

# THE PEOPLE.

VOL. II.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1878.

NO. 51.

**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.  
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 be 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 30 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 at Charleston 4 20 p. m. 7 45 a. m.  
Leave Columbia . . . 6 00 p. m. 8 00 p. m.  
Ar. Charleston, 12 15 night and 6 45 a. m.

**Summerville Train,**  
(Sundays excepted)  
Leave Summerville . . . 7 40 a. m.  
Arrive at Charleston . . . 8 40 a. m.  
Leave Charleston . . . 3 15 p. m.  
Arrive at Summerville . . . 4 25 p. m.  
Breakfast, Dinner and Supper at Branchville

**Camden Train**  
(Sundays excepted)  
Connects at Kingsville daily (Sundays excepted), with day passenger train to and from Charleston. Passengers from Camden to Columbia 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 Augusta Railroad for Macon, Columbus, Montgomery, Mobile, New Orleans and points in the Southwest. (Thirty-six hours to New Orleans.)

Day trains for Columbia connect closely with the 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 connect 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, connecting with up and down trains on Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

**S. S. SOLOMONS,**  
Superintendent.  
**S. B. PICKENS,** General Ticket Agent.

### Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

#### CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 5, 1878.  
On and after Monday, January 7, 1878, the trains on this Road will leave Depot of Northeastern Railroad as follows:

**Fast Mail Daily.**  
Leave Charleston . . . 3 15 a. m.  
Arrive at Savannah . . . 9 00 a. m.  
Leave Savannah . . . 5 00 p. m.  
Arrive Charleston . . . 11 00 p. m.

**Accommodation Train, Sundays Excepted.**  
Leave Charleston . . . 8 00 a. m.  
Arrive at Savannah . . . 6 15 p. m.  
Arrive Port Royal . . . 1 50 p. m.  
Leave Savannah . . . 3 50 p. m.  
Leave Savannah . . . 9 00 a. m.  
Leave Augusta . . . 7 30 p. m.  
Leave Port Royal . . . 10 20 a. m.  
Arrive Charleston . . . 5 50 p. m.

**Night Passenger, Sundays Excepted.**  
Leave Charleston . . . 8 50 p. m.  
Arrive Savannah . . . 8 45 a. m.  
Arrive Savannah . . . 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 Monticello. Accommodation train will stop at all stations 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. S. GARDNER, Engr. and Supt.**  
**S. C. BOLTON, 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 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 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 at all principal points. Pullman Sleepers on night trains.

**Through Freight Train—Daily, except Sundays.**  
**GOING NORTH.**  
Leave Columbia . . . 5 00 p. m.  
Leave Florence . . . 4 30 a. m.  
Arrive at Wilmington . . . 12 00 a. m.

**GOING SOUTH.**  
Leave Wilmington . . . 2 20 p. m.  
Leave Florence . . . 2 35 a. m.  
Arrive at Columbia . . . 10 10 a. m.

Local Freight Train leaves Columbia Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only, at 6 a. m. Leave Florence at 3 30 p. m.

**A. POPE, G. P. & T. A.**  
**F. DEVINE, Superintendent.**

## A YELLOW FEVER EXPERIENCE.

### Vivid Description of Terrible Suffering and Miraculous Recovery.

(Correspondence of the Detroit Evening News.)

NEW ORLEANS, July 12, 1878.

Eheu! I begin to realize that I have something to do with this world's affairs. My nurse, Mrs. Delaney, has just stepped out, and my glance falls on some numbers of the Picayune lying on her chair. By a mighty optical effort I try to read the telegraph headings on the corner bent up on the back of a chair, but everything becomes blurred and I relinquish the vain attempt. The door opens without any preliminary knock, and an intellectual looking young mulatto, arrayed in a spotted white suit, approaches my bedside. He has studied at Oberlin, is a graduate of medicine in France, and an assistant to my physician, who has a large practice, which has swollen to immense proportions during the last three months. I talk about my illness, my prospective restoration to complete health, my desire to write letters, and he answers me by a deprecating smile and a wave of his tapering brown fingers. But I insist that I must do something, and he finally consents that I shall dictate short epistles to my friends.

"We don't want to lose you now, after all our trouble in getting you round. Why, Dr. Chopin is telling about your case all over the city. That is the reason you have had so many medical callers."

