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bave 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 Sat-

He will still continue to attend calls throughout Barnwell and adjoining counties. [augl8 1y

DR. B. J. QUATTLEBAUM, SURCEON DENTIST.

WILLISTON, S. C.

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at the residences of patients.

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[sep11] [sep1if

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THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 13.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1882.

\$2 a Year.

FOR A WARNING.

f can tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago.

And I sometimes think it's curious that I can For though things that lately happened sing my wind, and fad away.

I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrot Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrote us in the Fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favor to of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but couldn't always tell
When my ple-ordst would be flaky, or the pouttry roast d well;
So I felt a little worried—if the truth must be confessed— At the th ught of Ezra's brother coming as eu-household guest.

Just a week before Thanks ving Ezra rode one day to town,

As I needed things for cooking—flour and sugar, white and brown;

And I worked like any beaver, all the time he Making minee and stewing apples for the coming holiday.

I was hot, and tired, and nervous, when he galloped hom; at night—

All that day my work had plagued me, nothing seemed to go just right.

"Here's the four, Inc'ndy," said he; "it's the best | ere is in tow i;
I forgot tre u.ue. w.ar, but I've brought
enough of brown."
"You're a roo!!" I cried in fury, and the tears began to fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after al!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thoug he ought to know:
But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speaking so.
Not a word he said in answer, but he starte:
for the door,
And in less than half a minute gallope I down

e road once more. Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and shame;
He was good and kind and patient; I was all the one to blum.

And the hours were on till midnight, and my hear seem diurned t stone.

As Listened for his coming while I sat there

With the daylight came a neighbor; "E ra has been hurt," he said;
"Found beside the road unconscious; taken up at first for dat!"

Just behind him came four others, with a burden slowly brough!;

As I stood and dumbly watched them you can guess of all I thought!

Ob, the days and nights that followed! Ezre Ob, the days and nights that followed: Ezre
I ved, but that was a i;
And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst
that might befall.
Wander up in a wild delirium, broken phrases
now and then
Dropped from levered lips, and told me what
his painful thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving downed upon us. Job came early, shocked to meet Such a broken-bear ed woman for the bride he and shadowed room, Where we waited for the twilight darkening

nothing more to do: If he lives till after sunset, i, perhaps, can pull him through." Just as five o'cicek was striking. Bara woke and feebly stirred; "Did you got the sugar, darting?" were the words I fa utly heard. How I cried! You can't imagine how I feit to

Or to not his look of wonder as I bent to kiss Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's com-hig up the walk— But, I've h d a purpose in it; 'twasn't just for

Idle talk.

Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel up with Gray?

It may save a world of trouble, and it's near Thanksgiving Day.—Christian Union.

A STRANGER AT THE BOARD.

A Thanksgiving Story. It snowed the night before Thanks-giving that year. Through the evening there was a half-defined mist in the gray a r that seemed like the all pervading chilliness taking form, and everybody who was going away, or who was to have company and that took in nearly all of New England. went to bed with a dim foreboding of disa pointment on the morrow.

"There is four inches of snow, at lea-t," said Farmer Draper on Thanksgiving morning, as he sme in from the big barn, stamping his feet vigorous'y " Four inches, at least, and that isn't the worst of it, it is covered with a crust as thin and sharp, almost, as win-dew glass. I declare here is a hole in

one of my rubber boots a read;." "I don't know what to do about cooking the turkey, said Mo her Draper, setting a large platter of steaming stewed chicken upo i the breakfast-table "I don't see how Aunt atherne and the girls are to get down here to day; or Frank and his wife, or the

boys, either, for that matter." It is a bad morning for horses to travel, to be sure." said William, comng in from the barn just then, "but Thanksgiv ng is never postponed on ac-count of the weather, so I will tell you what I propose to do 1 will tackle up the steers all four voke, and hitch them to the long wood sled and go for the company. It will be great fun, besides showing my good disposition by breaking a track for my neighbors. You can go, too, sis, if you have a mind to; we will start right away after break-

