

Wm Thompson

Special Notices

- 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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Rates of Advertisements
One inch, one insertion...
Quarterly, and annual rates...
No communication will be published unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer...

"A PSALM OF LIFE"

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!

Poor Jack.

"Life is worth nothing to me if I cannot dress well!"
She said it, and she meant it, from her heart.
And she looked down scornfully and angrily upon her coarse dress and common shoes.

rooms to which he had taken her for a very humble place; and poor Jack, said to the very soul and unfit for any landman's work as a fish for a parlor-orge, humbled himself and said nothing of that aching place where his dreams of sea and of advancement lay covered up, and sunk into the vacant place left by an old boatman who had plied his trade at the wharf and along the shore of the town where Jack had been born and had lived all his life.

make money so easily? Two hours' work. I'd do it myself if I had not spinned my arm. I saw the wreck from the light-house. There will be no difficulty, and she will go to pieces before morning. A thousand dollars! There's an offer for these men, Captain Taylor.
"Only men are fond of their lives," said the captain. "Look at the sea and the sky. I should like to help you to your casket, but I can't advise these men to go. It would be murder."

Jack had not brought the casket, and would receive nothing from the man who had sent him forth. Bell urged him with tears in her eyes to this.
"I would not have it, Jack," she said. "It is as though I could have taken money for your life."
So with Jack's health the two returned to their old humble life. They were never happier, Jack often said, than in these days, though afterward wealth came to them; for Bell's father relented at death, and made her his heiress. And Jack's great hope of being owner of a splendid steamer came to pass, although he made but one or two voyages in her, after all, and those with Bell.

JOHNNY JONES.

HOW HE ESCAPED IMPRISONMENT BY HIS RHYME.
An Eccentric Man Who Made Words Jangle in a Funny Way.
The Bath Times tells the following story:—There used to be considerable lumber business done on Merryweather Bay, and there lived a noted character on the bay shore, named—say Johnny Jones, who was noted for the handy way in which he could make a rhyme. He used to steal logs from a certain man, who was Justice of the Peace, and out them up into shingles. His arrest was caused and he was convicted, and he was wanted for his appearance at a higher court, but he couldn't get it, so he appealed to the Justice to go his bail. "If you will make me a rhyme I will," said the Justice. He agreed to, but said he must make it from his boat. So he got into the boat and took up his paddle.

REPORTORIAL ENTERPRISE.

The London Echo newspaper was in a London police court as an interested party to one of the most ludicrous cases which ever convulsed a court. The defendant was arranged upon two charges. The first accused him of being a "vagrant, without visible means of support," and the second alleged that there was good cause to suspect that he was also a "suspicious character," perhaps a Fenian or dynamite conspirator. He had absolutely refused to give the police who arrested him any information concerning himself and had declined to give his name. When the Court demanded to know the latter the prisoner said it was "Hugh MacLaughlin," and insisted upon being addressed as "Mister, because he was a real gentleman." The grave sincerity with which this claim was put forth by the ragged and begrimed unfortunate made the court roar, and the police significantly alluded to the "Irishness of the name."

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO LAUGH OVER.
A SNOW-BALL.
"O! the snow, the beautiful snow,
(But the rest of this beautiful poem you know.)
'Tis the stuff that the small boy rolls up in a sphere,
(The snow, not "pome"), and inspires with fear
The unfortunate man that hops to be near,
That the small boy who holds it is going to cheer
At his back, as he passes, the beautiful snow."
—Or City Observer.
IN A NEW YORK BOUDOIR.
"No, indeed, nothing could induce me to live in Philadelphia."
"Nor me, either. I think that little town just horrid!"
"Yes, in Philadelphia they always ask questions about your grandfather."
"That is just what I hate about it."
"No one asks such impudent questions in New York."
"No, indeed; if they did some one might ask who their grandfather was."
—Evening Call.
THE MATTER.
Customer—"Those shoes you sold me are franda."
Shoemaker—"You must be mistaken. They are as good \$5 shoes as I ever sold in my life. The leather is of the very best, they are well made and an excellent fit."
Customer—"Yes; I admit all that."
Shoemaker—"Then what is the matter?"
Customer—"Why, you see, they are a five-dollar shoe but they have a two-dollar-and-a-half squeak."
—Phila. Eveg. Call.
HE WAS OVERWORKED.
"Bo you have left your situation?"
"Y'es; gave it up last week."
"Was't the matter? Can't you get along pleasantly with the boss?"
"O! yes; we got along pleasantly enough; but he expected me to do too much. I had to open the store at 6 o'clock every morning, sweep out, wash the windows, keep the stock in order, and finally what he do but put an advertisement in the newspaper. That settled it. I am willing to work hard, but I won't kill myself for any man."
—Philadelphia Call.
WEST POINT GRADUATES ON FREE MASONRY.
Col. Play Poker (who is in for duplicating his pay accounts)—"Horrible! It will destroy all discipline in the army. Sergeant Mason has been pardoned by the President."
Major Lovelady (who is in for bigamy)—"Is it possible that the President has committed such an outrage on us officers? Why, it is calculated to lower our social status as military gentlemen. After this, I'll deny that I ever wore the uniform of an officer of the United States Army."
Private Snooks (on guard)—"Colonel, you and the Major must work more and talk less."
—Austin Sittings.
OPPOSED TO PROHIBITION.
"Y'es," said the Widow Flapjack, who is chief executive officer of an Austin boarding house, "yes, I must say I am very much opposed to prohibition and closing up the saloons, and all that sort of thing. It's all a base scheme against the best interests of the hotel keepers and landladies."
"Y'hy, I am surprised to hear you express such unchristian sentiments, and you a church member, too. How do you make out that prohibition is against the interests of the landladies?"
"Y' prohibition goes into effect all the saloons will be closed up and then all the free lunches will stop. Now, I've noticed that among my young men boarders the dissipated ones are the most profitable. Before they come to dinner they always step into the saloon and get a sour beer or a schooner of today, or something of that kind, and they fill up on the free lunch, and when they come to the dinner table they don't eat hardly anything, while the steady young men who never drink just gorge themselves. Oh, my, you ought to see 'em eat! They just take the profit out, and if it was'n't for the free lunches and the 'next morning' feeling that some of the boarders suffer from occasionally, I don't know what we poor landladies would do. There'd be no profit in the business. Yes, I am opposed to prohibition for purely economical reasons."
And the Widow Flapjack sighed, and went out and gave orders to cut the pie into seven pieces instead of six.
—Texas Sittings.
A HUMAN PRISON.—Here is a description of a Russian prison, written by Professor Thun, of Leipzig: "The prison at Kazan, near Ichna, is said to be one of the worst. It is an ordinary farmhouse, surrounded by a high fence. There are no tables or chairs, only platforms on which the prisoners stand like sentries. The food consists of bread and soup, with a little meat or fish. There is no light, and the air is so thick with smoke and steam that it is impossible to breathe. The prisoners are kept in the dark, and the only sound is the clanking of their chains. The prison is a place of horror and despair."
—Detroit Free Press.

