

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.

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

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

DR. J. RYERSON SMITH, Operative and Mechanical Dentist, WILLISTON, S. C. Will attend on his through out this and adjacent counties.

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.

J. A. PATTERSON, Surgeon Dentist, Office at the Barnwell Court House. Patients waited on at residence if desired.

ROBY, D. WHITE, MARBLE, GRANITE WORKS, MEETING STREET, (Corner Horbeck's Alley.)

OTTO TIEDEMAN & SONS, WHOLESALE, Grocers and Provision Dealers, 102 and 104 East Bay Street, aug31ly CHARLESTON, S. C.

Devereux & Co., DEALERS IN Lime, Cement, Laths, Plaster, Hair, Slates and Marble Mantles.

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

TRY CAROLINA TOLU TONIC, THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PULMONARY DISEASES, COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c., AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

SURE CURE FOR Malaria and Dyspepsia IN ALL ITS STAGES. For Sale by all GROCERS and DRUGGISTS.

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

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VI. NO. 46.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1883.

\$2 a Year.

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, one insertion \$1.00 each subsequent insertion, 50 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, THE PEOPLE, Barnwell C. H., S. C.

A DESPERATE EXPLOIT.

An Attempt to Spike the Confederate Guns on Island No. 10.

One night about the first of April, says M. Quail, in his War Sketches, a band of fifty Federals left the feet under cover of darkness, bent upon such a desperate undertaking as is seldom planned outside the realms of fiction.

The Confederates had a picket boat out to discover and check any such attempt, but on this night the darkness was intense, the rain was falling steadily, and when the lightning came it was so vivid that men were blinded for the moment.

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Every fifth man in the command was provided with a supply of rat-tail files, to be driven into the vents of the guns and broken off. The Federals had come for a certain purpose—the Confederates could not determine at once what that purpose was, and were naturally surprised and confused by the sudden attack.

After the first moment of surprise the Confederates rallied and began an attack which forced the little band out of the battery, leaving three or four dead and as many prisoners. Three or four others were wounded in making their way to the boats, and two who became separated from the command did not reach the boats were made prisoners next day.

A Telegraph Joke.

A well-to-do young man recently married and started West on his bridal tour. The happy young couple were breakfasting at a station eating-house. During the repeat two smart Alecks came into the dining-room and seated themselves opposite the contracting parties.

"Ain't she a daisy, though?" The party thus addressed replied by clicking off: "Wouldn't I like to hug and kiss her, the little fat angel?"

"Wonder who that old bloot is that she has married?" "Some gorgeous grange, I reckon!" replied the other.

The groom stood it until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when he also balanced his knife, and click, click, it went, in rapid succession. It was intelligible to the cute twain that had recently made fun of its author.

"Dear Sirs: I am superintendent of the telegraph line upon which you work. You will please send your time to head-quarters and resign your respective positions at once. Yours, Superintendent of Telegraph."—Louis Courier.

It would be difficult to compress more of the technical language of the diamond into the same space than occurs in the following, from the telegraphic report of the Boston-Cleveland game on Tuesday: "In the second inning got true base on balls, went to second on Glenn's fumble, went to third on Merrill's fly to left, only to be caught by the beautiful double."

A RUSSIAN NIHILIST.

MADE REVENGEFUL BY THE BRUTALITY OF THE POLICE.

The Story of Vera Sassulitch, and Her Captivity by the Authorities.

Vera Sassulitch, who is often more reported as having been captured by the Russian authorities, has been as extensively and inconsistently "biographed" as her French sister, Louise Michel.

The General had entered the fortress and was exasperated on beholding Bogoluboff and a companion walking together and conversing, as, not being convicts, but merely accused men "detained on suspicion, they had a right to do.

When no action was taken she resolved to do vengeance herself, and on the 5th of February, 1878, went to the General's reception-room with a petition, and when he stretched out his hand to receive it she shot him through the body.

An Old Gun.

