

# THE PEOPLE.

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### HER PICTURE.

I see her now—the fairest thing  
That ever strolled the picture;  
I picture her as one who drew  
Addle 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  
through;  
The sweet, arched mouth, a bow new bent,  
That sent level arrow swift and true;  
That sweet, arched mouth! The Orient  
Hath not such pearls in all her stores—  
Not all her stored, opolo-sets there—  
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-footed fate.  
I picture her as seeking peace,  
And olive-branches and moon-beams;  
While I sit here on either hand,  
And watch her tears like roses,  
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 pity on her face.  
Her face, her earnest, baby face;  
Her young face, so moonbeam-wise—  
The tender love-light in her eyes—  
Two stars of heaven out of place.  
Two stars that sang as stars of old  
Their silent ode of glory and of gold,  
Where God in purple passed along—  
That patient, baby-face of hers  
That won a thousand wretches' hearts;  
That silent, pleading face; among  
Ten thousand faces just the one  
I still shall love when all is done,  
And life lies by a sharp unstrung.  
That face, like shining sheaves among;  
That face, half bid 'mid showers of gold;  
That face that never can grow old,  
And yet has never been quite young.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

### Yours Truly.

BY MRS. M. E. RAYNE.

"Amazin Grace," said Mr. Pillsbury, as she sat with her daughter at their afternoon sewing, "be yew goin' to piece a quilt?"  
"What fur, mother?"  
"Why, ain't Mr. Van Vleet been to see you twice 'rinnin' lately? He's axed ye, I s'pose, to hev him?"  
"An' I guv him the mittin'."  
"S'ho! You wouldn't be half so silly! Why, he's with a dozen ornery men. You might go furr, and fare wuss."  
"Jest what I'm goin' to do."  
"Did yew tell him so?"  
"No, I writ; now, mother, let me be; I ain't a goin' to marry no man that thinks I'm jumpin' at the chance. I'd be heep ruder be an old maid."  
There was nothing said for some time; then the widow asked:  
"When did yew write, 'Maxin'?"  
"A day or so past."  
"Where did you git a pen?"  
"I borrowed one. Mebbe you'd like to know what I said tew him."  
"You've guessed right," said the widow, eagerly.  
"It ain't nuthin' to nobody but us, mother, s'long as I didn't have him," said the girl, cutly, and no more was said, but the widow sighed heavily and held her hand to her left side.  
Amazin knew that it meant her heart, for she had been brought up to respect that organ as an intimidating power. This there she did not relent, but wondered why she could not like that big, good-looking Van Vleet well enough to marry him, for they were poor, poor as that historic church mouse, and he was well off.  
But they were not mercenary. People called them simple folks; perhaps because they looked education, and believed everything that was told them. But they were good as gold. The widow's face and form, lank and ungainly, were familiar in every sick room. They rendered with clear the things that were Cesar's. They owned no man anything, though they worked early and late to accomplish it. They were good to everybody and everything; with Amazin Grace—her mother had named her after the hymn beginning, "Amazin Grace, how sweet the sound"—was really pretty. So thought big, hulking, shame-faced Van Vleet, when he came a-courting her, with his trousers tucked into cowhide boots and a ocon-skin cap hid down over his ears. She was the only girl he was afraid of, and he wasn't afraid of her, come right down to it.  
He was a slick, decent chap, with a fist like a gludge hammer, and a heart like a double. He wanted Amazin Grace, and he couldn't imagine any reason why he should not have her. When he got her simple little letter of refusal, written out with infinite difficulty and spelt on a new plan of phonetics, he read it over and over, smoked his cob pipe, read the letter again, grinned a good bit, then folded it reverently, and put it in the pocket nearest his heart.  
"That's all rite, my girl," he chuckled. A couple of months passed away. One peculiarity of time is that it treats all people alike. It does not fly from some and stand still with others. It was spring at the Van Vleet farm, which was one mass of apple and cherry blossoms, and it was spring at the Widow Pillsbury's little house to boot, without shrub or blossom. The widow looked out of the window and sighed. She had never heard the "Song of the

### TRADITION OF EL MAHDI.

GENERAL STONE'S LECTURE ON THE FALSE PROPHECY OF THE SOUDAN.  
A Curious Arabian Legend—Forswallowing the End of the World and Christ's Triumph—A Wicked Conqueror.

