

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. I

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1878.

NO. 52.

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 . . . 5 00 a. m. 8 20 p. m.
Arrive Columbia . . . 10 50 p. m. 7 45 a. m.

FOR CHARLESTON.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Augusta . . . 8 30 a. m. 7 40 p. m.
Arrive Charleston . . . 4 20 p. m. 7 45 a. m.

FOR SUMMERVILLE.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 7 40 a. m. 8 40 a. m.
Arrive Summerville . . . 3 15 p. m. 4 25 p. m.

FOR KINGSTON.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 7 40 a. m. 8 40 a. m.
Arrive Kingston . . . 3 15 p. m. 4 25 p. m.

FOR SAVANNAH.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 7 40 a. m. 8 40 a. m.
Arrive Savannah . . . 3 15 p. m. 4 25 p. m.

FOR NORFOLK.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 7 40 a. m. 8 40 a. m.
Arrive Norfolk . . . 3 15 p. m. 4 25 p. m.

FOR WASHINGTON.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 7 40 a. m. 8 40 a. m.
Arrive Washington . . . 3 15 p. m. 4 25 p. m.

FOR PHOENIXVILLE.
(Sunday morning excepted).
Leave Charleston . . . 7 40 a. m. 8 40 a. m.
Arrive Phoenixville . . . 3 15 p. m. 4 25 p. m.

FOR WASHINGTON.
(Sunday morning excepted).
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Letter from Texas.

(Universalist Herald.)

MAKING SYRUP.

WESBRO, TEXAS, Feb. 10, 1878.

I know that the Herald is not by any means an agricultural paper, yet here is something for the fourth page of the paper that will be of great benefit to all whom it may concern:—About twenty years ago, I believe, the sorghum sugar-cane was introduced into the United States. I have experimented and worked with it in making molasses till I will show syrup with any man; the test being a mild, sweet, pleasant taste, and a flavor equal to any molasses. I care not where made, or what made out of. The South American cane is the kind that I plant. It is a stubbed cane, has a naked red colored seed. For the past three years I have cut the heads off my cane just as soon as they grow out. When your cane heads are fairly out, get of the tallest mule or horse that you have and with a long keen butcher knife you can ride along between the rows and top an acre a day, and not work very hard. Then let it stand three or four weeks, or till it matures, then work it up; and if you have the same good success that I have had, your neighbors will be very highly pleased.

Some may say this topping of cane to make good molasses looks like a big humbug, it will make it succor out and ruin, and I shall lose the seed! Well, what if I do lose the heads, so you get more and better molasses. If you feel suspicious, try only a part of your cane, as I did at first, and you will find that if plenty of rain comes it will put out about two sucors at the top joints, but if a drouth comes on, you can top the second time or grind them through, they won't do much hurt. You will only have to skim a little more.

To my Christian and Granger friends, I wish to suggest a few thoughts. When you raise tobacco, as soon as you see the seed bloom making its appearance, pluck it off. You call this topping it. You do this that you make more and better tobacco. For the same purpose I top my cane, that I may make more and better syrup.

In the southern part of Florida I have been credibly informed, they plant a corn very much like our Indian corn. They plant it to make sugar.

As soon as the shoot and tassel grow out they are both pulled off. The stalk then stands and matures, and from it is made as fine a sugar as the world ever saw. But if the tassel and ear remain and mature, they can only make a very inferior article of molasses from the stalk. There is just as much good sense in topping sorghum cane to make it produce more and better molasses as there is in pruning your grape vine to make it produce more and better grapes. Topping your cane will prevent its tangling up, and falling down. Suppose about the time your cane heads out, a drouth sets in; your cane now has a double task to perform—it has to draw moisture from the earth to mature its large head, and it also has to draw moisture from the earth to leave the sweet juice in the stalk to make your molasses. Cut the heads off, and you relieve your cane from half its task.—Year before last, by topping, I saved my cane from the ravages of a severe drouth, and more than 80 gallons per acre of the finest molasses I ever saw.

I have told you how to prepare your sorghum cane, by topping it in order to make good syrup out of it.

