

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 25.

BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1884.

\$2 a Year.

Editorial and Advertising Information

Special Requests

HURRAH FOR THE MAN WHO PAYS!

There are men of brains who count their gains by the million dollars or more; they buy and sell, and really do well on the money of the poor. They manage to get quite deep indebted by various crooked ways; and so we say that the man to-day is the honest man who pays.

When in the town he never sneaks down some alley or way-back street; with head erect he will never defect; but boldly each man meet. He counts the cost before he is lost in debt's mysterious maze, and he never buys in manner unwise but calls for his bill, and pays.

There's a certain air of debonair in the man who buys for cash; he is not afraid of being betrayed by a jack-leg shyster's dash. What he says to you he'll certainly do, if it's cash or thirty days; and when he goes out the clerks will shout Hurrah for the man who pays!

—Dick Steele, in Texas Siftings.

A Lucky Hit.

Hiram Veazie was a plain, good-hearted, honest farmer's boy, whose parents lived on the farm where his grandfather was born, not half a dozen miles from Augusta, Me. With a good common school education, and a natural aptitude, Hiram was considered at the age of twenty to be a very promising young man, and was certainly of great service to his father upon the farm. Old Mr. Veazie was comfortably situated as to pecuniary means; first, because his wants were few, and secondly, because his land very nearly supplied them all. But when Hiram asked his father to advance him some small amount with which to commence business, the good old man frankly acknowledged his inability, and rather wondered that his son could not content himself on the farm, as his father and grandfather had done before him.

The truth was, that Hiram had from boyhood, and during all his school hours, been the intimate friend and companion of pretty Lucy White, the squire's daughter, and this childish friendship had ripened with years into love. Lucy's father understood the position of affairs perfectly between the young people, but never interfered, until one day when Hiram took the old gentleman one side, and asked him for Lucy as his wife. Old Squire White, as he was universally called, replied kindly, but firmly, that Hiram must first acquire some trade, and means enough to support Lucy, before he could give his consent to such an arrangement. The future looked blank to Hiram, therefore, for he was but a poor farmer's boy.

Lucy was a gentle and lovely girl of 19, as intelligent as she was pretty; she loved Hiram sincerely, but she was too sensible to sit down with him and pine over the situation of affairs. She was a practical Yankee girl, and her advice to Hiram was sound and loving.

"Go," she said, "to Boston or New York. You are active, good-looking, intelligent and industrious—the very characteristics that command place, I should say, in a large city, and see if you do not find the means of earning such wages as shall help you to lay by something. I, too, will be industrious, in the meantime, and what little I can save shall go to make up the necessary sum for the purchase of a snug little home for us."

Hiram kissed his sweet little school-mate, and promising her that she would never for one hour be out of his mind, soon gathered a small sum of money together, and with a kind farewell and the blessing of his old father and mother, he took the cars for Boston. It was his first visit to a large city, and at the outset he was almost bewildered; but, seeking economical lodgings, he began at once to look about himself for employment. This he found it hard to obtain, but he was daily growing more and more conversant with city life and ways, and he wrote every few days to Lucy a digest of his observations and fortunes. A fortnight or three weeks in Boston made fearful inroads into his slender purse, and at the suggestion of some new acquaintance he determined to go to New York.

Here he passed some two weeks with various adventures, but without finding an hour of paying occupation. He wandered everywhere, observing and searching out places, inquiring freely of all, until, at the end of the third week, he had but a single dollar left in his pocket, and felt for the first time nearly disheartened. In this mood he strolled through one of the uptown cross streets above Union Park, and found his attention attracted by the operation of a steam sawmill, which he entered and quietly watched the business of. He saw a small but efficient engine driving four saws fed by four men, while there stood at a desk hard by one evidently the manager of the establishment.

