

THE PEOPLE.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1877.

VOL. I

NO. 11.

Special Requests.

1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post Office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the page.

Travelers Guide.

WILMINGTON, COLUMBIA AND AUGUSTA RAILROAD.

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, COLUMBIA, S. C., August 6, 1877.

The following schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Night Express Train—Daily

GOING NORTH.

Leave Columbia	11 15 p. m.
Leave Florence	2 40 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington	8 32 a. m.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Wilmington	6 00 p. m.
Leave Florence	10 02 p. m.
Arrive at Columbia	1 25 a. m.

This Train is Fast Express, making through connections, all rail, North and South, and water line connection via Portsmouth. Stop only at Eastover, Sumter, Timmonsville, Florence, Marion, Fair Bluff, Whiteville and Flemington.

Through Tickets sold and baggage checked to all principal points. Pullman Sleepers on night trains.

Through Freight Train—Daily, except Sundays.

GOING NORTH.

Leave Columbia	6 00 p. m.
Leave Florence	8 40 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington	12 00 m.

GOING SOUTH.

Leave Wilmington	2 30 p. m.
Leave Florence	2 25 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia	10 10 a. m.

Local Freight Train leaves Columbia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, at 6 a. m. Arrives at Florence at 8 30 p. m.

A. POPE, G. F. & T. A. J. F. DEVINE, Superintendents.

South Carolina Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

COLUMBIA, July 11, 1877.

On and after Sunday, 15th, Passenger Trains will run as follows:

FOR COLUMBIA.

(Sunday morning excepted).

Leave Charleston . . . 9 45 a. m. 8 15 p. m.

Arrive at Columbia . . . 12 15 p. m. 7 15 a. m.

FOR AUGUSTA.

(Sunday morning excepted).

Leave Charleston . . . 9 00 a. m. 7 15 p. m.

Arrive at Augusta . . . 5 50 p. m. 8 00 a. m.

FOR CHARLESTON.

(Sunday morning excepted).

Leave Columbia . . . 3 15 p. m. 7 00 p. m.

Arrive at Charleston . . . 10 00 p. m. 6 40 a. m.

Leave Augusta . . . 8 30 a. m. 8 15 p. m.

Arrive at Columbia . . . 4 20 p. m. 7 20 a. m.

The Camden train will leave Camden at 7 30 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and connect at Kingville with the up passenger train for Columbia. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays it will connect at Kingville with down passenger train from Columbia and arrive at Camden at 8 p. m. Connects daily with trains from and to Charleston.

S. S. SOLOMONS, Superintendent.

GREENVILLE AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Passenger Trains run daily, Sundays excepted, connecting with the Fast Day Trains on South Carolina Railroad up and down. On and after Monday, July 11, the following will be the schedule:

UP.

Leave Columbia at	12 45 p. m.
Leave Aiston	2 35 p. m.
Leave Newberry	3 43 p. m.
Leave Hodges	6 50 p. m.
Leave Belton	8 30 p. m.
Arrive at Greenville	10 00 p. m.

DOWN.

Leave Greenville at	5 40 a. m.
Leave Belton	7 20 a. m.
Leave Hodges	8 37 a. m.
Leave Aiston	1 06 p. m.
Arrive at Columbia	2 50 p. m.

AFDERSON BRANCH AND BLUE RIDGE DIVISION.

Leave Belton	8 30 p. m.
Leave Aderston	9 20 p. m.
Leave Pendleton	10 10 p. m.
Leave Perryville	10 40 p. m.
Arrive at Walhalla	11 15 p. m.

DOWN.

Leave Walhalla	4 25 a. m.
Leave Perryville	5 10 a. m.
Leave Pendleton	6 40 a. m.
Leave Aderston	8 30 a. m.
Arrive at Belton	9 10 a. m.

Laurens Branch Trains leave Clinton at 9 a. m. and leave Newberry 3 p. m. on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Abbeville Branch train connects at Hodges with down and up trains daily, Sundays excepted.

THOMAS DODDAMEAD, General Superintendent.

JAMES NORTON, Jr., General Ticket Agent.

Shtop a Leetle!

Of you was a drinkin' man, (just a leetle somedimes), ven you cooms mit dot Barnewell town, better you shtop a leetle in at dot

Nic. Williams' Saloon.

und got a leetle Schnapps. He keeps dot places in der Patterson House under, and he vas von nice fellers mit dot Saloon. He sells you somedimes to drink vot will make you right away sneek feel so pottor ash good. He vas got some of dose.

