

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.

THE PEOPLE.

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BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1883.

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Rates of Advertising

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ALONE.

I miss you, my darling, my darling; The embers burn low on the hearth; And stilled is the air of the household; And hushed is the voice of its mirth; The rain-plashes fast on the terrace; The winds past the lattice moan; The midnight comes out from the minister, And I am alone.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

BY WILLIS H. COOKE.

It was just one week before Christmas. Soft and satin-white the snow lay over the fields about the old court; like tiny drops of blood, the scarlet holly-berries gleamed through the woods, and the avenue of black-green pines seemed to fold their druidical garments about them like a row of solemn old sentinels, scarcely bending their heads to the rush of the stormy west winds.

"Put up plenty of berries over the door, Simon," said Emma's chirping, birdlike voice. "If Miss Lulu don't want 'em, we'll have 'em like Merry Christmas down here, see if we don't!" "And don't she want not a single thing?" Simon demanded. "Why, we couldn't fasten up enough greens for her years back. What's the reason of her changin' of her mind?" "I don't know," said little Emma, making a great rustling among the heaps of crisp evergreens. "Fine ladies does take such queer notions sometimes. Oh, Simon, I wish I was as rich as Miss Lulu!"

"Look a-here, Miss Portage!" bawled he, in the high treble of age. "It's Santa Claus, as true as you live! We are all children agin', an' the old chap with the fur cap an' the team of rein-deers is around at his old tricks! A five-hundred-dollar bill, sealed up in a yaller envelope, and poked under my door, in the dead o'night, an' ma pickin' it up for waste-paper! It's the Lord's own merriness as I didn't burn it up, to set the kindlin' a-go'in', afore I see what it was! Labeled 'John Marrable, Esq., to pay off the mortgage. Christmas, 1878.'"

The ruddy firelight was penciling its shifting arabesques upon the drawing-room walls, where Lulu's own tremulous hand had hung up a tiny cross of ivy and hemlock twined together, and upon the table lay the materials of her illuminating work—a half-completed text: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Thus she sat musing, until the unexpected apparition of Emma—rounded, rosy with her long walk—dis-turbed her.

TEETH FILLED WITH GOLD.

A NEW TRICK IN THE TRADE.

How the Precious Metal is Packed Away in Men's Mouths. "There are about seventeen thousand dentists in the United States, and they pack into the teeth of the American people a ton of pure gold every year. I guess about five times that weight of less precious metal, such as tin, silver, and platinum, go the same way. Now these metals are worth \$1,000,000, and in the twenty-first century all the coin in the United States will be buried in the graveyards." The dentist looked distressed at the result of his calculations and the reporter, to revive him, suggested that the figures were an argument in favor of cremation. The dentist shrugged his shoulders.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S REPORT.

He Has Something to Say About Our Old Navy and the New Cruisers.

Admiral Porter, the Admiral of the navy, in his annual report criticizes the proposed new cruisers in some respects. He says: "In case of our having a war with any foreign power, all the coaling stations of the world would be closed against us. Hence the necessity that we should build vessels having full sail and steam power, so that they could make good speed cruising under sail with fires banked, ready at a moment's notice to get up steam." He says the Chicago, for example, would not move through the water under the small amount of canvas she will be able to spread, except in a very fresh breeze. There is no reason why a cruising ship-of-war should not be of full power in sails and masts.

LADIES AND POKER.

POKER TO BE THE GAME OF THE FUTURE.

What a Chicago Gambler Thinks of the Popularity of the Game. [From the Chicago Herald.] "Are there many lady players here?" "Immense numbers of them. They get stuck on the game worse than men. Why, I've known respectable ladies to pawn their jewelry—even their wedding rings—for money with which to set in the game." "Do ladies play well?" "They generally play a bold game, and bluff more than men. The best players I've ever met in society games have been ladies. Many ladies give little parties regularly, where poker is the order of the evening. And many of them make money at it. I've several times been 'downed' in a game by ladies." "How do people learn to play?" "They commence by playing for buttons, then freeze out for ice cream, or some other trifling treat, then penny ante for keeps, and finally drift into a game only bounded by their means, and sometimes without that limitation. Young men who learn to play at home and in the houses of friends soon tire of a small game and visit the poker rooms, of which there are literally hundreds in the city. From these to the larger gambling houses is but a step, and in a majority of cases their ruin is complete. Many a defuncting clerk dates his downfall from the night when he first opened the festive 'jackpot' for the limit—five cents—and many a woman has been driven, or rather drawn, to the bad through the seductions of that game where 'it's all in the draw.'"