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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.
Branchville	9:55 a.m.
Midway	10:20 a.m.
Bamberg	10:28 a.m.
Graham's	10:43 a.m.
Lees	10:57 a.m.
Blackville	11:05 a.m.
Elko	11:24 a.m.
Williston	11:26 a.m.
Windsor	11:48 a.m.
Montmorenci	12:08 p.m.
Aiken	12:21 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	4:53 p.m.
Windsor	5:13 p.m.
Williston	5:15 p.m.
Elko	5:42 p.m.
Blackville	5:59 p.m.
Lees	6:07 p.m.
Graham's	6:21 p.m.
Bamberg	6:37 p.m.
Midway	6:46 p.m.
Branchville	6:54 p.m.
Arrive Charleston	10:10 p.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS.

Leave Charleston	10:15 p.m.
Arrive Augusta	8:30 a.m.
Leave Augusta	7:30 p.m.
Arrive Charleston	6:00 a.m.
Down Leave Blackville	11:25 p.m.
Up Leave Blackville	4:30 a.m.

FRIGHT AND ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Charleston	7:40 a.m.
Arrive Augusta	9:35 p.m.
Leave Augusta	6:00 a.m.
Arrive Charleston	6:15 p.m.
Down Leave Blackville	4:55 p.m.
Up Leave Blackville	10:24 a.m.

Magnolia Passenger Route.

PORT ROYAL RAILROAD.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 4, 1879.

Baldoe	12:07 Down
Baldoe	3:30 Up
Allendale	12:30 Down
Allendale	8:00 Up

DAILY PASSENGER TRAIN.

Going South.

Leave Augusta	10:00 a.m.
Arrive Yemassee	2:16 p.m.
Leave Yemassee	2:00 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	4:50 p.m.
Leave Savannah	4:50 p.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	8:00 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	9:00 a.m.
Arrive Beaufort	4:40 p.m.
Leave Beaufort	4:40 p.m.
Arrive Port Royal	4:17 p.m.
Leave Port Royal	4:17 p.m.
Arrive Yemassee	5:30 p.m.
Leave Yemassee	1:30 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	1:20 p.m.
Leave Savannah	10:25 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	6:50 p.m.
Leave Jacksonville	7:15 a.m.
Arrive Beaufort	1:00 p.m.
Leave Beaufort	11:23 a.m.
Leave Port Royal	11:00 a.m.

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

ROBERT O. FLEMING, General Superintendent. J. S. DAYANT, General Passenger Agent.

Port, Columbia & Augusta R. R.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

CHARLOTTE, COLUMBIA & AUGUSTA R. R. GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT. COLUMBIA, S. C., Dec. 27, 1878.

Leave Charlotte	1:00 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	6:00 a.m.
Leave Columbia	6:05 a.m.
Arrive Augusta	10:00 a.m.

No. 1—Night Express, South.

Leave Charlotte	1:00 a.m.
Arrive Columbia	6:00 a.m.
Leave Columbia	6:05 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, Lee'sville, Batesburg, Ridge Spring, Johnston, Trenton and Graniteville. All other stations will be recognized as flag stations.

T. D. KLINE, Sup't. JOHN R. MACMURDO, Gen. Pas. Agent.

Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

Leave Charleston	7:15 a.m.
Arrive Savannah	1:00 p.m.
Leave Savannah	4:17 p.m.
Arrive Jacksonville	6:35 a.m.
Leave Jacksonville	8:30 p.m.
Arrive Savannah	5:15 p.m.
Leave Savannah	9:00 p.m.

Fullman cars on all Night Trains. C. S. GADSDEN, Engr. and Supt. S. C. BOLLATON, G. P. and T. Agent.

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. II. BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1879. NO. 93.

In June.

The sweet June roses hug in crimson clusters. Beside the wall, and nodded by the gate; The clover blossoms shone in rose-red lustre. In the wide meadows, where, like kings in state, The stately lilies lifted up their chalices To catch the dew that fell from heaven each night; And in that summer time I built a palace— A stately palace, fair and snowy white.