Goat Olt Gabinet Whiskey

vas more ash dwenty years mit age. 'Sht' it, eh? Yust you coom and dry a leetle. Id vas von good idea to bring some of dose frens mit you ven you vent dere, needer.

Ven you not likes to take a leetle Schnapps, better ash you take a couple dozen glasses GOAT LAGER BEER, yust to give you a schmall appetite. Nio vas de mans dot sneeps dose things. Und dont you forget id.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

O. W. HOLMES.

Oh, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright haired boy
Than reign a gray haired king.

Off with the wrinkled epais of age,
Away with learning's crown;
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And cast its trophies down.

One moment let my life blood stream,
From boyhood's fount of fame;
Give me one giddy, feeling dream
Of life, of love, and fame.

My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling said:
"If but touch'd thy fever'd hair,
Thy hasty wish had sped."

"But is there nothing in the track
Toward this fondly stray,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished for day?"

"Ah, truest soul of woman-kind,
Without these what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind—
I'll take my precious wife."

The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow-hue:
"That man would be a boy again,
And by a husband too."

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,
Before the obituary appears?
Remember all thy gifts have led
With these dissolving years."

"Why, yes, I would one favor more:
My fond paternal toys—
I could not bear to lose them all;
I'll take my girls and boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen,
"Why, this will never do,
The man would be a boy again,
And his father too."

And so I laughed. My laughter woke
The household with its noise,
I wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please my girls and boys.

LOVERS' MOUNTAIN.

We forget in what book it was, many years ago, that we read the story of a lover who was to win his mistress by carrying her to the top of a mountain, and how he did win her, and how they end their days on the same spot.

We think the scene was in Switzerland, but the mountain, though high enough to tax his heart to the uttermost, must have been among the lowest. It was, at any rate, so high that the father of the lady, a proud noble, thought it impossible for a young man so burly to scale it. For this reason alone, in scorn, he bade him do it, and his daughter should be his.

The peasant assembled in the valley to witness so extraordinary a feat. They measured the mountain with their eyes; they commended with one another and shook their heads, but all admired the young man, and some of his attendants, looking at the village damsels, thought they could do as much. The father was on horseback, apart and sullen, repenting that he had subjected his daughter even to the show of such a hazard; but he thought it would teach his inferiors a lesson.

The young man (the son of a small landed proprietor, who had some pretensions to wealth, though none to nobility) stood, respectful-looking but confident, rejoicing in his heart that he should win his lady love, though at the cost of a noble pain, which he could hardly think of as a pain, considering who it was he was to carry. If he died for it, he should at least have had her in his arms, and have looked her in the face, which she contemplated with such transports as is known only to real lovers; for none other know how respect heightens the joy of dispensing with formality, and how the dispensing with formality enables and makes grateful the respect.

The lady stood by the side of her father, pale, anxious, yet hopeful. She thought her lover would succeed, but only because she thought him in every respect the noblest of his sex, and that nothing was too much for his strength and valor. She knew not what might happen in the chances common to all. She felt the bitterness of being herself the burden to him and the task; and she dared neither to look at her father nor the mountain. She fixed her eyes now on the crowd (which, nevertheless, she looked not), and now on her hand which she held with a pretty pretense, the only description she had ever used. Once she saw a daughter or a mother slipped out of the crowd, and coming up to her, notwithstanding her fears of the old baron, kissed that hand which she knew not what to do with.

The father said, "Now, air, to put an end to this mummery" and the lover, turning pale for the first time, took up the lady.

The spectators rejoiced to see the manner in which he moves off, slow but secure, and as if encouraging his lady love. They mount the hill; they proceed well; he halts an instant before he gets midway, and seems refusing something; then ascends at a quicker rate, and now being at the midway point, shifts the lady from one side to the other. The spectators give a great shout. The baron, with an air of indifference, bites the tip of his ganache, and then casts on them an eye of rebuke. At the shout, the lover resumes his way. Slow but not feeble in his step, yet it gets slower. He stops again. The women begin to tremble, but the man says he will be victorious. He resumes again; he is half way between the middle and the top; he rushes, he stops, he staggers; but he does not fall. Another shout from the men, and he resumes once more; two-thirds of the remaining part of the way are conquered. They are certain that the lady kisses him on the forehead. The women burst into tears, and the stoutest men look pale. He ascends slower than ever, but seeming to be more sure. He halts, but it is only to plant his foot to go on again; and thus he picks his way, planting his foot at every step, and then gaining ground with an effort. The lady lifts up her arms, as if to light him. See, he is almost at the top! He stops, he struggles, he moves sideways, taking very