"It will be pretty cold," said her "And that ain't the worst of it," n her father. "I e pect she will be "Mother will get along until Aunt
Catherine gets here; she is a whole
team and a horse to let. So put on
our water-proof, old maid, and come
fown and help me ta kle. You need
not be afra d of your beau getting here before you return or certainly, if he has to walk, he c n't make great head-

way this morning." Jennie, a bright, handsome, trim little body, being the oldest of the Deaper children, was a ways teasingly called "the old maid," by her four brothers, who delighted in joking her about an expected lover who never ame. "Jennie's beau" was a sort of mythical scape-goat in the family to whom all imag nable, absurd blunders

and mishaps were attributed. So now she made some laughing re-sponse, and when her brother marshaled

his team, consisting of alternate yokes of red and white steers, two yokes of each, she took her place upon a bundle of straw in the center of the huge sled.

"There, sis," sa'd William, taking his seat upon the neap of the sled and brandishing his long whip, "you look I ke the genius of Thanksgiving going round on a tour of inspection among the brick ovens, and your team is almost as langitul as the reindeers of St. Nicholas."

It grew more and more fanciful momentarily, for it soon began to rain, and as the fine pelting drops from as

they fell, the whole turn-out was transformed into an e hibition of ice newly rozen for the occasion from the Actio region After having been round the square and picked up all the Draper blood in the township they retraced their steps, stopping at nearly e ery house for a merry interchange of greet-ings, "Just to break the groom that the storm had cast over every thing."
William said. But at every house it was noticeable that he threw out a few suggestive words to the boys that set them

The merriment of the morning was kept up through the day by the young people, while Mother Drager and Aunt tatherine moved mysteriously about and compared notes over drippingans, sauce-pans and pipkins in the

Dinner was to be early, so that the two Draper bo s who were thiployed upon the railroad that cut in twain the o oad acres of their fa her's farm could be back at the station at train time in the afternoon.

Aunt Catherine's lovely daughters helped their pretty cousin Jenny to se the tab'e, of course, and they managed sivily to have one plate and one chair too many, and by a great deal of manœuvr ng in seati g the company, this plate and chair were left beside Jennie for the long e pected beau.

"He has 't come yet, and that is the worst of it—I hope he rever will."
said Fa. mer Draper, looking a ectionately across the table at his daughter as he bowed his h ad to ask the blessing. "I believe he is comi g now, uncle; I really de," exclaimed Louise the mo-

men the good fa mer had re opened his eyes, a d sure enough, as they loosed out the window the; saw a stoutly built you g man bravely breasting the storm, et showi g a certain wearn ess as he walk d along the slippery way.

The weather had changed again by

this time, and the air was full of great feath ry fakes, as if all the feath rs of all the fowls that graced that day's dinner in New E gland had been cust to the four wirds. "He is coming in!" "No, he is going by!" "Yes, he has decided to call." as

the young man, who was evidently a stra ger looked agai at the polished windows that even on the outside gave a hint of warmth and good cheer within, "Bow-wow-wow!" barked Pinchers, welcome, especially when taking into co sideration bis huge proportio s and savage a r. and the stranger was turning

John had called out:-"Down, Pn hers, down?" Come in. come in, sie, on of the storm!" "I tanks ver, said the stranger, giving

away as the pia za door opened and

his ha: and coat a hake, thus divesting them of their burden of snow, and fol-lowing John directly into the dini groom, a d, with a graceful bow to the company, seating himself by the fire. Joh . We have the table set for you as you may see Sit right up.

"Yes, yes' ass nied Farmer Draper; sit right up, you are cold and tired, of course, but that isn t the worst of it, you must be hangre, too. You can get warm and rested and filled at the table." Louise, to carry on the joke, and to treat Jenn e's long-expected beau with due cordinity, pushed back the vacant chair, and Jennie, not to be out-done, glanced up and seeing a comely, neatlyiressed young man at her elbow gave m one of her sweet smiles, motioned him to the seat bes de her and passed his plate to her ather to be helped.

