

THE PEOPLE.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1878.

NO. 31.

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, one insertion, . . . 75 cents.
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents.
Quarterly, semi-annual or yearly contracts
made on liberal terms.
Contract advertising is payable 30 days
after first insertion unless otherwise stipulated.
No communication will be published un-
less accompanied by the name and address
of the writer, not necessarily for publication,
but as a guaranty of good faith.
Address, THE PEOPLE,
Barnwell C. H., S. C.

Special Requests.

1. In writing to this office on business af-
fairs give your name and Post Office address.
2. Business letters and communications to
be published should be written on separate
sheets, and the subject of each clearly in-
dicated by necessary note when required.
3. Articles for publication should be writ-
ten in a clear, legible hand, and on only one
side of the page.
4. All changes in advertisements must
reach us on Friday.

Travelers' Guide.

South Carolina Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, March 1, 1878.
On and after Sunday, next, the South
Carolina Railroad will run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA,
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 9 00 a. m. 7 30 p. m.
Arrive Augusta . . . 5 00 p. m. 6 55 a. m.

FOR COLUMBIA,
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 6 00 a. m. 8 30 p. m.
Arrive Columbia . . . 10 50 p. m. 7 45 a. m.

FOR GREENVILLE,
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 8 30 a. m. 7 40 p. m.
Arrive at Charleston 4 20 p. m. 7 45 a. m.
Leave Columbia . . . 5 00 p. m. 8 00 a. m.
Ar. Charleston . . . 12 15 night and 6 45 a. m.

Summersville Train,
(Sundays excepted).
Leave Summersville . . . 7 40 a. m.
Arrive at Charleston . . . 8 40 a. m.
Leave Charleston . . . 8 15 p. m.
Arrive at Summersville . . . 4 25 p. m.

Camden Train
Connects at Kingsville daily (Sundays ex-
cepted), with day passenger train to and from
Charleston. Passengers from Camden to Col-
umbia can go through without detention on
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and
from Columbia to Camden on Tuesdays,
Thursdays and Saturdays by connection
with day passenger train.

Day and night trains connect at Augusta
with Georgia Railroad and Central Railroad.
This route is the quickest and most direct
to Atlanta, Nashville, Louisville, Cincinnati,
Chicago, St. Louis and other points in the
Northwest.

Night trains for Augusta connect closely
with the fast mail train via Macon and Au-
gusta Railroad for Macon, Columbia, Mont-
gomery, Mobile, New Orleans and points in
the Southwest. (Thirty-six hours to New
Orleans.)

Day trains for Columbia connect closely
with Charlotte Railroad for all points North,
making quick time and no delays. (Forty
hours to New York.)
The trains on the Greenville and Columbia
and Spartanburg and Union Railroads con-
nect closely with the train which leaves
Charleston at 5 00 a. m., and returning they
connect in same manner with the train which
leaves Columbia for Charleston at 5 30 p. m.

Laurens Railroad train connects at Newberry
on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
Blue Ridge Railroad train runs daily, con-
necting with up and down trains on Green-
ville and Columbia Railroads.

S. S. ROLANDSON,
Superintendent.
S. B. PICKENS, General Ticket Agent.

Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan 7, 1878.
On and after Monday, January 7, 1878, the
trains on this road will leave Depot of
Northern-tern Railroad as follows:

Fast Mail Daily.
Leave Charleston . . . 8 15 a. m.
Arrive at Savannah . . . 9 00 a. m.
Leave Savannah . . . 6 00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 11 00 p. m.

Accommodation Train, Sundays Excepted.
Leave Charleston . . . 8 00 a. m.
Arrive at Augusta . . . 5 15 p. m.
Leave Port Royal . . . 1 50 p. m.
Arrive Savannah . . . 3 50 p. m.
Leave Savannah . . . 9 00 a. m.
Leave Augusta . . . 7 30 a. m.
Leave Port Royal . . . 10 20 a. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 5 30 p. m.

Night Passenger, Sundays Excepted.
Leave Charleston . . . 8 50 p. m.
Arrive Port Royal . . . 7 25 a. m.
Leave Savannah . . . 10 00 p. m.
Leave Augusta . . . 9 00 p. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 8 45 a. m.

Fast mail train will only stop at Adams
Run, Yemassee, Grahamville and Montpelier.
Accommodation train will stop at all sta-
tions on this road and makes close connection
for Augusta and Port Royal and all stations
on the Port Royal Railroad.
Fast mail makes connection for points in
Florida and Georgia.
C. C. GADSDEN, Engr. and Supt.
S. C. BORTOLFO, G. P. and T. Agent.

