

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. II.

BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1879.

NO. 103.

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 note 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.

Rates of Advertising.

One inch, one insertion \$1.00
" " each subsequent insertion, 50 cents
Quarterly, semi-annual or yearly contracts made on liberal terms.
Contract advertising is payable 30 days after insertion unless otherwise stipulated.
No communication will be published unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.
Address,
THE PEOPLE,
Barnwell C. H., S. C.

South Carolina Railroad.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.



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

Leave Charleston	7:50 a. m.
" " Midway	12:25 p. m.
" " Bamberg	12:37 p. m.
" " Graham's	12:51 p. m.
" " Lee's	1:04 p. m.
" " Blackville	1:11 p. m.
" " Elko	1:27 p. m.
" " Williston	1:35 p. m.
" " Windsor	1:54 p. m.
" " Montmorenci	2:12 p. m.
" " Aiken	2:25 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	3:15 p. m.

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

Leave Augusta	8:15 a. m.
" " Aiken	9:09 a. m.
" " Montmorenci	9:20 a. m.
" " Windsor	9:41 a. m.
" " Williston	10:00 a. m.
" " Elko	10:07 a. m.
" " Blackville	10:22 a. m.
" " Lee's	10:31 a. m.
" " Graham's	10:44 a. m.
" " Bamberg	10:58 a. m.
" " Midway	11:05 a. m.
" " Branchville	11:30 a. m.
Arrive Charleston	6:00 p. m.

NIGHT EXPRESS.

Leave Charleston	11:00 p. m.
Arrive Augusta	6:00 a. m.
Leave Augusta	8:45 a. m.
Arrive Charleston	10:40 p. m.
Down Leave Blackville	6:15 p. m.
Up Leave Blackville	4:34 a. m.

CONNECTS WITH TRAINS AT BRANCHVILLE FOR COLUMBIA.

TRAMWAY AND ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Charleston	6:00 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	6:45 p. m.
Leave Augusta	4:50 a. m.
Arrive Charleston	5:20 a. m.
Down Leave Blackville	9:05 a. m.
Up Leave Blackville	2:38 p. m.

Magnolia Passenger Route.

PORT ROYAL RAILROAD.
Augusta, Ga., June 24, 1879.

The following passenger schedule will be operated on and after this date:

Balford	11:32 Down
Allendale	4:12 Up
Allendale	10:00 Down
Allendale	3:45 Up

DAILY PASSENGER TRAIN.

Going South.

Leave Augusta	9:00 p. m.
Arrive Yamasee	1:50 a. m.
Leave Yamasee	2:30 a. m.
Arrive Savannah	6:35 a. m.
Leave Savannah	4:19 a. m.
Arrive Jacksonville	7:15 a. m.
Arrive Charleston	8:00 a. m.
Leave Yamasee	8:20 a. m.
Arrive Beaufort	3:45 a. m.
Arrive Port Royal	4:09 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	6:26 a. m.
Leave Yamasee	2:00 a. m.
Arrive Yamasee	1:20 p. m.
Leave Savannah	9:09 p. m.
Arrive Savannah	8:29 a. m.
Leave Jacksonville	5:15 a. m.
Leave Charleston	8:30 p. m.
Leave Beaufort	11:23 p. m.
Leave Port Royal	11:00 p. m.

Trains run through between Augusta and Savannah without change, making close connection at Savannah with A. & G. R. R. train for all points in Florida.

Baggage checked through.
Refrigerators 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., June 1, 1879.

The following passenger schedule will be operated on and after this date:

No. 1—Night Express, South.

Leave Charlotte	12:45 a. m.
Arrive Columbia	5:30 a. m.
Leave Columbia	5:35 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	9:25 a. m.

No. 2—Night Express, North.

Leave Augusta	5:15 p. m.
Arrive Columbia	1:30 a. m.
Leave Columbia	2:30 a. m.
Arrive Charlotte	12:10 a. m.

No. 3—Day Passenger, South.

