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THE PEOPLE.

VOL. II. BARNWELL, C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1879. NO. 90.

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 subject of each clearly indicated by necessary and plain headings. 3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on only one side of the paper. 4. All changes in advertisements must reach us on Friday.

South Carolina Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

Up Day Passengers. (This Train does not connect with Train for Columbia at Branchville.)

Leave Charleston	6:45 a. m.
Beachville	9:00 a. m.
Midway	10:30 a. m.
Barnberg	10:45 a. m.
Grubbs	10:55 a. m.
Lee's	11:05 a. m.
Blackville	11:15 a. m.
Elko	11:25 a. m.
Williston	11:35 a. m.
Windsor	11:45 a. m.
Montmorenci	12:00 p. m.
Aiken	12:20 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	1:25 p. m.

Down Day Passengers.

(This Train does not connect with Train for Columbia at Branchville.)

Leave Augusta	3:30 p. m.
Aiken	4:40 p. m.
Montmorenci	4:55 p. m.
Windsor	5:10 p. m.
Williston	5:20 p. m.
Elko	5:30 p. m.
Blackville	5:40 p. m.
Lee's	5:50 p. m.
Grubbs	6:00 p. m.
Barnberg	6:10 p. m.
Midway	6:20 p. m.
Branchville	6:30 p. m.
Arrive Charleston	10:10 p. m.

Night Express.

Leave Charleston	10:15 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	8:20 a. m.
Leave Augusta	7:30 p. m.
Arrive Charleston	6:00 a. m.

Down Leave Blackville.

Up Leave Blackville	4:30 a. m.
Connects with Train for Columbia at Branchville.	

Freight and Accommodation.

Leave Charleston	7:40 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	5:35 p. m.
Leave Augusta	6:00 a. m.
Arrive Charleston	4:15 p. m.
Down Leave Blackville	10:24 a. m.
Up Leave Blackville	4:56 p. m.

Magnolia Passenger Route.

PORT ROYAL RAILROAD.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1879. The following passenger schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Baldoe	12:07 Down
Baldoe	3:30 Up
Allendale	12:30 Down
Allendale	3:00 Up

DAILY PASSENGER TRAIN.

Going South.	
Leave Augusta	10:00 a. m.
Arrive Yemassee	2:05 p. m.
Leave Yemassee	2:10 p. m.
Arrive Savannah	4:55 p. m.
Leave Savannah	4:45 p. m.
Arrive Jacksonville	8:00 p. m.
Leave Jacksonville	8:00 p. m.
Arrive Beaufort	4:40 p. m.
Leave Beaufort	4:17 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	5:30 p. m.
Leave Yemassee	1:30 p. m.
Arrive Yemassee	1:20 p. m.
Leave Savannah	10:25 a. m.
Arrive Savannah	10:15 a. m.
Leave Jacksonville	6:50 p. m.
Arrive Jacksonville	7:15 a. m.
Leave Beaufort	1:00 p. m.
Arrive Beaufort	11:38 a. m.
Leave Port Royal	11:00 a. m.

Trains run through between Augusta and Savannah without change, making close connections at Savannah with A. & G. R. R. train for all points in Florida. Baggage checked through. Through tickets for sale at all principal ticket offices.

ROBERT G. FLEMING, General Superintendent. J. S. DAVANT, General Passenger Agent.

Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta R. R.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA & AUGUSTA R. R. GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT. COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 27, 1878. The following passenger schedule will be operated on and after this date:

No. 1—Night Express, South.	
Leave Charlotte	1:00 a. m.
Arrive Columbia	6:00 a. m.
Leave Columbia	11:45 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	10:00 a. m.

No. 2—Night Express, North.	
Leave Augusta	5:55 p. m.
Arrive Columbia	10:00 p. m.
Leave Columbia	10:10 p. m.
Arrive Charlotte	3:10 a. m.

No. 3—Day Passenger, South.	
Leave Charlotte	11:27 a. m.
Arrive Columbia	4:10 p. m.
Leave Columbia	4:15 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	8:30 p. m.

No. 4—Day Passenger, North.	
Leave Augusta	9:03 a. m.
Arrive Columbia	1:20 p. m.
Leave Columbia	1:30 p. m.
Arrive Charlotte	6:30 p. m.

These trains stop only at Fort Mill, Rock Hill, Chester, Winnsboro, Ridge-way, Leeceville, Batesburg, Ridge Spring, Johnston, Tienton and Graniteville. All other stations will be recognized as flag stations.

