionless as statues.

Then came the clarion notes of the trumpet, sounding the charge, and away went our brave fellows, straight as an arrow from a well-bent bow, for the enemy.

The relief had come not a moment too soon, for when the first British sabre descended on the head of a rebel Sepoy, a hand-to-hand fight was going on between the garrison and the mutineers.

Vandeleur and Benthorpe kept close together, and thrust and parried, and gave downright blows, as they made their way through swarms of dusky foemen, whose faces blanched before the courage displayed by British soldiers, who, if well-handled, are always invincible.

At last Vandeleur was able to take General Coghlan by the hand, and to congratulate him.

"Where is Miss Coghlan?" Benthorpe asked.

"She was safe a moment ago."

"By Heavens! that's her voice calling for help!" exclaimed Vandeleur, as, spurring his horse forward, he rode in that direction, followed by Benthorpe, both of whom saw the woman they loved in the arms of an officer of sowars (irregular cavalry), who was well-mounted, and at that moment was riding off with his lovely prize.

Both men rode after the wretch, eager to be the first to rescue Cicely.

It was a race for love, and promised to be a long one, for the rebel's horse was a powerful animal, and kept up a good pace, in spite of its double burthen.

Once out upon the open plain the chase became exciting, for the sowar, seeing himself pursued, put forth every effort to outdistance his foes, from whom he would meet no mercy if overtaken.

Vandeleur being a light-weight, and a good rider, was gradually heading away from his friend Benthorpe, when his horse caught its foot in a hole and stumbled.

This gave Benthorpe the advantage, and he was not slow to use it, for he shot ahead with a grim smile of pleasure, and was pleased to find that he was gaining on the sowar.

Suddenly the fellow wheeled half-round, and taking deliberate aim fired at his pursuer, whose horse was hit and fell under him.

By this time Vandeleur rode up, when Benthorpe shouted:

"Frank, win her—save Cicely!"

Vandeleur's answer was to wave his hand, as he kept straight on, like a bloodhound on the scent of death.

"By Heavens!" he hissed between his clenched teeth, "she escape me after all if I'm not careful!"

Snatching a pistol from the holster, he fired, but the cap only snapped. With an anathema of disgust, he produced its fellow, and being a noted shot, fired this time with success, for the sowar reeled in the saddle, and fell to the ground, still, however, holding Cicely in his arms.

When Vandeleur's sword entered the rebel's body it was only just in time to save Cicely's life; another moment, and the fellow's dagger would have been plunged into her heart.

* * * * *

The war is over, and in dear old England Major Vandeleur stands at the altar with Cicely Coghlan, Benthorpe being best man.

'Twas not till the honeymoon was over that Frank told his wife of the little incident of "Who Wins?"

The London *Standard* has discovered that "divorce is now so common in the United States that married people begin to look on the matter very much as servants regard a change of place."

A Fancy Sketch of American Girls.

The London *World* has invented a quite unique monstrosity which is is pleased to call "the uncivilized American girl," and which it describes—with a wealth of inventive fancy that must make other penny-a-liners green with jealousy—as follows: "By the uncivilized American girl is meant the girl who has not done Yewrope. She has never been out of her own New York or Boston; she is unspoilt by Paris; she is a fresh Yankee, with all her native raw material glaringly exposed. She is generally very pretty; her complexion is dazzling, her eyes are bright and brilliant, her little foot and hand ravishing, and her figure slight and slim as a wand of willow. Mayhap she can't speak (she won't want much making, by the by) and her voice is harsh and loud, her accent is outrageous, and her nasal twang unbearable. She has an immense amount of fun in her (that is, if you get hold of a good specimen, to study); she has plenty of will and shrewd grain humor, and she is never at a loss for something to say. She is a romp at heart, and loves a bit of hard flirting dearly. She is not very accomplished; but she knows arithmetic well and thoroughly appreciates the value of money. She always talks loud, as if she thought you were deaf, and always in haste, as if an express train waited for her just one minute and no more."

The plan upon which this ingenious writer has constructed the strange creature he describes is not at first apparent, but one soon discovers that his method is simply to describe what English girls are not. The American girl, for instance, is described as being pretty, and if there is one thing that every observant traveler in England knows, it is that English girls, as a rule, are exceedingly plain; that their hands and feet are those of "the daughters of the plow;" and their fingers, so far from being "slight and trim as a wand of willow," are as utterly devoid of any poetic or graceful trimness as it is possible to imagine. From princess to beggar maid they are full and solid of figure, "stout beef-eating wenches," as old Marlow called them in his day. As for fun, an English girl that understood a joke—much more one who could commit the unparalelled imprudence of making one—would be looked upon as hopelessly mad and consigned to bedlam without further ceremony. What would be done with an English girl who displayed anything resembling wit, it is wholly unnecessary to inquire, since the supposition is in itself incredible; and the intelligent man who ever encountered an English girl with anything to say which was worth hearing has yet to be discovered.