The stranger evidently understood very little of all the merry ta'k going on around the board, but he sat down in the proffered chair, bowed his head for a moment, as if invoking a si ent blessing, and then proceeded with his

"You haf large family." he said presently to the farmer, carefully studying his words, 'and you hat much meat, looking around with ev dent astonishment at the groaning table, for Mother I raper and Aunt Cather ne held to the old fash on that everyth ng belonging to the Thanksgiving dinner must be on the table before the am ly were seated. "We don't live like this right a ong," explained the farmer, "and that isn't the worst of it-we don't want to. This

is 'Thanksgiving.'" All this to the disgust of William, who was expostu ating: "Oh. goodness, fathdon't you make him believe that this is only a picked-up d nner?"

The young prople all joined in a laugh at this, but the stranger repe ted: Thanksgiving? Thank you! Thank God? I see! I know. I hear about it. I not knew it to-day. Every door I call I find good smells, like Christmas at home. No one say 'come in.' Here dog say 'Walk in.' You say 'Welcome,'" and the young man looked grate ully at John's smiling fa e, and hen went on with his dinner with a

"Gracious! See him lay in for suppl'es," said John, pas ing the onions.
"Don't intict such a stow-away upon "Robin to bobbin, the big-bellied Ben," that we used to read about in the Mother Goose boo ..

"Goose! Goose!" cried the stranger. nodding toward the skeleton of the turkey, "I understand, I think, this be Yankee Christmas." "Something of that sort," said the

farmer, "but that isn't the worst of it -Christmas is yet to come." "Where are you going?" asked one of the boys, and a ter the question had been frame i in various ways, he sa d "To Canada. There hat I friends.

A mistake I made. I come to the wrong town you call it? I write letters. I spend all m moneys. I go walking now tr Canada and find my friends," my "Too many for a fellow to walk this alippery traveling." sa'd John.
"I say, D'ck, old boy," to his brother, "what do you say to putting him

in the caboose and giving him a little "All right," said the good-natured young freight con luctor. It would be a good deed for Thanksgiving Day. I will transfer him at the Essex Janetion to-morrow morning, if I don't go through, and he will be in the 'Do-minion' before he knows it."
"Put him up a lunch, mother, enough to last him out of the country,

and save your tears. Jen, he will un-tioubtedly return when he gets a better u e of our language. It would be love-mak ng under diniculties at present." Jennie looked indignant, but the intelligent young stranger, although observant and alert was ent rely oblivious

of all perso till all sylle Mother Draper packed a strong; goodsized paper bag with lunch, saying, with tears: "There was never such good hearted boys as my boys, and Aunt Catherine, wild had a boy of her bwn somewhere in the far West, gave, the stranger a dollar as she bade him thinking there was no fun qu'te so desirable for Thanksgiving thay as breaking

The steer team was taken in the midst of another snow | tirry and is the merry com any went back through the pretty sheltered neighborhood in y found an escort in the way of a steer team waiting in every door vard, so that by the time they reached the little village about the railway station the Draper turn-out headed a decidedly unique

The stranger asked a great many not very coherent questions. The boys amused themselves by assuring him it was a demonstration in his honor, it being a custom of the town to thus en-tertain foreigners. The girls entered into part culars and explained the real occasion of the display of young bovine , and it would have been hard to find a more bewildered individual than was lowed into the fre ght caboost the miling ohn, while all the boys, who were dancing around, managing the hal br ken's eers, united na hearty hurrah and a I the girls on all the sleds waved their pocket handkerehiefs in

"What you do with me?" the stranger asked, looking around the saug, wel warmed little car.