Leave Charlotte	2:12 p. m.
Arrive Columbia	12:00 p. m.
Leave Columbia	1:00 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	9:10 a. m.

No. 4—Day Passenger, North.

Leave Augusta	6:50 a. m.
Arrive Columbia	10:45 a. m.
Leave Columbia	10:55 a. m.
Arrive Charlotte	9:00 p. m.

These trains stop only at Fort Mill, Rock Hill, Chester, Wintboro, Edgeway, Leesville, Batesburg, Ridgely, Spring, Johnston, Trenton and Graniteville. All other stations will be recognized as flag stations.

T. D. KLINE, Supt.
JOHN R. MACMURDO, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Savannah and Charleston Railroad Co.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

JANUARY 1, 1879.

The following schedule is in effect at this date:

Fast Mail, Daily.

Leave Charleston	7:15 a. m.
Arrive Savannah	1:00 p. m.
Arrive Port Royal	4:17 p. m.
Arrive Jacksonville	6:35 a. m.
Arrive Augusta	5:30 p. m.
Leave Savannah	3:15 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 p. m.
Arrive Charleston	8:00 a. m.

Tullam cars on all Night Trains.
C. S. GADSDEN, Engr. and Supt.
S. C. BORTON, G. F. and T. Agent.

HOW LITTLE WE KNOW OF EACH OTHER.

How little we know of each other—As we pass through the journey of life, With its struggles, its fears and its toils, Its heart-breaking cares and its strife, We can only see things on the surface, For few people glory in sin, And an unruled face is no index To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other! The man who to-day passes by, Bless'd with fortune and honor and titles, And holding his proud head so high, May carry a dead secret with him, Which makes of his bosom a hell, And he, sooner or later, a felon, May write in a prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other! That woman of fashion who sneers At the poor girl betrayed and abandoned, And left to her sighs and her tears, May, ere the sun rises to-morrow, Have the mask rudely torn from her face, And sit from the height of her glory To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other! Of ourselves, too, how little we know! We are all weak when under temptation, All subject to error and sin, Then let blessed charity rule us—Let us put away envy and spite—Or the skeleton key in our closet May some day be brought to the light.

The Good People of Allendale.

TWILIGHT HUNT, August 12, 1879.

MR. EDITOR: It is not often that I voluntarily rush into public notice and still less frequently through the columns of the newspapers, and when I do take the latter position it is with the commendable desire of trying to do a public good. Had I been following the monotonous routine of business that has claimed my time and attention for so many consecutive months, without the little break that occurred last week, and for which I now think that I shall forever be thankful, this letter never would have been written. I must confess that I have become so attached to a certain old chair that it was with reluctance I left it. Mr. Editor, you know that old chair—that old arm chair that speaks when it revolves, with a great notch whittled in one arm by some idler whose pen-knife was sharper than his will; that old arm chair that sticks its elbow to me than a brother and wont wear out your pants. Yes, Major, I was sorry to leave it. But I am glad that I was made sorry, for I feel amply repaid for all of the regrets that the brief separation sprung. Yes, good-bye, old chair! and away I go, off on the iron horse, travelling ninety-five miles to go thirty, all the way around through Augusta to get to Allendale. While I do not regret that on the present occasion, as I met several old friends and was well taken care of at the Augusta Hotel and had a good time generally during the seven or eight hours that I had to lie over before the Port Royal Railroad left, yet I may not like such delays every time, so I now say hurry up, Mr. Woodward, with the Barnwell Railroad, and don't weary in well doing until you terminate at Allendale. Allendale! Why, by the way, that is what I began to write about. I will not attempt a description of my journey there, for it was night and I could see nothing, but will jump right off at Allendale depot at twelve o'clock at night—"in media re," and under such surroundings as to be wholly unable to distinguish the "media" from the "re." But though a stranger and for the first time in the town that followed the scriptural injunction and took me in, and they kept me in—in the height of pure, healthy, social enjoyment from the time I landed until I left. I enjoyed myself exceedingly. Thanks, friends, thank you. You have got a town. It is a place, a nice, pretty, thriving place, a credit to its inhabitants and the surrounding community, and you all are worthy of it. What surprises me is this, that having such a nice town, filled up with such clever people and surrounded with such a fine country settled up by such generous, thrifty and intelligent citizens, that you do not let your light shine. I don't mean that you should blow or brag, you would not do that I know, but you could and ought to let the advantages of your town and community be known, for your own good and benefit as well as for the good of others. I know you are not a bit selfish, and would hail worthy and substantial additions to your locality. I know some of you before; I know more of you now, and assure you that I will ever be pleased to hear of your prosperity. Then don't put your light under a bushel. With a fine agricultural country around you and such energetic and intelligent gentlemen as I met in your town to cultivate it, you are bound to prosper, and I heartily wish you a note to be.

