

THE PEOPLE.

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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 notes 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 BABY'S PRAYER.

She knelt with her sweet hands folded;
Her fair little head bowed low;
While dead vines tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence
Rose softly the baby's prayer.
"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me to be good," she said.
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she reach on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,
The drifts of the snow between?
"The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, white winter,
Oh, help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
For their bright smiles in May,
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day.
Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in white,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring."

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

There was the case of General Chartus, who for nearly twenty years held his own against all sorts of odds in war, business and love. His was one of the brigades upon which the commander of the army in Virginia always depended when in extremity; his very reputation, when he was compelled to make them were more brilliant and glorious than other men's battles. In business he was as determined and unyielding as in war; he was courteous and considerate to all his rivals, but no one cared to provoke him to earnest opposition. In society all women were at his feet; no body ventured to rally this handsome fellow, whose keen eye and firm mouth seemed to make him a king among his fellows; to receive a smile, a compliment, or a courtesy from him, was bliss supreme.

But one day the General got his match. He never had been in love—he never had flirted with any of the ladies, some pretty, a few sweet, many good, who had been almost thrown at him by their parents or themselves; but the very first evening he met Miss Leah Millisen his heart surrendered—nay, deserted in a manner most abrupt. Miss Millisen, although of pleasing face and figure, was no more beautiful than some of his acquaintances, but she impressed every one, including General Chartus, by her air of superb repose—an air the effect of which was enhanced by regular features, and by stature somewhat above that of most women.

Chartus adored Miss Millisen at sight, and with the characteristic impatience of the successful soldier and man of affairs, he made haste to tell her of his love; neither did it appear to afford her any special pleasure. She acted very much as if such communications were too frequent to be startling. The General was astonished and provoked at her indifference. He had so good an opinion of himself as to have imagined that whenever he might offer his heart to a woman, the gift would be accepted with deep assurances of gratitude and humility. He felt piqued by Miss Millisen's demeanor; he wondered whether she knew that he was offering affections that never had been lavished on any other woman, and that he was guiltless of the faults that make many young men not desirable as husbands. Did she mistake him for one of the overgrown boys who infested society because they were not old enough to join clubs and go into business?

The General grew so angry that for a little while he forgot to be a gentleman. He said to himself that if that proud girl did not care for him he would manage to live without her. He even neglected to seek her out at the next social affair at which they both were present. But when, again, he was brought face to face with her, as he was obliged to be at dinner one evening, for the space of two hours, he confessed, all to himself, to unlimited idleness, and determined to make another attack. If Miss Millisen would not be conquered, why, then, the General would himself conquer her without regard to terms. It would be a new sensation, while to be the prisoner of such a being would be anything but uncomfortable, he thought.

So, again the General proposed, and again Miss Millisen listened politely but calmly. He asked if there was anything in his character or social standing to which she took exception, and she quickly assured him, with a smile—such a smile as that there was not. But love, she said, implied marriage—and she had no money friends who had been made unhappy by marriage, that she had determined not to imperil her own future by haste and thoughtlessness.

This very discreet speech only increased the General's eagerness, and caused him to multiply his expressions of regard. It would make it his life-work to minister to her happiness, he said. Upon which she told him that men's ideas of what would make women happy were often exceedingly different.

So Chartus solemnly promised that she should control her own life if she would marry him, and he would be obedient to her every wish. Then she expressed fear of poverty. She had known so many couples who began their married life amid comfort and luxury, and were reduced to misery and social ostracism by unwise business ventures. The suitor promptly agreed to make his wife sole owner of his house; to leave her in undisturbed control of her own marriage portion, which she frankly admitted would be but a few thousand dollars; and to protect her against financial trouble in the possible event of his death, by insuring his life heavily for her benefit.

Miss Millisen listened attentively, looked thoughtful, felt pleased and did not hesitate to show what she felt. The General saw he was progressing well, so he followed up his advantage by asking—

"Is there anything else I can promise or do to gain your consent? You have only to name it."