Hiram felt a strong interest in what he saw; there were large piles of excellent lumber in the building, and he was familiar with from childhood; and he watched the process of sawing it up, carefully observed to what purpose the wood was put, and saw a couple of hands in a further part of the shop engaged in dovetailing the pieces together, and forming the lumber into boxes of various sizes. He consumed so much time, and was so minute in his obser-

fair cheek, bathed with happy tears, upon his shoulder; and her kind old mother said that she had but one re-lighted at his new acquaintance, who took hold of the work so handily, and above all felt that he had at once given him an idea worth half his business and more. Mr. Hurd was an honest and faithful man, and unhesitatingly kept his promise, installing Hiram in the business with one half the profits.

The reader may imagine the letter which Hiram wrote to his faithful Lucy, and how she encouraged him in return; and how the business proved exceedingly prosperous, and how it was enlarged, and Hiram found himself at the end of a twelvemonth worth some two thousand dollars; and how Squire White pressed his hand warmly when he returned to ask for Lucy, and told him to "take her," and how Lucy blushing laid her vocation, that at last the proprietor came up to him and addressed him pleasantly:

"You seem to be quite interested?" he remarked to Hiram.

"Yes, I have seen a great deal of lumber in my day, and I was calculating how much you probably used up in this way."

"We use a good many thousand feet every week."

"So I should think, and best number ones, too."

"Yes, we require the very best stock, and lumber is 'up' now."

"How much do you pay?"

"Twenty-four dollars a thousand, all clear and assorted."

"What do you do with all these boxes?" continued Hiram.

"Oh, we can sell them quicker than we can make them, for packing soap, chemicals, etc."

"Rather heavy for that purpose, I should say," added Hiram.

"Well, they are rather heavy, but we can't get boards sawed any different; they are down to the lowest gauge of the lumber mills."

Hiram looked thoughtful, handled the boxes, examined the saws, talked good common sense, business style, to the man, and at last he said, half-seriously, half in jest:

"You don't want a partner, do you?"

"Why, no, not exactly; though if I had one who would put in a couple of thousand dollars, and would take hold heartily himself, I wouldn't mind sharing the thing with him, and throwing in the machinery."

"I haven't got any money," said Hiram; "but I will give you an idea about this matter, and will take hold and give my time, in a way that I think it will be worth as much as the sum you name, in a short time, provided you will give me half the business."

"I like the way you talk," said the man, honestly; "but this is an odd proposition."

"You say you pay twenty-four dollars a thousand for the boards?"

"Yes."

"Supposing I bring them down to twelve at once, and make neater and better boxes for your purpose?"

"If you can do that I will share with you at once, for my fortune would be made."

"Will you give me a chance to try the thing after my own fancy, for one day, say, commencing to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said the man, after a moment's hesitation. "I can see no harm, though I am to be away to-morrow forenoon."

After a little longer talk, and a careful understanding that there should be no experiment tried that should risk the machinery, Mr. Hurd, the box-maker, gave orders to his people that Mr. Veazie was to be obeyed on the following forenoon, the same as though he were himself to give the orders, and that he should return at noon.

Hiram at once took off his coat, measured one of the saws and asked if it was the largest; he was told that it was. This he was at first sorry for, but still, carefully taking his measures upon a piece of paper, he soon disappeared. He remembered a hardware store, not far distant, which he had passed that very afternoon; to this he repaired, and selected a circular saw, twice as large as any that Mr. Hurd had, and of a different make in the teeth; he also got some braces and bolts of a size and style which he appeared to understand, and telling the storekeeper that he wanted them for Mr. Hurd in the next street, he found no difficulty in getting them on credit.

With matters thus arranged, he returned to his boarding-place and studied in his own mind as to how he would carry out the plan he had conceived.

It was about twelve o'clock, noon, on the following day, when Mr. Hurd returned to his shop, where he found Hiram Veazie in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of "overalls" on, at work before a large splitting saw which he had erected upon one of the benches, and to which he had applied the steam power. He was splitting the boards, which were fully thick enough to admit of it, and thus making the boards produce just twice as many boxes as heretofore, with an equal amount of labor, since those who finished them up into boxes after they were sawed, could work enough faster with the thinner lumber to make up the splitting saw.