A thousand singing-birds were round my dwelling, And flowers blossomed all the place about. And all day long the birds' sweet songs were swelling, And balmy odors on the breeze stole out. Oh! I was happy in that golden summer, And thought not once of sorrow that might be. Beside me on the morrow—a new-comer, To steal my birds and blossoms all from me.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

Patter, patter, came the rain, steadily, heavily. "Oh, what a dreary day it is!" said Lottie Maynard, as she looked up from her sewing, and gazed out of the window of the old farmhouse where she resided. "Dreary enough," replied her mother, "in a cheery voice, although her spirits were evidently depressed by the gloom; "but I hope it may clear up before night-fall."

"I hope so too," said Lottie, "for you know, mother, I promised Emma Brown I would spend this evening with her, and I know she will feel so disappointed if the rain prevents me from going."

"Well, my dear, if you cannot go, you must not feel dissatisfied, but be thankful that you have a good home to shelter you from the storm without. How many poor creatures are exposed to its fury, and perhaps have no home in which to take refuge?"

"I wonder whose poor Charlie is tonight?" said Lottie, sorrowfully. "God only knows," replied the mother, drawing a deep sigh; "but I trust the storming arms are around him, wherever he may be. It is almost three years now since he went away."

"Oh, I remember it all so well," said Lottie; "you know, mother, he did not come down to his breakfast that morning and you sent me up to his room to see if he was sick (for he never called) and when I opened his door he was nowhere to be seen."

"He was a thoughtless, wayward boy," said his mother, tears starting into her eyes, "but he was ever kind and affectionate toward his mother, and I am afraid your father was rather too stern with him."

"Do you think he will ever come back?" said Lottie, in an earnest voice. "Oh, how very glad we should all be to see him again; and I am sure father would rejoice at his return."

house. Then a loud rap was heard at the door, and she ran to open it. There stood the poor man, the wet dripping from his garments, and the cold wind beating the rain in his face. He made a low bow to Lottie, and said in a beseeching tone— "It's a very cold wet day. Would you please allow me to warm myself by your fire a few minutes?"

Mrs. Maynard was not the woman to refuse so reasonable a request, especially when it came from one who needed so very much what he asked. And since her son ran away to sea, her heart had always warmed toward the "sons of the ocean," although it was a rare sight to see one in their part of the country, and consequently it did not often lie in her power to benefit them. So when this poor wanderer came to her door shivering with cold, and apparently so much in need of warmth and refreshment, she was not behind hand in her hospitality. She told Lottie to set a chair for him by the glowing stove, and also to set out some food on the table near him, of which he was cordially invited to partake.

After he seemed thoroughly warmed and his hunger appeased, Mrs. Maynard turned to him, as he sat by the fire, with averted face, and inquired why he happened to be out on such an inclement day. "Why, you see, ma'am," said the stranger in a respectful voice; "I only landed at Philadelphia the other day. I've just returned from a long voyage, and I'm on my way to see an old friend, who lives somewhere on this road."

"Have you been long at sea?" asked Mrs. Maynard. "Well, not more than three or four weeks. I've made two voyages to China, two or three to Europe, and this last to the west coast of South America and back, and now I think I shall settle down on land, for I'm about tired of following the sea. It's a hard life, and you're treated 'most like a dog."

"It's a hard life, you say?" said Mrs. Maynard, sadly (she was thinking of her absent boy). "I suppose, in your wanderings, you never met with a young man by the name of Charles Maynard, did you?"

"Charles Maynard! Charles Maynard!" slowly repeated the stranger to himself. "Why, to be sure I did. He sailed in the same ship with me several times. I often heard him speak of his good mother. Are you any relation to him, ma'am?"

"I am his own mother. He's my only son!" cried Mrs. Maynard, the tears gushing into her eyes, and starting to her feet, she advanced toward the sailor. "Oh, tell me, where did you see him last? Where is he now? My poor boy! Will he soon come home?"

The stranger covered his face with his hand, while a deep sob heaved his manly bosom. Then, uncovering his face, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, he looked, and said softly— "Mother, don't you know your boy? I am Charles Maynard!"

A mother's arms were instantly thrown around him. A mother's kisses fell thick and fast on his swarthy face, and amid the exclamations of joy from herself and Lottie, the poor wanderer felt that he was indeed welcome at home again.

Jefferson Davis at Home.

Seventy-five miles east of New Orleans, on the New Orleans and Mobile railway, is the little flag station of Beauvoir, about equidistant from Mississippi City and Biloxi, favorite seaside resorts of the wealthy residents of New Orleans. Beauvoir is the home of Jefferson Davis. Entering the gate, you pass across a lawn dotted with live oak and other trees festooned with the picturesque Spanish moss. Before you is a low and spacious mansion palatial white, with broad verandas. At either side, a trifle nearer the fence, is a small building, a sort of pavilion.