"Absolute dignity of manner is unknown to the American girl," proceeds our wiseacre, meaning by dignity, we presume, that dense and stolid stupidity which gives the average maiden in English society the air of being carved out of an illy made suet pudding, badly over done. "She," he continues, working his portrait of the ideal creature he is amusing himself with depicting, "cannot walk slowly to save her life. She skims along the street like an important little water wagtail, very prettily, but always more or less fussily. The days of her life pass in novel-reading and flirtation—and she herself is a curious compound of good nature, cynicism, affection, worldliness, tenderness and cunning; and with all her good points considered as favorably as possible, she is never quite a woman." We grant that the being that our *World* hack has conjured up is "never quite a woman," any more than Madame Tussaud's wax figures are quite human. We do not understand the novel-reading imputation strayed into the tirade; certainly America is not the country of the universal circulating library and the three volumed novel; but we cannot fail to regret that the subject of dress is passed over. Proceeding on the plan of making the American girl whatever the British maiden is not, what a splendid opportunity was here neglected of describing our girls as dressed stylishly, richly and in good taste, three rather desirable qualities as utterly beyond the English girls' reach as in the power of flying or of walking in any way but with a stolid and substantial tramp!—*Boston Courier.*

Mosquitoes.

A correspondent writes his trials and tribulations from mosquitoes as follows: "I live in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, near Patuxent River, on a farm which is known by the name of Terrapin Island. On account of dry weather the mosquitoes are in abundance. Sunday night, August 31, they seemed to receive reinforcements, and attacked my house. From loss of rest by the insects myself and family were determined to sleep the next night if possible. Being a mechanic, I had made a frame to go over my bedstead and covered it with a mosquito net. But the tormenting mosquitoes soon drove us from under the netting. I came to the conclusion that the netting was not fine enough. I pulled the bed from the bedstead to the floor, took the frame and placed it over the bed, and used five quilts. One I placed over the top of the frame, four around the sides, and secured the corners well. Then, thinking we could get a nap myself, wife, and child laid down, but in less than thirty minutes the pests were under the covers so thick that the very noise would waken a person without biting. I would be thankful to know what way I can manage them.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Some campers on Lake Winnepesaukee got the mastery over the mosquitoes by burning camphor gum. After trying every other drug they had ever heard of, they tried the camphor gum with gratifying success. "In two minutes," says the one who describes the scene, "the multitudinous hum had ceased; in five minutes not one of our winged persecutors remained within the walls of our tent. Then, making everything comfortable, and carefully covering our one window with a mosquito bar, we went to bed and slept the sleep of the just, with never a bite nor a hum from our odious foes." This remedy was tried in New Jersey recently and did not work satisfactorily.

Nail Language.

Since the new science of reading character by the handwriting has come in, it is even said that the care taken of the nails affects the handwriting. The long, almond-shaped nail is a great support to the middle finger, which guides the pen. One can hardly imagine a person with short, stubby finger-nails, which are covered with skin, writing the long, graceful English hand which so delights the recipient of the note from a grande dame. It is said that poets and people with imagination are apt to have long, taper fingers and beautiful finger-nails. They have a hand-writing in which the long up-strokes and down-strokes cut into the line above and beneath them. The heads of their capital letters are large. This handwriting shows ardor and impulse. When it has a markedly downward movement this handwriting shows a tendency to melancholy. An aptitude for criticism is shown among the people who bite their nails. They are cynical and severe, uncharitable and bitter. They write a small, cramped, and illegible hand. However, there may be good-natured critics, men with versatility of comprehension. They would have small but well-shaped nails, and their handwriting would be somewhat angular, showing penetration and finesse.

The nails of a musician are, of course, to be observed, although the piano sometimes injures them. The great musicians have a sloping hand-writing. There is, however, an eccentricity peculiar to the handwriting of executive musicians, as witnessed in that of Beethoven. The finger-nails of mathematicians are apt to be square and not beautiful. The handwriting of such persons show a quiet movement of the pen. The lines are straight with the paper, the up-strokes and the down-strokes are short, while the capitals are small and angular. Diplomacy has a long, supple hand, and a long, beautifully-kept, slender finger-nail. But the handwriting of a diplomatist is not apt to be clear; it always looks like a snake gliding away. There are no clear, gigantic capitals like John Hancock's—none of the fine curves suggestive of generosity and expansion; all is compressed and impenetrable.

Certain inflexible natures express themselves both by finger-nails and by the handwriting—both are blunt and determined. The Chinese have such long finger-nails that one might almost write with the ends of them. The tenacity of the Chinese nail, which does not break, shows that they have more lime in their bones than we of a different race. At one time, when good Queen Anne bit her finger-nails, it was the fashion for all the English aristocracy to bite theirs, and in those days the English finger-nail was not what it is now. Fashion exerts a potent influence on man, savage or civilized.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Feeding the Dead.

