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THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 1. BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1883. \$2 a Year.

AN OLDEN TALE.

Starved—starved—starved
Yet queen of the feast was she,
And a liveried servant's ebony hands
Offered the fruits of tropical lands
To her on bended knee;

An Engineer's Yarn.

I am a practical mechanical engineer. Let me see. It was sixteen years ago this summer that I came to New York in search of employment. I had been running an engine in a big tannery in the western part of the State, and doing first-rate till the company failed, and I was thrown out of work.

father died, and left her, a mere wite of a thing, in charge of her feeble mother and baby sister, and how she contrived to get along and keep grim famine from the door on the pittance of her earnings.

One thing used to rile me, though, and that was the sneaking sort of liking that Harkness seemed to have for her; and worse, he showed it plainly enough by the way he persecuted her with his odious attentions whenever he got the chance.

Well, old Harkness kept on with his manufacturing, though I could see that, day by day, fewer calls for work were made. He always wore a cheerful smile through those troublous times, as much as to say: "Look at me, if you want to see a model man of business, I don't speculate. I don't get involved. Most my consequent prosperity."

One night I was delayed by an unexpected breakdown in gearing, and staid in my cellar long after the girls, the clerk and the fireman had gone, hard to work tinkering at the engine. No one was in the factory but Harkness and myself. I do not think he suspected my presence.

As I went up the street another dray passed, driven toward the factory. I had the curiosity to turn and watch to see whether it, too, stopped there. It did, and when I reached the corner of Broadway I stopped and looked back once more.

Lynch was arrested for drunkenness a few days later, and when taken to a jail he had the appearance of a sane man.

every night I expected to see Jim, but was much surprised when I saw Harkness. This time it was he who came up through the cellar door and I through the other.

"Bill," said he, "Jim has tended to the engine, it's all right; come outside with me, I want to talk with you."

Suddenly he tore up the cellar steps. His face was ten shades paler than Harkness's, an expression of horror was fixed on his features—an expression of agony and fear that I shall never forget.

I looked down from the doorway upon the trembling, panting, struggling steam locomotive beneath. The safety valve apparently was in plain sight.

At the end of the lever hung several iron links of chain. I don't think I'm a coward usually, at least, I know I am not. But that evidence of villainy took me all aback.

When I came to, I found myself in a well remembered room. Bessie, my Bessie now, hung tenderly over me, waiting for the light of recognition to appear in my fevered eyes.

All was soon told. The boiler must have burst the very instant I struck. Harkness was killed by a flying piece of machinery; the would-be murderer had exchanged places with his victim, for I strange as it may seem was dug out of the ruins alive, and got off with only a broken arm. God forgive him.

Mr. Foster's Adventure.

Charles Foster is an employee of the Erie Railway and lives in Jersey City. He has a friend, John Lynch, who more than occasionally gets on a spree, which sometimes results in an attack of delirium tremens.

Mrs. Foster and the children are spending the summer in the country and Foster lodges at a hotel on Pavia avenue. On Wednesday night he was awakened from sleep to find Lynch in his room, evidently very drunk. He was awakened by being pulled from his bed to the floor, and Lynch was standing over him.

Foster says he thought Lynch was joking, but the latter again angrily exclaimed: "Say your prayers and prepare for death!" Foster, alarmed, dropped on his knees and clasped his hands as in prayer.

The Story of an Actress.

Mrs. Mabel Collins in her story of "Helen Modjeska," gives a charming account of the home life of Mme. Modjeska, and her career has been singularly eventful. Born at Cracow, about 1833, her childhood was passed in the exciting atmosphere of Polish revolution and patriotic enthusiasm.

She turned to the cellar door and shouted: "Come, come up, come up at once. Run over to Mr. Bent's private house—you know where that is—and tell him not to discount that bill to-day. Be quick!"

