

For Missions

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ACROSS THE PLAINS.

The plains were wide and vast and near, The mountain peaks seemed cool and clear, The sun hung low toward the west, To near, "we sighed, "are we to rest."

HORRORS OF DRUNKENNESS.

SOME OF THE PHENOMENA OF ALCOHOLIZED BRAINS.

We were four. We sat talking in the lobby of a Denver hotel. It was 11 p. m. The talk was languishing, when the wide doors opening to the street were thrown apart violently, and a tall, heavily built man walked in. His soft hat was tilted backward on his head. His step was uncertain. He was drunk. We recognized him as Dalton, a miner from the Snowy Range. Seeing the group sitting around a table, he came toward us, and with a drunken smile, said, "Howdy, boys?" Then, before we could greet him, he turned away, saying carelessly, "It is eat night for me. I may as well go see the creature." Entering the elevator, he disappears.

drinking. He shuts himself up in his room, and drinks alone. In two days he will drink a gallon of the best our mash Bourbon whisky money can buy. He always begins drinking in the evening. The third evening he goes to bed in a beastly state of intoxication. At about midnight his vision comes to him. He dreams that he went to bed, and slept soundly until awakened by a hard, white, flickering light. He lies awake wondering what causes the light, and bears a loud knock on his bedroom door. "Come in!" he cries. The door is thrown wide open and a man who has been freshly flayed stalks in. The flayed man smiles in a ghastly manner, and nods in friendly recognition. The flesh is gone from his mouth. His teeth grin mockingly. He stations himself opposite the bed and leans against the wall, his shoulders making a bloody mark where he leans. His lidless eyes roll and his tongue lolls. The bedroom door remains open. My friend looks out of the door and into the street. There he sees a long column of flayed men marching rapidly down the road. Stragglers drop out from the column and enter his room. When ten men have entered, his bedroom door closes. The flayed men, who are covered with fresh blood, walk silently around the room looking at him. They point their bloody fingers at him. At a signal from the man who first entered they all march out. Presently they return, each carrying a flayed and bloody corpse. The blood has dried on the live men while they were absent, and it flakes from them as they re-enter the room with their ghastly burdens. The corpses are placed on the floor in a row, side by side. At a signal from the leader of the skinless horrors, they straddle the dead bodies, and bending over, grasp them around the waists. Then straightening up, with the legs of the dead men between their own, they move around the room in a weird dance, now advancing, now retreating, then circling around the bed, and always tearing and grinning at my friend. After desperate efforts he awakens, and the vision disappears. It is his warning to quit drinking, and he heeds it, too.

COLONEL PELTON'S WIFE.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF AN APACHE RAID.

Married a Beautiful Spanish Girl and while Fighting They are Attacked by Indians—Becomes Her Avenger—How They Finally Met.

Colonel Albert C. Pelton, whose beautiful 23,000 acre ranch is out toward the Rio Grande, near Laredo, has been the Peter the Hermit of the Texans for years. He has believed that he has held a divine commission to kill Apache Indians. Colonel Pelton came to Texas in 1844, a common soldier. By talent and courage he rose to the rank of Colonel, and finally in 1847, commanded Fort Macrae. That year he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl at Albuquerque, N. M. Her parents were wealthy, and would not consent to their daughter's going away from all her friends to live in a garison. The admiration of the young couple was mutual, and parental objection only intensified the affection of the lovers. The Spanish girl's nature is such that, once in love, she never changes. Finally, after two years' entreaty and devotion, Colonel Pelton won the consent of the parents of the beautiful Spanish girl, and they were married and removed to Fort Macrae.

HOW A PASTING THIEF ESCAPED.

Peter C. Small Fights Feudalists in Order to Attain His Freedom.

