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## HER PICTURE.

I see her now—she laughs that  
That ever looked man's picture,  
I picture her as one who drew  
Add life's curtain and looked through  
The mists of all life's mystery  
As from a wood to open sea.

The soft, wide eyes of wonderment  
That trusting looked you through and  
That through a thousand  
The sweet, arched mouth, a bow new bent,  
That sent low's arrow swift and true.

That sweet arched mouth! The Orient  
Hath no such pearls in all her stores;  
Not all her storied spices above  
Have fragrance such as it hath spent.

I picture her as one who knew  
How rare is truth to be untrue—  
As one who knew the awful sign  
Of death, of life, of the divine  
Sweet pity, of all loves, all hates,  
Beneath the iron-foiled fate.

I picture her as seeking peace,  
And olive leaves and vine-set land;  
While strife stood by on either hand,  
And wrung her tears like roses in  
I picture her in passing rhyme  
As of, yet not a part of, these—  
A woman born above her time;  
A woman waiting in her place,  
With patient piety on her face.  
Her face, her earnest, baby face;  
Her young face, so uncommon wise—  
The tender love-light in her eyes—  
Two stars of Heaven out of place.

Two stars that sang as stars of old  
From skies of glory and of gold.  
Where God in purple passed along—  
That patient, baby face of hers  
That won a thousand worshippers!  
That silent, pleading face; among  
The radiant faces just the one  
I still shall love when all is done,  
And life lies by, a harp unstrung.

That face, like shining sheaves among  
That face that never can grow old;  
And yet has never been quite young.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## ROMANCE OF LOS ANGELES.

"Of all Don Antonio's graphic narratives of the olden times, none is more interesting than those which describe his adventures during the days of this contest. On one of the first approaches made by the Americans to Los Angeles, he went out with his little haphazard company of men and boys to meet them. He had but one cannon, a small one, tied by ropes on a cart axle. He had but one small keg of powder which was good for anything; all the rest was bad; would merely go off 'pouf, pouf,' the seniors said, and the ball would pop down near the mouth of the cannon. With this bad powder he fired his first shots. The Americans laughed; this is child's play, they said, and pushed on closer. Then came a good shot, with the good powder, tearing into their ranks and knocking them right and left; another, and another. Then the Americans began to think; these are no pouf balls; and when a few more were killed, they ran away and left their flag behind them. And if they had only known it, the Californians had only one more charge left of the good powder, and the next minute it would have been the Californians that would have had to run away themselves; merrily laughed the seniors as she told the tale.

"This captured flag, with important papers, were intrusted to Don Antonio to carry to the Mexican headquarters at Sonora. He set off with an escort of soldiers, his horse decked with silver trappings, his sword, pistols—all of the finest; a proud beginning of a journey destined to end in a different fashion. It was in winter time; cold rains were falling; by night he was drenched to the skin, and stopped at a friendly Indian's tent to change his clothes. Hardly had he got them off when the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. The Indian flung himself down, put his ear to the ground and exclaimed, 'Americano! Americano!' Almost in the same second they were at the tent's door. As they halted, Don Antonio, clad only in his drawers and stockings, crawled out at the back of the tent, and creeping on all fours reached a tree, up which he climbed, and sat safe hidden in the darkness among its branches listening, while his pursuers crossed-questioned the Indian, and at last rode away with his horse. Luckily, he had carried into the tent the precious papers and the captured flag; these he intrusted to an Indian to take to Sonora, it being evidently of no use for him to try to cross the country thus closely pursued by his enemies.

"All night he lay hidden; the next day he walked twelve miles across the mountains to an Indian village where he hoped to get a horse. It was dark when he reached it. Cautiously he opened the door of the hut of one whom he knew well. The Indian was preparing poisoned arrows; fixing one on the string and aiming at the door, he called out, angrily, 'Who is there?'  
'It is I, Antonio.'  
'Don't make a sound,' whispered the Indian, throwing down his arrow, springing to the door, coming out and closing it softly. He then proceeded to tell him that the Americans had offered a reward for his head, and that some of the Indians in the rancharia were ready to betray or kill him. While they were yet talking, again came the sound of the Americans' horses' hoofs galloping in the distance. This time there seemed no escape. Suddenly Don Antonio, throwing himself on his stomach, wriggled into a cactus patch near by. Only one who has seen California can

## NEAL DOW GROWS SARCASTIC.

Extracts From an Illinois Letter From the Father of the Maine Law.