little steps, and bringing one foot every time close to the other. Now—he is all but on the top! He halts again; he is fixed; he staggers. A groan goes through the multitude. Suddenly he turns full front toward the top; it is luckily almost a level; he staggers, but it is forward. Yes; every limb in the multitude makes a movement as if it would assist him. See, at last he is on the top, and down he falls flat with his burden. An enormous shout! He has won! he has won! But neither of them gets up. If he has fainted, it is with joy, and it is in her arms.

The baron puts spurs to his horse, he roared following him. Half way he is obliged to dismount; they ascend the rest of the hill together allent and happy, the baron ready to burst with shame and impatience. They reach the top, the lovers are face to face on the ground, the lady clasping him with both arms, his lying on each side.

"Traitor!" exclaimed the baron, "thou hast practiced this feat before on purpose to deceive me; arise!"

"You cannot expect it, my lord," said a worthy man, who was rich enough to speak his mind; "Sampson himself might take his rest after such a deed."

"Part them!" said the baron.

Several persons went up, not to part them, but to congratulate them. These people go close, they kneel down, they bend their heads, they bury their faces upon their hair.

"Heaven forbid they should ever be parted more!" said a venerable man; "they never can be." He turned his old face, streaming with tears, and looked up at the baron, "My lord, they are dead!"

The Journal of Commerce.

The Journal of Commerce has been in existence now for nearly two years. Its growing circulation in the city and in the interior, as well as in the neighboring States, and the steady increase in its advertising patronage, prompts us to depart from our usual custom, and while expressing our appreciation of the public favor, to say something about our enterprise. The Journal of Commerce was started by a number of democrats, who realized the absolute necessity of a pure, unadulterated democratic paper, which would reflect the sentiment of the people and advocate the redemption of our down-trodden State without a compromise. In the great struggle between the people and radicalism, the verge of which we were then approaching, it started with very little capital, contributed by the people who realized the necessity of having two papers in Charleston, and who hoped that the cause it was designed to serve would induce the great democratic party in the State to rally immediately to its support. Public sentiment had been trained to think that a democratic paper, such as the Journal of Commerce, would prove to be a sort of built-in china shop. We believe it can be safely said that no daily newspaper in a large city like Charleston has ever been started and made a success on so small a capital as the Journal of Commerce. It has nearly completed its second year of existence, and is regarded by official papers of any kind as a fairly self-sustaining. It has been generally conceded that the election of Governor Hampton and the redemption of the State, in November last, was due, in a great measure, to the establishment of the Journal of Commerce, whose vigorous and persistent advocacy of the straight-out democratic policy, at a time when the public sentiment, led by the teachings of "Independent Journals," wavered and was almost ripe for a compromise with Chamberlain, secured the nomination of Governor Hampton by the democratic convention. To this fact we point with pride, and we also point with pride to the fact that, without the aid of State or city pay, in the way of official advertising, we have made the Journal of Commerce what it was intended to be, a first-class democratic newspaper. Some democrats in Charleston seem to think that the Journal of Commerce should at least have a share of the public advertising of the State Government, and the opinion is not confined to a few. The Journal of Commerce, however, has survived nearly two years without public pay and has gone on steadily increasing both in its circulation and advertising patronage. It lives in the hearts of those of our people who have experienced the effects of the "one newspaper" malady, and it will continue to live. The ambition and aim of the founders of the Journal of Commerce is to make this newspaper a journal worthy of the support of the democratic people of South Carolina, and we shall not tire in our efforts until that ambition is attained.

The Black Hills.

Two "Black Hillers," Captain D. C. Nichols and H. S. Coleman, are at the Palmer House. They are interested with three others in three claims near Central—the Golden Gate, Belcher and Father De Smet—only the latter of which, however, they are at present working. This one yields \$2,000 a week in gold, a ten-stamp mill being used. Captain Nichols comes to Chicago to buy a twenty-stamp mill, and when this is in position he expects a yield of \$8,000 a week. A reporter found him yesterday, and inquired about things in the Hills.