Mr. Editor, I intended to mention some of the clever, generous friends that I met there, but find I have so randomly written, and spun it out so long, that I will have to put that off for another time. Suffice it to say that all of them did me the handsome thing by me and have my thanks. If you don't believe it, try them yourself, and see I. e. if they like you as well.

L. E. VARN.

A lawyer goes into court when he sees for the hand of a young lady.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

The Opportunity—the State—the Man.

(From the Indianapolis (Ind.) Daily Sentinel.)

Political parties, like individuals, have need to watch and take advantage of opportunity.

It is necessary, for success, not only to do the right thing, but to do the right thing at the right time. The most casual observer may note the fact that the approaching presidential canvass is to be contested upon the oldest traditional line dividing parties in this country. The question is, whether the people and the States are the origin of power; or whether the General Government is a source of inherent authority.

The Democratic party, by its precepts, history and traditions of a century's growth, is fully committed to the doctrine that the General Government has no powers, except such as are granted to it by the States and the people. And that the powers so granted to it should be exercised strictly in aid of that public agency which is called the General Government; and not to the hindrance or disparagement, much less to the destruction, of any of the rights reserved to the States and the people.

Hence, the intervention by the Federal authority in the elections held by the States, either for members of Congress or for other officers, is plainly a usurpation. It makes no difference how the intervention occurs, whether by military force or by the instrumentalities of United States marshals, supervisors or inspectors, so called. It is in either case, illegitimate and unauthorized.

Military intervention is especially odious and hateful to a free people, or one desiring to remain so, because it proposes to suppress the impartial expression of opinion, the murder of thought. Judicial intervention, if possible, is still more odious, because it seeks directly to connect the courts, which should be the administrators of impartial justice, with the lowest and vilest practices of partisan management.

Interference by the General Government with respect to finance, except to provide for the necessary expenses of the administration of affairs, necessarily included in its management, is of all interferences, the most dangerous and the most unnecessary, because it has afforded the minority, the greedy, grasping and corrupt few, an occasion to fatten upon the calamities and to make large gains from the misfortunes of the unsuspecting multitude. We have no doubt that a very large majority of the people of the United States have, for these reasons, certainly concluded that it were better to have as little as possible of Federal intervention—indeed, none at all—and that the power, action and influence of the General Government ought to be strictly and closely confined within the limits prescribed for them by constitutional order. It is the expression of this sentiment finding voice, at all times, in all places, among men of all parties, which not only presages but assures Democratic success in the near future.

That great episode in our history, the civil war, between the adhering and seceding States, grand as it is for its record of devoted patriotism and brilliant valor in defense of the Union and its authority, was not without its evil consequences. Among these was the aggrandizement of the power of the Central Government, the blotting out for the time being of any other. But a peace has at last come to us. It is not a peace only between the sections, a peace of the North or of the South; it is not merely a cessation of actual hostilities, or the restoration of the seceding States to practical relations with the Union, it is a peace following all that; it is a peace pure, profound, lasting, considerate and beneficent—the peace of a whole people deliberately asking a return of the administration of public affairs to the ancient system and methods of liberty. It is this great sentiment which is waiting for expression in 1880. Its voice—only needs utterance, only the opportunity to be heard. The votes need only to be cast and counted to secure its success.

THE STATE.