AND NOW, HOW I MAKE MOLASSES.

1st. Get you a good cast mill, one 30 gallon kettle and three that will hold at least 20 gallons each. Make you a furnace out of rock or brick; place your largest kettle at the mouth of your furnace, the others on towards the chimney end of your furnace, fill them half full of water, fill your large kettle with cane juice, start your fire, and when the juice gets so hot that you cannot bear your hand in it, put in about one gill of good lime, wet till it is a little softer than dough; add one pint of lye, made from wood ashes. Just as it begins to boil, commence to skim; bring to a boil and continue the skimming till the skum is about the color of cream, then dip the water out of your small kettles, and put into each kettle about six gallons of your clarified juice. Now rouse up your fire, especially under your small kettles, till you will have to dip and pour to keep them from boiling over. Have you a good stout shuck mop hardy in a tub or pot of hot water, with this mop you can wipe off the green or dark colored skum that will stick to the sides of your kettle, while with your skimmers keep the surface of the foaming and rapidly boiling kettle closely skimmed. Keep the fluid boiling up to the brim of your kettle all the time, and in about 30 minutes it will commence to make molasses. Then it will go to the bottom of the kettle in spite of all the heat that may be under it, and now with your long handled dipper quickly remove your molasses into a pan or bucket, at the same time

another hand must stand ready with a dipper full of hot juice from your clarifying kettle, to quickly put in six gallons of juice, in order to repeat the same process over and over in all your small kettles. Your mill should keep ahead of you with fresh juice, if it does not you will have to put water in some of your kettles, in order to let the mill catch up with the kettles. When you have to substitute water for juice it is a waste of time and fire. But if your mill will keep ahead with juice, as soon as your first big kettle full is clarified, you will put six gallons into each of your kettles 3 and 4, and empty your big kettle (No. 1) into No. 2, and then fill up your big kettle the second time with fresh juice, so as to be sure to keep your small kettles supplied with plenty of clarified juice. You will find my plan to be a complete systematic process. Two good smart women will mind the three small kettles, and one active man will mind the fire and the clarifying kettle, and occasionally help the ladies when they are taking up molasses. With just such help as above described, and just such an outfit, I have made from 30 to 40 gallons day after day, sometimes 45 and even as high as 58 gallons in one day. This way of boiling molasses like you were making soap will not do.

But, says one: "Why don't you get an evaporator?" Just because evaporators are of short duration, cost more than kettles, and then I cannot use lime as I can with the kettles. One good set of kettles will last as long as three evaporators. But says another, "Don't you often by boiling so rapidly, scorch or burn your syrup?" No sir. I place bars of iron across the furnace between the kettles, so that I can fill in with rock and mortar, keeping the direct heat of the fire away from the sides of the kettles, letting the direct heat come only to the bottom of the kettle. If the furnace should get furiously hot, so that you are afraid of scorching, throw a dipper of water into the furnace; but if in taking up molasses you see anything like burn or scorch, rinse out your kettle with your shuck mop and a little water, and then in with your fresh juice.

I could say more that would be of benefit perhaps, but for fear I should intrude on the Herald I will just say, try what I have said and see if you are benefited. MAMMADUE GARDNER.

A Ghastly Bargain.

In Cincinnati on Friday night of last week a coffin containing the dead body of a colored man was driven to the Ohio Medical College, taken from the wagon and carried up the stairs with little if any effort at concealment. Arriving in the "dead room" the body was taken from the coffin, the large artery in the side of the neck cut, the blood removed and the arteries filled with a preservative fluid, after which the body, divested of its clothing, was tumbled, with no further ceremony, into the "pickling tub," along with a couple of dozen others which had been quietly accumulating during the past month. There was a peculiar lack of the secrecy which accompanies most of the operations of this sort, by which dead bodies are transferred to the dead room of the college, and a business-like air about the whole transaction indicated that it was somewhat different from the ordinary case of grave robbing and body selling.

