

- 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 a Friday.

WITHERED ROSE.

Withered rose-leaves in an urn -
Everywhere our glances turn,
Time old grows uncovers,
Many a dainty, perfumed note
Hands long cold once warmly wrote,
Hidden here by lovers.

A BOLD BACKWOODS BOY.

Jad was eleven years old and little Chlo, his sister, was two years younger. But this was a great many years ago when their father, Mr. Dunlap, had just moved into a township in the western part of Maine, which was then a wild, uninhabited region, save where here and there an adventurous settler had planted his little log hut in the heart of the wilderness, and laid bare a few acres of the forest as a nucleus of the future home of himself and thriving family - almost always a small colony in itself.

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. V. NO. H. BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1881. \$2 a Year.

"It's too bad," cried little Chlo. "Can't you catch him?"
Jad thought a moment. His father had a steel fox-trap. He would set that and have the thief. Leaving Chlo, he hastened to the house, got the trap and raced back to the brook. It was set at last to his satisfaction, and baited with a squirrel, which he had brought along to bait his mink-traps with. He drove a stake down through the ring in the trap-chain, so as to hold whatever was caught.

desperate blow he again stunned the creature, and, before he could recover, the resolute boy dispatched him.
Dropping the hatchet, Jad threw himself on the ground, panting and exhausted. Poor little Chlo now came timidly forward, trembling and casting frightened glances at the animal, as if she half expected it would even now leap upon her.
"O, Jad!" cried the little girl, seeing the boy's tattered frock, "you must be awful hurt! And, oh, see your arm!"

A DECORATED MEN.
Did you ever wrestle with a hen that had a wild, uncontrollable desire to incubate? Did you ever struggle on, day after day, trying to convince her that her mission was to furnish eggs for your table instead of hovering all day on a door-knob, trying to hatch out a litter of front doors?
William H. Root, of this place, who has made the hen a study, both in her home life and while lying in the embrace of death, has struck up an argument which the average hen will pay more attention to than any other he has discovered in his researches.
He says the modern hen ignores almost everything when she once gets the notion that she is called upon to incubate. You can deluge her with the garden-hose, or throw old umbrellas at her, or change her nest, but that don't count with the firm and stubborn hen. You can take the eggs out of the nest and put a blooded bull-dog or a nest of new-laid bumble bees in place of them, and she will hover over them as assiduously as she did before.

CROSSING THE EQUATOR.
The New York World thus explains how a person crossing the equator at the 180th meridian loses one day out of his life, and why: In time each day begins at midnight; in place, at the 180th meridian. When it is midnight at Greenwich it will be, let us say, Wednesday for 180 deg. east and Tuesday for 180 deg. west. If a person crosses the meridian coming east, he sails out of Wednesday and into Tuesday. If he goes westward he sails out of Tuesday and into Wednesday. It is never the same day all around the world except when it is striking midnight on the 180th meridian. One hour after it is midnight 15 deg. further west, and 1 a. m. of Wednesday (say) at the meridian, Wednesday extending over 15 deg. of the surface of the earth, and Tuesday over the remaining 345 deg. In other words, the new day extends from the 180th meridian west to midnight, wherever that may be, and the old day extends from the 180th meridian east, till it meets the new day at midnight. Reversing it, it is the new day from midnight at any point on the earth eastward to the 180th meridian, and the old day westward to that meridian. It does not matter upon what parallel of latitude you pass the 180th degree of longitude - whether at the equator or the Arctic circle - the old day is always east of it and the new day west of it. In crossing the 180th meridian ship or drop a day in order to keep accurate time. A steamer sailing west, from San Francisco for Yokohama, comes to the meridian at 10 a. m. Tuesday. Her bow crosses, and in the forecastle it is 10 a. m. Wednesday, while in the cabin it is 10 a. m. of Tuesday. A moment later, it is 10 a. m. of Wednesday in the cabin also, and Tuesday is left behind. Twenty-four hours has been added to the reckoning, but no time has been actually gained. A vessel sailing eastward reverses this - sailing out of 10 a. m. Wednesday into 10 a. m. of Tuesday. It was once the habit of shippers calling eastward not to go back a day, but to add a Sunday in the middle of the week to straighten the reckoning, to which day all jobs postponed indefinitely were relegated, and this is the origin of the phrase often heard in New England coast towns, "When Sunday comes to the middle of the week, I'll do it." It may be asked, "What becomes of the 10 a. m. of Tuesday that was left behind?" That 10 a. m. of Tuesday was twenty-four hours old. It began on the meridian twenty-four hours previously, traveled westward around the world, and was then ready to give up the ghost and let 10 a. m. of Wednesday begin its journey. Each hour of each day begins at the 180th meridian, and when it arrives at the meridian the same hour of the next day starts. The whole arrangement is an arbitrary one, agreed upon by Christian people in order to simplify reckoning, and the 180th meridian is selected for the beginning of the day because it is in the middle of the Pacific ocean and avoids the complications that would arise if the day began at a meridian running through a thickly populated country.