Neal Dow writes as follows:—In Illinois, as in all the West, the burning question just now is: "What shall we do with the saloons?" The politicians here, as in other States, look at it carefully on all sides, very much as a child would examine a porcupine with quills erect and defiance in its eye. With them (the politicians) it is a study how not to touch it, being sure to be pricked which ever way they may take it. In this State it is "high license," the law providing that no saloon shall be permitted for a less sum than \$500 a year, but the municipalities may increase this sum indefinitely. In Decatur the talk is to raise the saloon fee to \$1,500, which it is said the saloons can very well afford to pay, since the "business" is amazingly profitable in many ways. No grocers are allowed to sell liquors of any kind, and the saloons are run on the most scientific plan and with a great deal of skill and enterprise, such as is displayed in other branches of trade, with a view of expanding it and making the most of it. The success has been very great in this line. A gentleman told me, by way of illustration, of three large estates in a town here that went into liquidation within three or four years after the saloons turned their attention to them. The proprietors died one of them leaving a son of 21 years, the only heir, the others leaving two sons each. The saloons cultivated the acquaintance of these young men so successfully that within five years their estates had changed owners, the saloons being so much the richer, while the nice young men were stripped of every penny. The young man who was sole heir to his father's large property died at 25 years of age at the house of an uncle where he had been sheltered for a year, the uncle paying the funeral expenses. The saloons can very well afford to pay \$1,500 a year for the permission and protection of law in carrying on their most respectable business. It is highly respectable, because no one is allowed to engage in it without a certificate that he is a man of most respectable and excellent character. Tom, Dick, and Harry may sell flour, shoes, cloth or hardware, but they cannot keep a saloon—none but the best men are allowed to do that, the purpose of the law being to make the trade respectable and honorable, as it is useful.

## FORTUNES OUT OF THE EARTH.

Albany Fertilizing the Sand for Millions of Molds.

A large proportion of the molding sand consumed in the foundries of the United States is dug out of the hills of Albany county. It is said that everything in soluble metal, from a Krupp gun to a heel plate for a lady's shoe, has been cast in Albany sand. Quantities of it have been exported as ballast. The annual shipment of sand obtained hereabouts from this city is estimated at from 75,000 to 100,000 tons, the price paid for it, delivered on board the cars or boats, being about \$1.25 per ton, making a business involving an annual revenue of \$100,000. Two-thirds of the whole product goes out of Albany by water, the sloops which bring stone and lumber to this port usually returning with a cargo of sand. There is a demand for the sand which can scarcely be supplied, the beds in other sections of the country from which the consumers have drawn for years having become exhausted. The sand excavated in Albany has, too, a reputation which no other possesses. It has what molders call "life," a quality which adapts itself to all climates and conditions. It is also cleaner and finer than most other sands. Castings turned out of it need comparatively little dressing.

It is found below the surface usually, at the depth of three or four feet. It lies in strata averaging from two to eight inches in thickness; one above the other. Property on which sand veins are known to exist sells at from \$125 to \$500 per acre. The soil after the sand is removed does not depreciate for agricultural uses. Dealers more frequently buy the privilege of excavating the sand at a stipulated price, leaving the owner the property really undisturbed at the end. The process of removing the sand is very simple. Section by section the sand is taken out from beneath the superficial soil, which is then allowed to drop until the whole field has been lowered to a depth corresponding to the thickness of the layers of soil. The sand diggers extract the material as dexterously as a clever boy will scoop the apples out of the crust of a pie. Hundreds and hundreds of acres in this county have undergone this process without apparent injury to the value of the land for other purposes.—Albany Journal.