What State ought to lead in such a canvass? We say it should be a State of mixed population; a State inhabited equally by the descendants of emigrants, both from the North and South; a State bound to the North by its early pioneers from Pennsylvania, New York and New England; bound to the South by its hardy frontiersmen from the Carolinas, from Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky; a State bound to the Union by her fidelity and loyalty to the Constitution, and the memory of her fallen brave in every battlefield of the great conflict. Such a State may well claim to be the champion of constitutional liberty. Indiana, inhabited as she is, by a people, sprung equally from both sides of the historic

line of Mason and Dixon, is eminently the middle-ground of National sentiment and opinion. In the heart of the country, she may well claim to furnish its head.

THE MAN.

If in such a State there were a man in whom her people confided, even if he were without National reputation, such a one might well claim, on account of the State which presented him, the confidence and support of the public. But there is one whom the State has delighted to honor; of National service and renown; of stainless character, and who is presented for the suffrages of the National Convention.

The Democracy of Indiana are not against Mr. Tilden, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Thurman, or any of the distinguished gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection with the Presidential canvass, but they are for Mr. Hendricks.

He is not "the man on horseback." He is not the exponent of the special interests and opinions of a great commercial emporium. He is the man of peace, liberty and order, with the law upon his lips and the Constitution in his heart; a man of such just views, enlightened knowledge, and ripe experience as a statesman and publicist, that if, by some disastrous political convulsion, the whole form and theory of popular government were blotted from the memory of men, they might be supplied from the resources of his own official action and history.

His executive conduct and character would be a free constitution, and his conscience a guarantee for its support and maintenance.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

is—the approaching National Democratic Convention. The State is—Indiana. The man—we have named.

The man is great in his strength and wisdom without the State or the opportunity. The State is strong and true and faithful, even without the man.

But the opportunity, the State and the man together make a combination before which any opposition would go down in hopeless defeat and disaster.

Sale of a Wife.

James Tomson, Arthur Harvey and Jacob Landrum are men and brethren of the colored persuasion. Tomson is reported to be a jack of all trades, preacher, carpenter, blacksmith and farmer, but has lately turned his attention to conveying, for which he displays no special talent. Harvey is a very short specimen of humanity, of a roving disposition and expert in handling cards. Landrum is a copper colored Hercules of a domestic train of mind, but unfortunate in his married life.

Some years ago his first love deserted him, but meeting with Harvey, who had wearied of his better half he pays five dollars for her and makes her goddess of his cook pots, while Harvey, a free man, feels rich in the possession of cash and liberty. As a mutual friend Tomson comes in and perfects the unique transaction.

FEBRUARY 12, 1879.

THEE TO SAY IN ARGUMENT BETWEEN Jacob Landrum and Arthur Harvey Delever up me his claim of this woman which he has sold his wife worse in time, which he is quit her now, sold her to me for five dollars cash, also she is willing stay with Jacob Landrum the balance of her days so even you sell me your claim bit is no more yours, bit is ded ded forever also witness By and sealed.

[L. S.] JAMES TOMSON.

FROM A. HARVEY TO JACOB LANDRUM.

RECEIVED FROM Jacob Landrum \$5.00 for satisfied and the expense that I paid out and I do agree to give him the right to hear. I do hereby say that I will never be a stumbling block in his way and so we do hereby do agree and

JIM TOMSON ARTHUR HARVEY JACOB LANDRUM

Edgar Howard Farrar, counsel of the late Mrs. Dorsey, states that the property left to Mr. Davis is worth about \$30,000, and no more. The rents from the same amount to about \$2,500 annually. Mrs. Dorsey was suffering with a fatal disease for several years. She felt that her husband had done all for his relatives that they deserved, and that the property would be left to Mr. Davis as her and her relatives having no claim on her, she gave it to Mr. Davis as the embodiment of the South which she loved so well. Mr. Farrar repudiates anything like undue influence used by Mr. Davis.

A CRISIS FOR OLD ENGLAND.

Stagnation in British Trade and Manufactures.