While resting on the veranda waiting for your letter of introduction to be handed to the master, your eye takes in the hospitable provisions for case afforded by several comfortable rocking-chairs, a table and a settee. Life here is all fresco. The broad hall which goes through the house is open to the breeze, but not to the ardent sun, whose rays are intercepted by the veranda.

Here on the front veranda sits of a morning the ex-President of the South. In full view is the Gulf of Mexico, that dazzling, radiant expanse of shimmering blue. Its summer waves glide softly to break in lulling sound upon the white and sparkling sand. The breeze is laden with the strange perfume of the sea. It is the land of the lotus-eaters, where 'tis always afternoon.

It was soon summoned to the little pavilion to the right of the mansion. This building is divided into two parts. The rearward is occupied by an ancient and favorite negro servant, whose idea of housekeeping is to display his furniture and tools on his little veranda. He has a notion of raising vegetable odds and ends in boxes, and his vagaries excite but a smile. No one dreams of interfering, even for the sake of order, with the privileges of this ancient servitor.

The front portion of the pavilion is occupied by Mr. Davis as a library and study. Here I found him, slightly indisposed and lying upon a lounge. His manner is genial and very kindly, with that charming courtesy characteristic of the high-bred Southern gentleman.

Mr. Davis has yet a fresh and vigorous look. His hair, moustache and whiskers are white in part, but his eyes are bright and cheerful. His face, in repose, is almost severely intellectual, but the smile which lights up his mouth and his quietly cheerful laugh dispel the first impression of coldness. Few of our public men have the quiet fascination of manner, the old-fashioned grace and the charming conversational power of Jefferson Davis. His memory is capacious and retentive. One might, with a facile photographic pen, collect great stores of reminiscence from his lips.

I asked him if he was much visited by newspaper men. He replied that he was not, for he had made it an invariable rule not to be interviewed, and of the repulses of reporters he gave me several instances of an amusing nature. "Surely," he said, "I who am disfranchised, not even a citizen of the United States and with no political ambitions, may claim immunity from the reporters." The conversation turned naturally upon the newspaper press, and in his estimate of the journals of the old school as compared with the newer and "spicier" papers of to-day, Mr. Davis showed an intimate knowledge of the history of journalism in this country. Mr. Davis is a pretty extensive newspaper reader.

I asked him if in working on his memoirs he preferred the morning hours for his literary task. He said that he did not; that he could work better evenings and was in fact a late riser. "I got enough of early rising in the army in my younger days," he added.

THE MANUAL LABOR OF WRITING was, he remarked, distasteful to him, and he sought relief in dictation, although his thoughts came faster than the pen of his amanuensis could secure them. "The only person who could ever write fast enough for me," he said, "was my chief clerk when I was Secretary of War. He disliked composition, and I equally disliked writing. We were, therefore, the complements of each other." The little library in the pavilion is arranged very conveniently. A gallery midway up the shelves makes it easy, by means of a step-ladder, to handle books on the topmost shelves. The large library which Mr. Davis possessed before the war, was dispersed, the books in many cases being scattered through the woods. All of his present collection are newly acquired. The lower shelves are laden with the Congressional Globes—an imperfect set, Mr. Davis remarked—and the "American Archives." Above are biographies in great number and political histories, handbooks, etc. Early in the afternoon lunch was served in the little library. While we ate, Mr. Davis talked pleas-

antly of men and events in bygone days. He has that rare cheerfulness of humor which communicates itself to his auditors, and has besides a quietly witty turn. What was said by MR. DAVIS REGARDING POLITICS, I am not at liberty to repeat. But I may say that none of Mr. Davis' judgments of men and things were tinged with bitterness. He seems to discuss politics from the serene heights of philosophic statesmanship. He is tolerant of all opinions, while earnestly believing in the doctrine of State rights. Without the States there could, he said, be no Union, and in local self-government alone lies her safety.