"They are lively," said the Captain. "How many people are there now?"

"From six to ten thousand in the vicinity of Deadwood."

"Are any out of employment?"

"None that want to work."

"Are there many coming in?"

"Not very many."

"Can one still find ground for a claim?"

"The claims are about all taken up. One might find a vacant spot, but I guess everything is located on that mineral belt."

"Are any of the claims paying?"

"Yes; the Hidden Treasure, Keats, Alpha, Golden Terry, Golden Star, Homestake and others are paying well. About four hundred stamps are running with success. Some yield more and some less."

"How much is turned out in a week?"

"Well, to give you an idea, one of the banking houses ships out \$50,000 a week in return gold. That's pretty good, isn't it, for a camp not six months old?"

"You spoke of the gold belt being pre-empted. Are there no gulch claims left?"

"All the gulches run down towards Deadwood, and this gold belt runs across them. The gulch claims have not done much, on account of there not being sufficient water."

"Have any of them been abandoned?"

"No; we had to have one for dumping purposes, and it cost us \$2,000."

"How much gold does a ton of ore yield?"

"About \$20, and there is any quantity of ore."

The Captain further stated that everybody in the Hills had plenty to eat and drink, and was happy, and that all of those who were working their claims in the belt were making lots of money.

Indignant Virtue.

Govrepost is a beautiful little village situated about ten miles out on the O. & E. R. R. The majority of the inhabitants are christian men and women, who attend church at least twice on Sunday, yet, according to report, there are some bad men and women within the corporate limits. Last night a married man, who lives near Reynoldsburg, and whose name might be Leisure, but is not, called on one of the females of the first mentioned village, who does not, according to reports, bear a very good name in her native ballwick. A dozen or more of the indignant ladies who live in the immediate neighborhood of the trail one congregated together, and after arming themselves with brooms, pokers, fire shovels and other implements of female warfare, headed by one of their number, they marched to the residence of their frail sister. It was at last decided upon to surround the house, which was done. Then one of their number went to the door and demanded that the fellow be turned over to them. The man, whose name might be Leisure, but is not, declined. He made a bolt through the back door into the yard. The ladies on duty, outside gave a war whoop and started in hot pursuit. Over fences and

through the streets and alleys they went, and every now and then one of the pursuers who was more fleet of foot than the balance would whack the horrid man over the head with her broom. The race was kept up for quite a while, but at last the unfortunate man reached the canal, and, being almost entirely exhausted, he concluded to either effect his escape or else leave his corpse at the bottom. He plunged in, and, being a good swimmer, reached the opposite shore in safety. The gallant band of female regulators all gathered on the bank, and in concert told what they would do with him if they ever caught him. It is pretty safe to say that the warning was quite unheeded for. If reports are true, the young man will never show his face in that village again.

Good and Bad Farming.

In the speeches of the Presidential party at Richmond the topic most dwelt upon was agriculture. The President and Secretary Sherman talked like farmers who understood the subject, and the comparisons drawn between Virginia and Ohio were kindly and interesting. It was shown that diversified agriculture and small industries had done more for Ohio than anything else, and that she did not begin to become a wealthy commonwealth until the wheat mania was beaten out of the heads of her planting population. The Ohio people formerly clung to wheat culture with the same tenacity that our people cling to cotton; but the present generation of Buckeyes have gotten over that hobby bravely, and now what was considered the very source of war production is only of secondary importance, just as the gold of California is of relatively small account compared with her magnificent illage.

The President seemed to think that Virginia was the paradise for emigrants, especially for those who wished to preserve the type of the race from which they sprang. He dwelt upon the fact that nowhere was there a finer people physically, and the cheapness of good lands, must be specially attractive to men of small means who wished to come to the Old Dominion.

The staple of these addresses seemed to be fashioned upon an old argument or assertion which we find in the Atlanta Independent:

"If a good Vermont or New Hampshire farmer should work our Georgia farms as he works the rocky, sterile New England lands, he could produce such crops as were never seen in this country. If our thirty-five thousand farmers would work Georgia lands as the good Northern farmers work their lands, the agriculturists of Georgia would be the money lenders of the State."

This may be true, but it is equally true, we are informed, that nearly every Northern man who came to the South and turned farmer proved a dismal failure. It may be that when Vermont and New Hampshire men come here they either follow the plan they find prevailing, or else they discover that methods of agriculture suitable to their old homes are not adapted to their new settlement. The records of the South are filled, since 1860, with the wrecks of men who came from New England to teach our people how to raise cotton, sugar, rice, corn, peaches, etc., etc.