Miss Millisen thought carefully for a moment or two, but was obliged to answer:

"Nothing whatever. I will take you at your word."

"Then I hope to one day call you Mrs. Chartus."

At last Miss Millisen found her natural repose trustworthy; she trembled a little, blushed a great deal, tried to speak but could not, noting which the General's mercy took the form peculiar to lovers on such occasions.

The wedding speedily followed. On this subject the couple were in entire accord. Where they were to go on their bridal tour was a subject of discussion for a little while—only a little while. The General wanted to travel westward—there he had large mining interests—but the lady preferred Europe and reminded her coming lord of his promise to further her happiness by consulting her desires. So to Europe they went; the cost in actual cash outlay and business losses consequent upon his absence, being equal to about one-half the bridegroom's business capital.

When General and Mrs. Chartus returned to New York their friends remarked to one another that the bride was as stately, handsome and self-possessed as ever; but that the General seemed rather older than before—as he certainly was; by a few months; and that he was not quite so positive as in his bachelor days. In society the change was declared beneficial; the same was said in business circles, for there was not the old trouble of being held at arm's length in everything that involved dollars and cents. At home, however, in the handsome house presented by the General to his bride, the change in the host and the lack of change in the hostess were most noticeable. Mrs. Chartus received all friends and visitors with her superior old-time repose; she never was more attentive to one guest than another, and she always was scrupulously respectful and courteous to her husband; but the General had lost his ancient tenacity of opinion; his apparent disregard of what other people might say or think; even on subjects which he fully understood he no longer expressed positive opinions; he seemed always apprehensive of what the effect of his words might be upon his wife. Ladies who had unsuccessfully aspired to Mrs. Chartus's position exhibited much malicious delight at the change in the General; but married women and Chartus's old friends pronounced it a burning shame that the General had deliberately wrapped himself around a woman's finger—around the finger of a woman who seemed unable to comprehend the honor imposed upon her.

Meanwhile Chartus devoted himself more closely to business than ever; he seemed almost frantic in his desire to make a great deal of money. So, like most men who are in too much of a hurry, he made some serious mistakes. He pinned his faith and his capital on the Twin Angel Silver Company; borrowed money when his own was exhausted in maintaining the stock at high figure, and lost nearly everything when the final and inevitable slump came.

He was ruined; he had absolutely nothing left but his office furniture and his wife. He devoted a wretched hour or two to reflection, but recovered his spirits quickly as he thought he saw a silver lining behind the edge of the cloud. His wife—his Leah—the fair woman whom he worshipped, yet who, somehow, had never been more to him than an extremely stiff and reputable acquaintance—his wife would now become wholly his own, for had he not heard that trouble always breaks the bonds of a woman's heart? He hurried to his home; he manfully, honestly, told everything. His wife listened attentively, and he looked closely for a sign of sympathy, but he saw none. On the contrary, Mrs. Chartus's face grew hard and fixed, and at last she said:

"What are we to do?—how are we to live?"

"You must have considerable money in the bank, Leah," said the General; "I have added several thousand dollars to your own property," you know.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Chartus, "but you would be too proud to be supported by my money."

"Of course not; I merely meant to temporary use of it, as a loan to me, would save me from annoyance at home—until—"

"Remember," interrupted Mrs. Chartus, "that you promised I never should have any annoyance about money matters. I took you at your word."

"Thanks," said the General quickly, "for reminding me; a thousand thanks. But I suppose I may at least count on your sympathy?"

"Certainly—at least I suppose so," said Mrs. Chartus; "but this affair is going to be dreadfully annoying. People will talk about it; there are plenty of women who are hateful enough to come here for the sole purpose of making cutting speeches. Oh, dear—how did come you to do it?"

"Never mind," said Chartus shortly, and between his teeth, as he turned and left the room. The day was too far gone for regular business, but he determined to visit all the hotels where brokers and speculators congregated; he had no money—not enough, at least, to operate with; but he had knowledge of some things that were going on "in the street," and he was desperate enough to do anything for anybody of against anybody for the sake of recouping himself.