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 . . . 6 52 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, Wilmington,
Florence, Marion, Fair Bluff, Whiteville and
Flemington.

Through tickets sold and baggage checked
at all principal points. Pullman Sleepers
on night trains.

Through Freight Train—Daily, except Sun-
days.
GOING NORTH.
Leave Columbia . . . 6 00 p. m.
Leave Florence . . . 10 30 a. m.
Arrive at Wilmington . . . 12 00 m.

GOING SOUTH.
Leave Wilmington . . . 2 30 p. m.
Leave Florence . . . 2 45 a. m.
Arrive at Columbia . . . 10 10 a. m.

Local Freight Train Leaves Columbia Tues-
day and Saturday only, at 6 a. m.
From Florence at 3 30 p. m.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of each other:
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife,
We can only see things on the surface,
For few people glory in sin,
And an unruined face is no index
To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other:
The man who to-day passes by,
Blest with fortune and honor and titles,
And holding his proud head on high,
May carry a dead secret with him;
Which makes his bosom a hell;
And he, sooner or later, a felon,
May write in the prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other:
That woman of fashion, who sits
At the poor girl betrayed and abandoned;
And left to her sighs and her tears,
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her face,
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of squalor and disgrace.

How little we know of each other:
Of ourselves too little know,
We are all weak when under temptation,
All subject to error and woe,
Then let blessed charity rule us,
Let us put away envy and spite—
For the skeleton grim in our closet
May some day be brought to light.

DEMOCRATIC ALLENDALE.

Hampton Must Serve Another Term—Gen. Hagood Wanted.

ALLENDALE, S. C., April 15.—At a
meeting of the Allendale Democratic
Club, held at this place on Saturday,
the 13th inst., the following officers
were elected to serve for two years:
G. H. Kirkland, president; Dr. J. S.
Stoney and L. F. Hughes, vice-presi-
dents, and A. B. Connor, secretary.

The following preamble and resolu-
tions, offered by a committee to draft
the same, were unanimously adopted:
Whereas, the voice of the people of
South Carolina, from the hill tops
swept by the mountain breezes of her
northernmost border, to the snowy
sands where Old Ocean leaves her
southern shore, has been raised with
one accord to give praise to the great
and good man who for nearly two
years past, amidst the excitement and
throes of the political death of a pow-
erful and dominant party, has, with
fearless devotion and consummate
wisdom, guided the destiny of our peo-
ple; who, from a prostrate and almost
helpless condition, has lifted us from
the regions of despair to the realms of
hope; whose reformatory measures
have lightened and lessened our oner-
ous burdens, established and enforced
the laws of the land, purified the poi-
soned atmosphere in which official mis-
conduct and reckless disregard of all
law so long existed and fattened, and
whose uplifted arm, holding the scales
of stern and equal justice, has driven
from our midst the godless horde so
long plundering and despoiling us,
and whose aim and purpose, reaching
beyond the present, has been to estab-
lish upon a permanent foundation the
results of his earnest labors as evi-
dence not only of our redemption, but
of the infamy of a government that
has assisted our spoilers, chucked at
our woes and wept at our deliverance.
And, whereas, it is proper at our first
club meeting for the coming campaign
we should give voice to our feelings;
therefore, resolved—

1. That we do most cordially en-
dorse the administration of Governor
Hampton as one eminently marked by
unwavering fidelity to the principles
and pledges of the Democratic party;
in his measures of rigid economy in all
the departments of State; his wise
conservatism (despite the selfish bick-
erings of a few malcontents) and his
successful efforts to maintain and exalt
the honor of the State at home and
her credit abroad.

2. That we urge upon Governor
Hampton and his able coadjutors on
the State ticket the expediency and ne-
cessity of accepting for another term
the high office which a grateful people
would most heartily bestow upon them,
and that we would regard any opposi-
tion to this desire, coming from what-
ever quarter, as the evidence of an in-
sane blindness of the basest ingrati-
tude; as treachery to the cause of
good government, and an insult to
every sentiment that loves and honors
virtue and integrity.

The following preamble and resolu-
tions were then read by Mr. L. W.
Youmans, and unanimously adopted:
Whereas, we recognize with pride
the invaluable service rendered both
to our State and county in the last
campaign by our native Comptroller
General, and being confident that all
elements would become reconciled in
following the lead of that illustrious
name which is universally regarded as
the harbinger of success, therefore, be it
Resolved, That we urge upon Gen.
Johnson Hagood the prime necessity
of his counsel and guidance through
the opening canvass.

