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Senator Jones' Fighter.

Just previous to the senatorial contest which resulted in his election, Hon. J. P. Jones had the following funny adventure in this city with a man who came to him to hire himself out as a fighter:

Mr. Jones and several friends were in one of our first-class saloons sipping their wine, smoking, and chatting, when a rather strange looking customer entered the place, and sauntering up to the group, began the operation of "eying over" the gentlemen composing it. He was a man of middle age and medium height, with arms disproportionately long, great, spreading hands and knotty fingers. His angular, ungainly form was poorly and scantily clad, and he was topped out with a curious little bullet head, set upon a very short allowance of neck. From the side of his little, round head stood leaning out two great, pulpy ears, and all that appeared on his face in the way of beard was a jet black stubbed moustache. This seemed to have been planted a hair at a time with a pegging awl and hammer, the latter coming down on the defenceless nose as each bristle was inserted, so intimidating that organ that it had ever since remained crumpled out of sight behind the hairy stockade. A large livid scar described a semi circle round one of his projecting cheek bones, and passing down entered the corner of his mouth, giving to the feature an ugly upward ditch on that side. Wabbling his little, glittering gray eyes over the party before him until said orbs rested upon the rotund form and rosy face of Mr. Jones, he pulled off the brittle ten-pin ball, which he would have called his head, a scrap of hat, and making an awkward bow, said:

"J. P. Jones, I believe?"
"That is my name, sir," said Jones.
"Correct," sententiously observed the strange visitor.

"Do you want to see me?" said Jones.
"About three minutes, and in private, if you please."

"Mr. Jones led the way to a large private room in the rear of the saloon."

"Mr. Jones, sir, you don't know me," said the fellow, "but when you lived in old Tuolumne I war also in that part of Californy—in the adjoining county. Mr. Jones, I'm the Tarantler of Calaveras; I'm a war hoss from the hills and a fighter from h—!"

"I don't dispute your word, sir," said "J. P.," "but how does your being 'war horse of the hills' concern me?"

"I'm here to tell you. If so, now, you are going into this here contest, and it's liable to be a very lively one. About election day it'll be all fired hot. Now what you'll need will be a good fighter; a feller to stand up, knock down and drag out for you; a man what can go to the polls and knock down right an' left—wade through everything!"

"Mr. Jones said he had not thought it would be necessary to have such a man at the polls on election day."
"Oh, but it will!" cried the man of muscle. "You see, you don't know about them things. I'll manage it all for you."

"So you want me to hire you as my fighter?"
"Just so."

"What would be your price from now till after the election? You see as I've never yet had occasion to hire a fighter, I don't know much about the value of such service."
"Well, I couldn't undertake the job short of \$1,000 there'll be lots of work to do."

"Ain't that pretty high?"
"Of course it's a considerable sum, but that's a terrible rough set over here. These Washoe fellows are more on the cut and shoot than is healthy. You see \$1,000 is no money at all when you chink into the risk. I am liable to be chopped all to pieces, riddled with bullets, and either killed out and out or crippled for life. You see \$1,000 is no money at all."

"Well, come to look at it in that light I don't know but your price is reasonable enough."
"Cheap! of course it is. I rather like your style, or I wouldn't undertake the job at that figger. Come—is it a

bargain? Am I your man at the figger named?"

"Well, not so fast. If I am to have a fighter, I want the best that is to be had. I don't want a fellow that will be kicked and cuffed about town by every bummer. I am able to pay for a first-class fighter, and I won't have anything else."

"Ain't I a fighter?" rolling his eyes fiercely, and thrusting first his right then his left straight out from the shoulder, ducking his head comically about, and poising himself on one foot; "will any body kick and cuff me—me, the war hoss of the hills, the Tarantler of Calaveras? Not much."