I look at the young doctor stolidly while my brain is slowly evolving ideas which are only expressed in words like these: "Oh, unparalleled egotist, to harbor for one moment the idea that these groups of keen-eyed men were philanthropists whose hearts were touched by your frightful sufferings and unhappy fate. Bah! What a fool you are! The mother who imagines the doctor loves her sick child has the excuse of maternal interest and feminine weakness for her ridiculous egotism. But you, poor, dilapidated, yellow-visaged wreck, without home, family or relatives in this plague-stricken city—"

I mused thus with closed eyes. When I opened them the doctor had departed, and Mrs. Delaney, with her antediluvian straw thatching where she had placed it on my trunk, was busy measuring out another of those horrible medicaments of execrable physic which are considered the correct thing for my present situation.

"Mrs. Delaney!"  
"Glorify be to God, but yer voice is as loud as a bull!" she cried, getting over a little start.  
"I want to write."  
"Yeec can't do it."  
"I want some one to write for me."  
"Yeec can't do that ayther."  
"But the doctor has allowed me to dictate, and you wouldn't be so?"  
"What doctor—the young wan?"  
"Yes."  
"I don't care a snap what he says. Ah! well, yeec needn't cry now. Sure, an' I mane it for the bisy. Yeec must kape quiet. No, don't be so spoukey an' let me fix yer pilley. I'll bring Johnny, and yeec can tell him what to write. Bad luck to him! It was his fault ye're down as ye are now."

Johnny comes according to promise. He has all the physical and mental characteristics of the Irishman's American son born and bred in a large city. Johnny is sharp, fairly educated, but a confirmed hoodlum. He is nineteen years of age, freckle-faced, strongly built and rather a good-looking youth. With all his hardened disregard of the conventionalities I can easily see that he respects me because I am a newspaper man. He is an ardent lover of the horrible and the exciting. He comprehends that the midnight murder, the awful accident, the tragic suicide, the criminal trial, the big sporting events of the day, from a prize fight or a regatta down to a game of base-ball, are all witnessed by newspaper men, and he looks up to me as an authoritative source of golden information.

Will he write as I dictate? Of course he will. Is he not afraid of catching the fever? No; he has been there. All right.

It is six weeks or rather more since I lounged into the billiard room of the St. Charles Hotel and looked at the flying ivory spheres as they were being manipulated by two local crack players. There is yellow fever in the city, though the newspapers say nothing on the subject. One of the players, as he chafes his cue, makes a jesting allusion on the arrival of "Bronze John." I have been feeling an inexplicable sensation growing over me, enveloping my limbs, covering my back, and swathing my chest with a garment of shuddering uneasiness. I didn't like the player's remark. I inwardly wished that his opponent might beat him that game, and I strode toward one of the seats against the wall. I was about turning around to sit down,

when something like a cricket bat struck me on the back, and I felt a terrible decrease in vitality. Why do I say a cricket bat? Because it felt as though a light piece of wood, fashioned like the flattish, rounded blade of a cricket bat, had struck me squarely, but not very hard, across the back several inches below the shoulder blade. I sink into the chair. A dull but overwhelming pain shoots through my head; my limbs tremble. I stare with pertinacity at the game, however. My favorite player has an apparently impossible shot. He looks at the situation of the balls and whistles deprecatingly as he chalks his cue. With a swift motion, as if he had made up his mind for a coup d'etat, he shoots his ball against the object sphere. His ivory globe spins swiftly round the table, making one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight cushions, twice round the table, and caroms. The spectators hum applause. An enthusiastic, swarthy-faced Creole pounds his stick on the floor. My head becomes oppressed with a load of pain, and cold chills shoot up my back.

"Where do you live?" asks the swarthy face. I look half vacantly in his face and gurgle, "No.—Baronne street." The billiard room, crowded a moment before, is empty.

My landlady is an old north of Ireland woman, and she has kept boarding house in New Orleans for thirty years. Her husband died of yellow fever during a bad season before the war, and she manages her extensive business with the help of her unmarried daughter. My room is in a building rented by her across the way for single men's apartments, and the roomers in that house come across the way for their meals.