And whereas our great political tri-
umph in the last canvass was won up-
on the principle of straight-out Demo-
cracy, and

of action on our part, therefore, be it
Resolved, That in making our nomi-
nations we should put forward those
only who have ever been true to South
Carolina, her interests, her honor and
her history.

That any person claiming to be a
Democrat who may run upon an inde-
pendent ticket will be regarded as a
traitor to his party, an enemy to his
country, and worthy of the just con-
demnation of all good citizens, and
that any such in this club shall have
his name immediately erased from our
roll.

On motion of Dr. Stoney, an election
was then held for delegates to the
county convention at Barnwell Court-
house on the 1st Monday in May,
which resulted in the election of the
following gentlemen: Col. J. C. Dav-
ant, L. F. Hughes, Dr. J. S. Stoney,
Col. J. R. Brown, Major L. W. You-
mans, Dr. S. W. Ogilvie, and Capt. G.
H. Kirkland, with W. B. Brabham and
J. V. Dowling as alternates.

On motion of Col. J. C. Davant, it
was resolved that a copy of the resolu-
tion of Mr. Youmans, relative to Gen.
Hagood, be sent to Gen. Hagood and
published in the county papers.

Also, that the president of this club,
together with Vice-President Stoney
and Secretary A. B. Connor, be charged
with the organization and supervision
of the colored Democratic club at this
place.

Dr. J. S. Stoney moved that the sec-
retary be required to publish the pro-
ceedings of this meeting in the Char-
leston and county papers.

G. H. KIRKLAND, President.
A. B. CONNOR, Secretary.

A College Break.

The following story of old times in
South Carolina is told of the learned
Dr. Maxcy. On one occasion several
of the students of South Carolina Col-
lege resolved to drag the doctor's car-
riage into the woods, and fixed upon a
night for the performance of the ex-
ploit. One of their number, however,
was troubled with some compunctious
visitations, and managed to convey to
the worthy president a hint that it
would be well for him to secure the
door of his carriage house. Instead
of paying any heed to this suggestion,
the doctor proceeded on the appointed
night, to the carriage-house, and en-
sconced his portly person inside the
vehicle. In less than an hour some half
dozen young gentlemen came to his
retreat, and cautiously withdrew the
carriage into the road. When they
were fairly out of the college precincts
they began to joke freely with each
other by name.

One of them complained of the
weight of the carriage, and another
replied by swearing that it was heavy
enough to have the old fellow himself
inside. For nearly a mile they pro-
ceeded along the highway, and then
struck into the woods, to a cover
which they concluded would effectually
conceal the vehicle. Making them-
selves indignantly merry at the doctor's
expense, and conjecturing how and
when he would find his carriage, they
at length reached the spot where they
had resolved to leave it. Just as they
were about to depart—having one
more agreed that "the carriage was
heavy enough to have the old doctor
and all his tribe in it," they were
startled by the sudden dropping of one
of the glass panels, and the well-known
voice of the doctor himself thus ad-
dressed them:

"So, so, young gentlemen, you are
going to leave me in the woods, are
you? Surely, as you have brought
me hither for your own gratification,
you will not refuse to take me back for
mine. Come, Mr. —, and —, and
—, buckle up, and let us return; it's
getting late!"

There was no appeal, for the window
was raised, and the doctor resumed his
seat. Almost without a word, the dis-
comfited young gentlemen took their
places at the pole and the back of the
vehicle, and quite as expeditiously, if
with less voice, did they retrace their
course. In silence they dragged the
carriage into its wonted place, and then
retreated precipitately to their rooms,
to dream of the account they must
render on the morrow. When they
had gone, the doctor quietly vacated
the carriage and went to his home,
where he related the story to his
family with much glee. He never
called the heroes of that nocturnal ex-
pedition to an account, nor was the
carriage ever afterward dragged at
night into the woods.

The Camden Journal says that the
Democracy of Kershaw county are in
favor of primary elections as the safest
and most satisfactory plan for making
comparisons for members of the Leg-
islature and county officers, and that
seats may be reserved in the House of
Representatives and Senate Chamber
for a Democratic delegation, "for we
are going to send them there this time
— the first since reconstruction." The
furniture has been overhauled, and the
seats will be reserved and properly

Departure of the African Em- igrants—A Staff Reporter for The News and Courier Goes With Them to Liberia.