T. D. ELANE, Supt. JOHN R. MACGURDY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

DECEMBER 1, 1879. The following schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Fast Mail, Daily.	
Leave Charleston	7:15 a. m.
Arrive Savannah	1:00 p. m.
Leave Savannah	4:17 p. m.
Arrive Jacksonville	6:35 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	6:40 p. m.
Leave Savannah	3:18 p. m.
Arrive Charleston	9:00 p. m.

Night Train, Daily. Leave Charleston 8:10 p. m. Arrive Savannah 6:40 a. m. Leave Savannah 9:00 a. m. Arrive Charleston 9:00 p. m. Pullman cars on all Night Trains. C. S. GARDEN, Engr. and Supt. S. C. BEYERSON, G. F. and T. Agent.

The Gospel Feast-Hymn.

Come all ye needy souls draw near; See what inviting feast is here. All pluck ye from the festive board, Beneath the Gospel's glowing word! Ah, you, ye famished sinners, this Brought Jesus from the realms of bliss; Nor all your crimes could grace depart From making such luxuriant cheer!

Then come partake, 'twas love that made The feast which you are here to take; And none need stand aloof; for all Are bidden by the Gospel call!

Come, then, O sinner! come in haste, And quik the Gospel's provision taste; Your sweetest joys are naught compared With such a feast, by Love prepared!

BARAKLIAVA.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

A survivor of the celebrated ride into the jaws of death gives in the Boston Commercial Bulletin the following graphic picture of the charge: "Lord Cardigan's eyes gleamed as over; then spurring his horse forward a few paces, he said: "My men, we have received orders to silence that battery. "My God—I! my brother ejaculated. Then grasping my hand, he said: "Fred, my dear fellow, good bye; we don't know what may happen. God bless you; keep close to me." "What more he might have said was lost in Lord Cardigan's ringing shout of—"Charge!"

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"We went in at a trot; the trot changed to a canter, and the canter to a gallop. Through the lines I could see Lord Cardigan several horse-lengths ahead, riding steadily as if he was on parade. Now, to tell the plain truth, when we had ridden a short distance, say one hundred paces, I felt terribly afraid. The truth flashed upon me in a moment that we were riding into a position that would expose us to a fire on both flanks, as well as the fire from the battery in front of us, which we had been instructed to silence. I said to myself, 'This is a ride to death!' but I said it loud enough for my brother to hear, and he answered and said: "There goes the first!"

"The first was Lord Lucan's aid-de-camp, Captain Nolan, who, after making a slight detour, was crossing our left to join in the charge. A cannon ball had just cut him in two as my brother spoke. "My heart leaped into my mouth and I almost choked with fear, but I restrained myself, and seeing my teeth hard I rode on. A moment later the rifle bullets from the sharpshooters on the hillside began to whistle about our ears. Saddles were emptied at every step. There came the whistling shot and the striking shell, which tore through our squadrons, mangleing men and horses, ploughing bloody furrows through and through our ranks. Then my fear left me. My whole soul became filled with a thirst for revenge, and I believe the ranks. Their eyes flashed and they ground their teeth and pressed closer together. The very horses caught the mad spirit and plunged forward as if impatient to leave us to our revenge and theirs. At this time there was not much to be seen. A heavy, dense smoke hung over the valley, but the flaming mouths of the guns revealed themselves to our eyes at every moment as they belched forth their murderous contents of shot and shell.

"Now a shot tore through our ranks, cutting a red line from flank to flank, though it ploughed an oblique and bloody furrow from our right front to our left rear; and a ricocheting shot rose over our front ranks, fell into our center and hewed its way to the rear making terrible havoc in its passage. Oh! that was a ride. Horses ran hitherless, and men bare-headed, and splashed with the blood of their comrades pressed closer and closer and ground their teeth harder, and mentally swore a deadlier revenge as their numbers grew smaller.

INTO THE CATS OF HELL.

"Alone and in front rode Cardigan, still keeping the same distance ahead. His charger was headed for the center of the battery. Slightly we followed him. Up to this time neither my brother nor myself had received the slightest scratch, although we were separated by several files. We reached the battery at last. Up to this time we had ridden in silence, but what a yell burst from us as we plunged in among the Russian gunners! Well would it have been for them if they had killed us all before we reached them. They had done too little and too much. They had set us on fire with passion. Only blood could quench our thirst for revenge. We passed through the battery like a whirlwind, sabering the gunners on our passage. I don't believe one of them lived to tell the tale of that ride. Out of the battery and into the brigade—an army it was—of cavalry. Our charge was relentless. The Russians left before our sabers as corn falls before the reaper. They seemed to have no power of re-

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

STRANGER STORY OF CRIME IN THE SOUTH.