But, in spite of all this, the fact appears to be substantiated that the South does suffer from poor farming. A notable work is being done in the way of enlightenment, by Colonel D. Wyatt Aiken, in South Carolina, by the Joneses in Georgia, and by Daniel Denton in Louisiana. The latter gentleman tells his readers that, in Paris of Europe farmers take sandy and gravelly barrens and convert them into rich farms and gardens, and make money out of them. This has been done in England, in Flanders, and in many portions of France and Germany, and many other countries. He adds:

"Look at some of the lands in Louisiana that nature made rich and farmers have made poor. Look at farmers scratching twenty acres of pine lands to make an amount of corn or cotton that good farmers produce on two acres of land originally the same as the indolent and thriftless farmers now cultivate. There are pine land farmers who have from one to twenty thousand dollars at interest, by the side of farmers who are too poor to afford store coffee, and who usually drink corn coffee and sassafras tea. The pine lands, which are called the poorest lands in Louisiana, when cultivated by good farmers, may produce a five hundred pound bale of cotton to an acre, or forty bushels of corn, or fifteen to twenty bushels of rice, or from one to three barrels of molasses besides, and other produce in proportion, and nothing but home fertilizers used."

Hints for the Month.

The past six months have been a trying season to cotton planters in many portions of our State and the South. May was a very dry month, June and July were reasonable, and in many places, the first half of August gave no cause for the chronic grumbling of us farmers. From the middle of August till the latter part of September was again dry and windy, and very injurious to the hitherto most promising cotton crop. October has been, as it frequently is, a lovely month for all kinds of work. Perhaps the cotton crop was never harvested, thus far, in better condition, and surely no fall was ever more propitious for the maturing of the crop. If the crop has been well-gathered, however, is it, or what has become of it? Is the same old song sung again as heretofore, "There must be lifted," "store accounts have to be paid," "provisions must be bought," and, "withal, the crop must go, as fast as it is picked to pay one kind of debt or another. Reader, is this the state of the case with you? If so, now is the time to resolve that you will never be so caught again.

Hubbard with a mother's affection that little you save that you can call

Absence of Mind.

The late Mrs. Jane W. was equally remarkable for kindness of heart and absence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of charity in this instance. "Why," exclaimed the good old lady, "you look well and able to work!" "Yes," replied the applicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven years." "Poor man, what a heavy affliction!" exclaimed Mrs. W., at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand. On returning home she mentioned the fact, remarking, "What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties!" "But how," asked her sister, "did you know that the poor man had been deaf and dumb for seven years?" "Why," was the quiet and unconscious answer, "he told me so!"

The Censula Collection.

According to promise, a morning was devoted to seeing these resurrected wonders. Last some of our readers have forgotten the account which appeared some weeks ago in the Working Christian concerning them. I will recapitulate. The Cypriote antiquities were discovered by Gen. Cesnola, an Italian nobleman by birth, a graduate of the Royal Military Academy of Turin, a soldier of the revolution in Italy in 1848, of the Crimea, and our civil war. In 1858 he became an American citizen and was appointed consul to Cyprus. It is an impressive fact, that to the custom of burying with the dead objects of their art, or of the great and national life and ancient history of nations. The tombs of Cyprus are sepulchres of the ages. Cyprus is itself one vast necropolis, that unfolds to us the history of ancient civilization. The Greek tombs were three feet below the surface. Then, six and a half feet below them, are the Phoenician tombs. The Greeks did not know that their necropolis reposed on another and an older city of the dead. In 1870, Gen. Cesnola, by his excavations, discovered the temple of Venus. The foundations were 10 to 12 feet below the surface. Modern scholarship is looking to Cyprus as to the key of the origin and development of Greek civilization. These exhumed treasures show how the civilization, religion and arts of Egypt and Assyria were transmitted by the Phoenicians, and adopted by the Greeks. Cyprus is a large island in the Mediterranean Sea, a short distance from the coast of Syria, and subject to Turkey. In the Old Testament it is called Kittim, or Chittim. The Phoenicians of Tyre were probably the first settlers. The island contains near 140,000 inhabitants. Gen. Cesnola met with great difficulties in pursuing his investigations, but succeeded in sending quite a large cargo of these buried treasures to New York. They are on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It gives one a strange feeling to be surrounded with such antiquities—some dating back 1,500 years before Christ, and coming down to the second and third century B. C.; to think that frail glass vases was fashioned by hands that mouldered into dust "before the Saviour came to earth"; that those tear-bottles were made for the use of people who lived in the times of the Pharaohs. You could scarce credit your senses, and felt as though you must be in dreamland, wandering amid shadowy relics of the past. The Terra Cotta collection is only valuable for its antiquity. You would not desire them for their beauty, for they possess none; but some of glass specimens were lovely. The wet earth in which they had laid so long, had imparted to them, by some chemical process, all the colors of the rainbow. Some of the jewelry was very modern in appearance, very similar to just such articles as we had been admiring at Tiffany's, and yet those ear rings and brooches had doubtless adorned some Phoenician belle, hundreds of years ago, some dark-eyed, nut-brown maid, who, in the dim, far away past, had led a butterfly existence, sporting among the flowers of her native land, and was laid away in the cold, damp tomb, arrayed in the ornaments that were so dear to her in life. There are over four thousand vases in this collection, of every imaginable shape, some very like those in use now. The colors used, a dark brown, almost black, and a purple red, decorated with concentric circles and chequered designs, and in rare instances with lotus flowers. Some of the vases have Phoenician inscriptions, burnt in them when baked.

