

The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRANCHVILLE, S. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Orange-
burg, Colleton and Barnwell.
Feb 7 1873 3m

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Offers their professional services to the
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dec 27 1873

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(ST. MATTHEWS P. O.)
June 5 1873 1f

If you have no Land, go Buy
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The undersigned has opened an OFFICE
for the SALE of LAND.
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pose of will do well to register the same
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GOOD FARMS for sale at from \$2 to \$5
per acre, on easy terms.
AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON,
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207 15

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OFFICE COURT HOUSE SQUARE,
Will give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to him.
mar 29 1f

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG C. H., So. C. A.,
MALCOLM J. BROWNING.
A. F. BROWNING.
1874

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
July 8 1f

W. L. W. RILEY
TRIAL JUSTICE,
So offices in Fork of Edisto,
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be
promptly and carefully attended to.
July 28

A Night in the Woods.

The events which form the subject of the following sketch occurred during a sojourn of three months with a surveying party in one of the wildest districts of Canada. We were occupied in tracing the course of a hitherto unexplored river, which unfolded to us a succession of scenic effects, such as would have delighted an artist and poet, and which they only could describe.

It would be difficult to convey to the reader who has not bivouacked out in the woods, the luxury of those evenings around the camp fire.

After a deal of story-telling, we all turned in for the night—that is, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and fell asleep with our feet toward the fire.

The stories told upon the evening I have in my mind had all been about wolves, some of which rapacious creatures were said to be then in our neighborhood. Owing, perhaps, to my imagination having been excited by those tales, I had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed that wolves were pursuing me; I knew they were gaining on me; I could hear their howls growing more and more distinct. There is a point of agony at which all dreams must have an end—I awoke with a terrible start, and found myself bathed in a cold sweat, and a prey to a sense of terror for which I could not account. Instead of the cheerful blaze which I had seen ere I fell asleep, all was now cold and dark. The fire had sunk to a heap of red embers. I could not distinguish one of my sleeping companions. Good heavens! can I be still slumbering? There, again, is the long, low, wailing howl which I heard so distinctly in my dream.

I sit up erect, and listen. What is that sound—a rattling among the brush-wood—some of the party stirring? No, all are silent as the grave. I am the only one awake in the camp. I sit up again! Surely I am mistaken. I thought the fire was nearer to me, just in front; and so it is. What, then, can be those two glimmering lights a few yards off? Now they are moving! I awake the nearest sleeper—an American named Silas Wood. The man starts to his feet, rubs his eyes. 'What is it?' 'Look there, Silas.' He looks, and as quick as lightning, seizes a burning fagot, and hurls it with all his force and an unerring aim. The glimmering lights disappear with a rustle of the brush-wood—a sharp, short bark close at hand, and then in a minute or two, the low, low wail in the distance is heard.

Silas then stirred and raked the burning embers, and throwing on an immense heap of dry brush, in a second the Egyptian darkness is dispelled by a bright flame which leaps up six feet into the air and brings the sleeping figures and the nearest trees into full relief.

'Silas, what does it all mean?' I asked.

'It means, squire,' replied the American, speaking with his usual deliberate drawl—'wolves!'

'Wolves?' I re-echoed. 'Then those two gleaming lights that I took for glow worms were—'

'A wolf's eyes, squire; and I guess his friends warn't fur off, awaiting kinder anxious to hear tell of their scout. Hark! if the darnd things ain't agorin' and lamentin' over their disappointment, as sure as my name's Silas Wood.'

Once more the long low howl, inexpressible and fearful, was heard at a greater distance. Now that I knew what it implied, it made the blood curdle in my veins.

'I shall never forget a wolf's howl,' I exclaimed; 'I heard that accursed sound in my dream as plainly as I hear it now. But are we not in danger?' and I began mechanically to pile up more wood on the blazing fire.

'No fears now, squire,' replied the Yankee coolly; 'the cowardly critters doesn't come near a fire like that. Besides I reckon the feller I scared so with that 'ere burning chip has told 'em it's no go by this time. They're as cunning as humans, is them critters. Ay be off, and a good riddance to ye, y' howling varmints!' he added, as the low wail was once more heard dying away in the distance.

