

THE PEOPLE.

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THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was arched;
One horn turned up and the other turned down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And she like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;
On many a target for all things known;
On many a deer the dusky hair
Would grow no more where it once had grown;
Many a pasture, parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a bucket of goodly stein,
And many a cudgel with a heavy end,
Had broken the back of her loving friend,
Or had wounded off from her long back,
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she pined in the pound
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;
Many a cowardly ear and bound
Had been trampled on her crumpled horn;
Many a farmer and old tin pail
Had the target and old tin pail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,
When many a weary mile he ran,
To drive her no more where it once had grown.
Sharp were the pranks she used to play
To get her all and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;
She wisely watched him when he went;
He never passed her without a frown,
And an evil glance in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And add drive along in his "one-horse day."

Then it is his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his head with a surly glare,
Nodding his head with a surly glare,
Nodding his head with a surly glare,
Nodding his head with a surly glare,
Nodding his head with a surly glare.

Over the garden, round and round,
Breaking his nose and apple trees,
Trampling his peaches into the ground,
Overturning his live of trees,
Leaving his garden and every thing,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrong.

The house grew on the garden wall;
The fence went by with their work and play;
The top of the cottage grew strong and tall,
And the gray-headed farmer peeped o'er
One by one the old leaves fall,
But the highway cow continued to roam.

"And you think that little woman's face could be made beautiful?"

"I know it."
"Try it, then. Here is your copy of Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the face. Make an apothecary portrait of your neighbor, and, while it harmonizes with the body of Titian's beauty, still leave it recognizable as the portrait, and I'll give in to your theories—believing in all other miracles, if you like, at the same time!"

The day came, and the splendid equipage of the Countess dashed into the square of the Santa Maria, with a veiled bride and a cold bridegroom, and deposited them at the steps of the church. As they were followed by other coroneted equipages, and gayly-dressed people dismounted from each—the mother and sisters of the bridegroom, gayly dressed, among them, but looking pale with incertitude and dread.

The veiled bride was small, but she moved gracefully up the aisle, and met her future husband at the altar, with a low courtesy, and made a sign to the priest to proceed with the ceremony. McDonald was colorless, but firm, and, indeed, showed but little interest, except by an anxious look now and then among the crowd of spectators at the sides of the altar. He pronounced his vows with a steady voice, but when the ring was to be put on, he looked around for an instant, and then suddenly, and to the great scandal of all present, clasped his bride with a passionate ejaculation to his bosom. The coroneted equipages were on her finger—and the Countess Nychriem and Mademoiselle Folie—his bride and his fancy queen—were one!

This curious event happened in Florence some years since—as all people then there will remember—and it was prophesied of the Countess that she would have but a short lease of her handsome and gay husband. But time does not say so. A more constant husband than McDonald in his plain and titled wife, and one more continuously in love, does not travel and buy pictures and patronize artists—though few, except yourself, dear reader, know the philosophy of it.

An answer is requested in the course of tomorrow, addressed to "The Countess of Barnwell, Minister of His Majesty the King of Prussia." I have the honor, etc., etc. BARNWELL.

THE HANDSOME ARTIST.

Ormsa McDonald was a young Highlander come to Florence to study the old masters. He was an athletic, white-skinned, handsome fellow. He painted in the palace or wiped his forehead on a warm day with equally small care, to all appearance, and he had brought his mother and two sisters to Italy, and supported them by a most heroic economy and industry. Indeed, the more I knew McDonald, the more I became convinced that there was another man built over him.

You will pardon me that I have taken two days to consider the extraordinary proposition made me in your letter. The subject, since it is to be entertained a moment, requires, perhaps, still further reflection; but my reply shall be definite and as prompt as I can bring myself to be in a matter so important.

My first impulse was to return your letter, declining the honor you would do me, and thanking the lady for the compliment of her choice. My first reflection was the relief and happiness which an independence would bring to a mother and two sisters dependent now on the precarious profits of my pencil. And I first consented to ponder the matter with this view, and I now consent to marry (frankly) for this advantage. But still I have a condition to propose.

