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THE PEOPLE

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'NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.'
My little child, with clustering hair,
Strews o'er thy dear, dead brow,
Though in the past divinely fair.

Old Joe Pollard.

How slowly he walked! Poor old man! Joe Pollard, ex-President of the Statesman's Bank of Memphis.
His coat was faded, his boots were seamed and gray, his hat greasy and quaint-patterned.

pair were seen before the door of her plain little home.
The first time a rich aunt came to remunerate with her and offer her a home, she found her preparing her poor meal over the tiny cook stove.
'Jeddy, you are the best girl in the world, but you must go back with me, if only for a while, and leave that man to take care of himself.'

The Growth of a Child's Ideas.

Prof. Straight, of Oswego, in an address before the school teachers of Connecticut says: 'If we can think of the little child, just born into the world, its senses just opening to the world—the eye, the ear and the touch—of the impressions from the external world showering down upon those senses—there is the beginning. The waves of ether from the bright light beat upon the eye and the child at once distinguishes the bright light from darkness.'

The Hop Situation.

Country shippers are liable to be misled by the regular hop quotations, unless they clearly understand the situation. Fancy New York are quoted as high as 28 cents per pound and fancy Eastern at 24 to 25 cents, but so far as our market is concerned, very few hops go over 20 cents, because most of the receipts are of a medium grade. The higher grades are now almost wholly in the hands of a few holders, who peddle them about to the brewers at the extreme prices.

Pensions.

The bill of Mr. Watson before the U. S. House for increasing by fifty per cent the pensions now paid to the relatives of deceased soldiers, will, even according to the calculations of its author, affect nearly 125,000 pensions, existing or prospective. If they now carry eight dollars a month, and as they would receive twelve dollars under this bill, the bill would add to the cost of the pension service nearly \$1,250,000 a year.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

'GAZE UPON YONDER EVENING STAR and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!' exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents to one of the Yassar girls. 'How stupid you are,' she answered. 'That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m.; her declination is 17 degrees 25m. south, and her diameter is 10.2.'

REV. DR. FULTON, of BROOKLYN, does not like a theater. He says: 'Place me upon a polar iceberg, where no verdure greets the eye, where naught but the white bear's growl can be heard; let me live where no friend shall cheer me with a smile; bar me in prison; but do not, oh, do not compel me to mingle with the ungodly crowd of a theater.'

'ELI PERKINS' SAYS HE DID NOT personally know Colonel Hunt, of Michigan, who bequeathed him, 'Josh Billings' and the mother of 'Artemus Ward' \$5,000 each. 'A year ago, however,' he says, 'I received a letter from him requesting me to send him two of my humorous works. I did so, and added a copy of 'Josh Billings' and a biography of 'Artemus Ward.'

MRS. MYRA CLARK GAINES, a very old woman, after winning one-half of the assets of New Orleans after fifty years' litigation to get her property, is living in Washington in almost straitened circumstances. She lives in furnished rooms and supports herself, her daughter-in-law and two grandchildren on the \$69 a month pension she receives as widow of Gen. Gaines.

DR. J. JULIUS REE, a Jewish banker of Hamburg, who accumulated a large fortune in Rio Janeiro, but losing all of his children there by sickness, returned to Germany, has died, leaving a will which bequeathed four million marks for the erection of dwellings to be occupied free of rent by deserving poor families, and by aged persons without means.

SENATOR PLUMB SAID IN THE United States Senate that the United States army of 25,000 men, costs within a half a million of dollars of the sum spent upon the German army of 400,000 men, so that what the United States army lacks in numbers it makes up in pay. 'Ours,' he said, 'is the best-paid army in the world.'

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY IN THE United States has no rival in foreign countries. There is something like \$75,000,000 invested in the business of manufacturing rubber goods, \$30,000,000 of which is confined to the rubber boot and shoe industry. The total number of employees is placed at 15,000, and the total number of factories at 120.

AN IOWA CONGRESSMAN WHO IS divorced from his wife, called on a St. Louis friend who invited him to dine with him. He consented to do so, when the man continued: 'By the way, there is to be a marriage at our church to-night and we expect to attend.' The Congressman inquired the name of the bride, and found that it was his wife about to marry again, so the invitation was declined.

ONE KLEIN INDEED McCUR to drink 3 pints of whisky on a wager, at San Antonio, Texas. The feat proved fatal. McCur's widow sued Klein for damages, and got a verdict for \$3,000. On appeal, the Supreme Court confirms the jury's conclusion. The ruling was that, as the drinker was so intoxicated as to be incapable of consent at the time of swallowing the third and killing pint, the man who made him do it was responsible.

