

A. Armstrong

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 shall 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.

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 13.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1883.

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Rates of Advertising.

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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.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

Half an hour till train time, sir,
An fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch-lights,
Fetch in a stick when you go through,
'On time?' Well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin'—
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

ing completed his collegiate course, had
nought to do but while away his time in
the most agreeable way. But, now,
surfeited with the pleasures of fashion-
able life, he had turned away to seek in
communion with Nature and her true-
hearted children that congeniality for
which his spirit had longed but had not
found, either in his aristocratic home or
his wealthy friends.

that it came from a locust grove in a
distant corner of the yard, and he felt
'intuitively that it was the night hymn
of the Lily sung over the grave of her
buried loves.

shall be spared to stand beside you when
you first preach to them, and then I shall
be content to go. Come, let us begin."

AT THE END OF A WAR.

Trick Played by the British when They
were Leaving this Country.
A never-to-be-forgotten incident oc-
curred when the American column,
headed by General Washington and
Governor Clinton, approached the Bat-
tery as the British army left it, at the
close of the Revolutionary War.

BILL NYE, EX-POSTMASTER.

He Successfully Accounts for the Pro-
traction in High Government Circles.
In the course of an interview at
Laramie the other day Bill Nye was
asked:

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

A Plante to the Linn-Klin Club Given Oc-
casion for a Temperance Lecture.
In opening the meeting Brother Gar-
ner announced that the Hon. Half-Shell
Snyder, of Nashville, Tenn., was in the
ante-room waiting to deliver a lecture on
the subject, "The Progression of Man."

THE LILY OF THE GLEN.

In one of the most beautiful of New
England's shady dells, far away from
the din and dust of the city, musical
with the song of brooklet and bird, and
fragrant with breathings of trees and
flowers, hidden almost out of sight by
the old gray mountains, lies the fair
little village of Glen. And in one of its
sunniest spots, sheltered by elms of a
century's growth, mossy itself with un-
counted years, over-run with luxuriant
vines and embosomed in roses, stands
the fairy little cottage where dwelt the
pride of the village—its fair young Lily—
an orphan from the hour of her birth,
but so loved by her aged grandparents
that the name had never a meaning.

Beautiful as the flower whose name
she bore was the Lily of the Glen, and
as holy and shrinking in nature, too,
breathing out her sweetness in lonely
places, and coveting ever the lonely seat.
Scarcely more was she idolized in the
humble home whose life and light and beauty
she was, than in every other one of the
scattered village; for wherever she went
she carried a blessing, and from every
threshold bore one, too, now from the
crowing lips of a baby face, and then
from the quivering ones of wrinkled age.
Pure in heart, not dazlingly but softly
brilliant in intellect, gentle and loving,
for eighteen years the maiden had led
that happy life which only the good and
true can know—a sunny life, scarcely
darkened by a single cloud—a flowery
one, scarcely pricked by a single thorn—
a holy one, scarcely touched by a single
sin.

Reuben took the holy volume rever-
ently, and read in clear, thrilling tones,
those glorious passages from St. John,
commencing: "Let not your heart be
troubled." When he had closed, the
pastor turned to Lily for the hymn. It
quivered on her lips, but the sacred
emotions of her heart were too powerful
for her weakened frame, and the words
hung there in uttered music. Reuben's
keen ear had caught the strain, though,
and his rich voice harmonized fully with
the lofty words as she sung it through.
Then the aged man bent his knee and
prayed. And while he took in the
whole world in his petition, he yet
pleaded earnestly and individually for
the gentle girl he had taken to his heart,
and for the stranger who worshipped
with them, and subdued as his human
feelings were, the young man was yet
conscious of a sudden thrill of joy when
he heard himself thus coupled in solemn
prayer with the beautiful Lily.

Dead Reckoning.
Lientenant Brown was the navigator
of the brig Perry of the United States
navy a good many years ago, and on a
passage from China to Mexico he al-
lowed the chronometers (by which they
found the longitude) to run down. They
were bound to San Blas, and running to
make Cape St. Lucas, which is high and
can be seen a long way off. The cap-
tain, Jot Stone Paine, was not told that
the chronometers had run down and that
they were depending on dead reckoning
for the longitude. Brown got on the
parallel of the cape, and steering due
east kept a good look-out ahead. He
kept a foretopman at the masthead with
orders to come down and tell him quietly
when he saw the land, and not other-
wise to announce it—promising him a
bottle of whisky in return. Accordingly
one day shortly before 12 o'clock the
foretopman came down and reported the
land in sight from aloft. He was told
by Brown to return to the masthead, and
when the bell struck one to report it in
the usual manner. A little after 12
o'clock the captain came out of the
cabin and said: "Well, Mr. Brown,
when do you think we will see land?"
"We will make the land, sir," said
Brown, "at half-past 12 o'clock" (said
bell).

A Long Game.