(New and Genuine, 1878.)

The migration of the colored people
from the Southern States has begun.
They do not now seek a Northern
clime, for to them, within the broad
dominion of the United States, there
is no East or West, no North or South.
Wherever they turn, in this great
country, they have and enjoy, without
struggle or labor, the rights and im-
munities won by the white race in war,
in travail and in revolution. To them
freedom, with its privileges and re-
sponsibilities, came as a gift. And the
first great use they make of it is to
turn their faces to the land of their
fathers, leaving behind them the secu-
rity and order of civilization to build
up a dwelling-place in the jungle or
desert. And who shall blame them?

The colored people did their part
making this country what it is. Build-
ing better than they knew, their hands
achieved a work that a higher race
could not have performed. When the
time was ripe, when the task was done,
their condition of life was changed by
the stroke of a pen, and the colored
millions were confronted by duties of
which they had no conception, and by
industrial limitations and restrictions
for which they were wholly unpre-
pared. A period of riot and debauchery
is followed by a period of good govern-
ment and peace. But deep down in
the hearts of those who felt, deep
seated in the brain of those who
thought, was the sad conviction that,
in the struggle for life, the fittest must
survive, and that there is no place for
the freedman on the vast continent of
America. This conviction is formulat-
ed and crystallized in the project for a
general emigration to Africa. It is the
key to the enthusiasm, the burning
zeal, with which the colored people
enter into the Liberian movement. It
is born of their fears and necessities,
as they understand them. They look
to Africa as the exile longs for home.
And their trust is that they will be
able, in that wild land, to create a sin-
gularum of American civilization, being
there the superior race, as here they
must always remain the lowest in the
social scale.

The friends of the colored people
doubt the wisdom of their course, but
reasoning and argument are of no
avail. They are moved, with one ac-
cord, to shake the dust of this fair
country from their feet, and are not
daunted by stories of the privation and
hardship inevitably in store for them.
They regard themselves as missionar-
ies, as apostles. There are few who
do not cheerfully abandon comforts
here that they cannot soon enjoy in
their new homes. They who sail in
the Azor from Charleston to-day are,
in intelligence and thriftiness, higher
than the average of their race, for they
have, at least, the means to equip
themselves for the voyage, and the
courage to stake their existence on a
desperate chance. The Southern peo-
ple, therefore, look upon these dusky
emigrants with kindly compassion.
They were once our slaves; they are
now, before the law, our equals; they
were, not long since, our oppressors.
But the South remembers their natural
good-heartedness, their simplicity, and
above all, their sublime fidelity during
the dark and bloody days, when the
white men of the South were in the
fore-front of battle, and our women
and children, at home, were committed
to the keeping of the humble African
slave. So the Southern people wish
the emigrants, most sincerely, com-
plete success in their undertaking, and
bid them, with one voice, God-speed!

Upon the course of the two hundred
who sail in the Azor to-day, upon the
nature of their reception in Liberia,
and upon the character of their new
home, its drawbacks and its disadvan-
tages, depend, in large measure, the
future movements of the millions who
watch and wait in the South. It is,
therefore, of supreme consequence that
the plain unvarnished truth shall be
known; and that, dark or bright, good
or bad, cheerful or sorrowful, the tale
of the African Exodus shall be faith-
fully told. From Charleston, where
the last cargo of slaves was landed,
the first ship-load of colored emigrants,
sailing at their own charge, are about
to take their departure. It is meet
that Charleston shall follow them with
watchful eye, for their own encourag-
ement, and for the guidance of those
who remain behind. The Exodus As-
sociation, it is just to say, have this
desire, and are anxious that the whole
truth shall be published. We shall,
therefore, send out on the Azor to
Liberia, as our representative, Mr.
Alfred B. Williams, one of the most
trusted members of The News and
Courier staff. This young Virginian
will go with the emigrants to Monro-
via, and his graphic pen will give the
whole country a trustworthy account
of the voyage and arrival, together
with a description of the different
phases of industrial and social life in

the settlement in the hill coun-
try to which the emigrants propose to
wend their way. From him whites
and blacks will learn what are the
prospects of the emigrants in their
land of hope and promise. Upon what
he says the public can implicitly rely,
for we know him to be as conscientious
as he is capable and faithful. It is a
mission surrounded with unpleasant-
ness, and not without its dangers.
These, however, will be compensated
for by the rare opportunity the mission
gives of winning reputation and dis-
tinction while serving a high public
purpose.