"Have you ever whipped anybody?"
"Ever whipped anybody? Me—have I ever whipped anybody? You make me laugh. Next you will be asking if I ever was whipped? Show me your man—show me your men—for I ain't particular about em coming one at a time. Bring 'em on, and I'll whip all that can stand in this room in one minute by the clock!"

"Well," said J. P., "I think you'll do; but as I said before, I want the best man in the country. My fighter must be a regular fighting striker. Now I have another man in my eye. He is something of a fighter; has a graveyard of his own of considerable size. It lies between the pair of you. The best man is the man for my money."

"D—n your man! Bring him on. D—n me, I'll devour him! Show him to the Tarantler!"

"Remain here two minutes and I'll bring him in."

Now, before coming into the room with the fellow, Mr. Jones had observed James N. Cartter—commonly known on the Pacific coast as Big Jim Cartter—sauntering about the saloon. As is well known to everybody in this city, and pretty generally throughout the towns and cities of Nevada and California, Jim Cartter is a powerfully-built man standing over six feet six inches in his stockings, a man who is on the shoulder, and is at home with either knife or pistol, as more than one grave can testify. Calling to Cartter, Mr. Jones briefly made known the situation, and invited him in to interview the 'war horse of the hills.'

This was as good a thing as Cartter wanted, and into the room they went.

"Here," said Jones, as they entered the room, "is the other man. Nobody will disturb you here, and, after all is over, the best man is the man for my coin."

Jim waltzed into the room with his hat standing on two hairs and a wicked smile playing upon his features. Said he:

"Is this the blessed infant that has come to eat me up? Is this the Calaveras skunk that has come over here to set himself up as 'chief?' Move back the chairs."

With this Cartter began to wriggle from side to side in the effort to "shuck himself" of the long-tailed black coat he always wore, and, in so doing, he displayed on one side that famous old white-handled, sixteen-inch bowie knife, his constant companion, and on the other side the butt of a navy revolver.

"So this is the lop-eared cur of Calaveras who comes here to set up as a fighter? Move the chairs to the wall!" cried Cartter, still wriggling at his coat.

"Mr. Jones," cried the mighty devourer of men, "Mr. Jones, this man is a friend of yours. I can't fight any friend of yours. With any friend of yours, I am a lamb. I could not harm a hair of his head!"

"No friend at all. He is a fighter like yourself. Besides, what has friend ship got to do with a transaction involving \$1,000? I want the best I can find. If you whip this fellow I hire you as my fighter. That's all there is about it."

"That's fair and business like, you skunk!" cried Cartter. "Peel yourself and waltz out here!"

"Mr. Jones," said the 'war horse of the hills, in a mild, conciliatory tone, "I am satisfied that this man is a friend of yours. You might insult and banter me and tear me all to pieces, but against a friend of yours I'd never lift a hand. Now, your friend is of the right stripe; I like his looks. That's no use of two

good men a fightin' for nothing, so I'll tell you what you'd best do. You give him \$500 and me \$500, an' we'll work together. The two of us could chaw up the town—we'd be a terror to it."

"No," said Jones, "you won't do. You ain't game, you—"

"He's a dunghill," chipped in Cartter. "I can't fight in a room," said the fellow; "I have never yet had a fight in a room. I don't like it."

"I guess you are not stuck after it anywhere," said Cartter.

"It is rather close to fight in a room," said Jones. Then turning to the fellow, whose eyes were still wandering in the direction of Cartter's coat tails, he handed him a twenty-dollar gold piece, saying, "Take this. I hire you for my open-air fighter. You are never to fight for me except in the open air, where there is a good chance for you to run."

"Thank you, Mr. Jones," said the fellow, pocketing the coin and making for the door. "Thank you, and if I ever see a sho to put in a lick for you, I'll not forget to do it."

"Provided you have a chance to run," sneered Cartter.

Turning as he was passing out of the door, the fellow said:

"It's all very nice, Mr. Jones; but that is either Big Jim Cartter or the devil, and you can't rig him in on me."

About a Baby.