Notwithstanding the assurance that the wolves were retreating, I took great pleasure in seeing the fire blazing up

brightly, for I knew that in that case I should have had a narrow escape? I said to my companion, who, besides myself was the only one awake in the camp.

'I reckon I've seen a narrower, then,' replied he. 'Why that 'ere skulkin' scout darnd't have give warning to the rest of the pack as long as a single red ember remained. The critters is dreadfully afraid of fire.'

'Well,' I rejoined, 'I am not at all sorry I awoke when I did. But as we're the only two awake, suppose you tell me this narrow escape you allude to—that is, if you don't feel sleepy.'

'Me, squire? I ain't sleepy, not a nissel. I couldn't sleep a wink, if I tried. I feel too kinder happy like to have cotched that darnd snakein' scout—rich a lick'; and the Yankee laughed, quite tickled at the recollection. 'I guess he had it right slick atween the eyes. I knowed he felt it by the bark he gave. Well, squire, it'll give me considerable satisfaction to narrate my adventure with the tarnation critters. I guess, squire, it be a matter of ten year ago that Deacon Nathan had a raisin' away down to Stockville, in Varmout, where I was reared.'

'Well, I guess it were pretty big barn that Deacon Nathan was agoin' to raise, and so we had a considerable sight of boys, and a regular spree; and when it came to draw towards night, the deacon he says to me: 'Silas, says he, 'I don't kinder feel 'easy leavin' this here barn unprotected during the dark watches of the night. The heart of man is desperately wicked, and there's some loafers in the village, and there's no end to boards and shingles lying about, and so, Silas, what will you take to stop here all night?'

'Deacon,' says I, 'what will you give?'

'Well, you see the deacon was close where money was concerned; so he puts on a long face, and screwed his lips together, and says very slow, 'Would a dollar buy you a night's sleep?'

'Deacon,' says I, 'taint worth my while to stop for that; but if you make it four, I don't mind it if I do.'

'Well, we chaffered and chaffered for a considerable spell, and at last we concluded to strike a bargain for two dollars and a pint of rum. The boys was a pretty well 'most cleared out when Dave Shunyer comes to me and says, 'Silas, says he, 'be it true you're a goin' to stop here all night?'

'I reckon I ain't agoin' to do nothin' else,' I says.

'Take a fool's advice,' says Dave, 'and do nothin' of the sort.'

'What for?' says I.

'Cause,' says he, 'there's several refused; and the deacon knowed you to be a kinder desperate chap, or he wouldn't have axed you.'

'Why man alive,' says I, 'what's the danger to come from?'

'Why,' says Dave, 'ain't you heard there's been wolves seen in the neighborhood? Didn't the deacon tell you as how he lost two sheep only the night afore last? You darnd't make a fire, cause of the shavings; and the barn ain't boarded up.'

'Dave,' says I, 'dont you think to pull the wool over my eyes that fashio, and then have it to say you circumvented Silas Wood. I reckon I can read you as easy as a book. You'd like to art them two dollars yourself. Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Two's company; if you like to stop with me, you're welcome; and I don't care if I share the brass into the bargain.'

'Says Dave: 'I wouldn't stop a night in this here barn as it is, not for a five-hundred-dollar bill. Remember, Silas, I've warned you as a friend; and away he went.'

'Well, squire, I warn't bin' to let Dave scare me, 'cause I knowed he was sweet on a gal called Rini Perkins, that I were keepin' company with, and would have been considerable rejoiced to have it to tell how I had fared; and as I hadn't heard tell of wolves in them parts, I jest thought he said that by way of banter.'

'Well, I made myself comfortable in the barn. It was all boarded up on three sides, and part on the fourth; only there was a gap in the door, big enough to let in a wagon load of hay. It was at cold, bein' the night in the Indian summer. So I kept a strollin' up and down, takin' look out now and agin, to see if there was anybody lurkin' about with an eye to the boards and

shingles, but there warn't a soul stirrin' but myself. Every now and agin, I'd mix myself a little grog, till the rum was all gone, and then I began to feel most everlastin' sleepy; so I thought I'd jest lay down awhile on a big pile of shavings there was in one corner of the barn. Well, squire, I dropped off, as you may suppose; and I guess it were long of what Dave Shunyer said I got to dreamin' about wolves, till at last, blame me, if I didn't dream there was one in the barn huntin' about just like a dog, sniffin' here and there, till at last he came to the pile of shavings where I was.