The Recovery of a Lost Daughter After Searching for Fourteen Years.

Masson, May 17.—Received a great deal in the newspapers about the abduction of Charlie Ross, and of the hitherto fruitless efforts made to ascertain his whereabouts. The story of the loss and final recovery of a daughter after fourteen years of constant search has recently come to our knowledge, which for thrilling interest exceeds anything that we have ever read about Charley Ross.

During the late war three lived at Waynesboro, the county seat of Burke county, Georgia, a Mr. and Mrs. Holland, a happy parent of two little children, a boy and a girl. Mr. Holland was a practicing lawyer and a man of intelligence and standing in the community. Mrs. Holland was of a respectable family, and a lady of education and of good social standing. During the war Mr. Holland volunteered, and was a good soldier till the surrender. About the year 1864-65 a man by the name of Land Halthook appeared in that part of Georgia. He passed himself off as a horse trader and a gentleman of wealth, but in reality was a

He appeared to have plenty of money, drove fine horses, smoked fine cigars, dressed well, and was received into the best society. During Mr. Holland's absence in the war he ingratiated himself into the good graces of Mrs. Holland. An improper intimacy sprang up between them, and when Mr. Holland returned home in April, 1865, her condition could no longer be concealed. In a few days after Mr. Holland's return, and while waiting an opportunity to take summary vengeance on Halthook, his wife suddenly left with Halthook, carrying with her his little daughter only three years old. From that time to this they have never been seen in that part of the State. About the time of their sudden departure a horse and buggy mysteriously disappeared, which is supposed to have been stolen by Halthook, and with which they made their way to Brownsville, Marlboro county, in this State, where Halthook was born and brought up. From that time till three weeks ago Mr. Holland never heard anything of the whereabouts of his wife and child. He, however,

THE CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The following is the description of the Confederate Monument unveiled on the 18th in Columbia: The monument is forty feet high from the ground to the top. The statue at the top is eight feet high, and represents a Confederate soldier holding his gun with fixed bayonet. He stands with one foot advanced, his head erect, and his face looking to the front. He wears a cap, the left side of which is thrown over his shoulder, a grouch hat, and all the trappings of a soldier on duty.

THE MONUMENT PERPETUATES THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO,

True to the instincts of their birth, Faithful to the teachings of their Fathers, Constant in their love for the State, Died in the performance OF their duty; Who Have glorified a fallen cause By the simple manhood of their lives, The patient endurance of suffering, And the heroism of death; And who In the dark hours of imprisonment, In the hopelessness of the hospital, In the short, sharp agony of the field, Found Their support and consolation In the belief That at home they would not be forgotten.

ON THE REAR DIE-STONE THE FOLLOWING:

Let the stranger Who may in future times Read this inscription, Recognize that these were men Whom Power could not corrupt, Whom Death could not terrify, Whom Defeat could not dishonor, And let their virtues plead for just Judgment Of the cause in which they perished. Let the South Carolinian Of another generation Who may read this roll of honored names Remember That the State has taught them How to live and how to die, And that from her broken fortunes She has left to her children The one priceless legacy of their memories. Teaching all who may Claim the same birthright That Truth, Courage, and Patriotism Endure forever.

ON THE WEST FACE OF THE BASE WERE THE WORDS:

TO SOUTH CAROLINA'S DEAD OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

On the east face of the base is the following:

ERECTED BY THE WOMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the front of the shaft is carved a palmetto tree, with a shield beneath it, on which are set the letters "C. S. A." On the east and west faces of the shaft are the emblems of Army and Navy of the Confederate States.

AN AWFUL NIGHT.

The Arrogant Goes Down in Sight of Thousands of People.