"Hundred and ten on the steam gauge! Safety valve clogged! Run for your lives!" I look in the situation at once. Terrible the danger was. The old boiler was registered at eighty pounds to the square inch, but we never dared run higher than thirty.

I looked down from the doorway upon the trembling, panting, struggling steam locomotive beneath. The safety valve apparently was in plain sight.

"You seconded. You'd steal your insurance, would you?" A sudden vindictive push sent me headlong. As I fell I heard a demonic laugh.

At Newark, N. J., Patrick Thompson, Jeremiah Cronin and Thomas Hartnett lost their lives not long since through being smothered by mephitic vapor coming from a cesspool which they undertook to clean.

Finally a crowd gathered about the place, but nothing could be done. Lights lowered in the pit, which is very deep, were extinguished by the gas at a depth of a foot or two. No person could so much as look into the tank without becoming dizzy.

Timothy Ruggles was six feet six inches in height and had a fine and stately bearing, and was a man of "infinite jest." It is related, through traditional sources, that at the coming in of the Supreme Court of Judiciary at Barnstable, about the year 1748, headed by Chief Justice Lynne, an old and decrepit woman came into the court-house as a witness, not seeing a seat at hand, she was directed by Ruggles to take the Chief Justice's seat, and so she innocently took it.

Mr. Sellem—"Let me see. Well, let him have it for \$50." Mr. Sellem—"But he was recommended here by our friend, Mr. Amicus, who told him we would put it away down for him."

Mr. Sellem—"Ah! That alters the case. Tell him our regular price is \$100 but seeing he is a friend of Mr. Amicus's we shall let him have it for \$75. But tell him to be careful and let nobody know what he paid for it. We positively cannot afford to sell them at that figure. Only do it as an accommodation to Mr. Amicus, you know."

FIRST WOMAN IN CAMP.

WARM WELCOME IN THE FAR WEST.

Received a Town Lot for Being the First of Her Sex to Arrive—The Flowery Speech Made by the Colonel.

June 22 was a day of jollification at Carbonate, Col., being the advent of the first wagon, the first woman, and the first board from the mill. It would have been interesting to the reader to witness the electrifying effect on the men in the camp when word was passed along the line that a woman was coming.

Seized by the inspiration, a hundred hats were removed from heads of noble structure and design—silurated somewhat, perhaps—and a hundred horny palms passed over the unkempt locks to smooth them down; vests were pulled down, and a hundred pair of eyes ran down the respective owners' "digging clothes," proudly inspecting the inevitable "ball stitch" which rejoined the dismembered seam, or held in place the patch of conspicuous dimensions.

"Respected madam," and a hundred heads nodded assent. Appealing again to his mustache for the needed inspiration, the Colonel resumed again: "Respected madam—the illuminating spectre of this most fascinating occasion—"

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BROTHERS DISAGREE.

WHO CAN EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY OF THEIR DOING SO.

A Western Editor Gives us a Dissertation About Two Boys in a Family.

[From the Milwaukee Sun.] It is frequently said that about the worst thing to have around a house is a reckless harum-scarum boy, who seems to care little for how he acts and who he torments and makes trouble for.

In all their play or work there is generally turmoil and disturbance, which must be settled by an application of bed-stick to both, or it never will be settled. No one can explain why it is that two brothers of the ages ranging from nine to sixteen, sometimes older or younger, seldom if ever agree in their play or work around home, but it is true, and anyone who has watched two brothers has seen a sample of pure, unadulterated cussedness that is rarely equalled.

But why is it that brothers do not agree, as do either of them agree with the other boys in the neighborhood? Why is it that they stand for half an hour and wrangle as to which shall saw and which split the wood, when probably in a few minutes' time both of them will be over in a neighbor's yard, helping another boy saw and split his wood, so he can go fishing and they will work live leavers, and never stop a minute for words, and you would think to see them there that they were two of the loveliest little brothers that ever was?