The gloom that has been for months darkening the Lancashire cotton trade grows deeper and deeper, and no one can tell how and when the depression will end, if it is ever to end. It is everywhere recognized that the trade is now passing through the most severe crisis in its history. The depression is more severe than during the terrible cotton famine at the time of the American war, for then it was known that peace in the United States would bring back trade, while now there is no knowing when the depression will end. As there are no perfectly obvious causes of the trouble there is much division of opinion as to the proper remedy. The general idea appears to be that the cause is "over production," and in the absence of existing Continental causes this is probably the case. But how to curtail production—that is the question that has for a long time been discussed.

The conflicting interests which exist have, however, defeated every plan that has so far been devised. The reduction of wages is not enough to counterbalance losses, and it is admitted that trade is not to be remedied by obliging operatives to make further sacrifices. The short time movement is spreading, but it is not yet thoroughly systematized; but even if it should be the system will only serve to ameliorate the condition of things, for whenever it is abandoned the old state of affairs will be brought about again in a short time. The state of trade is best told by the balance sheets of a stock company. Nine-tenths of them have not paid a dividend for two or three years, and even with an immediate resumption of good trade some of them would not be able to pay a dividend for several years to come. The fact that many of them have lived so long under these circumstances would be astonishing if we did not know that they were sustained by loan capital. But they will, of course, exhaust even loan capital after a while, and one company owning one of the finest mills in the district has been obliged to stop from this very cause. The situation may be summed up thus:—Ten million dollars of capital representing twentieths of the limited companies unproductive for three years, \$600,000 of debt, twenty per cent. reduction in operatives' wages, mills running short time, many mills closed, numerous failures and house property decreased fifty per cent. in value. The question is now asked, "Can the trade bear such a strain during the next three years?" Some of the companies are preparing for the crisis by increasing their share capital, but can it be raised in these hard times?

A FIRE WRECKER IN NORTH CAROLINA.—About three years ago the Observer reported the case of a citizen of this county who, having married in 1843, lighted a fire on his hearth-stone as soon as he carried his bride to his new home, and had kept it burning ever since. The citizen was in town yesterday, and being questioned about the matter stated that the fire was still burning, and that throughout all these thirty-six years it had never been allowed to go out. Questioned as to whether or not it made the house uncomfortably hot in torrid weather, he said the extra heat thus generated was not perceptible. In reply to another question, he said that in summer weather, when it was necessary for comfort's sake, to keep the fire burning very low, he had to get up frequently at night to replenish it slightly, but that he counted this as nothing when he contemplated the idea of that fire going out. He has evidently formed for it a strong attachment, and yet one would not take him for a sentimental man. But this fire is to him a constant reminder of the day when he first brought home his bride. Around it his children have grown up into manhood and womanhood, and their children have gazed into its light. It was the last light that fell upon the eyes of his wife, and he hopes that it will be the last that will fall upon his. Viewed thus his sentiment in the matter can be understood, and so strong is his sentiment that with the old man it amounts almost to a passion.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Holidays.

The holiest of all holidays are those kept by ourselves in silence and apart—The secret anniversaries of the heart. When the fall river of feeling overflows, The happy days unclouded to their close, White as the gleam of a receding sail; White as a cloud that floats and fades in air; White as the whitest lily on a stream, These tender memories are: a fairy tale. Of some enchanted land we know not where, But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

A Virginia Judge holds that a husband cannot be slandered by his wife. They are one in the eyes of the law, and she has a right to slander either half.

Fire in Turkey.

A fire broke out on the 8th instant in the Latin quarter of Serajvo, Turkey, the whole of which was in flames. The fire assumed terrible proportions, and was not extinguished until 8 o'clock this morning, after tremendous exertions by the men of the garrison. Help is urgently required for the householders, who are now estimated to number twenty thousand persons. Three soldiers of the garrison were killed. Some of the newspapers declare that the fire was caused by Mahomedan fanatics, but it is generally said to have been caused by an explosion. The Catholic, Serbian and Jewish districts and commercial quarters have been entirely destroyed. A thousand buildings have been burned, including the Catholic and Serbian Churches.