Lieutenant General C. P. Stone lectured in New York for the benefit of the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund on "El Mahdi in the Soudan." In his lecture General Stone said:  
It is probable that ten years ago Mohammed Ahmed, the poor and unknown Koran reader, far up on the White Nile, little dreamed that his deeds would be discussed to-day in every part of the civilized world. The Soudan was firmly held by a hand of steel, though gloved in velvet—that of the Khedive Ismail. Mohammed Ahmed must have been well aware of another Soudan Koran reader who shortly before assumed the same title but was quickly conquered. Mohammed Ahmed proclaimed himself under more favorable circumstances. In the place of Ismail, who had been driven from Egypt by the two great Powers representing his bondholders, there reigned his son, Mohammed Tewfik, whose hands were held by England whenever he desired to act vigorously. The weakness of the government favored the appearance of a strong man who, appealing to the Arabic and Islamic sentiment, could unite the people. He came in the presence of Mohammed Ahmed—El Mahdi. What is meant by that name?  
"Sitting one day in my office in the War Department in Cairo," said the General, "a confidential secretary of the Prime Minister hurriedly entered and informed me that a rebellion had broken out in the Island of Abo, and that a man was calling himself the Mahdi. As military measures became at once necessary I desired to know the meaning of the word. After consulting a translation of the Koran without attaining my object I applied to an intelligent Muslim, and from him learned that there was nothing in the Koran regarding this personage, but that tradition maintained that during the last days of this world an Arab false prophet would rise up who would conquer—first, the country occupied by the Arabs, then Asia Minor, and then the rest of the world; then once in possession of power his ruling would be: but short, inasmuch as Jesus Christ would then appear on earth, near Jerusalem, and call from their graves the great and good warriors of all times; that on reaching the grave of one such he would salute the ancient with the Islamic salutation, 'Sa-lam Aleikoum,' whereupon the old warrior would arise, fully equipped, and join his forces; that with this invincible army constantly increasing, Christ would march on Mecca, occupy that city and there proclaim the truth of the Islamic doctrine, with peace and good will to all men.  
Such being the belief of the Arabs, it is easy to see how dangerous it is to the peace of the world when Mussulmans in all countries become persuaded that Mohammed Ahmed is really the Mahdi of their traditions. Had he been defeated at the outset he might have been proclaimed a vulgar impostor, for he was unknown outside of the Soudan; but circumstances favored him. First he obtained a local prestige. Then followed the troubles in Cairo—England and France each striving to create European domination. Following these was the open rebellion of Arabi Pasha, when, from April, 1882, to October, no one either in Egypt or Europe thought of Mohammed Ahmed. The shrewd chief took advantage of the situation. Availing himself of the fanatical influences by which he was surrounded, of the manifest weakness of the English government, or the inability of the Khedive, he concentrated his forces, made an onslaught, aroused his masses and is now in a commanding position.  
The Khedive and his ministers were prompt in the recognition of the perilous situation, and requested the chief of the army staff to adopt measures to avert the danger, but it was impossible. British bondholders were pressing for the payment of their semi-annual coupons and the British government itself was exacting its demands for the money to pay the expenses of the 10,000 British troops constituting the army of occupation. It was a moment when a little relaxation of the purse strings, the taking on of a little more pecuniary responsibility without actually expending a penny would have made the Khedive, his government and the wisest of the Egyptians the grateful friends of England. The British government allowed the opportunity to slip, and it will hardly return.  
In conclusion General Stone paid a handsome tribute to General Gordon as a soldier and a man, but strongly deprecated the act of the English government in compelling him to submit to the dangers of his mission in going single handed and alone to Khartoum.

### NEW BANKRUPTCY BILL.

Points of the Draft Agreed on by the Chamber of Commerce Commission.