But fortune frowned on him; every one knew he had been "in" Twin Angel stock; everybody knew what had happened to Twin Angel, so everybody worth talking to let him alone. Down town next day he had a similar experience. Then he became desperate; he borrowed a thousand dollars from a personal friend who knew nothing about the stock market, and went into the Exchange to make a "quick turn," but his head seemed to have lost his cunning for the rest of it all.

From being desperate he began to be frantic; looking his affairs squarely in the face, he found that all the money he had in the world, or was able to have, was about fifty dollars. He was now quite equal to speculating with other people's money, but, unfortunately for him, his customers had deserted him.

The General locked himself in his office and subjected his memory to a searching interview. Something must be done or he would not be able to look his wife in the face. Had his eye lingered about the conditions of their marriage he would have—but never mind; she was his wife, and he adored her.

That evening the General made a careful collection of his most portable personal property—watches, diamond studs, gold-headed canes, etc., and early in the morning, before any one whom he knew was awake, he visited the place where three gold teeth indicated the nature of the business done within. At the end of his tour he had nearly three hundred dollars in his pocket, enough to operate slyly in securities in which he felt at home. Suddenly he remembered that a payment on a life insurance policy was past due, so he hurried to pay it; and by so doing he almost emptied his pockets. What to do then he scarcely knew; he paced the floor of his little office, his brow contracted and his countenance so bleak that even the omnipresent match-vender was frightened away by his appearance.

Suddenly a telegram boy entered with a message, and Chartus read: "Hurry home; have you forgotten this is my reception day?—LEAH."

Chartus uttered a great oath, and then fell to the floor. The telegram boy called for help, which soon arrived but was of no use.

Mrs. Chartus was remarkably handsome in full mourning, and she did not forget her husband's good qualities, for she wrote to a friend: "The General promised to be as good as whatever I asked, and he always kept his word. An wasn't it providential, dear?—he paid a past due premium on a ten-thousand-dollar life insurance policy the very day he died!"—*The Hour.*

The People of Mexico.

The population of Mexico, says CHARLES A. DANA, is commonly estimated at fifty or ten millions. No census has been taken, but this estimate is probably not exaggerated. The great mass of the inhabitants are Indians, and in race and habits they are similar to the Pueblo, Zuni, and Navajo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. They are generally small in stature, sober, honest, industrious, temperate and intelligent. A more valuable peasantry can scarcely be found. Their virtues are their own; their vices are of European admixture. School education has done little or nothing for them; but of late years efforts have been made to establish schools for their benefit. They seem very capable of being instructed; and if, as we trust, there is a bright future for Mexico, it lies in the development and education of this native race.

The ruling classes in Mexico are mainly of Spanish and mixed blood. The late President Juarez was a pure Indian, but the number of educated people with nothing Spanish in their origin, must be very small indeed. Among the civil and military functionaries the Spanish element appears to predominate; and the political management of the country are generally Spanish.

SLOWLY BURNED TO DEATH.

FOURTEEN INMATES OF A MICHIGAN ALMSHOUSE PERISH BY FIRE.

Awakened from sleep by the flames from their beds—Three Insane Patients Among the Number—All Assistance Rendered Impossible—A Chicago Hotel Destroyed.

Fourteen of the forty-five inmates of the Van Buren County Almshouse and Insane Asylum in Michigan, were burned to death on Wednesday morning. The buildings were completely destroyed and nothing was saved.

The asylum consists of a large two-story frame house, a two-story frame addition on the north, the latter recently erected, and a large building situated some little distance away, used as a residence for Superintendent Cash and his family, the keepers and the hired help. The oldest building was demolished in the fire, and in it were confined the violently insane. The middle or newest building was comparatively empty. The addition to the main building contained a better class of patients and it was here that the loss of life occurred. The fire was discovered about two o'clock and the alarm was given by a man named Halsey, who was sleeping in the main building, and who was aroused by the cries of the inmates in the addition. Hearing the roar of the flames he rushed to the door leading into the hallway and threw it open, when the smoke and flames burst into his face and nearly stifled him. He shut the door, and, running to the front part of the building, aroused the inmates, who only had sufficient time to escape in their night dress.