A singular game of chess has just
been finished in the north of Scotland.
The game was begun about twelve
months ago in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y.
The first player, Mr. J. B. Munoz, made
a move, and then passed the scoring
sheet on by post to a friend. That
friend made a move in reply, and then
passed the paper on by post to another
well-known player, who made a move
in continuation. In this way the docu-
ment found its way to Baltimore, Md.,
where Mr. Sellman, who played lately
in the London tournament, added a
move and sent the paper on to Jamaica,
N. Y. From Jamaica it was sent to
England, and, after passing through
the hands of well-known players in Lon-
don and other towns, who each added
a move, it began a tour among the chess
players of Scotland. After traveling as
far north as Dallwillington, the docu-
ment was sent back to Sheriff Spens of
Glasgow. That gentleman examined
the position, and decided that the game
was lost for white, as black could force
an exchange of rooks and win with the
pawns. He therefore returned the game
to the first player, Mr. J. B. Munoz,
who now sent it to London to be pub-
lished as a curiosity in the Chess Month-
ly, where it has just appeared. The
scoring sheet bears the signatures of
several players, who each made a move
in the game, and the document shows
that it passed from hand to hand through
thirty-two towns and cities of England,
Scotland and America.

The Great August Sea Wave.

A letter from Panama shows that the
great tidal wave caused by the Java
earthquake was propagated to the Pa-
cific coast of South America. At Talca-
huano, Chile the ocean rose on August
28th two feet above high-water mark,
and the day after earthquakes were felt
in Salvador, Colombia and Ecuador.
Alarming detonations about the same
time were heard in all the towns of the
Bogota plateau, while at Manabi, Ecuador,
troops were turned out ready to
meet the supposed enemy.
This record will enable seismologists
to ascertain the extent of the distur-
bance caused by the Java earthquake.
Almost simultaneously with the Andean
earth shocks and the Chilean tidal
wave the ocean rose on the California
coast, as reported by Professor Davidson on
August 29. In the West Indies an extra-
ordinary tide rose in the harbor of St.
Thomas at half-past seven p. m., Aug-
ust 27. As the tides at St. Thomas
seldom go above twelve inches, and
that of August 27 rose three and a half
feet and was followed on the 30th by a
heavy earthquake shock, there can be
little doubt that this disturbance was
the result of the terrible commotion
in the Sunda Straits. If to the same
agency be attributed the destructive
tidal wave which visited our Jersey
coast on August 28 and 29 it would seem
that the agitation extended to all the
oceanic area around the globe forty de-
grees on both sides of the equator.
This enormous sea wave as it ex-
panded eastward and westward from
the Indian Ocean produced no fatal results,
as did the famous Arica sea wave of
August 13th, 1868. But its disturbing
effects upon the earth's crust in the
South American earthquake belt must
have been considerable. Though a vast
ocean wave is the consequence rather
than the cause of seismic convulsions, it
will be wise for the inhabitants of the
volcanic countries recently shaken by
the Java tidal wave to be on the lookout
for such convulsions, especially as this
epoch of the century is one often dis-
tinguished by fatal earth throes.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHESTNUTS.

"Chestnuts are scarce this year, and
will be dear," said Mr. Charles Heldrich,
recently. "Virginia nuts, which are
the best, are sold at \$11 and \$12 a bushel,
and State nuts at \$10 to \$11. The pros-
pects are that the crop will be very
light, and worms plenty. There is a lit-
tle green speck to be seen in almost
all chestnuts. Some dealers say every
chestnut has one. This speck is the
egg of a worm, which has been laid in
the blossom, and the nut grows over it.
Sometimes it never gets to be any more
than a speck. But with a sufficient
amount of heat this speck soon gets to
be a worm, and eats his way out. The
worms soon destroy a crop. They grow
no chestnuts in California, and the only
way to preserve nuts long enough to get
them to the Pacific coast is to have them
kiln-dried. This destroys the worm, but
it evaporates the moisture.
"Most chestnuts come to market in
bags, which keep them cool. As soon as
possible they should be spread out in
thin layers on the floor. This will pre-
vent the hatching of the worms. The
season for native chestnuts lasts until
Nov. 1. Then the Italian nuts come
in. They sell for 10 and 12 cents a
pound, or \$6 and \$8 a bushel. I have
seen American nuts sell as high as \$16
and as low as \$1.50 a bushel. They are
sweeter than the Italian nuts. In Italy
chestnuts are much used as food because
they are cheap, but the Italians in this
country find other food to be cheaper.
There is a flour made of chestnuts, which
is sold at the Italian stores. The bread
made from it is very nutritious, but
rather tough.
"The supply of chestnuts varies very
much. Sometimes we cannot find
enough to meet the demand, and at
other times the market is dull. Attempts
have been made to cultivate chestnuts,
with varying success. A man on Staten
Island has succeeded in raising some,
by cultivation, of a size midway between
Virginia and Italian nuts. The improve-
ment was effected by grafting.
"As the woods are cut down the sup-
ply of nuts decreased. The decrease in
this State has been rapid. Considerable
quantities of nuts have been sold for ex-
port. Foreigners like the flavor of our
chestnuts. As to home chestnuts, I do
not know that they have any market
value. There are some who use them
for medicinal purposes. There is a wide-
spread superstition that the carrying of
a horse chestnut is a preventive of dis-
ease."—New York Sun.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It was the 25th of November, 1783—
a brilliant day, that an excited crowd
surged and shouted about Mr. Day's
tavern in Murray street, near the road
to Greenwich. Cunningham, the cruel
and vindictive British provost-marshal,
stood at the foot of the flag-pole, from
which floated the stars and stripes, the
flag of the new republic.

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