THE SON OF THE MISSISSIPPI—THE SUNBEAM THAT FLITS ALONG THE SHORE, &c.—SAFE IN PORT AND IN TRAINING FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

When the good steamboat Capitol Capt. O'Neil commander, left Vicksburg on her last trip up for the "future great," she had among her cabin passengers a genteel looking woman with her baby. We all know what a well spring of pleasure a baby is, but this particular baby was a blue-eyed, black-tufted boy of three or four weeks old, and shone out grandly as a perpetual sunbeam to the old salts and the ladies on board. When he crowed and cooed and elevated his infant legs—in lecherously at times—in the air he was a study for a painter, and when he took his regular hash from a bottle and filled in with nourishment from his fist, his intelligence was admitted to be far beyond his weeks. In short he was quite a seductive baby, and he made a great many friends not only for himself but his mother, who however, rather avoided than courted attention.

When the mother of the baby came on board she inquired which was the nearest town to St. Louis, and was told Chester. That, she said, was the place she wanted to go to, and when the boat arrived at Chester, just before dinner on Saturday, she left taking her charge with her. The weather was warm and pleasant, but as babies are notoriously guilty of the croup at all kinds of unpleasant seasons, she had wrapped the blue-eyed cherub up, and held him close to her maternal bosom as she swung across the gang plank and mounted the bank. Everybody was sorry the baby was gone. He had been such a thorough, brisk of a baby, and the babies generally took a rise in that market.

Dinner time came, the boat was on her way, and they sat down, Capt. O'Neil at the head, as usual, concentrating his best energies on carving the potatoes, when of a sudden there was a cry. It wasn't much of a cry either, but it was sharp and remonstrative.

"There was silence deep as death, And the boldest held his breath, For a time."

Capt. O'Neil, with a presence of mind, which does immortal honor to his head and heart, left off carving the potatoes, and exclaimed with a burst of honest enthusiasm: "I'm blessed if that isn't the baby!"

There was a rush for the state room, and there sure enough was the blue-eyed baby wrestling with life under difficult ties, over which he didn't appear to have any immediate control. He had milked one first very dry and had gone for the other with the best of intentions but somehow or other he was left handed—perhaps he took it from his father—and he seemed to have an ill defined idea that it ought to take an attachment

at his larboard eye. His maternal bottle was by his side, but perhaps he didn't see, for everybody insisted that if he had known it was there he could have adjusted it just as easy as falling off a log. It was evident that the Vicksburg woman had deserted the baby, but he didn't want for nurses. Every body wanted to nurse him, and three officers dashed off immediately to the bar for milk punches, which Capt. O'Neil thought was the best thing to be done under the circumstances. Fortunately, however, there were ladies on board who knew better, and one matron tore the illustrious little stranger from the gallant captain's arms and retired, accompanied by a committee of the feminine whole. When that baby came back again you should have seen him: Head and heels well up, and a smile all over him that went right through the vests of the old salts, and everybody declared there never was such a baby, except of course the baby of the matron on board who had shared his market basket with him.

What has been done with him? Well; we must not say where he is, nor what he is called, because the people who deserted him are not worthy to have such a baby. Capt. John Scudder like a thoroughly good fellow as he is, adopted him at once, had him christened, and placed where he will do the most good to himself, let us hope, and the kind friends who picked him up as a waif. The baby has got a new bottle—we don't know what kind of a bottle it is and it don't matter, but his appetite is ferocious and his lungs are vigorous. He don't seem to care a continental whether schools keeps or not, nor does he miss the woman who went ashore at Chester, for he has found half a dozen mothers in Mrs. Scudder and the ladies of the family, and have had half a dozen more, but he has declined. All of these Capt. Scudder has declined, for he thinks some of bringing him up to be president.

Hard to Kill.

FIVE DESPERATE ATTEMPTS AT SUICIDE

A young German, Wilhelm Young, residing near Cincinnati, having been unsuccessful in business, recently resolved to put an end to his life. How hard he found it to do this is told by a local paper.