The Committee on Bankruptcy appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of New York in November have agreed on a report. It is accompanied by the draft of a bankruptcy bill which incorporates the most recent features of British legislation with the Lowell bill as adopted by the House last session. The proposed procedure differs chiefly in that it enables an honest debtor to obtain the protection and relief of the court without being adjudicated a bankrupt.  
On the presentation of a petition either by the debtor or by a creditor the Court makes a receiving order, so as to protect the estate, and a general meeting of creditors is held, at which the official referee presides. The debtor presents his accounts, and makes an offer. If the creditors by special resolution accept the proposal the matter is adjourned in court, where any creditor has a right to be heard in opposition. If the offer is reasonable, and no offence under the act can be proved against the debtor, the Court approves the arrangement, and affixes its seal to the proposal, which thereupon becomes binding on all creditors. If the requisite majority do not accept the offer, or if, on the examination of the debtor, it appears that his failure has been brought about by excessive personal expenditure, or by gambling in stocks or produce, or if he has preferred his relatives or friends, or any creditor fraudulently, within the meaning of the act, an adjudication takes place, and ordinary bankruptcy ensues.  
This procedure, although taken immediately from the English act of last session, is in great part a reproduction of the French law. There is one important difference; under the French law, every failing debtor is arrested.  
The proposed law is restricted to traders only. All agricultural pursuits which begin and end in "the cultivation of the soil and the preparation and vend of the produce thereof," are excluded. This restriction, according to the report, is requisite, because "we cannot, as in Great Britain, limit the operation of the law to special or commercial communities," but are compelled by the terms of the Constitution to adopt one uniform law for the whole country. The committee do not propose to interfere with the homestead laws, because they consider that "these are, in fact, a contract between the State and the settlers which the central authority has no right to impeach," and they said: "We cannot consider on what principle of equity a creditor can seize under a flat in bankruptcy what he cannot touch under an execution at law."  
The Romance of a Bank Note.  
In the year 1740 one of the directors of the Bank of England, a man of unimpeachable honor, lost a bank note for £30,000, under peculiar circumstances. It seems that he had bought an estate for that sum of money, and for convenience sake obtained a note for that amount. As he was about to put it under lock and key, after he reached home, he was called out of the room, whereupon, as he thought, he placed it upon the mantle. Upon returning a few minutes later, the note had disappeared. It could not have been stolen, for no one had entered the room, whereupon he concluded that it had been blown into the fire and had been consumed. He laid the matter before the officers of the bank, and they issued a note for the same amount, he giving bonds to reimburse the bank if the note should ever be presented for payment. Thirty years after, when he had long been dead and his estate distributed among his heirs, the supposed non-existent note turned up at the bank counter for payment. As the bank could not afford to dishonor the obligation, the money was paid out, and the heirs of the dead man were asked to make good the loss; this they refused to do, nor could the bank employ any legal machinery to force them to do so. The person who profited by the matter was supposed to be a builder, employed to pull down the dead man's house and build another on its site. He found the missing thirty-thousand pound note in a crevice in the chimney, in which it somehow got lodged after being laid on the mantelpiece. It must have been kept many years, and its presentation to the bank was so arranged that the builder became a rich man by a sudden stroke of blind fortune.—*Detroit Monthly.*

### THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE AND CONNECTION WITH LIBERTY AND POLITICS.  
The Members of the Club Express their Opinion in a Bold and Open Way.