Early one morning, hacks and express wagons loaded with Chinamen, roast pigs, etc., commenced to pour across the Stark street ferry on their way to Lone Fir Cemetery to observe the religious ceremony commonly called "feeding the dead." A reporter of this paper, who visited the cemetery during the afternoon, found a large number of Chinamen engaged in this pious duty. The roast pigs and chickens were placed around on the ground among the graves of the Chinese, and at the head of nearly every grave candles were burning. From the best information to be obtained in regard to this custom, it seems that the food is intended as a sort of propitiatory offering to the Chinese devil. The offerings varied according to the habits and tastes of the occupants of the graves. At the grave of one, his friends, after digging holes in the hard ground with a knife, stuck up two candles and then laid out several sets of chop-sticks and as many small cups, which he filled with wine; then he placed some bowls of rice and a package of cigarettes and a small vessel of opium. Then he made several bows and genuflections, as if inviting the dead friend or the other party to sit to. A number of fires were burning in the vicinity, and on these were placed pieces of paper with squares of imitation gold leaf pasted on them representing gold coin; other squares with silver foil, represented silver coin, and smaller squares punched full of holes represented the brass cash, which coin has a hole in the center. Some burned small garments made of paper, and thus furnished a new suit to their deceased friends at small cost. After the pigs and chickens had been displayed long enough to give the devil time enough to satisfy himself they were carefully replaced in the wagons and brought back to town.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Musk.

According to Dr. Macgowan's collation regarding the history of musk as presented by Chinese writers, the musk deer is found throughout the mountains of Yun-nan, Szechwan, and Thibet. This little animal is so timid that it often dies of fright. It feeds on juniper leaves and reptiles. In the spring its peculiar glandular pouch is greatly swollen and inflamed, and the secretion is always voided by the deer on the same spot and covered over with earth. In such places deposits of musk of a superior quality are found, amounting sometimes to twenty pounds in weight, and of so pungent a nature that if carried through a garden or wood it prevents fructification. This valuable substance no sooner leaves the hands of the hunter than skillful manipulators adulterate it for the wholesale dealers, who further so debase it for the trade that there is finally in the mixture offered very little indeed of genuine musk, say only about 10 per cent. Musk is said to be destructive to intestinal worms and an antidote to the venom of serpents.

Everybody knows how the sudden cessation of a thundering band of music causes remarks to be shouted out in a tone like a locomotive's whistle. The other night at a West Point hop the band crashed out a few final bars and suddenly stopped, when the voice of a lovely little lady in pink was heard yawping at the top of her lungs: "Don't my new bustle hang like a dairy?"

A Romance and Reality of the Swiss Cottage.

"My wife [illegible] had romantic ideas about the Swiss cottage, thought she would like to pass one night in one. I had seen [illegible] would not believe what [illegible] them, so as our train [illegible] in a Swiss [illegible] first peep at Mont Blanc from the morning train. We stayed in a picturesque Swiss hotel, in a lovely Swiss village. We will never forget it. The floors were bare and [illegible] for seven or two years. [illegible] the dining-room [illegible] without table-cloth. About 12 o'clock we felt something biting us. My wife said, 'It is fleas.' [illegible] 'No, I said, they are bugs.' [illegible] 'Fleas, I'm sure,' said my wife.'

"After discussing the question for ten minutes, I got up and lit a tallow candle and, for the first time in our lives, we found we [illegible] 9,876,431 fleas and 7,042,[illegible] each bed. It is needless to say that we sat up the rest of the night [illegible] into Geneva [illegible] suit. Sir [illegible] suspected Claude [illegible] scription of his [illegible] Swiss cottage [illegible] full of cattle, [illegible] exception to this is [illegible] living near or in [illegible] in his house. The [illegible] caster and farmer always lives in one corner of his cottage [illegible] The brick-maker [illegible] ner of his kiln."—*Cor. Utica [illegible]*

Scene on the Mountains.

One of the most startling and [illegible] tic features of [illegible] cently on the Wild Horse [illegible] miles north of Los Angeles [illegible] band of wild horses, under the [illegible] a noble [illegible] over the [illegible] to reconnoiter [illegible] pany of surveyors engaged in [illegible] a survey of the road [illegible] town and Captain Kelly [illegible] answerers till within [illegible] when the leader [illegible] proud and defiant [illegible] curved, nostrils distended [illegible] all on dress parade, [illegible] ranged themselves [illegible] line [illegible] charge. After surveying [illegible] a few moments [illegible] proudly [illegible] the most graceful [illegible] ner. The scene was [illegible] and the picture of [illegible] with his [illegible] fleet and graceful motions [illegible] of an artist's pencil. [illegible] other band of wild horses [illegible] prairie, under the leadership [illegible] mahogany bay stallion, [illegible] mane, tail and [illegible] there are two white [illegible] rest are bay and sorrel, mainly. [illegible] people are aware that [illegible] base of Sierra Madre [illegible] from this city. Wild [illegible] their native beauty and [illegible] grander than [illegible] on wild [illegible] ic. Yet [illegible] the [illegible] slick appearance and [illegible] are the admiration [illegible] *Los Angeles (Cal.) [illegible]*

A citizen who applied to [illegible] marshal the other day [illegible] permit who refused on the [illegible] the fire limits prohibited the [illegible] of such a structure [illegible] his indignation [illegible] added: "I would like to know [illegible] such a city as this [illegible] slowly reply that [illegible] make much difference [illegible] you'll probably [illegible] limits."