"Don't be afraid, now," said the old lady. "I'll get Mrs. Delaney for you, and we'll get you through. The doctor will be round in a little while."  
"Give me some ice water," I cry huskily; "quick, for the love of God!"  
She answered that she would. During every half lidd moment in the next four days, when my stout, imperious, kind-hearted Irish nurse gave me, at excruciatingly long intervals, a spoonful of ice water, and sometimes a piece of ice the size of a hazel nut, I raved and cursed at my landlady. She was vile, she was atrocious, she was infamous! The recollection that she had promised me ice water and had heartlessly gone back on her word filled me with tempestuous indignation. Oh! if she had given me that cooling drink I would have been well. I would not have been the fiery furnace that I am. It would have choked off the demon of thirst which is now consuming my vitals. Now I can drink the whole water supply of the city! What ecstasy to be one of the 42-inch pipes of the Detroit water works! I wish the Mississippi river to flow down my throat! Oh! give me the ocean itself, with my personal office somewhere in the Arctic seas near the frozen pole!

The long night slowly flits away, and the blazing sun again scorches the plague-stricken city. Mrs. Delaney, by a fortunate chance, has been secured. Her last patient, a Northern business man, had died. Mrs. Delaney does not pretend to be very sorry. She is sixty-one years of age, but more active than many a young woman of twenty. She knows her business thoroughly, and has no vain sentimentalism in her composition. In the intervals of my restless tumbings about the bed I commune with Mrs. Delaney. Her first experience with yellow fever was many years ago—in the bad season of 1837—when her first husband was a victim to the plague, and she was left alone with a baby to fight the battle of life. She married again, she tells me, and her second husband is not dead yet. She remarks in a crisp voice that she doesn't know where he is, and she doesn't care. We change the subject.

I find that I cannot possibly die today. This is the second and consequently an even number of days. I may die to-morrow, which is Wednesday, the third day, or I may become defunct on Friday, the fifth day, or I may lounge in agony till the following Tuesday, the ninth day, but I can scorch and burn, and gasp, and yell on any of the intervening days without fear of death. I study this theory over in a wild, unconnected way, and think it odd.

"The doctors say the crisis must come on an odd day, and I have always found it so myself," says Mrs. Delaney. "Can ye spit?" The change of subject is too abrupt, and I stare at her vacantly.

"Spit in that. Humph! Is yer mouth sore? It is; well, that's good. Ye'll lose a power o' blood out of yer mouth."  
Next day the doctor decides that I am afflicted with epistaxis (I don't know whether I have spelled it right). It is bleeding from the mouth, tongue

and gums. My tongue is swollen, and there are raw fissures in it and also in my gums, and streams of blood issuing all the time. After a while my nose contributes a bloody stream, and I faintly ask Mrs. Delaney if I am going to bleed to death. "No; no danger of that. Bleeding is a good sign," she says. I swallow lime water and calcined magnesia, which I am informed prevents black vomit. My eyes, which have been aching terribly, now become fiercely inflamed and seem to be ready to start out of my head. Toward evening I sign to my nurse to hand me a small mirror which is hanging against the wall. She refuses; I insist. She persists. I become exasperated and jump out of bed, and with a firm step walk up to the wall, descend the chair and take it down.

"Yer so pitty, ye must see yerself," says Mrs. Delaney, satirically.

I can but inadequately describe the expression of my face. It was never a good-looking countenance—nay, it was always homely. The criticisms I have heard on my physiognomy might be summed up in the words "stern" and "scut." Still it would pass in a very, very large crowd. But this—this is the face of a demon! My forehead is corrugated; my eyes are glaring and blood-shot; my swollen lips are bloody and cracked, and my discolored teeth, set fast and expressing murder and destructiveness, are a combination and a form indeed to give the world assurance of a fiend! I try to mitigate the expression by an attempt to smile, and produce—a hyena.

On the fourth day I suffer indescribable torture, and my mind is filled up with frenzy and horrified imaginings. The central delusion is that I am condemned to wild, in the same manner as a water wheel, over a measureless chasm, for just one million years. Phantasmagoria, in the form of endless processions of men, women and beasts, each looking and leering at me and mocking my sufferings, pass along in endless array. I know it is the result of opium given to deaden the terrible torture in my abdomen, but the drug does not succeed in mitigating it to any extent.

Next day, so my nurse now informs me, I ask her more than a thousand times "What have I done, to be thus punished?" The pains, which in the first stages had been somewhat obtuse, now become acute, and I shout aloud in intolerable agony. The pain in my head feels as though there was an iron beam on it, which was crushing in the bones, till my tortured eyes seem bound to jump out of their sockets. The bloody discharge from my mouth and nose continues, and a glance at the mirror on a chair at my bedside shows that my features have acquired a striking resemblance to an enraged yellow gorilla.