"I hold heah a letter," said the President at the meeting opened, "axin' dis club to report its observations on de infloescence of de female sex on liberty, polyticks, art, progress and business. Brother Bebee, what do you know of the infloescence of females on de matter of liberty?"  
Brother Bebee replied that he had of late years observed a disposition on the part of the female sex to do as they pleased, go where they pleased and carry a bundle of liberty under each arm day and night. One hundred years ago liberty was a persimmon on the highest limb of a tall tree. To-day it was a pumpkin which anybody could roll along the ground. Everybody breathed it, ate it and walked arm-in-arm with it, and the masses could no more be deprived of liberty than bottled cows could take the first premium at the State Fair.  
"Brudder Pickles Smith, what do you know of the infloescence of de female sex on polyticks?" asked the President.  
Brother Smith replied that he knew of several wives in his neighborhood who bossed their husbands' votes. He could also recall three or four cases wherein women had exercised a powerful influence after their husbands got home from a convention.  
"Brudder Penstock, has you noticed any partickler infloescence of de female sex on de matter of art?" asked the President.  
Brother Penstock had. Such a thing as making an old, yellow, four-gallon jug a thing of beauty and a parlor ornament would never have been thought of but for the gentler sex. A man would pass an old tomato can in the back yard a hundred times a day without a second look. A woman would seize upon it at the first opportunity and transform it into a Grecian vase of exquisite beauty. Twenty years ago an omnibus with a landscape on the side would be followed around the street by a crowd. To-day a six-gallon crock, to be used as an umbrella-holder, with a view of the Yosemite painted all around it in nine different colors, could be drawn all over the city on a handcart without exciting remark. Art had become part of our every day lives. A stout woman couldn't even fall down on an icy corner without displaying more or less genuine talent for the artistic.  
"Brudder Fullback, has you noticed any partickler infloescence of women on de matter of progress?" inquired Brother Gardiner.  
Fullback thought he had. Women had discovered most of the comets, projected the grandest bridges, engineered the greatest tunnels and wrested the most secrets from science. If it hadn't been for the progressive ideas of women, stage coaches would yet be running between New York and Chicago.  
Judge Cadaver was asked what influence women had on business, and he drew a long breath and replied that if it wasn't for the female sex the business of the world would drop one-half; one dry goods store in a city could supply all the men, but the women supported two or three hundred of them. Women not only maintained business, but established new manufactures. For instance the decoration of female hosiery gave employment to 6,000 persons the year round. It was all out of sight and utterly useless, but it circulated millions of dollars. Fans, bustles, paints, cosmetics and false hair were of no real service, convenience or ornament, and yet \$50,000,000 and the labor of 200,000 women were the annual result. Woman was straight business. When a wife whose husband earns only \$25 per week can keep a carriage, wear \$100 bracelets and put on a \$250 sash in sarouee, the man who contended that the female sex has no financial abilities had better hang up.  
These Little Birds.  
Mr. Talmage, in his sermon recently, illustrated some of his remarks with the following picturesque anecdote: "I have been told that the Cathedral of St. Mark's stands in a square in the center of the City of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon, all the birds from the city and the regions around about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came about in this wise: A large-hearted woman, passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year, until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice; and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon, the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has just struck 12 the square is covered with them."

### CHECK-RAISERS.

Devices Used for Removing Ink and Correcting Figures.

"Check-raising is getting to be one of the lost arts," said an old detective, "and as checks are prepared nowadays they are pretty safe. There are some of the crooked men, however, who know all the tricks of removing ink. I was once curious enough to learn how it was that they could so successfully alter a check. Different forgers use different methods. One successful stock-forgery used equal quantities of lapis calaminaris, common salt and rock alum, which he boiled for half an hour in white wine in a new pipkin, or he used a fine sponge shaped like a pencil, which he dipped in equal quantities of nitre and vitriol distilled. As he passed this point over the ink it came right out. Sometimes equal quantities of sulphur and powdered saltpetre, both distilled, were used. For a long time the police did not understand what use was made of a little ball that now and then was found in the possession of a prisoner. This turned out to be made of alkali and sulphur, and was used for removing ink. It is hard to find an ink that will not disappear under one plan of treatment or another. I knew a check-raiser who had a small laboratory. He kept bottles of acids of all sorts and a case of camel-hair brushes. With a small quantity of oxalic or muriatic acid, somewhat diluted, and a camel-hair pencil he could point out any number of ink spots. One or two applications, followed by the use of a blotting-pad, would restore the paper to primitive purity. It requires skill and an accurate knowledge of chemicals to use any of these plans so as not to injure the texture of the paper or discolor it. If the paper is injured it is not so easy to write upon it again; but, by the use of finely powdered pounce, rubbed in lightly with the finger and burnished with an ivory folder, the paper can be repaired. Common writing ink, however, is best removed by the use of oxygenated muriatic acid.  
"But the new styles of check, with the amount out through the paper with a die, are hard to alter. Here is a check with a revenue stamp in old gold color in the center, and broad lines of red ink are drawn close up to the amount written in. There is another broad line of red ink after the name of the payee. Up in the left-hand corner, where the amount is in figures, you will see that the figures are also cut through the paper. On the reverse side of the check, just over these figures, is pasted a pink strip which brings the cut figures out in such relief that they cannot be altered without detection. The only way to alter that check is to take out the first written word in the amount in the body of the check and the amount in the corner, and after replacing them with the raised sum, to inlay a piece of check paper in the place of the cut figures. This inlaying process requires great care, and only one or two men in this country are able to do it. The cut figures must be carefully cut out by a sharp razor-like tool, and cut in such a way that the edges of the opening will be beveled. Then a fresh bit of check-paper must be shaped to the size of the opening and fitted in, with its edges also beveled. The edges must be held together with a paste made of flour and strained psalm and carefully pressed. Some pounce rubbed over the lines will conceal the patch, unless there is a strong light, and then, with the same die that the bankers use, raised figures can be inserted. The work is delicate, and is not often attempted, as it involves the risk of ruining the check for the amount for which it is good.—*New York Sun.*

### THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER.

HER DURESS.  
"What you need, madame," said a distinguished physician to an interesting invalid, "is outdoor air and exercise, particularly walking."  
"I know it," was the sad reply; "but my husband won't give me any money to go shopping."  
WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS, ETC.  
"Ain't you ashamed of yourself to fight with a boy so much smaller than yourself? I really can't understand it," said a clerical-looking gentleman to a big boy who was imposing on a small one.  
"So you can't understand it?" retorted the young ruffian, impudently.  
"No, I can't."  
"Well, then, why do you meddle with things you don't understand?"—*Austrian Sitings.*  
A LEGAL QUESTION.  
"I notice in the papers," said the wife of a well-known judge, "that some lawyers are advocating that judges should be clothed in silk gowns."  
"Yes," he replied, straightening himself up. "How do you think I would look in a new silk gown?"  
"I hardly know," said the lady. "You might look well and you might not, but it is about time that somebody in the family had a new silk gown."—*Philadelphia Call.*  
HE KNEW THE PROFESSOR.  
"Yes," said the doctor, "you must prepare yourself for the worst. You cannot live many days. You had better make your will at once."  
"Make my will!" gasped the sick lawyer.  
"Yes," replied the doctor, gently. "It would be well, I think."  
"No," the legal man said, shaking his head. "I will never make a will. My family needs what little property I have got."—*Philadelphia Evening Call.*  
PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.  
A little mind in a big head is ter me like a boy libin' alone in a big house.  
Dar's two men what yer kin axed wid 'bout wimmin. One whin's furrin' ter git married an' one whin's been married fur some time.  
When I sees a man dat alius wants ter pray I somehow kin' he'p' thinkin' dat he's done an' thin' dat he wants de Lawd ter wipe out.  
I never seed a man yit what I thought had a 'sodes fur bein' proud, fur of he will only turn ter de simplest in natur' it won't take five minits' study ter vince him dat he's er fool.  
Good clothes an' all rite, young man, an' alius an' 'sposed, but dem' let 'em fool yer. It ain't de glitter dat makes de knife cut, fur a black lookin' knife sometimes has de keenest edge.—*Arkansas Traveler.*  
TRIPLED IN PRIZE.  
An old horse attached to a still older ash-wagon was left standing on Larned street West, yesterday, when the dumping of a load of coal started him off on the run. When the owner returned to the spot where he had left his rig a boy informed him of what had occurred.  
"Ran away? Do you say my horse ran away?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Did he strike into a gallop?"  
"He did."  
"And people were excited?"  
"Yes, sir. There was quite a crowd around."  
"And after he turned the corner he broke the wagon, you say?"  
"Smashed it all to pieces, sir."  
"Well, by George! I was off trying to find some one who'd give me ten dollars for that horse, but now I won't take a cent less than twenty-five dollars! Actually struck a gallop and ran away, eh? I believe I won't sell short of thirty dollars!"—*Detroit Free Press.*  
A REASONABLE APOLOGY.  
One day three or four weeks ago a retail grocer over in Jersey sat down with his clerk one evening, and said:  
"James, I own New York houses over \$3,000."  
"Yes, sir."  
"We have \$2,000 in cash in the safe, the stock is all run down, and this would be the time to fall in business."  
"It certainly would."  
"But I want a reasonable apology to give my creditors when they come down upon us for explanations. See if you can't think of something to-night, and let me know in the morning."  
The clerk proceeded, and the grocer wheeled a chest of tea and a bag of coffee home as a beginning. Next morning when he appeared at the store the safe was open, the cash gone, and on the desk was a note from the clerk, reading:  
"I have taken the \$2,000 and am prepared to ship. It will be the best course in the world for your falling so flat that creditors can't make two cents on a dollar."—*Wall Street News.*  
CUBA OWES \$90,000,000, and no friendly bankrupt law there for her to crawl under.