Regarding certain matters which were discussed in the course of the day, I am privileged to speak. I asked him if he thought the negro exodus would assume formidable dimensions. He said he did not attribute exaggerated importance to the movement, nor did he think it a trifling matter. The negroes are credulous and easily led. Those who have gone to Kansas will probably return, if they have the means; others think they will remain only to die in that cold country. Some of his negro laborers on his Mississippi River plantation went to Kansas, in the outfit of the "exodus." They had asked his opinion of Kansas, and he had told them of its rigorous climate, but had said to them, if they felt it to be for their best good to leave, to go rather to a warmer region.

As an instance of negro credulity Mr. Davis related to me the experience of one of his negroes to whom an agent had sold a certificate for \$5 entitling the purchaser to take forty acres of waste land. The poor fellow selected a piece of ground and spent all of his savings in improving and stocking the place. He had got the land into a fair state of cultivation, when the owner came along and told the negro to leave, for it was his property. Thus the poor, duped negro lost every cent he had. Mr. Davis thinks the return of some of the Kansas emigrants will for a time deter negroes from trying their fortune there, but he fears that the easy credulity of the negro may at any time render him the victim of some cruel scheme.

Mr. Davis said that there was a great deal of excellent land in Mississippi government which the negroes might buy very cheaply. He believed that, apart from the white man, the negro will cease to thrive, and will relapse into barbarism. The races need each other. Mr. Davis remarked that it was impossible for a man who had been reared apart from the negro to have that same affection for him as is felt by Southern men, who have in childhood been nursed by negroes, been the playmates of negroes and grown up with them.

The tendency of negroes in the State of Mississippi, thinks Mr. Davis, is to move on to the alluvial. They are leaving the hills and going to the river. He advocates the immigration to the fertile hill country of Northern men, who will, he believes, be cordially welcomed.

Men of small capital can invest to advantage in fruit and vegetable culture. Vine dressers will do well. The thirty-second parallel of latitude, said Mr. Davis, indicates the proper country for the peach. On both sides of this line the peach thrives. This parallel runs nearly through Vicksburg, Jackson and Meridian. Mr. Davis spoke of the sure remuneration afforded by orange cultivation in lower Mississippi. There were instances of trees bearing 5,000 oranges, or at the rate of \$50 a tree. "But to be moderate," he said, "let us say from 1,000 to 2,000 oranges per tree; here is from \$10 to \$20 return." Fig culture is practicable on a large scale, and he would advise the canning of this fruit for the market. He had, he said, seen the blue Celeste fig candy on the trees. In speaking at some length on grape culture, Mr. Davis remarked that the Souppernong is the variety best adapted to the coast.

The yellow fever Mr. Davis regards as a deterrent in Northern immigration, but the fever, he says, is an exotic, and probably a rigid quarantine will in the future diminish the chances of its appearance.—Boston Herald.

A correspondent says: The insect question is a very important one; they will destroy us if we don't them. The following modes I use on occasion demands, and never fail: Melon and cucumber bugs like radish leaves better than any other kind. I sow a few radish seeds in each and never lose a plant. Earth-worms, cut-worms, white grubs, and, in fact, all soft-bodied worms, are easily driven out by salt sown broadcast. You can do no harm with ten bushels to the acre, but a half bushel is ample. Dry slacked lime is also effectual.

Georgia, Delaware and South Carolina are the only States that are wholly represented by native born Congressmen.

What "Old Times" Meant.

A half century ago a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fired fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast, a majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clap-boarded, painted, blinded and comfortably warmed. Then, the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day, few are the homes, in city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plate and spoons to the melting pot, while knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver-plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner-pot, tea-kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying-pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture. The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip"; now, in city and village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas-jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars, could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fireworks in the match safe, at a cost of one-hundredth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day who does not carry a watch? And as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart-load, at sixty cents.

Fifty years ago, how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village. Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac and the few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from three to five hundred volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than ten thousand volumes, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday-school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every one hundred inhabitants of the United States.—Atlantic Monthly.

Too Much Cotton.

