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VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH, 6 1875.

NUMBER 3

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I have on hand also a supply of
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Prescriptions carefully compounded, orders from the country strictly attended to at the Poplar Drug Store of

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In its MOST IMPROVED STYLE, and at a reasonable price, is executed at
DR. FERNER'S OLD STAND
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References—Drs. J. P. PATRICK, B. A. MUCKENFUSS, A. P. PELZER, M. D., and MESSRS. PELZER, RODGERS & Co.

To the Afflicted!

I was CURED OF CANCER on the lip by
Dr. T. R. MALONE.
Respectfully yours,
J. W. DAVIS

I was cured of CANCER on the right cheek of three years standing, by Dr. T. R. MALONE, of Orangeburg, S. C.
Respectfully
C. R. RAST,
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\$5 to \$20
Per Day at Home. Terms free.
Address
G. STINSON & CO.,
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1875

NOTICE

TO THE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF ORANGEBURG,

MOSES M. BROWN, the Barber pledges himself to keep up with the times in all the LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is sufficient to guarantee the above. He will be found at his old stand, ever ready to serve his customers at the shortest notice.
apl 11 30

C. WEST & SONS,

ALADDIN SECURITY OIL.

THE BEST OIL IN USE.

Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test.

PURE WHITE IN COLOR.

FULLY DEODORIZED.

IT WILL NOT EXPLODE.

Use in all
LAMP OIL AND KEROSENE LAMPS.

Ask for "Aladdin Security," and get no other.

C. WEST & SONS,
118 and 116 W. Lombard St.,
Oct 24-24 Baltimore, Md.

LAND FOR SALE!

A BARGAIN!

About 1000 acres of LAND in Middle Township, well settled, Gin House with Gin and Grist Mill, Blacksmith Shop and and Tools. In one parcel at \$9.25 per acre. Term easy.

ALSO

FARM on Old Orangeburg Road, 7 miles from town—250 acres. Price \$1575. Well SETTLED. Terms easy.

ALSO

One STORE and LOT in Orangeburg.

ALSO

One BUILDING LOT on Russel Street. Apply to
AUG. B. KNOWLTON,
Attorney at Law,
Orangeburg, S. C.

Unappreciated Shakespeare.

A few days ago young Gurley, whose father lives on Croghan street, organized a theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl was to be the 'Ghost' if the troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night.

Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out as a professional, and when his mother asked him to bring in some wood he replied:

"I though I am penniless thou canst not degrade me."

"You trot out after that wood or I'll have your father trounce you!" she exclaimed.

"The tyrant who lays his hand upon me shall die," replied the boy, but he got the wood.

He was out on the step when a man came along and asked him where Lafayette street was.

"Doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley in a hoarse voice, and holding his right arm out straight.

"I say—you! Where is Lafayette street?" called the man.

"Ah—could the dead but speak ah!" continued Gurley.

The man drove him into the house, and his mother sent him to the grocery after potatoes.

"I go, most noble duchess," he said as he took up the basket, "but my good sword shall some day evenge these insults."

He knew that the grocer favored the atricals; and when he got there he asked:

"Art thou provided with a store of 't vegetable known as the 'tatar, Saratoga, Long Branch and Newport, where several times a day they make a display of dresses which might ruin a score of husbands; or they cross the ocean and astonish European folks by their merry freaks. * * * Many people accustomed to our habits would not fancy such girls for wives, and they may not be wrong; but the truth is that these gay, lighthearted, and often dangerously imprudent girls, make in the end excellent wives and mothers."

"What in thunder do you want?" asked the grocer, as he cleaned the cheese knife on a piece of paper.

"Thy plebian mind is dull of comprehension," answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your non sense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute," roared the grocer, and 'Hamlet' had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peck of potatoes.

"What made you so long, asked his mother as he returned.

"Thy grave shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he haughtily answered.

When his father came home at noon Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy and related what had occurred.

"I see what ails him," mused the father; "this explains why he hangs around Johnson's barn so much."

At the dinner table young Gurley spoke of his father as the 'illustrious court,' and when his mother asked him if he would have some butter gravy he answered:

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense."

When the meal was over his father went out to his favorite shade tree, cut a sprout, and the boy was asked to step into the woodshed and see if the pen stock was frozen up. He found the old man there and he said:

"Why, most noble, lord I supposed thee far away."

"I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip," growled the father. "I'll show you how to fool around with ten cent tragedies! Come up here!"

For about ten minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms and moving bodies, and then the old man took a rest and inquired:

"There, your royal highness, dost thou want any more?"

"Oh! no, dad—not a darned bit!" wailed the young 'manager,' and while the father started for down town he went in and sorrowfully informed the hired girl that he must cancel her engagement until he fall season.—*Detroit Free Press.*

While on the stand testifying in the Beecher Tilton case, Moulton, a leading witness, received news of the sudden death of his mother. He did not know she was ill until the news of her death came.