Mr. Hurd looked on with astonishment; already were a score of boxes and more manufactured of the new

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISE HALL.

The President Gives Good Advice—Brother Gardner's Modesty.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

After the stove-pipe had been knocked down by the efforts of Giveadam Jones to rest both his feet on the hearth at once and Judge Calaver, Pickles Smith and Blossom Johnson had heroically restored it to place Brother Gardner arose and said:

"One great cause of human misery and de-fact that mankind expects too much of Providence. Take the case of Elder Toots, for instance. Fur de last sixty y'ars he has been waitin' for Providence to stop the leaks in his cabin roof an' he am waitin' yit. He somehow expects dat Providence am going to furnish him pie an' cake, an oyster soup, an' when he sots down to cold 'taters an' tuff meat he feels as if he had been wronged."

"Take de case of Bradawl Jalap. He has silus had de idea dat he would some day be rich, an' as a consequence he sots on de fence an' plans new houses, an' drives fast hosses, an' w'ars good clothes while his wife goes ragged, and his children have cold toes. What he might airn by honest labor he won't airn, because he hopes to git a fortune widout work."

"I tell you, my frens, de man who waits fur to-morrow to sharpen his ax, am sartin to do poor choppin'." De man who sots on de fence to wait fur a legacy will h'ar his wife scarpin' de bottom ob de flour barrel ebery day in de week. De man who lets himself believe dat de world owes him a livin' am gwine to get some mighty poo' fodder afore he dies. De world don't owe nobody nuffin. We am put heah to srot an' starve or git up 'n' dust. Providence won't pay house rent, buy our 'taters or keep de cook-stove hot. Let us now proceed to business."

Sir Isaac Walpole desired to state before passing the bean-box that he started out in life with the feeling that he would find a lost wallet containing \$20,000. The idea lasted him until he was obliged to wear a suit made of coffee-sacking, and until he was reduced in flesh from 167 to ninety-eight pounds. He then kicked himself all over the back yard and went to work.

TOO KIND.

The reading of the following communication from Kalamazoo, Mich., created the utmost confusion:

"BROTHER GARDNER, Lime-Kiln Club; We, the undersigned, members of the Ebony Club, do most respectfully request that you will give your sanction to the erection of a statue of yourself, as a companion to the Bartholdi statue, the statue to be of carved hickory, resting on a pedestal of Portland cement, the statue to be lighted at the top with coon's oil, pumped up by a windmill. The height of the statue, including pedestal, to be 729 feet two and one-quarter inches, with an inscription carved in cast iron at the base large enough to be seen ten miles reading: 'Wisdom Giving Light to the World.' We suggest that the subscriptions to the statue be limited to a half-cent for each person, thus giving colored people all a chance to aid this splendid work of art."

"Bildad Boodle, Purloin Fowl, Middin Black, Iuky Pitel, Fulean Cane, Harrison Scraggs, Jordan Batts, Opaque Cole, Darkness Spades, Worldly Bales, Liberia Case, Ivory Wilks. And 279 others."

For two or three minutes the uproar was so great that pedestrians on the street below halted in terror, and one excited individual tore a letter-box off a lamp-post in his frantic efforts to sound a fire alarm. When the President had finally commanded silence it could be seen that he was considerably overcome, and there was a trembling in his voice as he said:

"Gent'l'n, to say dat I feel flattered an' prom'd'n d'izzay am not saying half 'nuff, but I hope de ideah of sich a statue will go no furdur. All I want am to lib quietly an' softly, an' to die widout stoppin' de City Hall clock or turnin' out de fish department. From de bottom of my heart I thank de Ebony Club, but at de same time request it to take no furdur steps."