In the studies I have had the opportunity to make of the happiness of imaginative men in matrimony I have observed that they two worlds of fact and fancy were seldom under the control of one mistress. It must be a very extraordinary woman, of course, who, with the sweet domestic qualities needed for conjugal life, possessed at the same time the elevation and spirituality necessary for the ideal of the poet and painter. And I am not certain, in any case, whether the romance of some secret passion, fed and pursued in the imagination only, be not the inseparable necessity of a poetic nature. For the imagination is incapable of being chained, and it is at once disenchanted and set roaming by the very position and certainty which are the charms of matrimony. Whether exclusive devotion of all the faculties of mind and body be the fidelity exacted in marriage is a question every woman should consider before making a husband of an imaginative man. As I have not seen the Countess (I can generalize on the subject without offense; and she is the best judge whether she can chain my fancy as well as my affections, or yield to an imaginative mistress the devotion of so predominant a quality of my nature. I can only promise her the constancy of a husband.

This inevitable license is allowed—my ideal world and its devotions, that is to say, left entirely to myself—I am ready to accept the honor of the Countess's hand.

Your Excellency may command my time and presence. With high consideration, etc., etc. GRAMM McDONALD.

Rather agitated than surprised seemed Mile. Folie when, the next day, as she arranged her brushes upon the shell of her easel, her handsome neighbor commenced, in the most fluent Italian he could command, to invite her to his wedding. Very much surprised was McDonald when she interrupted him in English, and begged him to use his native tongue, as Madame, her attendant, would not understand him. He went on delightedly in his own honest language, and explained to her his imaginative admiration, though he felt compunctious, somewhat, that so unreal a sentiment should bring the visible blood to her cheek. She looked him over, drew the cloth from the upper part of her own dress, and showed him an admirable portrait of his handsome features, substituted for the marble head of Je-

dith, in the original from which she copied—and promised to be at his wedding, and to listen sharply for her murmured name in his vow at the altar. He chanced to wear at the moment a ring of red coral, and he agreed with her that she should stand where he could see her, and at the moment of his putting the marriage ring upon his bride's finger that she should put on this, as a token of having received his spiritual vows of devotion.

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AMATEURS AND EDITORS.

Amateurs are very apt to look upon editors as their most implacable foes. The cool persistence with which they decline to avail themselves of contributions which the contributor is convinced would make the fortunes of the journals, if they only knew it—such blindness to self-interest—rouses pity in the breast of the worldly-wise amateur. He indites a letter of remonstrance to the misguided editor, and is promptly crushed. In some a less-tender emotion than pity is often agitated the bosom of the rejected poet. Smarting under a sense of gross ill-usage, he pours out the vitals of his wrath upon that incarnation of fraud, injustice and wickedness, the editor. Why should his poems be rejected, when so much trash is inserted? Why is no reason for rejection vouchsafed to him? He hysterically demands satisfaction. The amount of this sort of correspondence that goes on is surprising and distressing. It is distressing because it shows such a lamentable want of tact on the part of the contributors. No editor can reasonably be expected to reconsider his decision. If he were to do so, every rejected article would be sent in half a dozen times, each time with a slight alteration here and an addition there; and it would be necessary to have six editors instead of one to examine the contributions in their successive stages of development. How such an economical system would work we leave the reader to imagine. Naturally this badgering of editors never leads to "business." If an editor declines a proffered contribution because it is unprofitable for his magazine, it is not likely that he will be bullied into taking it; and every attempt to do so will be resented and remembered. The bad taste as well as bad policy of amateurs who adopt such a course of action cannot be too strongly censured. If they really believe that their article, or poem, or whatever it may be, is worth publishing, let them send it to the editor of the periodical press from the Nineteenth Century downward, and if it fails to find a haven of rest from its wanderings somewhere, its proper place is in the fire. It might be better in mind that, although the reading public devours an immense amount of rubbish, and pays for it too, it will not swallow the literary garbage produced by all who choose to scribble on paper with a pen. There is a vast difference between well-written nonsense and the clumsily hashed-up encyclopedia or encyclopaedia of business. —*Times's Magazine.*

NEWSPAPER WRITING VS. NAU- SINE WORK.

The chief duty of most newspaper men is to buzz around for news, not to turn smooth sentences or articulate beautiful thoughts. Many persons can be brilliant two or three times a year, who utterly fail in the treadmill experience of journalistic work. Literary contributions to newspapers or periodicals seldom become millionaires. Of course, one who is already famous can get his own price for an article, but \$2 a page is a good average compensation for an article accepted by one of our magazines. Suppose it to cover ten pages, the writer receives \$20. If he could write and secure a publisher for twelve such articles in a year, which is supposing what rarely occurs, his net income would be \$240. Thus, while it may pay the young beginner in law or medicine to employ his own abundant leisure and increase his limited income by writing for the monthlies, a complete reliance on them for support, even under favorable circumstances, is foolish. As for the daily papers, they have little room, under the constantly-increasing amount of telegraphic and local news, for the miscellaneous topics, in which alone the outsider can hope to compete with the regular staff. Thus they offer very little to the amateur. —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

UTTERANCES OF NOTED MEN.