"If ye git the bloody sweat, yer gone," says Mrs. Delaney, with charming sympathy.

I learn from her that a fatal symptom of yellow jack is a universal bleeding from the pores of the skin, and that when this makes its appearance the patient may as well throw up the sponge. I tell her boastfully that blood sweat or black vomit has no terrors for me; I would just as soon have both of them together. She says "Shut up!" but says it softly, and endeavors to arrange the sheet in which my tortured form is partially enveloped. The contact of the mere cloth on my abdomen makes me shriek with agony. I rise from the bed frantically and approach the window, and my burning eyes are saluted by a funeral procession, preceded by a hearse with nodding plumes. Shooked, in spite of a recklessness born of ferocious pain, I lie down again, but no position gives me comfort. The fiery heat which consumes my abdomen is supplemented with horrible pains in my loins, thighs, calves, knees and ankles, and even toes, which feel as though scraped by a razor and then gnawed by a dog's sharp teeth. The pain in my head becomes more intense, and so does the agony in every part of my body. No position gives ease. My stomach and bowels have a burning heat, as though scalded by boiling water or burnt by coils of fire, and I shriek and blaspheme and curse my nurse and landlady for not adequately assuaging my thirst. I lie on my back or side, with knees drawn up, and objugate God and man. Then there slowly comes a change. My skin, which during the first three days was hot and dry and afterwards, on the fourth day, slightly moist, now perspires freely. Worn out, I lie gasping and groaning and still afflicted with pain and thirst. The doctor is summoned and comes with his brown, genteel assistant, and says he rather thinks I will be all right in a few days. He looks pleased, so does his assistant. Mrs. Delaney is cool and unmoved. As night approaches she lights the gas (the light does not hurt my eyes at all) and lets down the curtains, and seeing that I am tolerably quiet, asks if she can leave me for half an hour. I groan assent, while my heart jumps with expecta-

tion. Her toilet is neatly made and she is gone.

Now or never. I rise with difficulty and peer round for the water pitcher. Curses on her, she has taken it away! I fall back in profound despair. In the silence of the night I hear the noisy exclamations of card-players in the little coffee house on the corner across the way. A wild idea crosses my brain, and I deliberately slide out of bed and lie prone on the carpet. Then I roll slowly toward the door, tacking round the table and my nurse's chair so as to evade exertion. Then I turn the handle, and the door opens toward me. No fear of being discovered! I and my nurse are the only occupants of the house, and she is out! I am attired in a simple costume, consisting of only one linen garment, while around my neck is a cloth stained with blood from my mouth. I descend the stairs which lead to the side door in the primitive manner of a child of ten months, and unlock the door leading to the side of the house. Across the narrow street—it is scarcely twelve feet in width—is the one-story coffee house. The saloons of New Orleans are generally called coffee houses, and a number of them keep the fragrant decoction of the bean of Yemen always on hand. This coffee house is simply a tenth-rate bar-room, frequented principally by "dagos," which generic title takes in all men of Spanish extraction engaged in fishing or bringing fruit or vegetables to market from points on the river. The landlord, a villainous-looking "dago," with a dark, pallid face like a Lascar, is playing cards with three of his customers with all the heat and noise peculiar to gamblers of the Latin race. I see them through a stationary wooden blind which partially conceals the shabby bar and the array of bottles and decanters reflected in a cheap, dirty mirror. I make my way over the pavement on my hands and knees. I pause unobserved under the veranda of the grocery and gaze with feverish desire on something which stands on the counter. My head burns fiercely with my unwonted exertion. Finally, with a supreme effort, I stagger across the room to the bar, lift up the battered pewee-pitcher to my lips and commence drinking. To my dying day I will declare that draught the sweetest ever drank by man. The next moment there was a hurried movement. Two of the men ran out with a howl of horror. The landlord snatched the pitcher from my lips, and his companion seized me in his arms. These "dagos" are not afraid of yellow fever. I caught a sight of a yellow-faced demon in the mirror at the same time, and then all was dark.

"I don't care, doctor, I won't do nothing for him. He can die."  
"Well, I think you had better stay. You have no right to leave him."  
"What could I do? Sure, Johnny had been arrested for battin' an Englishman, an' I only slipped down to see him and give him money to pay his fine."