A MOST UNFORTUNATE MAN IS William King. Upon being converted in a revival meeting in Caldwell, Ky., he arose and confessed that he had robbed a store in 1863 of \$300 worth of goods. He went to the proprietor the next day and paid the amount, with 20 years' interest, but was immediately arrested for the theft, and now languishes in jail.

THE LUCKIEST MAN ON board the ill-fated City of Columbus was the one rescued by the tug Speedwell. He had a baggage check in his pocket, and when the tug picked up a floating trunk he coolly produced his check and claimed his baggage. As there was a corresponding check on the trunk his claim was indisputable.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, who has a habit of giving good advice incidentally in his sermons, made a remark Sunday which certain unhappy Christians might well lay to heart. He declared that it is better to burn down a church than to quarrel in it; and that calling a council will not settle the difficulty.

'THE SILENT VON MOLTKE,' it is said, was once seated in a railroad carriage with his aid de-camp, when another officer, crowding past him to get out, said: 'Pardon me,' and a few moments later, coming in and passing his chief again, he said: 'Pardon me;' whereupon the field marshal, annoyed at such prodigal waste of verbiage, turned to his aide and growled: 'That chatterer!'

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT THE United States Senate is the wealthiest deliberative body in the world, the seventy-six members of that body representing \$180,000,000.

IN THE UNITED STATES to-day, according to the latest census, there are 136 sewing machine establishments, with an invested capital of \$12,501,830, employing 9,283 persons, to whom are annually paid in wages \$4,636,099.

A LONDON lady has just died, leaving a fortune of nearly \$2,500,000.

BLUSHING AND LYING.

'But didn't you see him blush?' 'Well, what of that?' 'Don't you think he was lying?' 'No, I don't. I know he was telling me the square truth.'

'Do you know the circumstances?' 'Yes, and I know he told them just as they were.'

'That is why he blushed,' said Mr. Denison, a well-known Chicago lawyer, for this talk was taking place in his office just after the departure of a young man who had been sued and was seeking advice from his attorney.

'I venture to say no man has had more trouble than I with blushing, and I think I know some of the causes behind them. You may have noticed that I blush on every conceivable occasion. If a question is put to me quickly, I blush. If I meet a friend slap on the street—unless I see him some time before I reach him—I blush. If anybody speaks my name from behind or from some unexpected quarter, I blush. As much as I have been before juries, I blush every time an opposing advocate refers to me as 'the learned counsel for the defense.'

'Hang it! I blush on all sorts of occasions, and yet I don't believe that anybody would say I am an especially modest or bashful man.'

'No, sir,' continued the old attorney, 'I have blushed and blushed all my life, and the more I blush the more I try not to, and the more I try not to the more I blush. Above all, the meanest blush is just such a one as you saw on that young man's face just now. I know just how he felt. He knew he was telling a pretty hard story, and he could see in your face that you didn't believe him. That's why he blushed. If he had been talking to me alone he would not have blushed, because he knows I am familiar with the circumstances he related; but you looked doubtfully at him, and he felt your mistrust so keenly that it brought the blood to his face.'

After a little pause Mr. Denison continued: 'I never pay the least attention to blushing when examining a witness. The blush is not, as is too often believed, the evidence of a lie. Nor is it a true signal of embarrassment. I know that, for I have been told that I was blushing purple when I was as calm and unembarrassed as I am at this moment. There are many causes for my blushing; some of them purely physical, I think; but often when I am telling something—some little personal recollection, perhaps, that amounts to nothing—I get it in my head that somebody doubts some part of it. Then I blush. Then I feel that I am blushing, and I say to myself, 'Now he will see me blush and will be sure to think I am lying,' and that makes me blush all the more, until finally I can feel my face burn and glow like a coal, and I say to myself, 'Now he is sure I am lying, and he thinks I know he is sure of it,' and so I stand and blush because I think he doubts me until, perhaps, I really make him doubt me because of my blushing.'

About Cribbing News.

An influential Western member of the U. S. House, referring to the Waterson bill, spoke as follows concerning it: 'The proposition on its face seems fair, but it is deceptive. The value of news is not in holding it, but in giving it; not in storing it away, but in disseminating it. How can one expect to retain a property right in that which has no value unless it is given away? What is news? The statements of facts; the story of occurrences. If one gets the first account of a thing, should he be permitted to patent it, and secure exclusive right of publishing it? The newspapers have ample protection in the first use of their own special news. The first use is about all the value there is in it to the first newspaper. The country press can get some benefit by reprinting the news, but this is no injury to the city press; in fact, it is often a benefit, for it is usually credited. The country press would be injured by the passage of the bill. It is a scheme of the Metropolitan and Associated Press to confine the printing of news to their journals.'