"Canadar," replied Dick, imitating "No moneys!" and the young man proceeded to turn his pockets inside out, whereupon Dick explained to the amusement of himself and his comrades and the increased bewilderment of the stranger, that he had a lieu on the railroad and all the stock until his next month's wages were paid.

"He was sound asleep on one of the bunks in the caboose when we reached

E-sex," said Dick, "and I turned him over to Ben Leet and told him to shove him through into the Dominion and not let the custom-house officers at St. Armand collect duty on the fragments of mother's turkey and mince pie. Thanksgivings came and went, and

eve y year at the Draper homestead they talked over that snowy Thanksgiving when "Jennie's beau" sat down to the east, and wondered who he was of an impress on of a New England Thanksgiving he carried away. Last year at a con ention where there were assembled in Christian fellowship

people from all p resot the world, a

French gentleman said to a lady with

whom he was conversing: "I have never been in the States but once before, and then I had a curious experience. i landed in New York from a French ship with only a mere smattering of English. I wanted to go to my friends in Be ford. Canada, but th ough carelessness, of officials I was sent to l'edford, Mass. I found my mistake there and was started for my proper destination, but my money gave out, and being young and strong and reso-lute I determined not to be discouraged but to m ke my way on foot. It was late in the fall. I had no t ouble in obtaining food and shelter at night and pushed on bravely until a snow storm o ertook me. Oh, what a cay that was! cal ed at many doors but was not invited to enter. At last, when almost wearied out, I re ched a house that was to me like an entrance into Heaven. pin hed myself to see if I was still in the body. There was warmth and a tast and laughter and jest and song and little chil ren and ladies in bright dresses. I was welcome and a plate waited for me. After the feast I was taken with all the guests on a huge sled drawn by oxen to the station. (ther similar teams joined ours in the lo g, wide country street. They escorted me

to the station and into the cars and l When I recovered from my fatigue and wanted to write and thank my fr'ends. I knew not the town, the State por the names even of my entertainers and preservers, as I may call them. knew nothing of it at all no more than er, why must you tell him that! Why a baby, and now I will ask you as have asked others; do you know aught of such a country fest val, where long strings of oxen are driven about the streets carry ng guests from house to house, and where it is the custom to so bounti ully provide for any stranger that happens to come is on that day! wish I could know, for I never have seen such a picture of happiness con ent and plenty as the Lord led me to look upon that a terneon. All these years I have carried those people near my heart and prayers that the Lord

would lead me again in the r midst." "I was one of the girls at that notable feast," sa d the lady, and she entered into the necessary explanation to the surprise and del ght of the now well-todo, intelligent, demonstrative French

gentleman. Farmer Draper said the other day as he met this niece in a railway tran. 'Yes' Louise, that young tramp, as we called him. you know, turned out to be our own little old maid's beau after all.
Things do happen strangely sometimes.
You mustn't fail to come to the wedding Thanksgiving. He has furnished sat s-factory credentials, and Dick has taken a run up to Montreal where he is in business, and there seems to be no re son why they shouldn't be ma ried. But Jennie don't know a word of his tarnal lings and I tell her that isn't the worst o' it a f shouldn't want to, for now he can do all his scolding in French Mrs. Annie A. Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A sixteen-year-old girl sought a singular and painful death in Naples in consequence of disappointed love. While her parents were out she went into the cellar, built a circular pyre of straw and wood, hollow in the center, and then, stepping into the middle, set it on fire. When the old people returned they found the charred remains of her half-consumed corpee,

A Pien for Ouf Bertants.