A correspondent writes from the Mediterranean to the Boston Advertiser: The vessel Souvarin, the brig Janina and the two batteries Implacable and Arrogant were at anchor in the roadstead of Hyeres. The last two were of the late Emperor's creation, built for the siege of Kinburn, and had always been detestable in rough weather. Imagine a kind of long oval raft, upon which is built a huge rectangular fort, and some idea may be formed on these monsters. So long as the sea is calm they support the heavy machine, but just as soon as the waves become rough they sweep over the raft and beat against the fortress as against a rock. On the morning of March 25, everything indicated fair weather, and neither at Toulon nor at Hyeres was there the least anxiety as to the fleet. In Flora had arrived under full sail and cast anchor in the Bailli. Suddenly a heavy swell began to beat against the ships, and while the others found safety in their easy, yielding movements, the clumsy, impossibility of running astern, and to fill her signals of distress nothing but signals of utter powerlessness could be returned. It was about 10 o'clock when the commander, seeing that all efforts to save his ship were useless, ordered down the boats. The most perfect discipline was preserved; not a man hesitated to obey. The sailors were first attended to, and of the four human-freighted boats two only reached the shore. The officers and those who remained of the sailors saw their comrades leave without a murmur, and resigned themselves to the slender hope of reaching shore on a bit of floating wood, or die, if such was God's will. Then came that monster wave which swept the four brave officers into the merciless sea, as well as the doctor and all who were on deck. Most were able to seize some bit of floating wood; others were stunned and paralyzed; those who remained went down with the vessel. At that moment two lieutenants and a Breton sailor had succeeded in seizing a ladder, but their weight was too much for the fragile raft; it would have gone down with them; if it had not been for the sailor, who let go and disappeared in the howling sea. This noble action did not save the two officers, but the brave sailor reached land safe and sound. The sea refuses to give up its prey; fifteen out of twenty-eight only have been found, and among those only one officer, M. Michael d'Annoville, whose brave wife waited his body at Hyeres. Mme. Ribes, wife of the officer who commanded this unfortunate vessel, is likewise at Hyeres; but even the sad consolation of giving Christian burial to her beloved husband is cruelly long in coming to her.

A GREAT LAMENTATION.

and set she should never go. They seized hold of her, but by some exertion Holland, with her assistance, succeeded in releasing her and getting her away from the house. They went to the neighbor's where the girl was hid out as an ordinary field hand, and got the few articles of wearing apparel which she possessed. After purchasing for her a pair of shoes and other articles at a store near by, they returned that night with Mr. Haselden to his house, where they were cordially received and sent the next morning on their way rejoining to the station at Poe Dee, and, we suppose, arrived at home the next day. The girl had been informed by some sympathizing neighbors who she was, and that her father was coming for her, which accounts for the readiness with which she assented to go with him. She was seventeen years old the 3d day of April last, and is

A HORSE THIEF.

and fine appearance. She is of course somewhat sunburnt, with rough hands and large feet, having been accustomed to labor in the fields for her daily bread. She is very illiterate, never having attended school a day in her life. She can neither read nor write. Her neighbors all say that she is a clever, virtuous girl, which is no doubt very gratifying to her father. Her brother, two years her senior, of whom she says she has a fair recollection, is a young man of fair education, and is now engaged in teaching school in Georgia. Her father has been legally divorced from his first wife, and is now married and has a family.

The Outlook at Washington.

Special Dispatch to The News and Courier. Washington, May 23.—Whatever may be thought concerning the delicate position in which the Democrats in Congress are placed, either by virtue of the President's veto, or of their own doing during the extra session, this much may be safely added by way of compensation, that the Republicans, despite their triumphant bluster, do not feel by any means satisfied with the position in which they have placed themselves. What that position is and what it involves is now pretty clearly understood by the people; and, now that the smoke of Congressional debate has drifted away, some of the Republicans find that they have been led to the edge of

ONE CHANCE OF ESCAPE.

They have but one chance of escape, and that is through some possible Democratic blunder. The second veto was probably designed to accomplish nothing more but less than to exasperate the Democrats to the point of making such a blunder, or in other words, of refusing the appropriations. It is not at all possible that the Democrats will refuse to grant the necessary supplies for the departments, but it is possible, at least, that they may refuse to pass another bill for the support of the army. Many of the members are certainly opposed to granting a cent for this purpose, and the reasons they assign in behalf of their position are certainly creditable to their manhood and self-respect. But it would surely be bad policy to put a stick into the hands of our enemies wherewith to break our own heads, and it would be exceedingly bad policy to do just what they most desire us to do. They now most desire to have the Democrats refuse the usual appropriation for the army; and they are trembling for fear that wise counsels may so far prevail in the Democratic ranks that the usual timely blunder, upon which Grant said he could always rely, will not be made this once.

THE LONG LOST DAUGHTER.

It was first proposed that the girl should run away from her mother and go to Georgia, but to make assurance doubly sure Mr. Holland was advised to comfort himself, as he alone could identify the mother as his former wife. He accordingly came by rail to Poe-Dee Bridge, on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta Railroad. Leaving the railroad at that point, he walked to Mr. J. S. Haselden's, who lives a few miles from the station, arriving there about dark on the 4th instant. He remained with Mr. Haselden that night. After making known his errand, Mr. Haselden's sympathies were so thoroughly aroused that he carried him in his buggy the next day to where Halthook lives. Fortunately, perhaps, Halthook, who is said to be dodging from the revenue officers for retailing whiskey contrary law, was not at home. On arriving at his cabin, Mr. Holland pushed open the door, which was partly ajar, and there sat his former wife, surrounded by her three Halthook children and his own daughter. He spoke to his wife familiarly, saying

"BOWDY, FOLLY ANN."