FANNIE B. WARD WRITES FROM Saltillo that at whatever hour a person dies in Mexico, it is customary to appoint the funeral just twenty-four hours later, and that as the mortality is greatest all over the world at night the most of the funeral ceremonies in Mexico are performed at night, no women being permitted to attend. The poor hire the coffins in which their dead are borne to the grave.

St. Louis girls complain that General Sherman's lips have become calloused.

## WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

A TRIP TO THE TOP OF THE LOFTIEST STRUCTURE IN AMERICA.

The Height of 410 Feet Already Attained and 140 Feet to be Added: The Elevation of Other Lefty Towers and Buildings.

The Washington monument is finished to a height of 410 feet, at which it will remain till the work is resumed in the spring. There is yet to be added 140 feet before the shaft is completed, but even now the smooth white pillar is the loftiest artificial elevation on this continent, and, with twelve or thirteen exceptions, on this planet. When completed it will be the highest structure of human hands in the world. Washington will then be not only first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, but also first in the height of his monument.

Since the column has grown to such an altitude it has attracted visitors in crowds, who beseege Col. Casey for passes to enable them to ascend the elevator that hoists the blocks of marble. To the great delight of the sightseers and the hindrance and vexation of the masons, such passes are issued. Among the visitors recently was a group consisting of a learned mathematician, two ladies, and a reporter of *The Sun*. When the party arrived at the foot of the monument its noble proportions were seen in their full impressiveness. One does not comprehend the towering height of the marble till he stands at the base and glances upward. Then it looks its full altitude, and the visitor begins to understand the journey about to be made in the platform car.

The mathematician, as we stood at the base, explained the nature of the trip. "We shall be," he said, "nine minutes going up, or forty-five feet to the minute. We can thus easily determine as we go up the height of rival elevations."

The car presently came in sight, slowly descending with a load of sightseers who looked much relieved as they stepped off the platform and separated. Two empty freight cars were then shunted off on a tiny side track, and in their place two other trucks loaded with massive blocks of marble were rolled upon the platform. The visitors huddled about them while the conductor collected the passes. Then he gave a sign.

"Oh, we are moving!" cried one of the ladies, grasping one of the blocks very firmly.

All of the party seemed a little nervous, for we were in for it now. If anything broke in the next ten minutes there would be no help for us. One or two of the young men affected levity, but it was so baldly artificial that it increased the thoughtfulness of the others. The mathematician alone maintained his composure. He had braced himself against one of the uprights of the skeleton elevator, and was holding his watch in one hand and in the other a card he had prepared giving the heights of various structures. A jar, a nervous start, or careless movement would have precipitated him into the abyss. But to this quiet man of science the accidental surroundings save as they bore on the subject under investigation were of no consequence.

We had been passing smoothly and noiselessly upward for two minutes. The frivolous young man had relapsed into silence; the young ladies clung to the blocks and the reporter clung to the dripping of the moisture as it coaxed down the clammy walls. It became dark, and the air was sepulchral. Altogether, it was an uncanny ride.

Suddenly the savant broke the silence. In a dry, clear, composed voice he remarked:

"We have scarcely begun our trip, but we are now ninety feet high, or above all the houses in town. In another moment we shall be among the steeples."

"Indeed!" remarked one of the young ladies, trying to look interested, but relaxing her hold on the marble.

"How high is Trinity Church steeple?" asked one of the frivolous young men, subdued into docility and respectful modesty by his surroundings.

"We will come to that in time," said the orderly man of science. "The first station on our perpendicular railroad is Pis. Here we are; Leaning tower of Pisa, 178 feet.

"I guess I'll get out here," said one of the empty-headed young men.

"Can't stop, this is a through train," said the conductor of the elevator, gravely.

The ladies laughed uneasily at this by-play while the platform car moved on its skyward way and the professor scanned his card for the next elevation.