Ninety-nine doctors out of a hundred will tell you that a relapse means death. Two weeks to a day after my first attack I felt an overpowering nausea in my stomach, and my mouth filled. My nurse said not a word, but turned deadly pale. As I saw an inky substance before me in the basin, I said lightly: "This is the black vomit, isn't it?" No answer. I repeated the question, and Mrs. Delaney put up her apron, like a true Irish maid, and took refuge in tears. "Bah!" said I with a sinking heart, though feeling singularly free from pain. "The black vomit can't kill me!"

Mrs. Delaney, after a few sobs, strikes a bell on the table twice and sips down to the door. A little darkey from over the way receives her message, and in a little while my landlady comes in. Then comes a clerical-looking personage, with Dundreary whiskers and blue eyes, who says that he understands the brother belongs to the Presbyterian faith. The doctor also makes his appearance, and brushes every body aside, touches my forehead and assumes a perfunctory appearance of attention. I incline to the belief that these people think that I am a "goner," but I exult in the idea that they are all mistaken. The doctor, being privily advised thereto by the clergyman, tells me that I must die. When? Well, by morning. I don't believe it. He reiterates my belief. The clergyman kneels and prays and the doctor retires. The clergyman follows about an hour after and the two women sit up with me. The vomit continues and I make a rather sick joke about the cuttle-fish and its black vomit. I am answered by sighs. The assistant appears and I swallow some medicine. The long watches of the night pass away and I am still alive and sensible. The black vomit diminishes in quantity and by daylight it ceases. The assistant comes about 10 o'clock and is met at the door by

Mrs. Delaney. "Is it possible!" he ejaculates, and he forgets his professionally quiet tread and walks briskly to my bed.

Every day I have numerous visits from physicians. Yielding to the general wish, my physician has drawn up a formal report of my case, and it lies on my table, and is carefully read by every medical man who comes into my room. I am as yellow as a dirty lemon, but I am gaining. I have lost half my weight at least, every rib sticks out as plain as a barrel hoop, every section of my vertebrae stands out in bold relief like a walnut, and my legs are like walking sticks, but I still live. I have survived the twin evils of a relapse and black vomit in yellow fever, and I propose, as soon as I get well, to adopt Mrs. Delaney for my mother.

## THE PRINCESS ALICE DISASTER.

### Details of the Shocking Occurrence—The Vessel Sinks With Eight Hundred People on Board.

(News and Gossip.)

LONDON, September 4.—The excursion steamer Princess Alice, which was run into and sunk with such frightful results last evening, was one of the largest saloon steamers of the London Steamboat Company. She left London at 11 o'clock yesterday for Gravesend and Sheerness, many excursionists being induced by the fine weather to go for a holiday trip. The vessel left Gravesend on her return trip soon after 6 o'clock in the evening, and arrived in sight of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich about 8 o'clock. The Bywell Castle was then approaching on the opposite course. The two steamers were near the middle of the stream, just off the City of London Gas Works at Beckton and below North Woolwich Gardens, almost the precise spot where a fatal collision occurred between the Metia and the Wentworth ten years ago.

What happened is impossible accurately to detail. All that is known amid the maddening excitement is that the screw steamer struck the Princess Alice on the port side, near the fore sponson. A scene, which has no parallel on the river, ensued. A few, very few, persons clambered on the other vessel, but nearly all rushed to the after part of the Princess Alice as the bow subsided gradually under water. The shrieks were fearful, and nothing could be done to save life. There was a dozen or more life boys on board, and some boats were swinging in the davits, but, even if they could have been got at, they would have been of little service under the circumstances. Within five minutes the Princess Alice keeled completely over, and went down in deep water. Some small boats hastened to the scene, and the Duke of Teck, another steamer belonging to the same company, which was also on its passage up the river with a party of excursionists, went to the rescue; but the river for a hundred yards was full of drowning people screaming in anguish and praying for help, and as it was growing dark then, not much could be done to save them. It is believed that not more than one hundred and fifty persons escaped out of eight hundred aboard the vessel.