The escape of Peter C. Small, the fasting horse-thief, from the jail at Belvidere, N. J., was very cleverly managed. At 7 o'clock in the evening Sheriff Bowers found him very weak and complaining of pain in the stomach. The Sheriff then went down town on business. Half an hour later Small rattled at the door leading to the Sheriff's residence, and the call was responded to by Lizzie Bowers, a young lady of twenty summers. He asked her to get him some cigars. She refused, saying that none of the men was about, but minutes after this Small again called Miss Bowers, and asked to have his coal-oil lamp filled. Small's cell is in the old jail. Miss Bowers opened the door of the new jail adjoining to let John Price, colored, into Small's apartment to fill the lamp. By this time Small, who stood inside of the door in his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, a thin one, a Derby hat, furnished by a prisoner. Price passed in the door, and finding Small ready, ran out, followed by Small and Theodore Carling. Miss Bowers grabbed Small, but he broke her hold, pushed her aside and soon joined the other prisoners on the street. Miss Bowers screamed for help. Her mother came and both stood in the hallway powerless with fright until too late to see which direction the prisoners had taken. At the time of their flight a high wind and snow-storm prevailed, and the night was the coldest of the season. Small was thinly clad, having on the clothing that he wore at the time of arrest, two months ago. The day before he escaped he moved about in his cell in a stooped position, and appeared hardly able to walk. When he ran from the prison he was as straight as an arrow, and appeared strong. His cell was visited by a reporter of the *Easton Argus*, who found everything in order and a lot of establish on a stand. A small gold oak, brought to Small by his mother four weeks ago, was found with the inside removed. The Sheriff is positive that this was all that Small has eaten since he has been in prison. Carling was awaiting trial for highway robbery and Price was serving a sentence for larceny.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER.

THEY ARE REVIEWS.

A German farmer was on trial in one of the justice courts the other day for assault and battery, and had pleaded not guilty. When the cross-examination came the opposing counsel asked: "Now, Jacob, was there trouble between you and the plaintiff, wasn't there?" "I expect dere was."

THE RAIN OF FIRE.

November 13, 1883, is a date to be remembered. It was just about fifty years ago that there occurred in the United States a memorable "rain of fire" known as the great fall of meteor. Its greatest intensity was in the hour which brought daybreak; but it was an impressive and awe-inspiring scene from about 2 o'clock till broad daylight, and the exhibition was only abated by being swallowed up in the beams of broad day. It seemed a veritable rain of fire. The negroes of Virginia and other regions South were frightened nearly to death; every well was said to contain one or more nuggets, who had gone down by rope or ladder, to escape the "day of wrath and day of burning."

PLAIN PASTRY FOR MINCE PIES.

The secret of success in making pastry is to work quickly, in a cool room, and to keep the pastry as cold as possible. Even in making plain pastry only the best flour and butter should be used; the flour should be freshly sifted and the butter worked with the hands in plenty of cold water until it assumes a waxy appearance and touch; if it is worked quickly and lightly, it will not stick to the hands; when the butter is of the proper consistency it should be patted with the hands into a cake about an inch thick, wrapped in a floured towel and put in a dish set on ice in summer, or out of doors in winter, so that it may become quite cold while the paste is being prepared; allow half a pound of butter to a pound of flour. After the flour is sifted mix with it a teaspoonful of salt, and with a sharp knife, chop into it one third of the butter; then quickly mix with it enough ice-water to make a dough which does not stick to the hands; the mixing may be done with the knife or the hand, but it must be done quickly; next, lightly flour a smooth pastry-board or marble slab, lay the dough on it and with a floured roller roll it out about half an inch thick; cut the rest of the butter in thick slices, and lay it upon the dough, with spaces of about an inch between the slices; dust flour lightly over the butter, and fold the paste over it in such a way as to completely inclose it; then gently roll it to the thickness of an inch, dust a little flour over it; fold it several times and again roll it out; if the butter shows anywhere through the paste, put it in a floured towel and cool it for about fifteen minutes; then roll it out, fold it and roll it again two or three times, and use it for pies. If the pastry is cold and the oven hot, the pie crust will be good when baked. If the crust browns before the contents of the pie appear to be cooked lay a piece of paper over it.