"WHAT did that lady say?" asked Mr. Buyem to his confidential clerk. "I'd rather not repeat her words, sir," replied the clerk. "But I must know, Mr. Plume—must know, sir." "Oh! if you insist upon it, sir, I suppose I must tell you. She said you were all business, but you lacked culture." "So?" exclaimed Mr. Buyem in astonishment. "Lack culture, eh? Look here, Mr. Plume; d'ye know you'd oughter told me o' that long ago? Let's have some right away, before Scrimp & Blowhard can get ahead of us."—Boston Transcript.

THE editor of the Rome, N. Y., Southern shouts: "Give us Free Lumber!" If there is a person in the world entitled to free lumber it is an editor. If there is a person who gets more of it, though in the shape of cord-wood for subscriptions, it is the editor. Yes, for heaven's sake, send him a load of lumber "free," and see what he will make of it.—Peek's Sun.

VANDERBILT'S house on Fifth avenue has no number upon it as the law requires. He looks upon it as Number One and expects everybody else to recognize it as such without the foolishness of figures.

SOME STRANGE SNAKE STORIES.

The Professor in a Museum Examines His Memory and His Imagination.

"So you want to know something about snake bites?" said Professor Worth, at the North Side Chicago Museum, in answer to a question of a reporter. "I was bitten by a snake," continued the collector of curiosities, "and had a most remarkable escape from death. A snake bit me on the thumb, you see, and it had to be amputated to save my life," and here he showed a very short stump of thumb on the left hand.

"How did it happen?"

"I was feeding the snakes with raw beef, as I had no birds or mice. There were sixty of them in the case from two to six feet long. I had no stick in my hand—an unusual oversight of mine—and had to push back any that tried to get out with my hand. Suddenly three of them made an attempt to escape in a many different directions. Thinking to frighten them back I stamped, shouted and struck at them with my hand. Two dropped back, but one of them stood his ground and raised his head toward me—he was a rattlesnake. I made a quick pass at him, but he was quicker, and buried his fangs in my thumb. I shook him back in the case, closed the lid, and sucking my injured finger, hurried for the door and sent a policeman after an ambulance and a friend for whisky. I drank a quart of whisky, and was unconscious in twenty minutes. The doctors took it for a case of alcoholism and pumped the whisky out of me, or I would never have lost my thumb. They had never had a rattlesnake bite to deal with and didn't know what to do; but the next time I got rattlesnake poison in me I treated myself."

"Have you been bitten since?"

"No, but I ran a fang that one of them had shed into my other thumb a few months ago. That was the first time I knew of rattlesnakes shedding their poison-fangs. I was cleaning out the case and something scratched my thumb through the sponge. I took it for a sliver at first, but when I came to look at it I found it was a fang. I knew I was poisoned again."

"What did you do then?"

"Why, I used rattlesnake violet, of which I made an infusion, and it quickly cured me. I was in the hospital three months the first time, and lost my thumb. The other is as good as ever, you see."

"Do you know of any other cases?"

"Yes, Mr. Wallace, an actor, was bitten on the leg by a rattlesnake in this State years ago. He buried the leg in earth for twenty-four hours, and the gravity of the earth drew the poison and cured him, but every year, within a day or two, or exactly upon the day on which he was bitten, his leg turns spotted like the snake. A farmer in Tennessee, another acquaintance of mine, was bitten by one of these cotton-mouthed moccasins. The latter are nasty snakes; they throw out froth, and whenever this froth touches the skin it poisons. He made a tea of rattlesnake root, imbibed freely of whisky, and was cured, but every year the foot that was bitten turns the same color as the cotton-mouthed moccasin."

"I know of another man who lives in the snake regions of New York who was bitten by a rattlesnake. He made a tea of rattlesnake violet, applied a salve made of iron root and cured himself. He was bitten in the ankle, and every year, same as the others, his leg became spotted like the snake. Another man whom I know was bitten on the leg by a rattlesnake while in the mountains, three miles away from any house. He made the best time he could to the nearest farm, but the limb was frightfully swollen by that time. The woman there seemed to be considerably versed in rattlesnake bites. She ran out in the yard, caught a chicken, split it in two and applied it to the wound. It absorbed the poison very fast, turning green. Then she threw it away and applied another in the same manner, until she had used twenty-one chickens and effected a complete cure. This man's leg, too, gets spotted yearly."