The Princess Alice was a long and low river steamer, built for excursions down the Thames, of which the middle and lower classes of Londoners are very fond. She had saloons on the forward and after decks and her passenger carrying capacity was unusually large. A large proportion of her passengers last evening were on the upper or saloon deck, and must have seen beforehand their impending doom, but those in the stern of the steamer had no warning until they heard the crash and found the passengers from the forward part of the vessel running to the after part. Beyond the fact that the tide was about two hours ebb, which would enable the Princess Alice to ease and stop sooner than the screw steamer, which would be borne on by the tide, it is impossible to discover any of the circumstances immediately preceding the collision. Before the boats came into collision, there were cries from one to the other to keep out of the way, but as usual in such cases the accident was probably due to misunderstanding, the one misinterpreting the intention of the other. All the rules of sailing were cast to the winds in the moment of peril, each taking the wrong course to avoid the other's blunder.

At a late council of the Spanish Ministry, the question of the young King Alfonso's second marriage was, according to report, considered. It was thought that the project might be premature, its speedy consideration for dynastic reasons was essential. The youngest sister of the late Queen Mercedes is the lady named. The subject is to be again discussed at a Ministerial council early in September.

On 1st inst. one of our  
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## ANOTHER MARY MORRIS CASE.

### A Young Woman, Thought to be Crazy, Shoots Her Lover.

(Columbus Times.)

On Wednesday last, in the Valley Plaza, Columbus, occurred an event which will furnish the foundation for a story. A young woman, thought to be crazy, deliberately shot her lover, seriously, if not mortally. The name of the woman who did the shooting was Miss Julia Leaton, and her victim was a widow by the name of Mrs. Leaton.

The following is all that could be ascertained about the unfortunate occurrence: Some time last week a man who had been paying attention to Miss Bryant came to this city with her, and the couple registered at one of the hotels as man and wife. Early this week they returned to their homes in Harris county. On the Wednesday following Miss Bryant met Mrs. Leaton, to whom the young man had also been showing attention. The two women got into a quarrel about their lover, and during the quarrel Miss Bryant shot Mrs. Leaton with a pistol, wounding her severely, if not fatally. She was immediately arrested, and on Thursday had a preliminary examination before one of the Justices of the peace, at Valley Plaza.

After hearing the case the Court bound her over under a \$2,000 bond to answer the charge of assault with intent to murder. She was taken into custody by an officer and placed at the house of a neighbor until her bond could be arranged. While thus detained she managed, by that shrewdness which generally characterizes the sex in great extremities, to make her escape. She is now at large, and as the man about whom the quarrel is supposed to have originated, is also missing, it is presumed that the pair went off together. We have purposely omitted calling the name of the man supposed to be involved in this affair, because the particulars, as given to us, were meagre, and we await a fuller account before making public mention of him. The father of Miss Bryant is a very respectable and honest farmer of Harris county. He is a strict member of the church and highly esteemed by the entire community in which he lives.

## A Mystery in Abbeville.

ABBEVILLE, Sept. 1.—Sheriff Jones has been missing since August 22. His office was opened and investigated by his bondsmen to-day. He is behind some \$2,000, and the whole affair is shrouded in mystery. In a letter addressed to the public, which was found in his safe, he says: "By one hour of neglect I have wrecked my own happiness. I have been robbed, whether through negligence or not I am at a loss to say, but such is the fact. I cannot meet my bondsmen, I cannot meet my friends, with suspicion written in their faces. I have raised sufficient money to carry me safely and securely across the ocean."

This letter was written on the night of the 21st ult. A letter received from the fugitive yesterday, postmarked Cincinnati, August 28th, said that he was making for Canada or England. He is evidently insane, as he left sufficient property to meet all his liabilities. He is due the sheriff's office from \$1,800 to \$2,000, and has left available assets to the amount of \$2,500.

"A veritable joint-snake" has been captured in Georgia. The pupil of its eye is not oval not its head diamond-shaped; its largest diameter is about half an inch. It is in four pieces, which, if joined together, would have a total length of about thirty inches. Above it is brown and regularly spotted and below white. The divisions or fragments are all "below the viscera. Each joint shows six little cogs on one side corresponding to six apertures on the other, and the skin extending to the ends of the cogs and the mouth of the holes, so when the cogs are put in the holes the fit is exact. The first and second fragments are each one and a half inches long; the last, including the tail, is about nine inches long."

The President, before he left for the West, signed Col. Mosby's commission, but not as consul at Canton, China, the place to which he was originally appointed. The President decided that he would make no change at that place, but appointed Col. Mosby, the most acceptable offerant at Canton, which Col. Mosby accepts.

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