A little inquiry into the case showed that it was a peculiar one, in fact, the body was that of one of the most notorious body-snatchers in the city, and that the lack of secrecy in the matter was from the fact that it was merely the carrying out of a plain business transaction; that the dead man had in his lifetime sold his body to the college for dissection after death, receiving the payment, and that in accordance with this agreement his body was thus being removed to the dissecting room for that purpose. Charles Keaton, the dead man, was in his life one of the most active body-snatchers in Cincinnati, and from his hands have hundreds of bodies from many of the burying grounds been sent down through this terrible "chute," and upward through the death-shaft to the dissecting room.

Keaton was a colored man of about forty, and had been for more than ten years in the business of body-snatching, making good money at it, and coming to rather enjoy it than otherwise. "To him there was nothing more in the handling of bodies than in so many bolts of cloth or sacks of grain, and no more in dissection than in the business of the butcher or the meat vender. He began his work with "Old Cunny," the noted resurrectionist, and followed it through all seasons and all weather, until only a few weeks before his death. In it he encountered all sorts of weather and exposures, and contracted colds and a cough which finally led to bleeding of the lungs, and so his life among the dead ended in death, whose presence was as familiar to him as the days of his years of manhood. To him the medical college, the chute, the dead-room, the pickling vault, and even dissection,

had no horrors; familiarity with these had deprived him of that feeling of repugnance so common to mankind, and especially to his race, and as a result he had expressed his willingness in life that his remains after death should be submitted to the dissecting knife "in the interest of science," as he said, for he considered his business and that he supplied inseparably interwoven with the science and anatomy of medicine, and as a result he had sold—deliberately sold—during his lifetime his body to the college professors, receiving the usual price, thirty-five dollars cash in hand, and giving a receipt and statement that his body should become the property of the college for dissection.

To Keep Dead Bodies from Decomposing.

The decomposition which makes the grave so abhorrent seems likely to be done away with, and if we rely upon the claims made for a chemical solution prepared by Dr. Rogers, lately of San Francisco, which he calls "allektion," from a Greek word meaning everlasting. It is a light yellow liquid smelling like tar, which costs \$5 a gallon, and not only prevents the decay of a dead body, but also immediately arrests decomposition at any stage and destroys the germs of disease in the victims of small-pox, diphtheria or any form of infection. Allektion will preserve a corpse for a few days, even in the hottest weather, by simply brushing it over the surface, and to preserve the body for a longer period it is only necessary to pierce the navel with a needle, and with a syringe inject the liquid into the cavities of the abdomen and breast. It seems to have fulfilled the claims for it in actual test. Dr. Washington Ayer, president of the California State Medical Association, testifying that sixty days after the body of a consumptive Swede had been treated with it in San Francisco, he was unable to detect the slightest trace of decomposition, the limbs being also as flexible as in life and the muscles soft. The process was applied to the body of Arthur C. Huey, at Napa, Cal., August 7, 1877, and a week after it arrived in excellent condition at Pemaquid, Me., looking as if death had occurred within a few hours. It was also applied to the bodies of two men who died at the St. Louis hospital last October, and after they had lain exposed to the air till March there was not the slightest odor about them, nor did dissection disclose any putrefaction. In New York allektion has proved equally successful on shorter trial, and C. N. Middleton and Earl Warner, Jr., two business men of the city, are so thoroughly convinced of its value and future popularity that they have secured a contract as agents to introduce it into general use. It is claimed by Dr. Rogers that a body treated with this liquid will never decompose, but after months have elapsed, will become oxidized and slowly waste away.

It All Ended in Moonshine.

One Saturday evening last, a young man from Augusta challenged a young Aikenite to mortal combat, and the affair was arranged to come off by the "soft silver light of the moon," and no doubt we should have had a very romantic and sanguinary event to chronicle had not Town Marshal Wingard got wind of the affair and stepped in just in the nick of time to frustrate matters, by arresting the challenger and keeping him locked up till Sunday morning, when he was released and allowed to go about his business. It is always natural to suppose that when two gentlemen propose to settle a difficulty by a rush to arms or an appeal to the code of honor, that there is a woman in the case and nine times out of ten this is true, but in this instance it was not, the difficulty growing out of some words uttered by the challenged party in reference to the Jordan-Chafee shooting affair which occurred on Friday evening previous.—Alken Courier Journal.