Agriculture in Great Britain.

The agricultural changes in Great Britain continued to be of a marked character. The area devoted to grain crops the past year was 6,618,675 acres, which is 214,705 acres less than in 1882. Potatoes were planted on 548,000 acres, and turnips and swedes on 2,029,000 acres—all showing a slight increase; but mangolds, vetches and other green crops have declined by 21,000 acres on the figures for the previous year. Clover and other grasses show an increase of 68,500 acres. The change from tith to permanent pasturage is again conspicuous, there being 15,065,900 acres as compared with 14,821,600 last year. Ten years ago grass covered 13,000,000 acres, while arable land has fallen during that period from 18,186,000 to 17,819,000 acres. Orchards are on the increase, and also market gardening. In the matter of live stock there is an improvement, which leads to the hope that the heavy losses of recent years will be made up.

He Corrected Himself.

"I notice in a paper that it is no longer fashionable for the minister to kiss the bride at the wedding ceremony," said a wife to her husband, who was a clergyman.
"Y'es," said the good man with a long-drawn sigh; "many of the pleasant features connected with the old-fashioned wedding ceremony have been discarded, and—"

Struck Oil.

It was a Woodward avenue car. A lady stately dressed sat in a corner of the car and said to some one with her:
"I smell kerosene oil."
"So do I," answered her friend.
One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner sniffed suspiciously, and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet looking little man near the door.
"I believe he's got the oil," she said in a stage whisper to her friend.
"I know it," replied the friend.
"There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene oil in the street cars. Such an odor!" and she glared at the little man.
"I shall inform the superintendent," said the first lady, aloud.
"I shall inform the president of the road," said her friend, with a fixed and glassy stare.
"Ladies," said the little man, cheerfully, "hadn't you better move! The kerosene from that lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on you ever since we started, but see'n' ye both knew so much I thought I wouldn't say anything."
—Detroit Free Press.

His Old Story Revived.

The Broad Arrow, an English paper, reviews the following story which has been told of many soldiers and nationalities. It says: "Who is the hero of the following true story? A mild but zealous disciplinarian was briskly passing a sentinel on his way to his official residence, when he turned upon the stalwart guard and demanded the reason why he did not challenge him. In vain the sentry declared that he knew him to be the—; he was emphatically told his duty was to challenge every one who approached him, and, warming with excitement, the gallant officer exclaimed, 'Challenge all, challenge me, sir!' 'Well, then,' said the sturdy pupil, lowering his rifle and bringing it to the charge, 'I do challenge you. Give the countersign, sir!' and the hasty superior, having in the course of his practical instruction allowed the word to slip his memory, was forthwith made a prisoner and driven into the sentry-box. So situated, the worthy preceptor was soon granted another opportunity of estimating the effects of his teaching. A policeman, passing, demanded why the sentry had imprisoned the gentleman. 'You foolish fellow,' said he, 'why, it is the—!' But the only reply from the sentry, was the vociferous demand, 'Give the countersign!' The policeman, deeming his uniform to be a sufficient authority for passing the sentry had also forgotten to learn the word, and he too was ordered into the sentry-box, from which he and his distinguished fellow prisoner were rescued only when the sentry was relieved."

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