American Girls.

A French traveler, who has recently passed some months on this side of the Atlantic, furnishes the *Revue des Deux Mondes* quite a lengthy sketch of life and manners in America. Without comment we give that portion of his sketch in which reference is made to the manners and customs of the average American girl. We imagine, however, that the picture drawn will be readily recognized. The writer says:

The young American girls only live to have the best possible time. They are as free as can be. Fortunately their exaggerated love of pleasure is checked by a calculating temperament, which saves them from many a fall. Then the laws of the country protect them more efficiently than ours would against the enterprise of the male intriguer. They do not, however, prevent many abuses, and fast young ladies are by no means a rarity in the city of New York. During the day they go with some friends or with the escort of him who has the privilege to flirt with them to the Central Park. In winter they go sleighing and skating, and air their curiosity in all the stores of Broadway. There they get all sorts of goods spread out before them; they ask the price of each and buy none. The impassive salesman does not show the least sign of discount. There is a peculiar word for that singular custom. It is 'shop ping.' Another custom which is largely practiced by American ladies is to enter confectionery shops and take ice creams at every opportunity. * * *

In the evening the same young ladies are seen at the theaters and in the fashionable eating saloons. If a great ball is given anywhere you may be sure to meet them there. In the summer they do not water their places, such as Saratoga, Long Branch and Newport, where several times a day they make a display of dresses which might ruin a score of husbands; or they cross the ocean and astonish European folks by their merry freaks. * * * Many people accustomed to our habits would not fancy such girls for wives, and they may not be wrong; but the truth is that these gay, lighthearted, and often dangerously imprudent girls, make in the end excellent wives and mothers.

Raising an Excitement.

When one of the chaps of ten or twelve years of age feels old satan bubbling up he reads the name on the door-plate of a private residence, rings the bell, and when the lady appears he remarks:

"Your name is Jones, I believe?"

"Yes."

"You are Jones' wife?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't be your husband who got hurt down town?"

"Mercy! What is it—who?"

"Don't get excited, Missus, there's lots of Joneses in Detroit, and 'tain't likely this was your Jones."

"But it was—oh! I know it was!"

"Be cool, Missus: This 'ere Jones had his head all busted in five pieces, and the coroner is now—"

"Oh! my poor husband! Where is he?"

"Don't get excited, Missus; it may be your Jones, but I guess not. This 'ere Jones had red hair, and—"

"Are you sure—oh! are you?"

"I hain't sure, but I'm going down that way and I'll get a boy to come back."

He hurries off, she rushes in, and when Jones comes home to dinner he learns that she has been in a fainting spell ever since the boy left.

A few days since a seedy person applied to a wealthy citizen for help, and received the small sum of five cents. The giver remarked as he handed him the pittance. "Take it, you are welcome our ears are always open to the distressed." "That may be," replied the recipient, "but never before in my life have I seen so small an opening for such large ears."

Brigham Young is still able to sit up and be married occasionally.

How Lithography was Discovered.

After the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera 'Don Juan,' at Munich, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Sennefelder had still much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage, that no sparks had ignited about the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered the room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp moistened with printers' ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for his weekly pay. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it swept it high up in his room for a moment, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then, to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone, on which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp. Returning to his room on the following morning, he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy upon the damp paper. He gazed long at the check; a sudden thought flashed through his brain; he wondered if by some such means he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the song of the choros. That very morning he went out and purchased a larger stone, and commenced to make experiments, and, as we all know, finally succeeded in discovering the art of printing from stone—lithography.

The Midnight Sun.

The ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet, says a Norway traveler, the horizon was level, and reached our north the horizon pendulum in father's parlour, silent, looking both hands midnight the umphantly of gold, run water between the shoes in silence. They took off our hats; no words. Combine, if you can, the brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swept up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one songster after another piped up in the gorge behind us—we had slid into another day.

How a Little Boy Died.

A Virginia City (Nev.) paper has this little paragraph: 'Little Eddie Nye, who was run over by a flat ear last evening, and was so badly injured that he died next morning, was a rare bright child, and one of the best children in the city. Just before he died he sang 'The Beautiful River,' with a voice as sweet as though he had caught the tones from the softer shore, on the brink of which his spirit was then trembling. After the song he repeated a little prayer which his mother had taught him. The child all his life had a lisp, but his last prayer fell from his tongue without a halt or quaver, but rather steady and clear, and yet with a far off tone, as though another's voice of infinite sweetness had seized upon his lips in the supreme moment, to leave an echo in his anguished mother's ears which should last as long as life. Shortly after the little prayer, the sunny eyes closed and little Eddie was gone. On Sunday his funeral attracted the whole city, and there was not a dry eye around the dear child's bier.'

'Where a woman,' says Mrs. Partington, 'has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats depending to her own, she will never want to enter the marriage state again.'