A Fine Fish Story.

Mr. J. A. Watkins, of Quitman, Ga., tells it, and the Free Press asserts that there is certainly no doubt of its truth. He says: "While fishing with set lines for catfish in the Coosa River a small three-pound cat was caught. This cat was put on one of the lines whole for bait. Visiting the hooks the next day it was discovered that something tremendous had been caught. It proved to be a cat which weighed forty-three pounds. Upon examination it was found that the fish of three pounds had been swallowed by an eleven pound cat and had been caught, and in turn the two had been swallowed by the forty-pounder. The three weighed fifty-six pounds.

The Potter committee should allow me to be freely used during the examination of republican statesmen. These are the days of demagogic madness, and if one of John Sherman's trained witnesses should suddenly become insane, there is no knowing what damage he might do.

FORTY IN A DUEL.

An Incident in Mississippi Fifty Years ago

(From the Morristown, Tenn. Gazette.)

The famous duel in which forty or more gentlemen were engaged in 1828 is still remembered at Natchez. Col. James Bowie, the famous fighter and inventor of the knife which bears his name, used to spend a great deal of his time in that city. He was challenged by a gentleman from Alexandria, La., whose friends to the number of forty or more, accompanied him to Natchez to see fair play, knowing that Bowie was a desperate man and had his friends about him. All parties went upon the field. The combatants took their places in the centre, separated their friends in the rear, or not enough to endanger them with their balls. Behold the battle array thus: Twenty armed Louisianians fifty yards behind their champion and his seconds and surgeon, and opposite them, as far behind Bowie and his seconds and surgeon, twenty armed Mississippians. Behold the heights of Natchez thronged with spectators and a steamer in the river rounded to, its deck black with passengers watching with deep interest the scene. The plan of fight was to exchange shots twice with the pistols and to close with knives, Bowie being armed with his own terrible weapon. At the first fire both parties escaped. At the second the Louisianian was too quick and took advantage of Bowie, who waited the word: At this Bowie's second cried "foul play," and shot the Louisianian dead. The second of the latter instantly killed the slayer of his principal. Bowie drove his knife into this man. The surgeons now crossed blades, while, with loud cries, came on the two parties of friends, the light of battle in their eyes. In a moment the whole number were engaged in a fearless conflict: Dirks, pistols and knives were used with fatal effect until one party drove the other from the field. I do not know how many were killed and wounded in all, but it was a dreadful slaughter. Bowie fought like a lion, but fell covered with wounds. For months he lingered at the Mason House before he fully recovered.

A Woman Swimming Twenty Miles.

Miss Beckwith accomplished the task of swimming twenty miles in the Thames, and it was stated that the feat was not performed for a wager, but to encourage ladies in the art of natation. The start from Westminster was fixed for noon, but it did not take place until 26 minutes later, by which time several thousand spectators had gathered on the bridge and the Victoria embankment. As soon as the young lady, attired in an orange-colored costume, appeared on the steamer which was to accompany her she was greeted with cheers, and the cheering was repeated when she dived into the water. She was followed on the journey by a boat containing Prof. Beckwith and his son Willie, the champion of London. She swam in the middle of the stream, with a long, powerful breast stroke, and reached Lambeth bridge in 9 minutes. Battersea bridge was passed in 34 minutes and Chelsea in 47 minutes, while the distance covered in the first hour was about three and a quarter miles. Going merrily along, the swimmer was off Wardworth in 1 hour and 15 minutes, and Putney, five and a half miles from home, in 1 hour and 36 minutes. She continued the same measured stroke, and in 2 hours and 9 minutes passed Hammersmith bridge, where a large crowd encouraged her efforts with a cheer. The ship at Mortlake being reached, nearly half the journey was performed in a little less than three hours. Kew bridge, 11 miles, was shot under in 3 hours and 28 minutes from the start, and then for the first time some refreshment was partaken of. At 5 o'clock Richmond was sighted, and a short distance beyond this pleasant resort a turn was made for home, the young lady not exhibiting the slightest symptoms of fatigue. The journey back to Barker's Balls, Mortlake, where the twenty miles were completed, was accomplished without mishap, and Miss Beckwith, far from being exhausted, was taken into the steamer amid hearty manifestations of satisfaction, having been in the water six hours and twenty-five minutes.—London Telegraph.