We all know how glad they are to rush out on every possible occasion; are dissatisfied if they do not get their Suddays out, even when wet—their even-ings with their friends; and, if not al-lowed to go cit; too often take French leave and walk out as soon as their master and mistress's back is turned. Of course this is very wrong, and such conduct sid hot he too attemely condemned; but we are inclined to think that we do not go the right way to work to prevent their acting in this sort of manner. How few mistresses take the slightest interest in their servants' welfare, their joys or pleasures! If only they do their work proserly, that is all they care about. But ought they to feel in this way with regard to the inmutes of their houses? We think not: but, on the contrary; as far as possible, mis-tresses should endeavor to procure innocent and rational recreation for all their dependents, whether children, governess or servants. The old proverb about "all work and no play making Jack a dull boy" holds good with young and old. Men who slave in their countinghouses or their offices from morning

rest, become in time not only dull, but ill. Children who have not a reasonable amount of healthy exercise and merby will get into mi chief; and it is the same with servants. If they have not a sufficient amount of recreation, either their health flags or they too get into mischief—and mischier of a much more serious kind. It will be seen, therefore, that, even from a selfish point of view, it would be well to take some little interest in those around us; and if we only consider the unhealthy kitchens and underground premises in which servants for the most part live, and the dreary attics in which they sleep, it will be seen how very necessary it must be to give them opportunities of obtaining fresh air and exercise, if their bodies and minds are to be kept in a proper tate of health.

until night without a due proportion of

In the skating season how much they would enjoy being spared for an hour or two to go and see the sliding and skating, or for a brisk walk in the parks; and in the Summer pleasant walks and expeditions ought occasionally to be organized for them, and this could generpart, without deranging the family com-fort—for instance, on days when the master and mistress are dining out, of when, from some cause or other, there is not so much work as usual to be done in the house. And all this need not en-tail much expense; there are exhibitions costing a trifle to see; and a visit now and then to a picture gallery, a museum, or even a concert, would make a pleasant change from the daily routine of cooking, sweeping, and cleaning—or, in case of nurses, of washing, dressing, and minding children—and might help to elevate and educate a class of people which sadly needs encouragement in every way to prevent their falling into bad and disreputable ways.

Small social tea parties could be arranged without much trouble or exense, and to these brothers and sisters of the servants might be invited, and the evenings made cheerful with games, picture books, illustrated papers, and the like. How much better would this be than altogether ignoring that servants have friends and relations, and so driving them to courses of deceit and to underhanded proceedings, such as making signs to attract their friends as soon as their masters and mistresses are out; sending letters to their friends as soon as the mistress has given her orders for the day, on finding no late dinner is required; slipping off when there seems no chance of their absence being observed; and other practices which gradually lead giddy girls from bad to worse, and from one little deceit to some great

Almost all servants in the present day can read and write, and bright, whole-some stories, light books of travel and adventures, and biographical sketches would be much appreciated by them and would tend to while away a Sunday at home, and induce a servant to stay at home, even when it is their day out, should it be wet or unsuitable for her to go out. Such books also might prevent the entrance into private houses of newspapers and publications which would be far better burnt than read by any one, and which no modest, well-principled girls should ever be allowed to set eyes upon. We must expect many a disap upon. We must expect many a disap-pointment, yet on the whole they will be found grateful for the kindly thought shown them; and such considerations for their happiness will often bring their own reward, by inducing servants to give their services less grudgingly and with a more cheerful countenance. Rural New Yorker.

A Lamentable Lot.

The woman who cannot grow old is calous of her own children, and keeps aloof from them. She makes love while her son is making love. She beams and lowers her voice and steps out as grace-fully as she can, and she is not unwill-ing that her figure should be compared with the figure of her son's lady acquaintances. Her morals are irre-proachable. She never did a wrong; but that is not the fault of her dear, gar rulous husband, who never knew how to make love to her. She wishes that some young fellow would make love to

erected the other day. The shaft, which is imbedded four feet in the native rock and rises five feet above the surface, bears on the New York side the inscription: "New York Boundary Monument, 1882. Henry P. Pierson, Chauncey M. Depew, Elias W. Leavenworth, Commissioners." The New Jersey face is similarly inscribed, with the names of Abraham Browning. Thomas N. McCarter and George H. Cook. The Pennsylvania tree is without inscription. tive rock and rises five feet above the

How Pampered Pet Dogs Are Dectored.