"Here are a group of stations. You will be obliged to look quick as we pass to see them at all: Montreal—Notre Dame cathedral, 290; Bunker Hill monument, 221; Notre Dame de Paris, 224."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young ladies, after which silence settled on the group for another very long minute. The company began to be afraid that the savant had forgotten his notes or had tumbled off. But at the right instant his calm voice was heard again.

"Six minutes. We have just passed over the Marnet tangle on the Northern Pacific, 268 feet, and are at the Minaret

## POOR LITTLE DAISY.

An Incident of the Streets.

The day had been chilly and damp, and as it became darker, it became more chilly and more damp. Umbrellas of every known shape and size and of infinite variety of color flitted past. The poor wails who wander about the streets of a large city beset themselves with the instinct of dumb animals to places where they could be sheltered from the wind and rain—squalid heaps of rags huddled closely for warmth on chill door-steps or in sheltered close-ways, where they remained, looking out on the rain-drops, thinking on goodness only knows what.

Still the rain came down, making every one and everything wet and miserable except a few consumptive ducks, which had, with commendable efforts, made up their minds to maintain life on offal found in the reeking haunts of men. Still the rain fell, washing the filthy air and besotted pavement from all impurities, and carrying streams of muddy water to the drains, which made a gushing noise, as if exulting in thus conferring a boon on mankind.

I was standing in a sheltered corner when a little girl came running up. She had her skirt drawn over her head to keep out the rain, and a small bundle of newspapers under her arm—the papers being placed in such a position as to catch as little rain as possible. She had intended to shelter where I was; but seeing some one there, she was hurrying away, when I called her back. She came up timidly, took down her primitive umbrella, and stood beside me.

"Have you not sold all your papers," I asked, glancing at her little bundle.

"No, sir, it was so wet," she answered, looking down and biting the corners of the papers, "that my customers didn't mind me, but all seemed a-going home as fast as they was able. It was so wet!" she said again, this time taking courage to glance at me.

"What's your name, little girl?" I asked, with a patronising smile.

"I don't know as 'ow I 'ave one, but the folks is allus a-calling me Daisy, and the boys allus ask me if I ever seed a daisy a-growing in the gutter."

"But, Daisy, they don't always do that, eh?"

"No," she answered, promptly, "they don't when Jack's there, 'cause he let's them see."

"And who's Jack?" was my next question.

Pretty little Daisy, she didn't answer; but she showed by her silence and confusion that Cupid's dart had even pierced that thin shawl.

"Is Jack your brother?" I again asked, by way of drawing her out on this subject.

"No," she said, evading my question; "I have no brother or sister, no father or mother. I lives with Betty; but she never looks arter me no more nor if I was a dog, but Jack does."

"Well, yer a nice 'un, too!" said a ragged something, emerging from the darkness and dripping with rain. "Here I've been a-looking for yo 'ole night. Won't yer catch it from Betty! Oh, no!"

"Well, Jack, it was so wet that I couldn't get none sold. Won't yer speak for me, Jack?"—and she placed her hand so lovingly on his shoulder.

"Well, yer a nice 'un, too!" said Jack, twisting his fingers through her natural curls. "Look 'ere, my pretty Wenus, she won't so much as put her little finger on yer!"

I assisted them out of their difficulty, much to the astonishment of Jack, who never seen any one "as would give money for nuffin."

They went, with happy hearts, and left me gazing at the sloopy sidewalk and thinking on their future happiness.

Barva Steuben's Anecdote.

On some occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the state of the finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said:

"Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cock. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said: 'Baron, I am your cock, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of thin beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string and do as well as I can. You have promised me \$10 a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

In order that your husband may not forget to bring in coal, place the hod near the door where he cannot fail to fall over it. The chances are by all odds, that he'll not try to scuffle out of his duty, after a few mornings' gentle reminder.

## THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE AT.

THEY GIVE AND A MORAL.

Here is a silver dime, my son!  
Looks like lead, it is blackened so;  
Not a bit like the shining one  
I dropped in my pocket a week ago.  
Dime? Yes. Dime? You think it strange  
It should lose its sheen in so short a time?  
Would you like to know how come this change?  
For the worse to a brand-new silver dime?