The revision of the New Testament is almost completed, and will probably be presented to the convocation in England next year. Already it is nearly printed, the two universities having given £20,000 for the privilege of printing it, of which they pay £2,000 yearly. Bishop Ellicott, the chairman of the revisers, who has presided for six hours daily for four days every three weeks, is said never to have lost his temper or failed to carry his colleagues with him. The revision of the Old Testament will require about three years longer.

CURE FOR POISON.—Take a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard; stir them in a cup of warm water and drink quickly. This preparation will have hardly reached the stomach before it returns, bringing with it the cause of the trouble. Lest any remnant of the poison remain, let the white of an egg or a spoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as the stomach is quiet, and the very common articles nullify a large number of violent poisons than almost any medicine.

A little Maine chap was taken to church for the first time where the minister officiated in a surplus. He was continuously fidgeting and asking, "Ma, is he not done?" The minister stood up to make the closing prayer, raising his hands, when the little fellow turned to his mother, with horror pictured on his face, saying, "Ma, he is swelled up again."—Lodge's Sunday Magazine.

There are but two political parties in this county, the Democratic and the Radical. He who is not with us is against us.

How an Irish Watchman Shoots a Man.

A curious story of a homicide at Staunton River bridge, on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, was brought in yesterday by the railroad men and others connected with the train. It seems that the watchman at the bridge is a rather eccentric little Irishman, who lives alone in a small cabin near the track. He is known on the railroad by no other name than "Jimmie." His instructions are not to allow any one to pass through the bridge after night, and there is reason to believe that he never allows this command to be violated. Last Saturday night one of the firemen on one of the little steamboats which run up and down the river, attempted to cross, but was ordered not to do so. He persisted but the Irishman was positive, and finally he gave up the attempt and departed. This happened about 8 o'clock. Subsequently the man returned, and began to throw stones at the watchman, who was compelled to retreat to his cabin for protection. The stone-thrower began to stone the house. Finally the Irishman grew tired of this and shot his persecutor, killing him instantly.

The next morning when the train passed by the bridge "Jimmie" was seated on the railroad, and by his side was the body of the man he had slain, dressed and laid out. No one being near when the killing was done, and the watchman not being allowed to leave the bridge to tell what occurred, he had taken the body, washed and dressed it himself, and laid it out, and seating himself by the side of it, had patiently waited till some one should come and relieve him. In this position, as stated above, he was seen when the train passed the bridge.

On the following day "Jimmie" was arrested and taken before a magistrate, but upon an investigation of the case he was dismissed and allowed to return to his lonely little house on the side of the river, and to resume his responsible duties at the bridge.—Charlotte Observer.

A Marvellous Occurrence, if True.

(News and Courier.)

George's, S. C., August 20.—Information has just reached here of a most startling occurrence in the lower part of Barnwell county, a few miles from Branchville. Several days ago a white man (whose name I have been unable to obtain), while ploughing along in his field, became angry with his Divine Creator because the heat of the sun's rays were almost unendurable, and gave vent to his spleen in blasphemy the most shameful. Immediately the horse stood still in the plough and the feet of the man were well locked to the earth. Friends repaired to the spot and found him insensible, but statue-like and immovable. The horse was removed without difficulty, but all efforts to alter the position of the man proved unavailing. Finally the plough-handles were sawed off just below the part around which his hands were clasped with a death-like grip, and, remarkable to say, blood issued therefrom as though they had been human flesh. But this is not all. When it was ascertained that nothing could remove the unfortunate man, a shelter was erected by the persons present to protect him from the weather, but scarcely had the work been accomplished, when by means of some invisible agency, it was prostrated to the ground. The man still occupies the same position, and how long he will remain so is beyond human comprehension. The account given above is based on the information received from reliable sources and, while every one of intelligence regards it as a mere hoax, there are hundreds of illiterate people who believe it in toto. Nevertheless, it is a universal theme of conversation at present, and in order that the public may learn what truth there is in the report, we call upon the correspondent of the News and Courier for information. VERITAS.