As a general thing, unless there is a very wide difference between the ages of two brothers, their actions toward each other are a study, and you will notice that unless they are engaged in a sport that brings to each an equal amount of pleasure, they will, in nine cases out of ten soon be engaged in reading each other's locks, or knocking the second crop of teeth down their boyish necks, and in the next minute they are loving little brothers, to all appearances, who never had a word or a blow between them.

It has often been asserted that brothers never agree in business, and it is a good deal true, though, of course, there are cases wherein they do. But it seems that the nature of boys, the differences they had when boys together, when they owned "on shares" a pet dog or any other article, grows with them to manhood. One never forgets how the other made a sneak on him one day and coaxed the dog away with him, while the other wanted the dog at home, and if the dog shows the least feeling of affection toward one that he does not toward the other, the life of that dog from that out is one unending round of woe, as the brother he did not take to will make it warm for him, and he take to the poor dog's tail and make his life one of sorrow and misery.

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WIT AND WISDOM.

BEATS ALL—The Knave.

A FALLOU' GOOSE—The Knave. A VERY precious maiden—Ella Queen. CHAIRS the roll—Yelling "ho! ho!" FLOWERS are the sweetest thing that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

"Some people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income and they will want you to furnish the income." CROOKS always the way that count the best, however rough it may be. One tom will render it easy and agreeable.

It was Fuller who said, "He who spends all his life in sport is the one who wears nothing but fringes and gets nothing but saucers." A BOY says in his composition, "Onions are the vegetables that make you sick when you don't eat them year self."

A NEW YORK journalist who had written about 100 lines per week for the past two years, has been told by his physicians that he must take a vacation or die. "What makes chickens come out of their shells, they must be so nice and warm and comfortable inside?" "That's it because they're afraid of being boiled."

WHEN it is remembered how hard it is for women to keep their powder dry this weather, it seems almost like sacrilege to growl at the heat. "How CHARLEY does like to show his importance?" exclaimed Ben, as Charley went striding past. "I know it," replied Fogg; "Singular, isn't it, considering that he has so little of it?"

A SYRACUSE ghost had it all his own way until he stole a ham and a buck saw. Then he was waylaid with a club and sent up for sixty days. No ghost has any business with a buck-saw appetite. "Yes," said the gilded youth, "I know I'm growing too old very early in life; but isn't it better to grow old at once and have the agony over instead of having it to worry about every day?"

"Oh, for a cottage at the seashore!" exclaimed an overheated Philadelphia man yesterday. "That is just my trouble," replied a friend; "I owe for a cottage by the seashore and it has a big mortgage on it too." An English psychological society is discussing the question: "Are angels ever sleepy?" If a young man finds his "angel" yawning about 11 p. m., he may conclude that it isn't his sleep, his company is not appreciated.

"I UNDERSTOOD you to say that your charge for services would be light," complained the client, when his lawyer handed him a tremendous bill. "I believe I said my fee would be nominal," was the reply. "But—" "O, I see," interrupted the client, "phenomenal." A SUBSCRIBER to a local publisher says that out of a thousand book agents he usually finds about ten who are worth retaining after a month's trial. We suppose the other 990 become too much crippled up to keep on working.—Philadelphia News.

"BEATS THE LUCK!" cried the burglar as he turned his dark lantern on the handful of silver he had scooped from the vest pocket of a banker. "Beat the luck! If here ain't six trade dollars! I have my opinion of any Government that puts up these games on a feller!" THE coal man's cart broke down as he was going to weigh the coal. "You needn't fuss to weigh that coal, said the man who had purchased it. "It weighs more than any ton of coal I've got before. I'm satisfied."

French Cats. The most humble of all civil liberties are the French rep. There are some hundreds of naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the State, which supports them in such comfort and dignity as benefits their official position. The French naval cat enters the service of his kitchendish, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is berthed in the hold and permitted to do what he may catch. Having thus passed through apprenticeship, he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the vast stalling yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this sum is regularly paid on his behalf to the Director of Cats, who has a list of names for the use of his admirals.