'Tis a case so simple and easily told,  
But lay it to heart, O son of mine!  
See if it does not a moral hold  
For a bright, brave boy with a wish to shine.  
I draw from my pocket a copper cent—  
See, there is the secret: the silver dime,  
Dropped in this pocket by accident,  
Has rubbed against copper all this time.

And the cent is never a whit more white  
Nor improved at all by its company,  
While the silver dime comes out less bright  
And its value is questioned, as you see.  
Now the moral for boys is very clear.  
You see it, my son? Well, lay it to heart  
And see, I drop the silver here.  
And the copper there; let them be apart.

THE BOY'S SOLUTION.

Oh, yes, the moral is clear as day,  
But I thought I was going to get that dime;  
He gives me the moral—thats' duff's way—  
And pockets the money every time.

AN ANCIENT ANIMAL.

New Yorker—"Talking about old horses, the oldest one in America lives in my State."  
Philadelphia—"What is his age?"  
New Yorker—"It can be reliably placed at forty-three years; an ex-treasurer of Richmond county says he believes the animal's age is not under forty-five years."  
Philadelphia—"You don't say so? I should like to see that horse. What street-car line is he on?"—Philadelphia Call.

RECOGNIZED IT.

Just previous to the opening of a late meeting of the Lincoln Club the Keeper of the Record Bulletin invited all present to enter the museum and gaze upon a relic just received from Meridian, Miss., in the shape of an old-time plantation hoe. Nearly every member of the club tried his best to recognise the hoe as "de verry one" he used to work with thirty years ago, and more than one was affected to tears. The gentleman who so kindly presented the relic has the thanks of the club.—Detroit Free Press. THE PALE MAN WILL GO TO.

"Hello, Realy!" said young Teak to his friend Ormsbeak, meeting at the club the other evening. "Are you going to any of the balls this winter?"  
"Oh, yes, I expect to," answered Ormsbeak, taking his friend by the hand.  
"Which ones are you going to?" continued Teak.  
"Well, if the present state of my cash-book continues," replied Ormsbeak, noticing the dilapidated condition of his clothes, "I expect to go to the three gilt balls."—Yorkers Statesman.

SOMETHING MORE UNUSUAL.

"I say, Matilda," snarled Mr. Pomgranate, "can't you do something more useful than to study the fashion journal?"  
"Well, yes," answered Mrs. Pomgranate, "I was just thinking that I could do something else."  
"And what is it, pray?"  
"I will dress according to it, if you will allow me the money."  
"I have already made enough allowance for your vanity and frivolity," was the brutal reply of the Austin husband.—Austin Sittings.

CRUDED.

"How stupid I am," said Birdie Hennepin, languidly, exclaiming at the same time quite a respectable yawn act.  
"That's true," remarked Gus De-Smith, rather impulsively.  
"St!" exclaimed Birdie, "you are impertinent."  
"But you yourself just now asserted that you were stupid."  
"I only said so without thinking," said Birdie, patiently.  
"Yes, and up to the time you spoke I had only thought so without saying it." Hang craves on the door of Miss Birdie. Another lover scratched off the list of one of the Austin belles.—Texas Sittings.

ONLY ON THE STAGE.

"What is this?"  
"This, my dear, is a star actor."  
"Why does he throw his arms in the air, and then slap his hips with his hand and say, 'Me heart is broken'?"  
"Oh, that is merely the play."  
"Then his heart is not broken?"  
"Not quite."  
"Why does he say 'me heart' instead of 'my heart'?"  
"Because he doesn't know any better, child. He has not studied English sufficiently to distinguish between the objective and possessive cases."  
"Shall I say 'me heart,' 'me sleeves,' 'me gloves'?"  
"If you do, my dear, I shall have to fog you."  
"Errores now admits of a second plate of soup." This is all right, but if a man's appetite will not admit of a second plate of soup, etiquette is worth nothing to him.  
"Barnum gives part of his reward in hand, the present conduct of him doing our duty, and for the rest, we see the other side of the coin can give.