The letters of Mr. Williams will be
dispatched to this country as rapidly
as the mail and telegraph will allow.
They will be awaited, we need not say,
with anxious interest. To our young
representative, and to the emigrants
whom he accompanies, we again say,
God-speed!

Times Change and Girls Change With Them.

The old fashioned lady of the long
age observing the girls of the present
day, remarks, with a sigh, "Girls are
not what they were when I was young."
She can then tell you of the joyous
sports and romplings on the green, and
through the woods; of sweethearts of
the olden time and fashion, and the
merry days past, she fears, never to
return. Ah! yes! the girls will change;
in fact, this is a world of change; and
oh, goodness, gracious! it would never
do to be behind the fashions! What
would a girl look like behind the
times—yes, what? One given to ob-
serving somewhat closely, and who
would not observe the girls closely?—
they are so worthy of the best ob-
servation and admiration—a person of
this description may well mark the
changes and note how they now do
things. Of course, all this time we are
speaking about the young girls, those
not out and those who are practicing,
you know; those who in old times
used to play blind man's bluff and such
stupid games. That an elaborate tol-
lette should now and in blind man's
bluff is intolerable, and the children's
party only differs from a full dress
ball in the height of the dancers. The
little lady starts out on her night's dis-
sipation at a late hour, of course, and
on the way has all the cares of man-
nity on her mind lest her card should
not be full. She criticizes the dress of
her vis-a-vis after the best methods of
well bred disparagement. She distin-
guishes between the dreamy pleasures
of the waltz and the more athletic en-
joyment of the galop. She flirts with
an air of native yet queenly simplicity,
which might suggest several very val-
uable hints to her elder sister, and can
turn up a pretty lip with scorn and de-
clare that she is good mind not to
speak to you any more with such a
vehementness that a heart-rending sigh
cannot but force itself from the bottom
of the soul of the despairing knight
waiting her every command. Most
probably she has a poor opinion of
square dancing; knows that her dress
may get torn in the last figure of the
lancers, and finds a quadrille dread-
fully boring. With sedulous care she
keeps her programme, is quite up in
the method by which an undesirable
partner may be avoided, and of course
is able to lose her handkerchief with
perfect unconsciousness. When the
evening is over she knows she has
utilized the time, has engaged herself
for five or six dances at the next ball,
and with those eyes—a woman's best
weapon—has broken at least three or
four of the boys' hearts, beyond hope
of recovery. She has a fine contempt
for her own brothers, of course, and
affects a terror of school boys gener-
ally, but finds herself equal to sustain
prolonged conversation with her elder
sister's admirer. That worshipper
having at last withdrawn to the more
appropriate shrine of his devotion, she
admits to a subsequent partner that
all the time she was bored. There can-
be, she says, no pleasure in talking to
an engaged man.

SETTLED AT THE SEAR.—The Father
of his Country was an astute husband,
and singularly just. "Martha," he
said, three days after his marriage,
"we might as well understand each
other. I am prepared to admit that
the late Mr. Curtis was the best man
that ever lived. He was a good pro-
vider and most excellent in every con-
ceivable way. But he is dead, I am
frank to say that I cannot keep over
it. It is simply so. Let us not resur-
rect him. Let the dear old fellow rest
in peace. He was too good for this
world. We will not call him back.
Let me hear no more regarding the
late Mr. Curtis, my dear." And these
simple words, firmly spoken, secured
Mr. Washington much peace and
almost as much matrimonial happiness
as though he had married the lady
known as the Highland beauty.—But-
falo Express.

The Nation Star says it is thought
there will be near four thousand can-
didates for office in Marion at the

Mormon Romance.