We have repeatedly warned our people against the mistake they make in the over production of cotton. It seems that they are determined, however, and persist in their error. In the early spring a momentary rise in the price of the staple is sure to mislead the majority of our farmers and the failure of one year is succeeded by that of the next and such has been the history of cotton planting in this State since the war, until our farmers are poorer than they ever were. Just now and for some weeks back there has been a considerable rise in the cotton market and the farmers have thereby been encouraged to plant larger crops than they had at first intended, and are disposed to make heavy bills with the merchants upon the false and misleading presumption that cotton will bring a big price in the fall. The only way to avoid the fatal consequences of present extravagance is for the farmers to religiously refrain from buying anything more "on time" than their actual necessities require. The price of cotton in the fall will very probably be lower than it has been at any time during the present season—everything is going down, prices are not more than half what they were a year or two ago, and it is unfair to suppose that cotton will go up and everything else down. The most rigid economy and nothing else can save our farmers from absolute bankruptcy. Without the farmers of the country will all go down under the crushing weight of their liabilities and the people will be sold to a slavery of debt under the Sheriff's hammer.—Abbeville Medium.

Special Requests. 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.

Romance of the Frontier.

While the older civilization of the East is excited over the eccentric tastes of well-bred young women who prefer for husbands car-drivers and coachmen to the men of more polite position; the newer and cruder society of the frontier has been enjoying on its own account a little romantic sensation, the end of which has not yet come. In the Seventh Cavalry stationed at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota, there is an enlisted man, Charles Meller, whose good looks have not only made many of the landladies' hearts flutter, but have exerted an influence in all the towns near which his troop has been stationed. Recently there came to Bismarck Mr. Frank C. Melville, a prominent and wealthy merchant of St. Paul, Minn., and with him came his daughter, a girl of eighteen, who is spoken of as quite beautiful in person and the possessor of many graceful accomplishments. Mr. Melville came to Bismarck to start a flour mill, and while he was engaged in the occupation his daughter amused herself with the limited society that the place affords. Everyone knows what a belle an accomplished girl can be when she is visiting at or near a frontier military post, and Miss Melville was not an exception to the well-proven rule, for never a day passed that several young officers did not dismount in front of her door. One of these young men, it is generally thought, was seriously smitten and pressed his suit with much perseverance. Miss Melville, however, was not captivated by the glitter of a shoulder strap, nor did she ever stay her free eyes. New Year's eve a ball was given at which, in the characteristic Western way, people of many social grades met and mingled on the floor. There Miss Melville met the handsome Meller, who received so much encouragement that he met her secretly afterwards, and the acquaintance ripened into an engagement which the other day culminated in an elopement to Jamestown, where the couple were married. The announcement of the marriage created more commotion in the garrison than many an Indian assault has done, the men as a rule looking upon the affair much as "Dick Dadeys" did upon "Ralph Rackers took somewhat the same view that "Sir Joseph Porter" did of the fair "Josephine's" defection. Meller and his wife returned to his post after the ceremony and the bridegroom was properly sent to the guardhouse for being "absent without leave and for conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." Mr. Melville has taken his daughter to St. Paul, but before going he had an interview with Meller and, while forgiving him, promised to exert his influence to secure the discharge of his daughter's husband from the United States service.—New York World.

Another New Departure.

The following is taken from a New York correspondence that appeared in the News and Courier: Our Hebrew friends, especially those of the orthodox branch, are much exercised over the new departure proposed at the fashionable Temple Emanuel on Fifth Avenue. It seems likely that the day of worship will be changed from Saturday to Sunday. Most of the worshippers in the Temple Emanuel are of the class of Jews who attend to business on Saturday just as other people do and they find it inconvenient to give part of the day to religious service. They do not see why the Christian Sabbath would not answer just as well, and they propose to substitute it for their own. Rabbi Gottlieb, the pastor of the Temple, whose sympathies are with the progressive element of his people, is in favor of the change. He thinks the attendance at service would be much larger on Sunday than on Saturday, because business would not then interfere at all. The old-fashioned Jews are indignant at this additional symptom of weakness on the part of their "progressive" brethren, and some of them even denounce the Temple Emanuel people as renegades and apostates. But those people out loose from orthodox Judaism long ago. They are Jews (according to the old standard) only in name. They observe secretly any of the old forms, and they pay very little more attention to the Sabbath than free thinking so-called Christians pay to Sunday. Nearly all the Jewish brokers and merchants are at their places of business on Saturday just as regularly as on Monday. Most of these are in favor of dropping the old-fashioned Sabbath altogether, and opening the temples on Sunday instead. At present it seems very probable that the change will be made, and that it will soon begin at the fashionable Fifth Avenue Temple.

The first car load of new Texas wheat was shipped from Euless on Wednesday last.