"It looks like rain." —*Plato.*
"Pass the butter." —*Horace Greeley.*
"Cold day, ain't it?" —*Martin Luther.*
"You can stop my paper." —*Napoleon Bonaparte.*
"My head aches fit to split." —*George Washington.*
"Is this hot enough for you?" —*Cardinal Richelieu.*
"Here's another button off this shirt." —*Daniel Webster.*
"Send me up two pounds of steak." —*Thomas Jefferson.*
"These potatoes ain't more'n half done." —*Socrates.*
"You're fuller than you was before dinner." —*Confucius.*
"Call around next week and I'll pay it." —*Edgar Allan Poe.*
"Can't you keep your cold feet out of my back?" —*Bright Young.*
"You needn't sit up for me; I shan't be home till late." —*Thomas a Kempis.*
"Can't you lend me \$5 till next Monday?" —*John Howard Payne.*
"I suppose I've got to go out and shovel off that sidewalk." —*Charles Sumner.*

ANOTHER SUBSTITUTE FOR CASTOR OIL.

A writer mentions black alder as a substitute for castor oil. He recommends a fluid extract made from the bark, each fluid dram of which contains an equivalent of one dram of the bark. The extract is a dark brown thick fluid, with a sweet and agreeable taste, and the dose varies from one to two drams for a child. As an aperient it has many advantages over Rhamnus cathartica: it causes no nausea, no cructations, and no griping, and also seems to have tonic and aromatic qualities by which the muscular action of the bowels is slightly stimulated.

There are 17,000 railroad engines in the United States, and each one averages fifty tons per day. Where do these 850,000 daily tons go? —*Detroit Free Press.* They go to make the foot assemblable. —*Lowell Courier.*

When the same man plays "high low," that indicates an unsteady and fluctuating market!

THE HORSE-CHESTNUT.

A couple of our solid citizens—only in avydropole as well as in their had accounts—were on a horse-car a day or two since, when a man came limping aboard apparently suffering from rheumatism. One of the solid men remarked, "I've never had a twinge of rheumatism in my life," and at the same time he took from his pants pocket a horse-chestnut, and displayed it with an air that seemed to imply, "This is the little joker that did the business." But no sooner had solid citizen No. 1 displayed his chestnut than solid citizen No. 2 also drew from his pantaloons pocket a horse-chestnut. Said the first citizen, "I've carried this for thirty years." "So have I carried this for more than thirty years," replied the other; but I don't carry mine for rheumatism. I carry it for gout."

A passenger, who had been an interested listener to the foregoing, rather timidly asked one if he really believed there was any virtue in a simple horse-chestnut. "No," answered the man. "Then why do you carry the thing about with you?" "Because it don't cost anything, and can do no harm, if it does no good." "It shows a little independence, though." "Very well; I'll shoulder it. In the meantime I shall keep on carrying it. I've carried it thirty years, and have not been troubled with rheumatism. And I know of others who can testify to the same result."

Then the lame man who had got aboard of the car and was the cause of this episode put his hand in his pocket and drew out a horse-chestnut, and held it up to the gaze of the others. A ripple of laughter went up, and the two solid citizens who pinned their faith to the nut anticipated a set-back from the lame man. But the latter remarked, "Don't laugh, gentlemen! I have faith in the horse-chestnut. My lameness is not rheumatism. I got a sprain a few days ago. I had a touch of the rheumatism, though, about ten years ago, and I went and got a horse-chestnut, and have carried it in my pocket ever since. And, gentlemen, I've never had the rheumatism since."

Perhaps three men carrying horse-chestnuts is a rather big average for a one-horse carload of passengers, but there are more maniacs with these chestnut charms in their pockets than Dr. Tanner, in his philosophy, "was crazed of." —*Hartford Times.*

ALLEGATOR LEATHER.

