

One inch, one insertion... Quarterly, semi-annual or annual...

VOL. VI. NO. 13. BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1882. \$2 a Year.

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DR. J. RYERSON SMITH, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, WILLISTON, S. C.

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

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FOR A WARNING. I can tell just how it happened, though it is fifty years ago...

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode one day to town. As I needed things for cooking...

With the daylight came a neighbor. "Ezra has been here," he said. "Four or five men, unconscious; taken up at first for dead..."

A STRANGER AT THE BOARD. It snowed the night before Thanksgiving that year. Through the evening there was a half-dimmed mist...

"There is four inches of snow, at least," said Farmer Draper on Thanksgiving morning. As he came from the barn, standing in his feet were the snow...

"It will be pretty cold," said her mother. "And that ain't the worst of it," put in her father. "I expect she will be needed here about the chicken fens."

So now she made some laughing response, and wishing 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.

They fell, the whole turn-out was transformed into an exhibition of the newly frozen 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...

The merriment of the morning was kept up through the day by the young people, while Mother Draper and Aunt Catherine moved mysteriously about and compared notes over dripping sauce-pans and pickins in the kitchen.

"What you do with me?" the stranger asked, looking around the snug, well-warmed parlor. "I am a traveler," replied Dick, imitating the traveler's pronunciation.

"I have never been in the States 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 wish I could know for I never have seen such a picture of happiness. content and plenty as the Lord led me to look upon that afternoon. All these years I have carried those people in my heart and prayers for the Lord would lead me again in the midst."

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 pile of straw and wood, hollow in the center, and then, stepping into the middle, set it on fire.

And save your tears, Jen, he will undoubtedly restrain when he gets a better use of our language. It would be lovely me of under difficulties at present."

"The steer team was taken in the midst of another snow storm and the fiery com any went back through the pretty sheltered neighborhood. They found an escort in the way of a steer team waiting in every doorway and so that by the time they reached the little village about the railway station the Draper turn-out headed a decidedly unique procession."

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A Plea for Off Servants. We all know how possible they are to rush out on every holiday occasion; are dissatisfied if they do not get their Sundays out, even when wet—their evenings with their friends; and, if not allowed to go out to take some French master and walk out as soon as the master and mistress's back is turned.

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A Lamentable Lot. The woman who cannot grow old is jealous 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 gracefully as she can, and she is not unwilling that her figure should be compared with the figure of her son's lady acquaintances.

The monument marking the point where New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania meet, near Port Jervis, was erected the other day. The shaft, which is imbedded four feet in the base and rises five feet above the surface, bears on the New York side the inscription: "New York Boundary Monument, 1867. Henry P. Pierson, Chancellor, Depey, Elias W. Leavenworth, Commissioners. The New Jersey side is similarly inscribed, with the names of Abraham Browning, Thomas N. McCarter and George H. Cook. The Pennsylvania side is without inscription."

How Pampered Pet Dogs Are Doctored. "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 should get along without him."

"Do you have any such callers?" inquired the reporter. "I have seen the diseases of the dog a specialty, and have built an extensive practice among the wealthy 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 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 disease. 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?" interjected his listener. "Ah, that's the best part of it," laughingly responded the dog surgeon. "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 pet dogs seem to be as dear to them as children. 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 carries off more dogs than any other disease. When I have such a case I always give explicit instruction to all I love the silver 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 the circumstances. My mistress unobtrusively declares when I expostulate with her that she could not bear to have her darling remain outdoors, when it was so pleasant to have him inside near her, where she could nurse him. Sometimes the animal dies, and one would hardly believe what a fuss is raised in some of these brown-nose mansions. Nearly as much sorrow is manifested as a human being had died. When a large noble, well-bred animal is carried off I never wonder at the sorrow expressed by a family; but I can't help getting disgusted when I see such a rumple raised over the death of an ugly, cross-grained, ill-bred pug, whose presence in this world is as yet unaccounted for in my mind, for I confess I have failed to discover of what use he is to anybody. But the owners of all these species carry on worse than those who have a valuable mastiff or frill-necked little terrier sick. It happens occasionally that I am called up to attend a pet dog whose mistress is desirous of procuring the services of a regular veterinary surgeon. Well, I have no objection to this feeling taking a deep root, as it will be good for the dog doctor."