'Well, squire, I can't call to mind how I woke exactly, but the first thing I remember I was sittin' right up on the pile of shavings, tryin' to make out as well as I could in the dark if there was anything in the barn or not. It was about a minute before I could see clearly; but at last I heard a slight rustle, and thought I saw somethin' move. Thinkin' I, that's Dave Shunyer, or some of the boys, come back to frighten me. They shan't have it to crow over me. So I sings out, 'Is that you, Dave?' There was no answer, but I heard a rustlin' and a patter just like a dog's paws, and I could see the critter, whatever it was, crawlin' towards the gap in the boards. Then it stopped, and kinder turned its head, and I cotched sight of two twinklin' lights, and, thinkin' I, it's a stray dog; and when the critter give a spring out of the barn, and set up a howl.

'Squire, I shouldn't have been scared with one wolf, but that howl was answered from the woods, maybe a quarter of a mile off, by another, which I knowed could only have come from a pack of not less than fifty hungry beasts. Well, squire, I was awful scared, and that's a fact; but I guess if I'd a lost my pre-sence of mind, it would ha' been all up with me in about five minutes. I knowed I hadn't a moment to lose, 'cause I heered the howl grow nearer and nearer, and the outside coming them to their prey! My first idea was to set fire to the shavings. I cut with my flint and steel, but the spark wouldn't light, and not one of the shavings would catch. The howls kept comin' nigher and nigher. Then I began to think I was gone. There was an axe in the barn, but what could I do agin fifty wolves? and in the dark, where they couldn't see my eyes to daunt them.'

'I clenched it, however, and determined to sell my life dearly, when all at once, just when I'd given up all hope, I felt something touch my head—it was a rope as had been fast to one of the rafters. I guess, squire, if that 'ere rope had been a foot shorter, I'd not been here now tellin' this story! The way I went up that rope, hand over hand, was a caution. And I'd barely swung myself on the rafter, and began lashin' myself to the beam with the rope, when, squire—it makes my blood run cold to tell of it—the barn was alive with wolves, yelpin', leapin', and fallin' over each other. I could hear them routin' among the shavings; and in a minute they had them all spread over the barn floor. Then they began to muzzle in the earth and scratch up the mould with their paws.'

'At last one of 'em scented me, and told the others with a yelp. Then, of all the yells I ever heard—squire, I most swooned away; and if I hadn't lashed myself to the rafter, I'd ha' fell right down among 'em. Oh, such a yell I never heard afore, and hope I'll never hear agin! Though I knowed they couldn't get at me, it was dreadful to be there alone in the dead of the night, with a pack of hungry wolves lickin' their cleverin' jaws, and thirstin' for my blood. They ran round and round the barn, and leaped on to each other's backs, and sprang into the air; but it was no use; and at last I began to get kinder easy, and I looked down on the howlin' varmints, and bantered them. Squire, you'd ha' thought they understood a feller. Every time I hollered and shook my fist at them, they yelled and jumped louder than ever. For all this, I warn't sorry when it began to grow a little lighter; and about half an hour before dawn they began to see it was no use; so they give me one long, loud farewell howl afore they went. But, squire, the most curious part of the story has got to come. Some time afore they went, it had growed so light I could see 'em quite plain; and an ugly set of beasts they was, and no mistake.

Well, I noticed one wolf separate himself from the pack, and trying to blink away. He had his tail between his legs, jest like a dog when he's beaten, and had a cowed look, as if he were ashamed and afeared like. All at once, he made a spring out of the barn, but the rest of the pack was after him like lightnin'.

'Squire,' concluded the Yankee, laying his hand impressively on my sleeve, 'you may believe it or not, jest as you please; but beyond some hile and hairs, they didn't leave a piece of that 'ere wolf as big as my hand. He was the scout as give the signal to the others, and they devoured him out of hunger and revenge, 'cause they couldn't get me.'