About 4 o'clock yesterday morning he arose from his bed, took a loaded revolver, stole quietly into the back yard, and there commenced the task of blowing out his brains. As an unsuccessful attempt in this direction, Young stands, we think, without a recorded parallel. With the revolver in his right hand, and the muzzle close, a ball was fired straight at the centre of his forehead. The ball however flattened on the bone, and did not penetrate the skull. Another shot was fired in close behind the right ear. This produced, a wound, but did not kill, as desired. Another bullet was shot against the back part of the head. This one, too, wounded, but as before, did not break through the skull and cause death. With his brain in a whirl from leaden bullets flattening on the skull, the man still preserved consciousness enough to pursue his attempts at self destruction. He was determined on killing himself. Thinking that his cranium on the right side might be harder than on the left hand and shot in a bullet on that side, just behind the ear. The attempt was as unsuccessful as the other. The skin was broken, the thin flesh was lacerated and blood trickled down his neck, as it did from the other three wounds, but death did not come yet. Poor Young! He began to feel truly discouraged. He had met bad success in trying to live, and a perfect failure in an attempt to die. Still he did not give up. His head ached painfully, his brain turned in his skull giddily, he began to feel weak and dizzy and half crazed, but he did not give up. Though his head appeared bullet proof, he would try a more vital spot. Accordingly changing his weapon back to his right hand, and having two more loads left, he placed the muzzle against his left breast, over the region of the heart, and fired. The bullet this time penetrated ranging erratically, did not

enter the heart, but after producing a serious flesh wound, lodged in the spleen.

About an hour after all this bombardment, the reports from which were not particularly noticed, Young was found lying on the grass, exhausted from pain, and the loss of blood. He was perfectly conscious and afterwards told of his effort against his life. Dr. Shaw, the District Physician, was at first summoned and rendered all the assistance possible, and afterwards the regular family physician, Dr. Hiltner, was called in. Both of the physicians examined the wounds and pronounced the last one inflicted in all probability fatal. Those in the head were almost enough to use up an ordinary man, but it was thought that a person with Young's pluck might survive them.

At last accounts Young was alive, but no hopes were entertained of his recovery. His family consists of a wife and two children.

Follow France in Farming.

With not four times the territory of Georgia, France raises more wheat than the whole United States; she folds nearly thirty million of sheep, her work stock is only a little less than that held by these thirty seven States, and her system of rural culture, and, better still her rural economy, is a lesson that we might heed with profit. But we are crazed on the subject of wide cultivation, and the ownership of the last—the very last acre of land that adjoins us. In vain have the few lights among us shown the absolute madness, as well as folly, of tending poor lands, so far that we know at the start that it will never, can never, pay us. We go on buying more poverty stricken acres; working more hunger consumed stock and planting more cotton, until we as a State and section, are nearly ruined.

The poor widow once, in Georgia, could spread before you a good meal good enough for any man with an honest liver under his ribs. Her own flour her own chickens' her golden butter of creamy milk, her fruits and preserves, were always ready, and while 'tis true, the dinner at half past eleven was a trifle prompt, yet the good cheer was abundant and your welcome was beyond all suspicion. The five plow farmer now feels the grasshopper a burden. Hospitality is paying out because a meal for a man and horse has at last. God help us, a money value in the South.

Friend, won't you pause and save yourselves and the country from the ruin of your foolishness?

Planters, won't you reform and become farmers?

You men who feel that you are suffocating for room and fresh air, if a man moves near enough for you to hear his chickens crow, will you not consent to "live" as well as pretend to live your selves, by dividing out your surplus land and bringing in men to work our soil, and not to lumber it only. This to be our salvation, and we need not look for it in any other device.