The Deadly Hair-Dye.

A Washington correspondent writes as follows: Senator Farley, of California, has returned to Washington, but is the shadow of his former self. He is said to be the victim of hair-dye. Brought to the verge of the grave, he abandoned its use. His gray hair and beard are in curious contrast to what they were last session. But for the excessive loss of flesh and the painful effects of a long illness he would be improved in appearance by allowing nature to have her way. I hope that he will recover his health. Not long ago the most prominent pawnbroker in Baltimore died a horrible death from the effects of hair-dye. His dreadful fate has alarmed not a few elderly persons who had resorted to the same practice, which is one of imminent deadly peril.

THE CZAR'S LIFE.

SAVED ALMOST BY A MIRACLE—A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR.

A Nihilist Attempts an Impersonation of the Russian Chief of Police.

Among the 'forbidden literature' now circulating in Russia is the story of one of the most daring and dramatic plots ever recorded in the history of political assassination. The narrative is founded on events which are said to have taken place in St. Petersburg shortly after General Gourko had been called from Odessa to act as quasi-military governor of the Russian capital. One bright May morning, when the excitement was at its height, the watchful eye of a policeman posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect caught sight of an equipage coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore armorial devices well known in the Russian capital; the coachman was there, who persisted in being wiggid in defiance of his master's orders, to the great merriment of St. Petersburg Jehus. On each side rode the regular escort of six mounted Cossacks, each holding his lance in rest and wearing his ball of forage slung over his shoulder more as if he was campaigning on the Don than upon civil service in the streets of the capital. General Gourko and his escort—the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily saluted his chief, the new Prefect of Police—turned into the Cavalry parade, at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, and at once made their way into the Alexander square, on the Neva side of which rose the massive and somewhat fantastic outlines of the Winter Palace. The equipage having drawn up at the side entrance of the building the general alighted and rang. On the doorkeeper presenting himself—an officer of the Emperor's private guard—the Prefect briefly stated the object of his visit.

He desired an immediate conference with the Czar. The hour was early, true, day having only just dawned. At the same time his business brooked no delay—it concerned the safety of the Emperor himself. The janitor was at first incredulous, expostulating that his imperial master had been already in bed an hour. Yet at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together. They trod on gorgeous carpets, brushed past the wealth of the winter palace in malachite and lapis lazuli, only pausing in their ascent when they had reached a landing giving access to one of the capacious saloons. At this point General Gourko was instructed to wait. At this point, too, the Czar's officer seems to have repented of his decision. The narrative represents him as closely scrutinizing the Prefect of Police in the growing light, and of subsequently proceeding in the direction of the Emperor's sleeping apartments, in no great haste to arouse royalty from its first slumber. The man did not arouse the Czar at all. What he did was to descend to the guardroom and dispatch a messenger. The man left the palace on the Neva side. He there took a drabky, and drove past the side entrance into the Nevsky. During his absence the Czar calmly slept on; General Gourko impatiently paced the saloon, and the military guardian of the imperial bed-chamber went about giving some orders to the palace guards.

In a quarter of an hour the messenger returned. He had been sent to General Gourko's residence in the Nevsky Prospect, and he brought back the information that the Prefect of Police was at that moment in bed. The early visitor was thus an impostor. He was something more; for from his pockets, after he had been seized and questioned, he drew forth a six-barrelled revolver and a two-edged hunting knife. The Czar's life had been saved, yet it had hung for a few moments in the balance. The madcap Gourko—the Prefect of Police, initiated down to the minutest details of hair, complexion and wig—might have deceived even the Emperor himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which had reproduced the Gourko coach and escort. Only the sham Prefect was secured, and not his confederates. Simultaneously with the arrest guards had rushed from the palace to seize the latter. But the equipage had gone, the Cossacks were gone, the coachman was gone. A policeman afterward told how he had seen the cavalcade pass over one of the Neva bridges and disappeared in a thoroughfare of Basil Island. The carriage was never found, and for all that could be ascertained concerning them or their steeds, the six Cossacks may be mounted and riding, lance in rest, to this day. As for the chief actor in the plot, the conspirator who only failed in his impersonation of General Gourko because of his inability to be in two places at once and the same time his personality has never been disclosed. He is the most mysterious which the nihilists themselves have never been able to penetrate. His secret remains with him, and he keeps it to the present moment.