The St. James's Gazette says:—A discovery which has just been made at Aleppo is likely to cause considerable surprise in military circles, for, according to the Turkish official gazette of that place, a party of engineers, while making excavations beneath the citadel of the town, have come upon a large wrought-iron breech-loading cannon which must have been buried for at least 250 years.

How to Make White Bread.

For the sponge take a pan of buttermilk or sour milk which has just turned thick. Put it on the stove and scald. When the curd is well separated from the whey strain or skim it out.

Tramps Taking the Road.

Reports from New England States say that tramps from New York and Boston are swarming the country towns, and a number of outrages have been reported. Three children who were alone in the house of their father, Leopold Wolf, of Moretown, Conn., on Sunday evening gave food to two beggars.

These and other transgressions of the law, flagrant and open, gives rise to many complaints, but political influence serves to spare the offenders. This influence is so great that a farmer who recently murdered a slave and burned his body to escape detection, walks the streets a free man to-day, though at times very grave threats are made against him.

THE LAST KISS.

HOW A FRENCHMAN SQUANDERS A FORTUNE.

Tired of Life He Starts to Commit Suicide and Gains a Wife Instead.

Emile Peckerel was born at Saint Michel near Montreux. His parents sent him to Paris to study law, but before he had passed his last examination he lost suddenly both father and mother.

Peckerel began to lead a gay life. Such a life could not last long. M. Peckerel soon found himself at the end of his resources. He was courageous enough to try and reduce his expenses.

"It is a pity," he reflected, "that nature has been decidedly unkind in not giving me either uncle or aunt from whom I might entertain expectations.

A CITY'S CLERKS.

A Party of Young Men that Need Looking After.

Speaking of the Coptoth robbery in New York city, a prominent city official said to a Herald reporter, that his only surprise was that the Finance Department did not "take a tumble" to the defaulting clerk, as the saying is, long before his death.

At No. 110 Rue du Bac was a pretty little hotel, in which lived a rich American. He had come to Paris with his only daughter, Helen. A little garden with great trees, a lawn on which the sparrows hopped about, a conservatory that was a little winter garden.

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Peckerel felt all the blood rush to his heart, and his temples beat furiously. Miss Helen came slowly on in maiden meditation, fancy free. Peckerel walked straight up to her, seized her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

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WIND AND DAFFODIL.

A Wind came up one summer day— A south wind, swift and bold, Fair with a hint of ashy skies

"Oh, daffodil spill me your fragrant breath," And she gave it, in sigh on sigh; "Oh, stop from your steady purity, And kiss me where I lie!"

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

A TURCOMAN TRICK.

Not even the Shah's life is altogether a happy one. A short time ago that monarch sent some music-boxes and mirrors to the Khan of Bokhara.

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CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

The Poughkeepsie Eagle says a "hired man" who has been employed on a farm in that county for several months entered suit against his employer the other day for the balance of wages amounting, as he claimed, to thirty-two dollars.

CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

"I claim an offset for that thirty-two dollars. No man need sue me for what I honestly owe." "What is your offset?" asked the lawyer.

CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

"It has a heap to do with it. I had six hands in my employ, and we were rushing things when I hired this man. He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knock-down over the whale swallowing Jonah.

CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

"I claim an offset for that thirty-two dollars. No man need sue me for what I honestly owe." "What is your offset?" asked the lawyer. "He is an unbeliever."

CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

Old Uncle Isaac, the well known colored rapicker, has just made his appearance after having been confined to his house for several days. "Where have you been?" asked the Critic this morning. "I haven't seen you for a long time."

CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

"What argument?" "Why, dat ligions argument we had last week, when de biggest Washington boy called me a liar, and sed dat I was ole and ignorant. Den I jess gub him one, and dat sneakin' Jim Washington hit me 'cross de back wid a fence railin'."

CLAIMED AN OFFSET.

A traveler relating his experience in a sleeping car says he awoke to find his bald head against the window, and his