Some of the large firms in the city estimate the damage at more than a hundred million florins, but this is thought to be exaggerated. The homeless people are camped in the squares and gardens. A relief committee has been organized. The Emperor of Austria has forwarded 10,000 florins in aid of the sufferers.

USEFUL IF OLD.—The following simple rules, for preserving health and promoting comfort, if not new to some of our readers, are none the less important to every one:

The object of brushing the teeth is to remove the destructive particles of food which, by their decomposition, generate decay. To neutralize the acid resulting from the chemical change is the object of dentifrice. A stiff brush should be used after every meal, and a thread of silk floss or India rubber passed through between the teeth to remove particles of food. Rinsing the mouth in lime water neutralizes the acid.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and life-giving bath that can possibly be taken.

Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes or wear foot covering fitting or pressing closely.

The best time to eat fruit is half an hour before breakfast.

A full bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water after bathing. Do not take a cold bath when tired.

Keep a box of powdered starch on the washstand; and after washing, rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent chapping.

If feeling cold before going to bed, exercise; do not roast over a fire.

JOE BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—Sum marry because they think wimmin will be scarce next year, and live to wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, not a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of the game.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it over first, and then set down and marry.

JOINING HIS SWEETHEART IN DEATH.

The Surprise as to Week's Disappearance After Miss Brownell's Suicide.

(New York Sun.)

Charles T. Weeks, a clerk in Gilman & Son's banking house, 62 Cedar street, has been reported to the New York and Brooklyn police as missing from his home since Thursday last. His brother, Arthur M. Weeks, of 215 Halsey street, Brooklyn, says that Charles was engaged to Miss Jennie Brownell, of White Plains, who committed suicide on July 23, and it is feared that grief for her has driven him to the same fate. Miss Brownell was the only daughter of the late Captain Brownell, U. S. N., and an attractive, accomplished girl of 17. She lived with her mother, who had undertaken the charge of the household of Mr. Daniel Griffin, of White Plains. About three weeks ago Mr. Griffin died, and Miss Brownell was profoundly impressed with the death bed scene. She became so nervous that, by the advice of her mother she spent two days with friends at Hilton on the Hudson. There her manner was strange, and it was remarked that she spoke of having the materials of a dress which she did not expect to make up, because she did not think she would live long enough to need it. But after her return home, she resumed her wonted vivacity. On the 25th, however, she was found very ill in her room, and complained of a burning sensation in her stomach. A physician prescribed for her without learning that she had taken poison, and after he went away her agony continued to such an extent that she was closely questioned. She finally confessed that she had taken corrosive sublimate, which had been used in the house for cleaning purposes. She positively refused to assign any other reason for her act than that she was tired of life, and no cause could be ascertained. Although physicians were summoned, and the usual antidotes administered, she died.

NEWS AND OTHERWISE.

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," as the man said when his wife fell in the well.

A Stomach's habit is said to be safe in the crypt and guarded by four watchmen.

Gen. Walker thinks the next census of the United States will show a population of at least 48,000,000.

A Buffalo girl only fourteen years of age, has invented a fan which is put in motion by the "wind" of a train. It is to be attached to stock-cars to fan hogs and sheep.

Fourteen men can get together at a hotel, borrow all the tobacco the landlord has, spit all over the floors, and make themselves believe they are a State Convention.

It is said that the profits on the sale of thrashing-machines are about sixty per cent, and yet thousands of young men are still rushing to college to learn law and medicine.

We all of us are apt to prate about our independence of character, and yet the notes of a grate man effects most folks, just as a pat on the head daz a puppy.—Josh Billings.

The sudden paleness which sometimes overspreads a young man's face in church may be caused by quickened conscience, but the chances are that he has swallowed some tobacco juice.

A Chicago detective leans back in his chair, gives an extra puff at his cigar, and observes: "Easiest thing in the world to find Charlie Ross, but of course I'm not going to do it until asked to by his father."