Jenkins Plays With The Band.

I once more applied my talents to the trombone, this time in an honest effort to aid the band. I don't know how I did it but I did it. Suddenly there resounded from the cylinder of brass the most doleful sound that ever assailed the ears of mortal. 'Gott in Himmel,' muttered the leader, without looking around, and the instruments crashed, over the error and crushed it out of recollection.

'Bum, bum, boom, boom, blair-rr, fizz!'

'Of you please, Chenkins, you pe so grind, you don't any more,' and there was an expression of agony on the leader's face as he spoke.

'Never mind; old man,' I suggested, 'these people expect music, and I'm going to give 'em a show.'

'Blair-rr, boom, bum, bum, boom, fizz-z-z, bum, bum!'

'Mein Gott, mein Gott, 'Misser Chenkins, was is das? Tufel; you should nook out of dat pand!'

'Fizz, boom, blair, boom, fizz, blair, bum, bum!'

The dancers stopped and gazed on the band with amazement.

'Told you so, old man. See, they can't dance while this is going on. Got to stop and listen. Wait until I give them another note.'

'Fizz, zump, boom, blair rrr, bum, bum, bum, poul, zum, fizz, swash; bum, fizz!'

We were playing the 'Beautiful Danube,' and I was imitating the wash of the waves on the beach. The leader swung his violin bow and every musician strained to drown my efforts.

'Zump, bum, swash, boom, fizz, wish, poul, bum, bum, blair rrr!'

The assemblage stood in amaze. They evidently never heard such music before, and they enjoyed it. My brother trombonist, who didn't make half so much noise as I glared at me, but kept blowing.

'Misser Chenkins, of you please, go away mit dat tam horn—'

'Boon m m m m, fizz, blair, bum, bum, bum, zump!'

'Rat, tat, tat, tat,' struck the bow against the music stand, and the music died away with a closing effort on my part. My fellow musicians glared at me, but said nothing. The leader approached me with wrath in his eye and a tremor on his lip.

'Mein Herr,' said he in a fearful voice, 'my God, I should kill you for dat noise.'

A Warning to Lovers.

'Metildy, you are the most good for nothin', trile, unclacious, contrary piece that ever lived.'

'I thought in my soul somethin' terrible was the matter with his inards, his vitals; and that flustered and skeered me so, that I burst out a cryin'. Squire, me do—that he croaked worse than ever, and that made me cry harder; and the harder I cried the harder he croaked, till of a sudden it came to me that it was within' but his gallowes; and then I burst out a laughin' fit to kill myself, right in his face. And then he jumped up and run out of the house mad as fire; and he ain't comin' back no more. Boo, boo, ahoo, boo, boo, hoo!'

'Metildy,' says the old woman sternly 'stop sayin'. You have made an everlasting fool of yourself, but pour cake ain't all dough yet. It all comes of them no 'count, fashionablesto' gallowes—spenders I believe they call 'em. Never mind honey! I'll send Johnny, and tell him how it happened. 'poligize to him, and knit him a real nice pair of yarn gallowes, jest like your pa's and they never do croak.'

'Yes ma,' said Matilda, brightening up, 'but let me knit 'em.'

'So you shall, honey; he'll valley them more than if I knit 'em. It'll be all right. You mind if it won't.'

Sure enough it proved to be all right. Tildy and Johnny were married, and Johnny's gallowes never creaked any more.

A Lawyer's Advice.

An Irishman, by the name of Tom Murphy, once borrowed a sum of money from one of his neighbors, which he promised to pay in a certain time. But month after month passed by, and no sign of the agreement being kept, his creditor at last warned him that if he did not pay it on a certain day he should sue him for it and recover by law. This rather frightened Tom, and, not being able to get advice on the matter. After hearing Tom's story through to the end he asked him:

'How much do you owe him this fifty dollars?'

'Divil a word,' replied Tom, quickly.

'Well, then, if you have not the money you can take your time; at all events, he cannot collect it by law.'

'Thank yer honor, much obliged,' said Tom, rising and going toward the door.

'Hold on, my friend,' said the lawyer.

'Fat for?' asked Tom, in astonishment.