The Way to Conquer.

'I'll master it,' said an axe, and his blows fell heavily on the iron; but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

'Leave it to me,' said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down or broken; he fell aside.

'Ha! ha!' said the hammer, 'I knew you wouldn't succeed; I'll show you the way.' But at his fierce stroke off flew his head and the iron remained as before.

'Shall I try?' asked the small flame. Now the flame was the flame; but he curved gently around the iron, embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

Distressing Accident.

Near Milan, West Tennessee, a distressing accident recently occurred, resulting in the death of an accomplished young lady. A pistol had been for weeks lying on the mantel-piece of one of the rooms of the house. Knowing it to be unloaded, the young lady and her sister had frequently handled it carelessly, and playfully threatened to shoot each other. But one day their brother, intending to leave home the next morning, loaded the pistol and left it lying on the mantel, so as not to forget it when he went away. The young ladies came in the apartment after dinner, and one of them took up the

A Mess of It.

A Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* writes: Not only is it slippery outside, but indoors too, and at one of the swell gatherings a few nights ago three couples fell on the floor, polished not wisely but too well. One of the six was the belle of the ball—the belle of every ball she graces—tall and stately and haughty. What a fall was there! She was leading; she was the best dressed woman there; she was the focus of admiration; she caught her dainty foot in another girl's flounce, and while the women were envying and the men adoring her she tumbled, in a confused heap of laces and ribbons and flounces, and her partner, in the middle of the room! She was up in a moment, shaking out her ruffled plumage and swallowing the mortification with lovely smiles. But she turned and looked at the girl who tripped her; and merciful heavens, what a look!

A busy housewife was sitting in a doorway plying her needle. Her husband was lounging on the rail, when his foot slipped and he bruised his knee on the door-step. "Oh," said he growling, "I have broken the bone, I am sure!" "Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out, "you and I have done very nearly the same thing." "How so?" "Why, don't you see?" said she; "I have broken the eye of the needle, and you have broken the knee of the idle man."

A fellow who hid under a sofa at an informal Boston missionary meeting, says that the thirty five ladies spoke twice of the down-trodden heathen and more than a hundred times of a new kind of hair die.

A western farmer complains that a hook and ladder company has been organized in his neighborhood. He states that the ladder is used after night for climbing into his chicken house, after which the hooking is done.

Items.

A Chicago newspaper describes a dress which it took six months to make. When you see a young girl asleep can you call it a case of kid napping? Many men are like asses, but it was only in Balaam's case that the likeness was a speaking one.

The cheapest thing in the world is human labor.

During the last year the Boston Post paid \$1,024, 819 in taxes to the city.

We mount to fortune by several steps, but require only one step to come down.

It has been estimated that the great American nation smokes 5,163,000 cigars a day.

Red used on a railroad signifies danger, and says stop. It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

When Steeple married his first wife he sent the usual notice to the papers with the addition, 'To be continued.'

A vinegar hearted old bachelor says he always looked under the head of 'marriages' for the news of the week.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes man mean.

The California State prison has 1,000 inmates. Of these 160 are under twenty one, and 241 under twenty-two years of age.

A man may properly be said to have been drinking like a fish when he finds that he has taken enough to make his head swim.

Learn to be economical when you are prosperous, that you may know how to live without spoiling money when you have none.

Never trust with a secret a married man who loves his wife, for he will tell her, and she will tell her sister, and her sister will tell everybody.

A convicted criminal never objects to the grammar of the judge but he doesn't like to have him show it off in court by passing a long sentence.

The young man who came here being transixed by one of Cupid's darts, remarked that he had had an arrow as cape.

A man is no danger as long as he talks love, but when he writes it he is impaling himself on his own pot hooks most effectually.

It is estimated that one hundred young women stand ready to do copying at two dollars per week where one is willing to do plain cooking at double that sum.

A vessel has just left San Francisco for Liverpool with a cargo of 150,000 bushels of wheat. This is the largest cargo of that grain that has ever crossed the ocean.

A horse who is in the habit of gnawing his crib can be cured of the practice by applying a strong wash of cayenne pepper and hot water, or a coating of tar, to the crib.

UP AGAIN!

My house went down with the fire; my STOCK went up with the flames; but I am UP again. \$100,000, 18

MY NEW STORE

Is filled with GOODS of a quality to suit the varied wants of my customers.

I WILL SELL CHEAP

To those who patronize me.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, ETC., I have in abundance.

Give me a call on all.

W. T. LIGHTFOOT.
Jan 30 1875 to King St.

Notice of Dismissal.

ESTATE OF LUCINDA E. HEDON, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given that on the day of March 1875, I, J. H. G. Administrator as Administrator of said Estate will petition the Probate Court for discharge.

February 17th 1875. J. H. G. Administrator of

Feb 20 1875