When those who had escaped had collected their scattered senses, it was found that the addition, in which were confined the paralytic and more rational patients, was totally enveloped by the flames, and all thought of rendering assistance to the fourteen unfortunates confined therein was out of the question. The spectators were compelled to stand idly by and gaze at the onward course of the flames, above the loud, seething roar of which could be plainly heard the agonizing, blood-freezing shrieks of the poor idiots, who were being slowly burned to death. Every now and then a figure could be seen at one of the upper windows, the night-dress already burned and the eyes of the unfortunate almost starting from their sockets and showing in strong relief to the face, already blackened and scorched by the flames. Of the two or three persons who were thus seen all appeared to be totally bereft by fright of whatever little sense they possessed, for after an agonizing glance upon the crowd they turned and with a maddened yell fell backward into the angry furnace.

Soon the cries grew less frequent and after a time ceased altogether, and the spectators knew that the inmates were past all agony. The flames swept on, however, until the woodwork was destroyed and then began to abate. Finally, with the aid of the onlookers, but not until it had consumed everything within its hot grasp the fire was extinguished and the work of looking for the bodies began. With but one exception there was no recognition possible, all that remained of the bodies being a mass of charred and withered bones, which when put together, only partially filled a small box. It is now thought that there was less suffering among the inmates than at first supposed, as those who were seen at the windows are supposed to have been the only ones who were not smothered in their beds by the smoke before the flames had reached them.

The patients in the so-called jail building managed to get out alive. The buildings being of wood and very dry the flames seemed to envelop them in an instant and burn them out of existence almost as quickly. The superintendent's family had barely time to escape. His daughter was ill with typhoid fever, and great difficulty was experienced in removing her. A boy named Parker jumped out of a second-story window and received some slight injuries. The origin of the fire is unknown, but is believed to have been the work of a crazy pauper.

Titled Servants.

Lately in a Roman court a handsome young man of 26 and his wife of 17, were charged with theft. He had been cook and she housemaid in an Irish gentleman's family. A robbery having occurred, the young couple were suspected and imprisoned. When brought before the bench both burst into tears. As soon as they could be calmed, the young man, as usual, was asked his name, and, covering his face, he replied that he was Count Riccardo Strozzi, a legitimate descendant of one of the most illustrious families in Italy. The wife is also of a very good family. They had fallen in love with each other and run away, traveling about in disguise in order not to be discovered. At last, being penniless, they entered the above family as servants. Fortunately, their innocence was proved as clear as day. The coincidence of their flight with the day of the robbery was thoroughly explained, and they were set at liberty amid the cheers of the whole court.

Our Actor Lawrence.

Lawrence Barrett's boyhood is mentioned in the Lyndon (Vt.) Union thus: "People familiar with Lyndon Corner in the years between 1840 and 1850 will remember Lawrence as one of the 'gamins' of our street. His father was a tailor here, having his shop in a little room below the Cahoon office, while his family lived in the rickety basement below him. His two boys were George and Lawrence. Lawrence was a belligerent chap. When other boys were running away from school, Lawrence was on hand, and seemed to enjoy it. A little before 1850 the family disappeared from the village, and that was the last heard from them till Lawrence began to appear in the theatrical world."

Another young lady who can peel a potato in five minutes is as useful as the young man who speaks five languages to one another. —*Chicago Sun.*

THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN.

A Lesson in Real Life that May be Read to Advantage.

The express-train was flying from Cork to Queenstown; it was going like sixty—that is, about sixty miles an hour. No sign of Irish village to arrest our speed, no sign of breakdown; and yet the train halted. We looked out of the window; saw the brakeman and a crowd of passengers gathering around the locomotive, and a dense smoke arising. What was the matter? A hot axle! I thought then, as I think now, that what is the matter with people everywhere. In this swift, "express," American life, we go too fast for our endurance. We think ourselves getting on splendidly, when, in the midst of our successes, we come to a dead halt. What is the matter? The nerves or muscles or brains give out; we have made too many revolutions in an hour. A hot axle!