We saw, also, some hideous specimens of sculpture. One representing an Egyptian king from the regalia, and belongs to the best Egyptian epoch, say 1400 B. C. Also, a colossal statue of Hercules. Some of the statues seem to be priests of Venus. The dove held in their hands was sacred to that goddess. A statuette of Isis, and a mask of the sacred cow. Although this collection is so wonderful, we enjoyed much more the beautiful display of Egyptian jewelry in another hall of the Museum. It was hard to keep the spirit of the tenth commandment when looking at these exquisite china plates, each one representing a different picture—fruits, flowers and landscapes, so soft that they seemed to be painted on ivory. Yes, so rare in their artistic beauty, that his said they adorned the palace of some illustrious French monarch. Fine old weapons, wood plates, and specimens of the earliest attempts of American pottery, rude in design and finish. Beautiful paintings and statuary by European artists, closed the exhibition. Weary with sight-seeing, we went home to rest.

Salting Meat.

This is a matter that is again agitating the rural mind; not simply wheat alone, but other crops as well. Just now it is wheat, as that is the crop now being put in. We have several queries concerning it—when to apply salt for wheat and on grass land, and how much per acre? For what it can be applied before or after sowing. We should prefer before sowing, harrowing in with the wheat. The quantity depends upon conditions, but three to five bushels per acre is enough, perhaps. The case of a man in Michigan who applied a ton per acre, by mistake of his hired man, is exciting considerable comment. The result in that case proved good, and now some are wondering whether salt is not, after all, just the thing needed. From experiments that have been made at different times we learn that a large quantity of salt can be applied to land without apparent injury, but that a smaller quantity serves the purpose just as well. In experiments made a long time ago in England as much as forty-four bushels were applied without injury. On one plot sixty-two bushels per acre were applied, but this reduced the product nearly one-half. The best product was obtained with five and a half bushels of salt, with plenty of manure. Salt hastens the growth of wheat so that it will mature four to five days earlier than it would without; it is thought to prevent blight and mildew, stiffens the straw, makes it brighter and the grain plumper. It is on soils that contain a good deal of nitrous and ammonia that salt shows best effects; it eliminates the ammonia and converts it into shape for plant-food. It also acts upon other mineral elements, rendering them soluble. The proper way to learn its effects is to salt alternate plots of the wheat field. Leave first land or plot unsalted and sow one bushel on second land, two on the next, three on the next, and so on. In this way one can learn something definite as to quantity needed on his soil. On grass land sow in fall or spring, and ascertain the quantity needed in the same way. Refuse salt can be purchased at very low prices, and we have no doubt that it will pay to apply it.

Rev. Joseph Cook.

Rev. Joseph Cook, the popular Boston evangelist, preacher, writer, and republican club that if it could reform can unite old men in counsel and young men in action the day of the disestablishment of the machine politics cannot be far distant.

The Latest Thing in Wedding Dress.

The latest thing in wedding dress is a dress of broadened satin, with square neck and very long train. There is a substantial blue and a chaper for the bride.

Rate of Advertising.

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