Let the word pass round, and let it fly; cut up your lands into small farms; mow hay, and don't pull it down with the beastly hog; up with the mutton; quit syrup that you don't make, and let the bee show you how to work and to save; multiply all fruits you ever saw grow in the State by ten, on your place; beware that you are not eaten up, like old Diomed, by your horses, and feel that you have disgraced yourselves whenever you are caught with a bag of corn in your crib of another man's raising. This is plain talk, it is bold talk, some may say; aye; we know they will say, it is impudent talk. But say on; 'tis the God's truth, and the best man in Georgia knows it whether he be free from the censure we have uttered or whether he deserves it.—Atlanta Herald.

A window full of pot plants suddenly descended into the street, Monday morning filling the back, bosom and hair of an elderly, party with bulbs, earth, thorns and hair pins. As soon as he recovered his speech he stated that he was a pilgrim and a stranger, but he'd be d—d if he couldn't lick the man who touched off that powder.

How Old Joe Became Beautiful.

Poor old Joe was an ugly old man, indeed nearly everybody called him "ugly Joe." The older people used him as a kind of scarecrow for their children, so that the poor little things ran off whenever he came near. But this was a great pity, for poor old Joe was as harmless as they were, and dearly loved little children. Often he tried to coax them to him, but they would have nothing to do with the poor old man. So one day he went up to the graveyard and there, off by itself, he found a neglected little grave with no little stone to tell who lay beneath and overgrown with weeds. Carefully old Joe pulled up every weed, then sodded the little grave with fresh green grass and brought sweet wild flowers and planted them upon it. Every day he spent much time upon it till he seemed to love that little grave. And one morning he was found lying close beside it, with his arms stretched out above it cold and dead; for poor old Joe had gone where there would be many to love him, and they buried his body close beside the little grave he had loved.

A day or so after old Joe was buried a lady and gentleman came to the village. They were the parents of the child who slept beneath the little grave. They had left the village some years before, too poor to buy a little tombstone to place above their child's grave, but had now come back wealthy. They were surprised when they saw the little grave so well taken care of, and the mother wept when she heard the story of old Joe. And over his grave they placed a beautiful monument, with these words engraved upon it: "He will beautify the meek with salvation."

And in the resurrection day may we all be beautiful as old Joe will be.

We take the following from the Greenville correspondence of the Columbia Union-Herald:

"Much complaint having existed in one of the townships of this county for the past year as to the manner in which one of the school trustees had discharged his duties, the Judge instructed the Grand Jury to investigate the charges that were preferred against him, which they did fully, arriving at the conclusion that his case demanded indictment, which the Judge promptly ordered the Solicitor to do, and his trial will come off next term of the Court. The man's name is A. C. Stepp, a political Baptist preacher, who is very fond of making stump speeches, denunciatory of Republicans and their rule—perhaps the bitterest Democrat in the county, who has prated more of Democratic virtue, and more of "Radical" dishonesty, than any other man in the county. He stands charged with having run the machinery of the public schools in his township regardless of the public interest as to their location, and having taught one himself with less than the requisite number of scholars required to establish a public school, signing his own certificates, and drawing more money for himself than for any other teacher in his dominion, besides other and graver charges. His principal accusers and most prominent witnesses before the Grand Jury were of the Democratic persuasion—men of character and prominent citizens.

Thus you see even up here, in the "Democrats' paradise," the only official presented for prosecution is a Democrat, and better, too—a man who has some ability, and a great deal of assumption as to both biblical, political, medicolegal and every kind of learning known to human tongue; but ere the idea of October shall have passed he will have seen perhaps that the law in its majesty can reach a Democrat as well as a Republican.

Put him on your black list, Mr. News.

A Brooklyn undertaker offers a curo mo with every \$50 coffin

Brigham Young has made his will giving his heirs ten children apiece.

Some Indiana ministers have been arrested for fishing contrary to the law.

Nast is calculating the wheathar for his next year's almanac.

A Wisconsin widow has just buried her eighth husband.