"Oh! Doctor, I hope you will do all you can to cure poor little Prince, for if he should die I don't know how I would get along without him. Such was the pitiful appeal a reporter heard an aristocratic young lady from West an aristocratic young lady from West Walnut street make to a veterinary surgeon, and as the news gatherer looked on it astonishment the apparently worried young creature gathered up an highly prevish pur dog in her arms, and, after having carefully wrapped a rug around the crabbed can no, she sprang nimbly into her carriage and was driven

"Do you have many such callers?"

Doctor: "for I have made the diseases of the dog a specialty, and have built an extensive practice among the wealthy classes, as well as those of limwealthy classes, as well as those of limited means, who own valuable animals. That young lady who passed out just as you entered pro uses to be much concerned about that pug she had in her arms. As for that matter, I might say all the ladies are worried more or less respecting the health of their pets when they call here, and many of them are really sinears in their sorrow. Well. really sincere in their sorrow. Well, that dog I was speaking of is suffering with the distemper, and its fair owner is anxious for me to rid her pet of the d sease I will visit her home to morrow and prescribe for Prince, as she calls him, and will continue my visits every day for about a week or ten days. by which time I expect Prince will have

recovered." "How about the remuneration?" in

terjected his Lstener. "Ah, that's the best part of it,"
laughingly responded the dog surgeon.
"It's much more lucrative than attend "It's much more lucrative than attending to sick horses. I am rarely asked about my terms until my dumb patient has either recovered or died. My customers are usually rich ladies, whose set dogs seem to be as dear to them as shildren. Consequently they are willing to pay well for the treatment I give. I often find it difficult to get such people to comply with my orders. Distemper catries off more dogs than any other disease. When I have such a case I always give explicit instruction to all I always g ve explicit instruction to all low the sullerer plenty of fresh air. Frequently I discover the dog wrapped in blankets lying near a fire, which is the worst thing that could be done under was so pleasant to have him inside near her, where she could nurse him. Some-imes the animal dies, and one would bardly believe what a fuse is raised in some of these brown-stone mansions Nearly as much sorrow is manifested as if a human being had died. When a large, noble, well-fred animal is carried off I never wonder at the sorrow expressed by a family; but I can't help getting disgu-ted when I see such rumpus raised over the death of an ug-ly, cross grained, ill-bred pug, whose presence in this world is as yet unaccounted for in my mind, for I coufess I have failed to discover of what use he is to anybody. But the owners of this species carry on worse than those who have valuable mast its or frollesome little terriers sick. It happens occasionally that I am called up to attend a pet dog whose mistress is desirous of pro-claiming to the world that she was obliged to secure the services of a regu-lar veterinary surgeon. Well, I have no objection to this feeling taking a deep root as it w. I be good for the dog doctors.

"Respecting the diseases that afflict this order of the brute creation, I can say that they are as many, as varied, and at the same time very much allied with the ills of humanity. One of the principle causes of sickness is over; eeding. Pampered dogs that are fed continually on meats and other rich food occasion more trouble than the mangy curs who scour around the streets for a meal. Many pups are killed by excessive feeding al ne. Plain, whole-some and nutritious food is sufficient; and if this were adhered to there would bedess sickness among dogs. Distem-per is as fatal to dogs as consumption is to the human family. It is a general estarchal disorder of three different stages. It's not only cruel, but insane for people to stick a piece of cobbler's wax on the nose of the animal, as it only irritates the disease. No meat should be allowed the dog when suffering from this disease. A well-bred dog is more apt to de than a st eet cur, as the lat-ter is more hardened and better able to withstand the stliction. Pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, iaryngitis, influenza, bt. Vitus dance, small-pox, constipation, hernia and colic are a few of the diseases I am often called upon to

cure. Consumption infrequently ocquite a common thing, as it is caused by men kicking their dogs in the ribs." -Philadelphia Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Plute Trout Fishers.