In the year 1875 there lived near the
town of Richmond, Ky., a family by the
name of Stevens, consisting of a father,
mother, two sons and daughters. The
youngest of the daughters, Bessie, was
a beautiful girl of some fifteen sum-
mers. Living near was a young and
well-to-do farmer named Lucien Rob-
ertson, who occasionally called at the
house to pass the evening, and in the
course of time an intimacy sprang up
between the two that ripened into love,
and, unknown to her parents, they
were engaged. When the family learned
of the fact, Robertson was forbidden
the house, and their meetings after-
ward were very seldom, yet they were
not daunted, but in their stolen inter-
views vowed eternal love and fidelity
to each other. In the meantime her
family moved with her to Ohio, settling
in Tarrant county. Her lover soon
followed, purchasing and putting into
cultivation a farm on the Nueces river,
in Live Oak county. Last fall, when
the Mormon fever swept over some of
the western counties in the State, her
father and all the family, save herself,
were converted to the faith, and he
determined to sell out and leave for
Salt Lake City, which he did. The
girl, who is represented as being very
intelligent, greatly deplored the relig-
ion her family had adopted, and begged
her father to allow her to go to
Texas and teach school to make a liv-
ing for herself. This he positively re-
fused to do, and they left Salt Lake
for Mormondom with a party of converts
from Port Worth. She notified her
lover by letter of the fact, and he soon
followed, opening a store in Salt Lake
City. Finding that Robertson had fol-
lowed in their wake, the father and his
two sons began a systematic persecu-
tion against him, and nothing was too
mean in their eyes to do him. The
girl, true to her lover, resented the
slurs and slams that were hurled at
him, and she, too, in turn, was also
persecuted by her fanatical father and
family in a most cruel manner. She
was made to keep in the house for
days at a time, while her's and her
alliance's notes were intercepted. The
father's objection to young Rob-
ertson was that he was a Gentile, and
he swore he should never wed his
daughter. During this time her mother
died. Thinking the old man might
possibly be softened by the death of
his wife, Robertson once more essayed
to gain his consent, but was rudely
and indignantly repulsed. Her broth-
ers threatened to kill him if he was
ever caught making overtures to their
sister. All this time the young girl
was undergoing a most meretricious
persecution, while an attempt was being
made to force her to adopt the Mor-
mon faith. She managed to commu-
nicate with her lover, however, now
and then, and finally wrote him that
she could not bear the treatment and
persecution to which her family and
her brother Mormons subjected her,
and begged him, if it were possible, to
aid her in making her escape. The
young man took a sensible view of the
case, and reported the matter to the
United States officer, who, upon the
swearing out of an affidavit, released
the young girl, whom he found shuf-
fling up in a dark room. The two re-
paired at once to a magistrate, where they
were married, and they lost no time in
taking a hasty leave of the scene of
their troubles, returning to Mr. Rob-
ertson's farm on Nueces. We heard
the particulars of this rather romantic
affair from a friend of Robertson's
who traveled from Denison with them.
He is well acquainted with her two
brothers, and he is afraid they may
yet wreak vengeance on his friend.

All Sorts.

The Greenville Democrat desires the
re-election of the entire State ticket.
Only seventeen candidates for Con-
gress in the third district of Georgia;
but it's early yet.

Polltiness never hurts a man, but
from the sparing manner in which
some people use it, we infer that they
consider it a dangerous thing to han-
dle.

There are so few marriages to per-
form nowadays, that the clergymen
should offer chromes to encourage
parties to enter the state of mar-
riage.

In Japan a man may procure a
divorce from his wife on the ground
that she talks too much, and the
amount of domestic bliss that there is
in that country surpasses the wildest
flights of imagination.

Jennie June says a fashionable bon-
net can be had for \$1.50. And so it
can. It is from the \$5 to \$20 worth
of trimming, that strikes the pocket-
book in a sore spot.

Gen. Curtis Lee has regained the
Arlington estate where his immortal
father so long resided. He has had a
long hard fight in the courts, and it is
a matter of congratulation that he has
at last beaten the enemy.

THOUGHT HE HAD 'EM AGAIN.—Shilley
brought his two wheels sprees to a close
on Saturday night. He lay on a lounge
in the parlor, feeling as mean as sour
lager, when something in the corner of
the room attracted his attention. Bal-
ing on his elbow he gazed steadily at
it. Rubbing his eyes he started again,
and as he started his terror grew.
Calling his wife he asked hoarsely—
"Miranda, what is that?"
"What is what, Lily?"
"Miranda's name was Lycurgus, and
his wife calls him Lily for short and
sweet."

"Why that—that thing in the cor-
ner," said the frightened man, pointing
at it with a hand shaking like a pol-
itician.

"Lily, dear, I see nothing," replied
the woman.

"What! you don't see it?" he
shrieked.

"No."
"Then I've got 'em. Oh, heavenly
bring me the Bible, Miranda—bring it
quick. Here—here, on this sacred
book I swear never to drink a drop
whiskey. If I break my vow, may
right hand cleave to the roof of
my mouth, and—"

Here catching sight
of the terrible object, he
and begged in piteous
tones.
"Don't leave."
Lily.

THE PEOPLE.
Barnwell C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1878.