

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 notes 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.

DR. J. H. F. MILHOUS, DENTAL SURGEON, BLACKVILLE, S. C. Office near his residence on E. R. Avenue.

Patients will find it more comfortable to have their work done at the office, as he has a good Dental Chair, good light and the most improved appliances. He should be informed several days previous to their coming to prevent any disappointment, though will generally be found at his office on Saturdays.

DR. B. J. QUATTLEBAUM, SURGEON DENTIST, WILLISTON, S. C. Office over Capt. W. H. Kennedy's store.

DR. J. RYAN SMITH, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, WILLISTON, S. C. Will attend calls throughout this and adjacent counties.

J. A. PATTERSON, Surgeon Dentist, Office at the Barnwell Court House.

ROBT. D. WHITE, MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS MEETING STREET, (Corner Heilbeck's Alley.)

OTTO TIEDEMAN & SONS, WHOLESALE Grocers and Provision Dealers, 102 and 104 East Bay Street, August 31st CHARLESTON, S. C.

Devereux & Co., LIME, CEMENT, LATH, PLASTER, HAIR SLATES and Marble Mantels, CHARLESTON, S. C.

HEMME'S RESTAURANT, 238 King Street, Opposite Academy of Music, CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHARLES C. LESLIE, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fish, Game, Lobsters, Turtles, Terrapins, Oysters, Etc. Etc., Stalls, Nos. 18 and 20 Fish Market, CHARLESTON, S. C.

THOS. MCG. CARR, FASHIONABLE Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon, 114 Market Street, (One Door East of King Street.) CHARLESTON, S. C.

CAROLINA TOLU TONIC, THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., AND GENERAL DYSPEPSIA, SURE CURE FOR Malaria and Dyspepsia IN ALL ITS STAGES.

H. BISCHOFF & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C. Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors.

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 11. BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1882. \$2 a Year.

THE LOST GARDEN.

There was a fair green garden sloping From the southeast side of a mountain ridge. And the earliest tints of the dawn came creeping Down through its paths from the day's dim light.

And now, on the hill gray cliffs I wander, The bright woods which I thought to find, And the light comes in its own mountain yonder.

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Professor Haeccke's Life in Ceylon. My great resource as an article of diet, was the fruit which abounded at every meal. Next to the banana of every variety, of which I consumed several at every meal, my standing dessert consisted of mangoes (Mangifera indica), egg-shaped green fruit, from three to six inches long; their cream-like golden pulp has a faint but distinct aroma of turpentine.

SCHOOL'S TOOKEN UP. The boys have come back to their schools, To violate grammar and rules, To violate the school and the school, To violate the school and the school.

A BIG NUGGET. Two Hundred and Twenty-seven Pounds of Solid Gold. In the early times in California claims were small and road-agents numerous, and men, if they found a nugget of extraordinary size, were afraid their ground might be jumped or themselves robbed and perhaps murdered going below, and thus kept the largest gold finds a secret until they could get out of the mountains and the State.

Spoopeydyke Crab-Fishing. Coming up the river the other day, I saw a middle-aged gentleman in a pug hat and business suit seated in a boat beside an attractive lady, feeling around among a lot of strings pendant from the side of the boat, and warning the lady that she could not keep too quiet.

Some farmers (or who pretend to be farmers) scoff at the idea of improving the production of prairie soil by stable and barn-yard manures. This is only the outcropping of shiftless and improvident farmers. Others never have any time to haul out manure. In the winter it is frozen, so that it cannot be moved. In the spring the ground is so soft that it is almost impossible to haul it, and making mortar of the soil to be formed. In the summer there is no place to spread it, as the crops occupy the ground. In the fall—well, what is in the way now? It is probable, however, that the manure pile has been bleached and washed in sun and rains until there is not a particle left in it. It has been filtered by the heavy summer rains until it is not worth anything.

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, one insertion, 50 cts. each subsequent insertion, 30 cts. 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 unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith. Address, BARNWELL C. H., S. C.

FIFTH AND FIFTY.

—Eloquence is the best speech of the best soul. —It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret, and I know more than one man who is a woman.—La Fontaine. —The astronomer at Harvard University have figured out that the comet was around the sun at the rate of 400 miles a second. Probably the sun had a bill against the comet.—Chicago Tribune. —An English woman says: "English women can't hold a candle to French women in the matter of flirting." Perhaps if they could it would throw some light on the subject.—Norristown Herald. —There is a cow in Pennsylvania that goes limping through life with a wooden leg. What a woman the owner would have! He could turn that leg into a pump and make the animal stand in a stream of water while he was milking.—N. Y. Advertiser. —A great many things are accepted by us as a matter of course in this country. An Austin notary was called to take the acknowledgment of a witness to a deed. He wrote out: "To me, well known, personally appeared—by the way, what is your name, anyhow?" —Orchestra-players are getting to be intolerably conceited. The piccolo is dreadfully high-toned. The tenor is always blowing their own horn. The fiddlers complain that they are subjected to such violent exercises, and the drummers are all on a strike.—N. Y. Post. —Which arm—the right or left—should be given a lady when walking in a crowded street?—Geography. In Philadelphia and other orderly cities give her the right arm, so that she may not be jostled by the passing crowd. In Chicago and St. Louis give her the left arm and carry your right hand in your pistol-pocket.—Philadelphia News. —What makes you ask such a high price for this little room? asked a friend of Morphy's of an Austin landlord. "Well, there is a young man next door who plays on the accordion. You don't expect to have your instrument and me stirred up from the bottom every evening and not pay anything for it, do you? He sings, too!"—Times Dispatch. —A great many of the scandalous stories current are built on the formula: "I say, mother, John told me that he heard Mr. Johnson say that Mr. Handy's son was present at the execution of the Duke of Clarence."—Boston Herald. —The young man looked up with a flash in his big blue eyes, and then turned to his paper without replying. "Hey! Did you hear me?" raved the other, as he leaned over the seat and lifted the hat off the young man's head. "Stranger, what may be the first coat of such a hat as yours?" The young man looked up with a flash in his big blue eyes, and then turned to his paper without replying. "Hey! Did you hear me?" raved the other, as he leaned over the seat and lifted the hat off the young man's head. "Stranger, what may be the first coat of such a hat as yours?"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"

Spoopeydyke, assisting her husband to arise and contemplating the mangled fish with anything but favor, "Is that what you call a crab? I thought—"