"Is this chicken cure common?"

"Yes, but generally a much smaller number is sufficient. The case I spoke of was a bad one."

"Are there any other cures?"

"Yes, a madstone is a good thing. I have one in my collection. It cures rattlesnake and mad-dog bites, and is porous like pumice-stone. When you want to use it dip it in milk or tepid water, to open the pores. Then you scarify the wound, to make it bleed, and apply the stone. It sticks like a leech for perhaps an hour, absorbing the poison till every pore is full, and then drops off. You clean it by dipping it in the milk again, and keep on applying it until the poison is under control; but in case of a mad-dog bite it must be applied within the first five days, before the spasms set in, because after that the blood is so vitiated that the stone can't absorb the poison quick enough to save life. These madstones are not believed in up here, because people don't know anything about them. Down South, however, where they are known, they are greatly used."

HAPPY is he that cherishes the dreams of his youth.

TAKING A HORSE.

How a Professor took the Job in Hand and mastered the Matter.

During Dr. Dio Lewis's "Gyping in the Sierras," he became much interested in Professor Tapp, of San Francisco, who tamed wild and vicious horses without violence or drugs. Showing the doctor a herd of wild horses from the mountains, the professor said:

"You may pick out any horse from this herd, and in two hours I will drive him before a buggy, and when going down a hill will let the buggy loose on his heels, without the least risk."

The doctor selected the largest horse, the leader of the herd. It took an hour to separate him from his fellows and drive him into the professor's private corral, which was about the size of a circus-ring, with sand six inches deep, and surrounded by a close plank fence, twelve feet high. Dr. Lewis seated himself in the circle above, where he saw what he thus describes:

Professor Tapp entered the corral, holding in his right hand a whip with a short stock and a long, heavy lash. In his left hand were a strong halter, minus the hitching-strap, two old potato-sacks, two straps, and a strong rope about thirty feet long.

Putting all these but the whip into a recess in the fence, the professor turned toward the horse.

The animal was making frantic efforts to get away. The professor watched his opportunity, and then the whip-cracker hit one of the horse's hind fetlocks.

The horse scampered from side to side, and the cracker again hit the fetlock. Within fifteen minutes this was repeated twenty to thirty times.

The horse learned the lesson this treatment was intended to convey—that there was only one safe place in the corral, and that was close by Professor Tapp. There, there was no hurt, but a gentle, soothing voice. In half an hour, when the professor ran across the corral, the horse would run after him. He had learned that it was dangerous to be more than ten feet away.

Professor Tapp at length succeeded in touching the horse's head with his hand. He started away, but before he had taken three steps came back.

Within three-quarters of an hour the headstall was on. The horse was frightened and used his feet to remove it.

It was now easy to rub his head and neck. The end of the whipstock then tickled his side. The horse switched the spot with his tail, and the professor caught the end of the long tail-hair.

This frightened the animal; he forgot, and the whipcracker called him back. The professor then seized the tail, drew it toward him, tied into the end of the long hairs a strong cord the other end of which was fastened to the iron-ring of the headstall.

This drew the head and tail toward each other. The horse began to turn in a circle, and soon was turning as fast as he could. In a minute he fell, drunk with dizziness.

The professor wound a potato-sack around each hind leg close to the hoof and fastened a short strap over it. There was an iron ring in each strap, and through both rings a rope was passed and tied upon itself, eighteen inches from the hind feet.

The long, loose end of the rope was passed between the horse's forelegs, through the ring of the headstall, and then tied to a heavy ring in the wall of the corral.

The cord connecting the head and tail was cut, and after a little time, the horse, still dizzy, rose slowly. When he found he was fastened he made a tremendous struggle. The professor stood by the ring where the horse was tied.

The animal could not turn his head from side to side because of the rope which ran through the ring of the headstall.