"The topic of universal interest at Washington," telegraphs the Chicago Tribune correspondent, "has been the discovery of the autopsy. However explicable the errors of diagnosis made by the attending surgeons, it is none the less true as a fact that they have treated the case from the start in entire ignorance of the true character of the injury. It is almost incredible that a group of intelligent and experienced surgeons, having a large familiarity with gunshot wounds, should have gone on exploring, cleansing and dressing a burrowing abscess for eight or ten weeks, while the gunshot wound which they were supposed to be treating was left entirely alone to the curative powers of unassisted nature. From day-to-day we had bulletins more or less explicitly stating the vicissitudes of the so-called wound. Dr. Woodward was putting his microscope onto the pus and taking photographs of the interesting aspects thus brought to light. The catheter was going up and down, now four inches, now twelve, now only three or four, and the wound was said to be healing to suit. The granulations were reported upon, and the nature of the healing, whether from the ball outward or otherwise, was discussed, and announced by the doctors in charge time upon time and with great confidence. The latest and most ingenious appliances of science were brought into requisition, and the location of the ball supposed to be ascertained with reasonable certainty and accuracy. Dr. Bliss claimed that the ball experiments had been entirely successful, and that they had verified the united theory of the doctors that the ball was located in the iliac region. Its position was stated in half and quarter inches, except that it did come out later than the depth of the ball from the surface was not so nicely understood. And now it appears that the ball was half way across the body, in quite another direction, and that the path of the bullet was almost at right angles with the long abscess which they were treating in its stead. But the autopsy opens more than the doctors immediately concerned in the case. In many particulars it makes the criticisms of outside physicians as ridiculous as the statements of those in charge. For instance, many claimed, with warmth, that the ball was not crushed, and was a constant source of irritation and danger. Now it appears that the ball was completely crushed and the wound practically healed. The great consolation in it all, and the one which will protect the doctors in charge from a severe howl of indignation all over the world, is the apparent certainty that the wound as now understood was necessarily mortal. Had it been simply in itself a comparatively slight injury, and one which, under prompt, intelligent and correct treatment, could have been successfully coped with, one can hardly conjecture the effects of popular grief and rage. But it is evident that the President was fated. The only wonder is that he lived so long."

PLEASANTNESS.
SPELLS out with four letters - O B O T.
A SPANISH business - Manufacturing whisky.
CIRCUS mules are educated because they exhibit bray.
FUNNY items should never be consigned to the grave.
"THE old man eloquent" - When he comes home a trifle off.
THE Philadelphia Sun thinks the dressmaker is a pattern woman.
A LAWYER should never burn coal. He gets along better with Coke than Blackstones.
THE man who invented corsets was foolish, for he might have known they would all go to waist.
"WATER melon-choly scene," said the small boy when the farmer's dog chased him out of the patch.
A HOMEY young girl has the consolation of knowing that, if she lives to be 40, she will be a pretty old girl.
"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a 4-year-old for throwing the kitten away.
A LETTER that can't be best, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride; \$17.25 for ten visits.
AN ambitious young writer having asked "what magazine will give me highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."
CARLTON, being once asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied, "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determine what kind of fool he was.
"I saw a big boy and a little fellow quarreling over some marble to-day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you intended to stop their quarreling." "Yes, yes," said John. "I took the little fellow's part."
AN old man, with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an American drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red-hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy." - True Siftings.
DUNN UP, SIR.
Dunn up, sir,
Long have I waited,
Winged for the coming
Of those I love,
I'm waiting for you.
"Just keep your bottle of whisky in your closet, and when the girl brings you your hot-shaving-water in the morning, you can mix your toddy quickly, and not a soul will know a thing about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insane, because he wanted to shave five or six times a day.
WITH the regular or monthly news comes Philadelphia has just furnished one of the most peculiar phases of mental aberration ever reported. St. Mark's Episcopal Church is one of the most fashionable and aristocratic places of worship in the City of Brotherly Love, and the members of that church have been made the victims of the peculiar idiosyncrasy of an insane fellow member. Some three or four months ago the members of that church were deluged with anonymous letters of the vilest character. In some of these communications wives were advised that their husbands needed watching, in others husbands were warned to keep an eye on their wives, while in one case a wicked calumny directed against the daughter of one of the leading families of the city was sent to her parents. One hundred and fifty such letters were mailed in a single week. The rector complained to the Postoffice Department, and it soon became evident that the author of the letters was a young lady of high social standing, and worth \$600,000 in her own right, but it was also discovered that she was mentally out of balance. She was warned against continuing the offense, and for a while the letters ceased. Then the practice recommenced on a small scale, about a couple of letters a week being mailed. Lately, however, the number has increased considerably, and the tone of the contents has partaken of an absolutely revolting nature. Some of them, addressed to young ladies of the highest purity of character, and moving in the best society, have contained expressions which would shock the sensibilities of the most debased individual. She wrote a number of the most filthy letters to be conceived, addressed them to herself, and took them to the rector to read. Just what to do in the case is puzzling the authorities.

Table with 2 columns: Rate of Advertisement, Price. Includes rates for one inch, one insertion, quarterly, and contract advertising.