The Twin lakes are at present quit resort for Piutes, who go there for the purpose of fishing for trout. A com-pany of them will sit on the bank, and while the brave buck bobs for the speckled beauties the faithful squaw is in the immediate vicinity sewing on a piece of calico or waiting on the fishermen. The favorite bait is ant eggs, and after a nest has been ransacked of its contents the fun begins. The supply on hand is placed in the mouth and used she does, her simpering folly calls blushes to the cheeks of her children, while the young m lanaughs at her.

—The monument marking the point where New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania meet, near Port Jervis, was erected the other day. The shaft -Bodie (Cal.) News.

Rates of Adver

tiety, and moral or yearly on

No communication will be publication accompanied by the name and dress of the writer, not measured publication, but as a guaranty of faith.

THE PEOPLE, Barnwell C. H. 8 C.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

-"Brick" Pomeroy is fifty years old and is living in good style in Denver

-Miss Emily Faithfull will lecture in this country this fall and winter on

"Modern Extravagance."

—Mrs. G. C. Howard, who has been the Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for thirty years, is still enacting that part.

—Wendell Phillips leads a quiet, retired life in his new house on Common street, Boston, where he has succeeded in making his immediate surroundings resemble very closely those of the old Essex street home.—Boston Post.

Joseph Perkins Beach, a son of the founder of the New York Sun, is engaged in preparing a genealogic record of the Beach family. He has the names of 2,753 Beaches, descendant of two brothers who came to this sou

General John Payne, of Warsaw, Ky., probably is the oldest pensioner on the United States pension rolls. He is eighty-seven years old and has been drawing a pension for the less of an arm in the service ever since 1820—sixty-two years.—N. Y. Sun.

two years.—N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Corcoran, the venerable Washington banker, is desirous of bringing the remains of John Howard Payase from the lonely grave where they lie, at Tunis, and have them placed in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Georgetown, D. G. with a monument in honor of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." There seems to be none of his family living to consent or object to the change in their resting place.—Washington Post.

—Nors Perry, in her Boston letter to the Providence Press, says of Maggie Mitchell: "I saw her on the street-car the other day. She had on a black silk skirt, a brocaded velvet basque, and a little poke bonnet, with a white lace veltied over her face. At the back of the bonnet that brush of light curry hair that we all know, fuffed out. When I first looked at her I didn't realize that it was Maggie Mitchell. I had no manner of doubt but that it was a girl of twenty!"

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—The Boston Courier in regard to the modern profusion of frivolous books for children, declares that "children are very apt to acquire the habit of looking upon books exactly as they regard their toys, as mere playthings designed to minister to their amusement, and this

too, in self-love. If we have be climed to esteem any one ever so let it be but whispered in our exthat same person does not think in us, and we immediately find on he is not nearly so charming imagined, and that his good not, after all, worth having other hand, among our there may be an individual there may be an individual the sider but weak-minded and think, in fact, quite be notice. Wait a little; it combined we have been despising, has a admiration for us. All our ide directly, and we discover all by directly, and we discover all b merits; he has at least power crimination, and is some judge racter. We like our neighbor

more for the virtues they find in us that for any we discover in them, whether we choose to acknowledge it or not. But it is perhaps in the passion of love that the very alcohol of egotism is to be found lovers never weary of each others so ciety so long as they can keep up the intensity of mutual admiration; their ictora-letes are always interesting, for they perpetually talk about themselves, and should their love be crossed, both would probably rather that the loved one should be miserable than indifferent. They are completely ruled by the self that rules the world.

One day recently a curious scen was witnessed in the Rue Descarted where a man was hawking a pamphle —" How to Correct Women "—an an, incensed at the title of the beficted a sound slap on the he face; other members of the stender sex joined their champi Some men took the part of the wand a general scuffle ensued. A rescrimmage went on for half an hats, caps, bonnets and false hair in all directions. Finally, the a contingent retreated in disorder, as hawker left the neighborhood.