He tried to back, and sat down in the sand. He sprang to his feet, again backed, and sat down in the sand.

"Pretty soon," said the professor, "he will switch his tail from side to side; that means he gives up."

Within eight minutes the horse moved his tail from side to side. "Now he's done," said the professor.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE SEND IN THESE DAYS.

Farmer Grosbeck, of Fishkill, N. Y., has had his little job, and when he says that it would be an intensely amusing thing to send for the village doctor in great haste, and when he arrived to introduce a goose with a broken wing as the patient. He carried out the programme to the letter. The doctor seemed pleased, too; set the goose's wing, left minute instructions as to the care and diet of the fowl, and called every day for a fortnight, and sent in his bill accordingly. Farmer Grosbeck grumbled, protested, refused and paid.

SOMETHING ABOUT A DOG.

Gilholly strolled into a fashionable Austin church last Sunday just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," responded Gilholly.

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you."

The sexton growled, and removed the animal without unnecessary violence.—Texas Siftings.

A GOOD INCOME.

"You appear to be gay and happy," said Gilholly to Kocisko Murphy, whom he met at a ball at the residence of Colonel Yerger, on Austin Avenue.

"You look well fed, are well dressed, and all that. Must have a good income, I presume."

"Oh, yes," replied Kocisko, "I can't complain. I have my salary, fifteen hundred dollars; then I make five hundred a year by my literary labors, that makes two thousand; then I run in debt a thousand dollars, that makes three thousand dollars. A single man who couldn't subsist on that ought to be ashamed of himself."—Alex. Sweet.

SAUNDERS FROM HOME.

New Servant—"I like it here, mum, it seems just like my old home."

Mistress—"Indeed! Did you ever live in a house as large as this?"

New Servant—"Oh, no. I was not speaking of the house, I was thinkin' how nice that noise-up-stairs sounds. It reminds me of home all the time."

Mistress—"Oh, you mean that hammering. That is my daughter. She is devoted to repousse work in brass. It is very fashionable now and she has quite a talent that way. But how can that remind you of your home? Where did you live?"

New Servant—"Next door to a boiler factory, mum."

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

A bald head ain't allers de sign ob sense. De turnip ain't no sound after yer cut off de greens.

I has know'd tender hearted man dat would stan' an' listen ter a tale ob distress an' cry, but at de same time de lib a mighty tight grip on a dime.

I owed a man one, an' when I spoke ter him about it he said, "don't think ob dat, for it's all right," but I noticed arter I quit thinkin' about it, he tack it up an' thought about it till it worried me powerful.

Ef a man think dat he's done smthin' funny, an' yer laugh, it pleases him mighty, but ef yer laugh at him fur doin' smthin' what ain't funny, he don't like it. All through life a man wants his frain's ter look at his own an' not de own pleasure.

De pesson what is a big smart in one thing may make a big asscess ob hies' ter, but he oughten'ter think hard ob people case de gits tired ob hies', fur we think more ob de mookin' bird, not because he can sing better den any nadder bird, but because he's got so many different songs.—Arkansas Traveler.

Plantation Philosophy.

Too much perfume makes a man sick. De sweets' small in all de work is unthin'.

When de curmuntity takes up de notion dat a man is ef fool, dat ain't much us'n him klookin' agin de judgment.

I ain't afford o' de man what frowns when he gits mad, but de man what smiles when he's mad makes me feel mighty uneasy.

De polorition is a'ens watchin' out fur de good o' de people, fur hie de hawk what is a'ens watchin' out fur de good o' de chicken.

De fatter de dog gits, de faster he is, but de richer a man gits de more troubles he becomes. Dis is 'bout de biggest difference dat I has ever find in dog an' de always rich man.

De man what goes ter church de more sin' a'f'ur de church o' gits fur he's de church what hies' him fur de hell ob de church, but arter all de hell is de clean.—Arkansas Traveler.

We should believe dat in de words are sold for nothing, except de words.—Rojas.