There are but two political parties in this county, the Democratic and the Radical. He who is not with us is against us.

"Suppose I should form myself up to the interrogation point?" said a bean to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation," was the prompt reply.

A little boy, after watching the burning of the schoolhouse with the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street saying, "I'm glad the old thing is burned down. I did not know my foggy lesson policy."

Two men jostle each other on the street, exchange words and take to punnelling each other lustily. "Gentlemen," cried a third, rushing between them, "why do you pound each other thus? Have you no wives at home?"

A BLATHERING BOWDITCHER ploughing in a Forsyth county field received a sunstroke after a scolding cursing of the heat and drouth. The neighbors say suddenly the man on the animal attached to the plough were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, which was soon transformed into lurid flames of fire. The horse, struck on the head, the first appearance of the smoke dashed away at breakneck speed, leaving his master on his feet, standing statue like and immovable on the spot where he so wickedly and foolishly lavished the wrath of his Maker. Several efforts were made to rescue the unfortunate man from his terrible position, but human agency, it seems, was powerless to render assistance. Individuals in their attempts to aid him laid hands upon him, but so intense was the heat that they were forced to retreat. The party finally emerged from the flames, and is still lying. The Dahlonega paper has heard the report from a dozen persons.—Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: The South Carolina Republican Convention, as the representative of a free and hopeless corruption, very properly adjourned without making any nominations. The Republicans claim heavy majorities in every Congressional district of the State, but they declined to show their faith by their works. They have dropped the cry of "Democratic intimidation" now which is too thin for any use, and complete that the State law requiring the payment of a poll tax of one dollar was passed by the Democrats to kill off the Republican negro vote; and is an act of disfranchisement. It is quite refreshing to hear Republicans talk of disfranchisement after their ten or twelve years of exercise in the art in the Southern States, and, perhaps, they do not care to remember that in Rhode Island a severer requirement is made of voters than in South Carolina. Let the Republicans command their colored friends to go to work and earn their dollar so that they can vote.

Anderson Intelligencer: The apparent apathy of the Republicans as to our State ticket should not lead to any inactivity, for it is necessary for the Democracy to retain its majority next year, or we may have a very severe and unfortunate contest in the State during the Presidential election in 1880, or even in this year. The sessions of the Republican convention were secret, and who knows that their executive committee is not charged with secretly running a State ticket if the Democrats become overconfident and apathetic during the coming canvass. We do not look for such a movement, but it is by no means certain that there is nothing of the kind on foot. The only way to guard the present and prepare for the future is to retain our thorough organization, and give as much time and labor to the canvass as may be necessary.

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"Suppose I should form myself up to the interrogation point?" said a bean to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation," was the prompt reply.

A little boy, after watching the burning of the schoolhouse with the novelty of the thing had ceased, started down the street saying, "I'm glad the old thing is burned down. I did not know my foggy lesson policy."

Two men jostle each other on the street, exchange words and take to punnelling each other lustily. "Gentlemen," cried a third, rushing between them, "why do you pound each other thus? Have you no wives at home?"

This salient point in Senator Thurman's speech will be remembered: "Under seven years of Republican rule the expense of running the government was \$345 per capita against \$125 per capita for a period of seven years of Democratic rule."

London is introducing the electric light in an experimental way, though the difficulties are still very great for general use. Outside of London an electric light is being used in the Shakespeare monument. The fine effect is a talker on the electric light. The electric light is being used in London in an experimental way, though the difficulties are still very great for general use. Outside of London an electric light is being used in the Shakespeare monument. The fine effect is a talker on the electric light. The electric light is being used in London in an experimental way, though the difficulties are still very great for general use. Outside of London an electric light is being used in the Shakespeare monument. The fine effect is a talker on the electric light.