Men make the mistake of working according to their capacity of endurance. "Can I run this train from Springfield to Boston at the rate of fifty miles an hour?" says an engineer. Yes. "Then I will run it, reckless of consequences!" Can I be a merchant, and a president of a bank, and a director in a life-insurance company, and a school-commissioner, and help edit a paper, and supervise the politics of our ward, and run for Congress? "I can!" the man says to himself. The store drives him; the bank drives him; the school drives him; politics drive him. He takes all the colds, coughs and frets and exasperations of each position. Some day, at the height of the business season, he does not come to the store. From the most important meeting of the bank directors he is absent. In the excitement of the most important political campaign he fails to be at the place appointed. What is the matter? His health has broken down; the train halts long before it gets to the station. A hot axle!

Literary men have great opportunities opening in this day. If they take all that open, they will die, or worse—living men who ought to be dead. The pen runs so easy when you have good ink and smooth paper, and an easy desk to write on; and the consciousness of an audience of one, two, or three hundred thousand readers. There are the religious newspapers through which you may preach, and the musical journals through which you may sing, and the agricultural periodicals through which you can plow, and family newspapers through which you may romp with the whole household around the evening stand. There are critiques to be written, and reviews to be indulged in, and poems to be chanted, and novels to be constructed. When out of a man's pen he can shake recreation and friendship and usefulness and bread, he is apt to keep it snuffing. So great are the invitations to literary work, that the professional men of the day are overdone. They sit, faint, and fagged out, on the verge of newspapers and books; each one does the work of three. And these men sit up late nights, and choke down chunks of meat without mastication, and scold their wives through irritability, and man-innocent authors, and run the physical machinery with a liver miserably given out. The driving shaft has gone fifty times a second. They stop at no station. The brain and the digestion begin to smoke. Stop, ye flying quills! "Down brake!" A hot axle!

Some of our young people have read—till they are crazed—of learned blacksmiths, who at the forge conquered thirty languages; and of shoemakers, who, pounding sole-leather, got to be philosophers; and of milliners, who, while their customers were at the glass trying on their spring hats, wrote a volume of first-rate poems. The fact is, no blacksmith ought to be troubled with more than five languages; and instead of shoemakers becoming philosophers, we would like to turn our surplus of philosophers into shoemakers; and the supply of poetry is so much greater than the demand, that we wish milliners would stick to their business. Extraordinary examples of work and endurance they do as much good. Because Napoleon slept only four hours a night, hundreds of students have tried the experiment; but instead of Austerlitz and Argonne, there came of it only a sick headache and a botch of a recitation. —*The West-Texasian, in Home Science.*

Throwing the Boomerang.

The boomerang is a piece of this wood about an inch and a half wide, an eighth of an inch thick, and perhaps twenty inches long; its shape varies, sometimes being like the segment of a circle, at others like a man's arm bent at the elbow; but the way of using both these forms is exactly the same. The weapon is grasped at one end in the right hand, with the convex side uppermost, and the black man takes a run, sends as the ordinary Englishman does when he is throwing a cricket ball. On a sudden he stops, and away flies the boomerang, straight as one might suppose, but revolving on its own axis so quickly that in the air it looks like a circular piece of board; this motion gives it the wonderful power of flight which must really be seen to be believed. At first the course is in a direct line from the thrower at such a height as he may require, but as it draws toward the limit of its distance it swerves slightly to the right and making a semicircle coming back off an exactly opposite course to that which it took on the outward journey, generally falling within a few feet of the thrower. During the flight the rattling of the boomerang causes a peculiar purring sound, not unlike the hum of a top.

Another Man.

Harper's Bazar says:—The smelling bottle cras has been a very fashionable one with young girls in Washington in the past few months. It is a costly fashion. One belle now has her second bottle presented within three months, each of which cost \$60. The first was crushed under her carriage wheels in coming from a party one night, and the gold top with her initials on it alone escaped destruction.