'You owe me two dollars.'

'Fat for?'

'Why, for my advice, to be sure. Do you suppose I live by charging nothin'?'

Tom scratched his head for a moment in evident perplexity, for he had no money. At last a bright idea seemed to strike him.

'An' has yees any papers to show that I owes yees two dollars?' he asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

'Why, of course not; but what does that signify?'

'Thin I'll jest be after takin' yer own advice, an' pay neither you nor me neighbor,' saying which he left the office and its occupant to meditate on a lawyer taking his own advice and a doctor taking his own medicine.

An Invited Nose.

At one of the fashionable demi-French reunions, not long since, a little scene occurred which amused the few who witnessed it. About ten o'clock a gentleman entered, very correct in his 'getting up,' unexceptionable in his demeanor, of fine figure—altogether an accomplished gentleman, but a gentle man gifted with a very considerable nasal organ. The old proverb says, 'A large nose never spoiled a handsome face,' and the stranger justified the proverb.

Advancing to the mistress of the house, he made the formal reverence which ceremony requires on a first visit then taking a more familiar tone, he said, 'It has been very happy to accept your invitation madame; an honor of which it is quite unworthy.'

This was said in a low voice, but so distinctly articulated that it could be understood by those who stood near.

rassed at this address, and, thinking she had misunderstood him replied, 'Excuse, me sir; you were saying—'

'I said, madam, that it was very grateful for the invitation to your soiree.'

The bystanders exchanged looks and began to whisper; the lady became more and more out countenance.

'I do not understand you,' she said at length; 'of what are you speaking?'

The gentleman did not speak again, but pointed, in reply, to the prominent feature in his face.

'What! do you know?' 'Oh how imprudent!' exclaimed the lady; and blushing from her chin to her eyes, she concealed in her handkerchief a face half laughing and half embarrassed.

The explanation of this little mystery soon came out. The hostess had met this gentleman the evening before at the house of her sister, where he made himself very agreeable, as was his custom. On her return, recollecting her own soiree of the next day, she wrote hastily the following concise note to her sister.

'I have taken a liking to a big nose. Give it an invitation for me.'

Her madcap relative amused herself by sending the invitation as it was and the gentleman responded to the joke in a manner which brought the laughter on his side.

A Dumb Dialogue.

It wrenches one badly to step on the wrong stair, but few can help laughing at the awkward stride he makes. It is equally funny to see a man meet the wrong 'customer,' and go to talking and gesticulating at him as if he were some body else.

he at once endeavored to explain to the man by making signs upon his fingers that he wanted to look through the place.

The man also made signs which Jones could not comprehend. Then Jones made other and more elaborate motions which set the man at work with greater violence, and for the next ten minutes they stood in the hall gesticulating and twisting their fingers without either being able to comprehend what the other meant. Finally Jones became angry, and in an outburst of wrath exclaimed;

'Oh, get out, you idiot! I'm tired of bothering with you!'

Thereupon the man said; 'That's just what I was going to say about you!'

'Oh, you can speak, can you? Then why didn't you do so, and not keep me standing here motioning to you? I thought you were deaf and dumb.'

'And I thought you were,' said the man.

'I came here to inspect the 'asylum,' said Jones, 'and I took you for a patient.'

'That's what I came here for, and I thought you were an attendant,' said the man.

Here Jones and the man shook hands, and hunted up a genuine attendant, and went away happy. After this Jones will always use his tongue, no matter where he is—'Youth's Companion.'

A gentleman was walking down Congress street behind two English swells, when he overheard the following conversation:

'Arry, my boy,' says one, 'what's o'clock?'

The other felt for his watch and exclaimed: 'By Jove! I've left it at home.' Then turning to a boot-black standing by, he said, 'my lad what's o'clock?'

'What's o'clock?' says the lad; 'why you darned fool, it's a thing as big as yer head, with hands on it.'

Englishmen pass on.—E.C.

Ground and lofty tumbles—Cut glass goblets.

The way to make a fire real hot is to keep it thoroughly cooled.

Why is a whisper forbidden in polite society?—Because it isn't aloud.

Why is your shadow like false friends?—Because it follows you only in sunshine.