In great surprise she replied, "Why, howdy, Will." After shaking hands with her, he asked, pointing to a handsome young girl, if that was Emma? She answered it was. He took the girl's hand, and, with tears in his eyes, told her that he was her father; that she had been taken from him when she was only three years old; that he had been searching for her for the last fourteen years; that, thank God! he had found her at last; and that he had come to take her to a comfortable home, and from the poverty and misery in which she had been raised. He asked if she was willing to go with him. She replied she was. Upon this the old woman and the other children set up

USEFUL MEASURES.

It is often useful to have a few approximate data to reduce weights and measures from. A table for this purpose is going the rounds of the press in which, however, says Health and Home, several serious mis-statements occur; for instance, that a box 24 inches square and four and a half inches deep will contain a pint. This is wrong. We give here a corrected table, which, however, does not aim at great accuracy, but may serve to make a rough estimate when it is necessary to reduce measures:

A pint of water weighs nearly one pound, and is equal to about twenty-seven cubic inches, or a square box three inches long, three inches wide and three inches deep. A quart of water weighs nearly two pounds, and is equal to a square box of about 4 1/2 inches and three and a half inches deep. A gallon of water weighs about nine pounds, and is equal to a box 6 1/2 inches square and six and a half inches deep. A peck is equal to a box 8 1/2 inches square and eight inches deep. A bushel almost fills a box 12x12 inches square and twenty-four inches deep or two cubic feet. A cubic foot of water weighs nearly sixty-four pounds (more correctly sixty-two pounds), and contains seven or eight gallons.

Ben Butler is not a fool. He perceives the point of the immigration movement. We suggested the other day that the movement would do more to settle the negro problem than many years of discussion, through the effect of negro labor on white labor in the North. Butler sees the point. He says the Democrats have nothing to complain of in the movement. "Wherever," says he, "the Southern negro and the white Republican laborer come together in the North there will be one white Republican vote less and one badly demoralized black man." Interests control in politics, and settle issues.

A cat load of dynamite exploded at Stratford, Ontario, on the 5th inst., with most terrific results. Several houses were blown into fragments, 50 cars were blown into splinters and as many more damaged. Two railroad employees were torn into fragments. The business part of the town, nearly a mile from the scene of the explosion, suffered from a general smashing of the windows. It was supposed to be an earthquake. Several persons were seriously wounded.

Three bushes of matches for five cents. A one-cent stamp on each bunch. This goes to the bondholder. The two cents are for the wood used in making the matches, the sulphur, phosphorus, boxing, cartage and labor, not to mention the dealer, wholesale and retail. The beauties of the present system of revenues are illumined by matches.

The Chronicle and Sentinel says: "Memphis evaded the lecherous Becherer to a nauseating extent. The stomachs of the people of that place have not been very nice since the yellow fever epidemic. It is pleasant to know that the sleek and saintly scoundrel will not be able to come farther South this season."

The right thinking people of South Carolina by no means approve the pardon of Small and Cardozo. They fail to recognize either the justice or policy of the transaction.—Chronicle and Constitutionalist.

Thomas Jefferson was only twenty-three when he wrote the Declaration of Independence. Monarch of the sea—the shergil.

A Mail in the Bowels of the Earth.

A ball was given last week by Capt. Mast-Cannvan, at the New York mine, Gold Hill, of which mine he is superintendent. The ball took place at the new station opened at the depth of 1,000 below the surface. The station is quite as large as an ordinary ball-room, well floored, walled in with substantial timbers, and had quite a lofty ceiling. The station is cool and comfortable, was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and was lighted with lamps suspended from the ceiling. The ladies were dressed in calico and the gentlemen in correspondingly inexpensive raiment. The furniture was in keeping with the place, and while there was furnished everything necessary to comfort nothing very extravagant was seen. Never before in the United States—anywhere in the world—has there been given a ball at the depth of nearly a quarter of a mile beneath the earth. There was no trouble about persons slipping into the ball-room without tickets. It was a queer way, too, of going to a ball, this stepping upon a cage and being darted straight down towards the centre of the earth instead of rolling off horizontally in the usual way.—Nevada Enterprise.

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