Is he still a prisoner in the island fortress of Peter and Paul.

CANNOT TALK.—Lieutenant Rhodes, the Gay Head disaster hero, says he would rather do his work over again than make a speech about it.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

A NEW VERSION.

There is a little boy in this city whose mother has been reading to him lately Charles Follen Adams' poem entitled 'Leedie Yawob Straws,' the concluding lines of which are:

'I pray der Lord take anytings, But leave der Yawob Straws.'
The other night while saying his prayers the little boy rendered them as follows:

'Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray der Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake;
I pray der Lord take anytings, But leave der Yawob Straws.' —Somerville Journal.

A LARGE LOT OF LIVELY AUITS.

Fond Mamma.—'Now, Willie, you must be a real good boy to-day; here's all your aunts come to see you.'

Willie.—'Has Aunt Sarah come?'
Fond Mamma.—'Yes, Aunt Sarah, Aunt Dolly, Aunt Mary, Aunt Lears, Aunt Elizabeth, Aunt Cynthia, Aunt—'

Willie.—'That's plenty, mamma, for me. It's the biggest nest of aunts I ever struck.' —Chicago Sun.

AN INTERCHANGE OF COMPLIMENTS.

'You, Samuel! come right in here now, and stop playin' with that bad Smith boy,' said Mrs. Jones; 'the first thing you know he'll have you in jail.'

'You, Alexander! come right along in the house!' yelled the other front-door neighbor. 'The first thing you know you'll be in the penitentiary keepin' that Jones boy company.' —Kentucky State Journal.

HE LEFT IT.

'Did you ever find anything of value, Uncle Sy?' I asked, after telling him about finding a pearl ring that morning.

'Yes, sah; I foun' a pus once, wid ten dollars in it.'
'Did you? Well, what did you do with it—you didn't keep it, of course?'

'Yes, sah; I did dat berry ting. I's strictly honest; I wouldn't take no man's pus. I left it where he could git it; but I took de money out fast. You see, he done los' de money—'twarn't his'n no mo'. I done fin' it; it was my money den. But de pus was his'n, 'n' long as I live I ain't gwine to take no man's pus.' —Harper's Drawer.

LANGUISHER FOR LOVE.

There is a clerk in an Austin dry-goods store who is very susceptible, and deeply in love with Miss Eggerdale Longooffin, who, however, falls and refuses to reciprocate. She was buying some goods from him last Tuesday, and she complained of the high price.

'We buy all our goods at your store, and yet you charge us more than you do others. I find you dearer than any one else,' she observed.

The clerk sighed, shook his head, and said: 'I only wish it were so.'
'That what were so?'
'That I was dearer to you than anybody else.' —Texas Siftings.

GENUINE AMBIGUITY.

Miss Shodydyte was introduced to a real live young Englishman at a dinner party the other night, and the next afternoon she was extolling his many fascinating wiles and grace to an anxious coterie of female friends.

'And then, girls, he not only writes divinely, but he's a great politician, too.'

'Oh, my, ain't that sweet?' exclaimed a spirituelle girl. 'Is he in the House of Commons?'

'Commons, indeed!' said Miss Shodydyte, scornfully. 'I should say not. He would have nothing to do with any House of Commons. Why, he is a real aristocrat, he is.'

'And the other girls chorused out, 'My, he must be grand.' —Washington Hatcher.

HE DIDN'T TAKE ALL HIS LNERWAY.

A government agent, who was sent to Wisconsin last fall to look up trespass cases on government lands, was out on his travels one day when he found a man whaling away at some choice timber on one of Uncle Sam's sections.

'Any land for sale around here?' queried the agent.

'Wall, thar' might be,' was the reply.

'I'd like to buy a whole section.'
'Have ye the cash to pay?'
'I have.'

'I thought sell you thiz.'
'Can you give me a clear deed?'
'Clear as a whistle, stranger. Gimme \$800 cash, and I'll deed you the section afore sundown.'

The agent coolly unrolled a map, spread it out on a log and said: 'You will see by this map that Uncle Sam owns this section. Now, then, can you give me a deed for it?'

'See hy'er, stranger,' said the chopper, after a long pause, 'maybe you is one of these cheap as sugarplums that Uncle Sam is a bigger man than I am born citizen of old Wisconsin! I'd give ye just three minutes to step.'

The agent didn't want no more. —Well Street News.