Another young lady who can peel a potato in five minutes is as useful as the young man who speaks five languages to one another. —*Chicago Sun.*

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

A FEW CLIPPINGS THAT WILL CAUSE A SMILE.

A GENTLE REDE.

Blink (an exchange fund)—"That was rather a curious achievement for an editor."

Blank (an editor)—"What was?"

"I see by this paper that the editor of a Colorado journal has killed a cinnamon bear weighing 1,300 pounds."

"That bear must have come into the office to look over exchanges."—*Phila. Call.*

FEARFUL REVENGE.

Mr. Finks (reading)—"It is now learned that the blessed but blooming monopoly which controls the socialist snake business gets the finest skins from the natives for forty cents."

Mrs. Finks—"What?"

"Forty cents?"

"Ah! cut that out, quick."

"But for what?"

"I want to send the item to that odious Mrs. Minks. She got a new snake last Christmas."

HINT TO THE OVERWORKED.

Country Doctor—"What you need, sir, is outdoor exercise. You should walk thirty or forty miles a day."

Country Editor—"But it is impossible. I have my paper to look after."

Doctor—"If I am not much mistaken you recently engaged a stranger of exceptional intelligence to assist you with your writing and collect bills."

Editor—"Yes, that is true."

Doctor—"Well, let him do all the writing and you do all the collecting for a while."

TWO TITLES COMPARED.

They were sitting in the parlor and she was getting sleepy.

"What time is it?" she asked.

He looked at his watch and replied that it lacked five minutes of 11, and then, being struck with an idea, he asked:

"Why is my watch like you, my pet?"

"I don't know."

"Because it is very pretty," he replied.

"And why is my watch like you?" she asked.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Why is your watch like me, my dear?"

"Because it won't go," she replied with a yawn.

The young man then went home.—*Old City Herald.*

A REASONABLE POEM.

The turtles drum in the pulchre bay,
The crickets creak in the prickly hedge,
The bullfrogs boom in the paddling edge,
And the whoopee whoopee his vesper lay
Away
In the twilight soft and gray.
Two lovers stroll in the glancing moon—
His hand in her's and her's in his—
She blushed deep—he is talking his
They hug and pop as they listless roam—
They roam—
It's late when they get back home.
Down by the little white gate,
Down where the crescent light grows,
Down where the sweet-mustard blossoms,
A box-toed parent lies in wait—
In wait—
For the maiden and her mate.
Let the crickets creak and bullfrogs boom,
The whoopee walk in the prickly hedge,
Their innocent throbs will never damp,
The planted pain and the rooted gloom—
The gloom
Of the lover's dismal doom.

THE CHANGES SHE PROPOSED.

Mr. B.—"I am fearfully tired of the same routine day after day. I do wish I could have a change."

Mrs. B.—"What kind of a change?"

"Oh, anything at all, just by way of variety; something novel, you know—a strange experience of some sort."

"I think I can suggest a novelty which will be a change for both of us."

"That's a dear girl. What is it?"

"Try coming home sober."

WHY FLOWERS ARE LIKE WIVES.

First Citizen—(Contemplating some bouquets in a florist's window)—"Flowers are such beautiful things."

Second Citizen—"Yes, and yet they are like whisky in one respect."

First Citizen—"What respect do you refer to?"

Second Citizen—"They make a man gay; so does whisky."—*Old City Herald.*

REVENGE.

Mr. B.—"I see the railroad passenger agents have been holding a meeting."

Mrs. B.—"And the men who stand behind the window and sell tickets called passenger agents?"

"I believe so."

"Well, I don't see how they can do anything at a meeting."

"Why not?"

"Can't talk."

"No. They can't do anything but grunk."

ONLY TWO BYRONS.

James—"Another odd kind of a one, that, that."

Smith—"What do you mean by that?"

James—"You know you are sitting on a chair."

Smith—"Of course I am sitting on a chair."

James—"But you are sitting on a chair."

Smith—"Of course I am sitting on a chair."

James—"But you are sitting on a chair."

Smith—"Of course I am sitting on a chair."