"Respecting the diseases that afflict this order of the canine creation, I can say that they are as many, as varied, and at the same time very much allied with the ill of humanity. One of the principal causes of sickness is overfeeding. Pampered dogs that are fed continually on treats and other rich food occasion more trouble than the many dogs who scour around the streets for a meal. Many pups are killed by excessive feeding as well. Plain, wholesome and nutritious food is sufficient; and if this were adhered to there would be less sickness among dogs. Distemper is as fatal to dogs as consumption is to the human family. It is a general, contagious disorder of three different stages. It's not only cruel, but insane for people to stick a piece of cobble'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 die than a street cur, as the latter is more hardened and better able to withstand the affliction. Pneumonia, pleurisy, bronchitis, isyrryngitis, influenza, typhus, small-pox, constipation, hernia and colic are a few of the diseases I am often called upon to cure. Consumption intelligently occurs. Inflammation of the lungs is quite a common thing, as it is caused by men kicking their dogs in the ribs."

Plate Treat Fishers. The Twin Lakes are at present quite a resort for Pikes, who go there for the purpose of fishing for trout. A company of them will sit on the bank, and while the brave buck bolts for the speckled beauties the faithful squaw in the immediate vicinity sewing on a piece of calico or waiting on the fishermen. The favorite bait is an egg, and after a nest has been ransacked of its contents the fun begins. The supply on hand is placed in the mouth and used when required. The moisture toughens the bait and makes it more suitable for use. If the buck happens to be particularly lazy the squaw is used to hold the bait and deals it out as often as called upon. Sometimes the native sons of the forest will haul in several dozen trout during the day, while on other occasions the result is not so encouraging.

His Square Meal. One day recently, as one of our prominent business men was about to take his favorite resort for dinner, he was accosted by an individual with a decidedly careworn expression, who begged that he would assist him to get something to eat. As the man looked like a man who had been through a great deal of object of charity, the gentleman went to go in, and directed the waiter to give him 25 cents' worth of food. He had his own dinner the gentleman's object of charity, the gentleman went to go in, and directed the waiter to give him 25 cents' worth of food. He had his own dinner the gentleman's object of charity, the gentleman went to go in, and directed the waiter to give him 25 cents' worth of food.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY. "Brick" Pomeroy is fifty years old, and is living in good style in Danvers, Col. —Miss Emily Faithfull will lecture in this county 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 enjoying that part of his life which she has called "the quiet 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 genealogical record of the Beach family. —The names of 2,768 Beaches, descendants of two brothers who came to this country in 1639. —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 loss of an arm in the service ever since 1830—sixty-two years. —N. Y. Sun.

—Mr. Corcoran, the venerable Washington banker, is desirous of bringing the remains of John Howard Payne from the lonely grave where they lie, at Tunis, and have them placed in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Georgetown, D. C., with a monument in honor of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." —They seem to be asking for his family living to be constant or object to the change in their resting place. —Washington Post.

—Mrs. Perry, in her Boston letter to the Providence Press, says of Maggie Mitchell: "I saw her on the street the other day. She had on a black silk skirt, a brocaded velvet bodice, and a little poke bonnet, with a white lace veil tied over her face. At the back of the bonnet that brush of light curly hair that we all know, fluffed 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!"

—A reasonable amount of solemnity is necessary to secure a man's success in life; and there are few things which which it does not lead to a great wealth. We laugh at our neighbors, but we are all alike, and we are all alike, because we consider ourselves prior to like weaknesses. Their troubles are not distress; but is not even distress a form of self-love, or just self-pity? Do we not give for pleasure in proportion as we are able to purchase in their place, and purchased we should feel under the same circumstances? The reciprocal regard for another's interests, the mutual exchange of kind offices, which constitute friendship, find their chief source in self-love. If we have been called to witness any one ever so highly let it be but whispered in our ear that some person does not think much of us, and we immediately find out that we are not nearly so charming as we imagined, and that his good opinion of us is not nearly so valuable as we thought. We like our neighbors much more for the virtues they find in us than 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 other as society so long as each of them has a tendency of mutual admiration; their telegrams are always interesting, for they perpetually talk about themselves, and should their love be crossed, both would probably rather than the loved one should be miserable than indifferent. They are completely ruled by the self that rules the world.

—One day recently a curious scene was witnessed in the Rue de Valenciennes, where a man was hawking a pamphlet, and loudly crying his wares. A young woman, incensed at the title of the book, inflicted a sound slap on the hawker's face; other members of the so-called tender sex joined their champion, and gave the unfortunate wretch a severe drubbing, scattering the offending pamphlets in the mud of the pavement. Some men took the part of the vendor, and a general scuffle ensued. A regular scrimmage went on for half an hour, hats, caps, bonnets and false hair flying in all directions. Finally, the contingent retreated in disorder, and the hawker left the neighborhood.