It is now twenty-one years since that an old Canadian revealed to the head of a large shoe-manufacturing firm in Boston the secret of a process for the tanning of alligator hides. The industry immediately became a profitable one, and since then many thousand alligator hides are annually used by our home manufacturers or sent abroad, principally to London and Hamburg. At first the skins came from Louisiana, and New Orleans was the center of the traffic. The wholesale manner in which the alligators were slaughtered, however, speedily rendered them scarce in that State. Florida is now the great source from which our supplies are obtained, and the trade centers in Jacksonville. The alligators are killed in great numbers, both by passengers on board the steamboats plying on the rivers of Florida and by hunters who follow this pursuit as a means of livelihood. After being killed they are flayed, and only those parts which are useful for leather, such as the belly and flanks, are preserved. They are then packed in a cask containing a strong brine and sent North to be made into leather. Hitherto alligator leather has been used chiefly for men's boots and shoes; now, however, it is coming into fashion for ladies' wear. It is also made into slippers, pocket-books, cigar-cases and various other kinds of fancy articles. The traffic in this leather, which has hitherto been of importance only in this country, is now making rapid strides in Europe, and at a not far distant day will probably reach no inconsiderable proportions. —*French paper.*

PLEASANTIES.

Jones calls his wife's hair-dresser her switch-tender.
A marriage story—One in which there are no weddings.
There is a chap who calls his best girl Revenge, because "revenge is sweet."
Plump girls are said to be going out of fashion. If this is true, the plumper the girl the slimmer her chances.
"Mr. Darling's Shoes" is the name of a new ballad, but "the old man's boot" is generally considered more touching.

There is a girl in Dutch
Who had an aversion to truth,
So when her beau kissed her
And made her lips blither,
She told folks she had a sore tooth.
Gentlemen who are continually inveighing against fashion worship should remember that it makes a heap of difference whose dress is gored.
When a hen sits on an empty china egg, you call it blind instinct. What do you call it when a girl sets her affections on an empty-headed noodle?
A chivalrous exchange thinks when a man marries a widow he should give up smoking. "She gives up her weeds"—he should be equally polite.
The Boston Daily Advertiser heads an article in its columns, "The Grace of To-day." If this is intended for a conundrum we would answer—Oleomargarine.

"Hax was a daisy," but she put her little French-baked shoe on a beanie post, and in a flash was transformed into a lady slipper, and then arose blushing like a peach.
An excellent girl in Dutch
Told to love with a fair foreign beauty,
That she had had her own
Was all second-hand blushing beauty,
She looked like a Dutch beauty.
"Do you play the piano?" "No, I don't play the piano, but my sister Hannah, who is in Newmarket, she plays the piano in the most charming manner."
"Haven't you?"
A young lady was discussing a pretty special and mentioning, "I do love a new dog!" "Ah!" sighed a dandy, standing near. "I would I were a dog."
"Never mind," returned the young lady, sharply, "you'll grow."
The Boston Globe remarks that love is an affection of the stomach. In the interest of sanitary poetry, we really hope not. Just imagine a love watching beneath the lattice of her love, "My stomach, my stomach is breaking for the love of Alice Gray."
"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends to her dress, and, being a friend on the opposite side, modeled perfectly, whereas the customer knapsack down a patent cradle, and asked her where she wanted it delivered."
"Is it true that you are going to marry again?" "It's very true." "And whom do you marry?" "My dead wife's sister." "Is she handsome?" "No." "Rich?" "Not at all." "Then why have you chosen her?" "To tell you the truth, dear friend, in order not to change mother-in-law."

AN EDITOR'S DREAM.

In the years ago, when De Witt Clinton county, was the county seat and a right smart village in the woods, or on the way to be, the editor of its weekly paper had some subscribers who paid in wood, others in produce, others in fur, and others yet who didn't pay at all. One of these latter class was named Lemon, but to squeeze anything out of him was next to impossible. He had excuses at his tongue's end for not paying, and the longer the debt stood the more reasonable his excuses seemed to his creditors. One day the editor met him on the street, and, after a general greeting, began on him with:
"Mr. Lemon, you have been owing me for two years."
"Yes, but I had bad luck in my sugar-bush."
"But you might have brought wood."
"So I should, but I broke two new axes and couldn't buy another."
"I offered to take it out in turpentine and corn."
"I know, but the crows ate my corn up and the Injuns stole all my turpentine."
"Well, how are you getting along now?" asked the editor.
"First-rate."
"Have you a good run of sugar?"
"Yes."
"Corn doing well?"
"Splendid."
"Wheat all right?"
"Yes, all right."
"Well, if corn, wheat, potatoes and turpentine turn out good, and you keep well and you have no losses, will you pay me in the fall?"
The farmer scratched his head and took a full minute to think over it before he replied:
"That's an honest debt and order be paid, but I won't positively agree to square up this bill until I know what sort of a corn season we are to have!"
It is needless to say that he never squared. —*Detroit Free Press.*
A very sensible chap told the editor that he would pay without any more excuses.