

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1875.

NUMBER 14

NOTICE is hereby given of the loss or destruction of Certificate of Deposit No. 331, Orangeburg Branch, Citizens Savings Bank of South Carolina, issued to the late E. J. Oliveros, deceased, and also of Deposit Book No. 96, of same Branch, in the name of the said E. J. Oliveros, in trust, and that I will apply in three months from date for a renewal of the same, and for such dividends as may accrue thereon, to the Trustee and Committee of the said Bank, at Columbia, S. C.

E. ROSA C. OLIVEROS,
mar 6—1 am 3m Qualified Executor.

NOTICE TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF ORANGEBURG,

MOSES M. BROWN, the Barber pledges himself to keep up with the times in all the LATE 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

DENTISTRY
B. F. MUCKENFUSS, Dentist
OF CHARLESTON, can be found at his OFFICE above Captain HAMILTON'S STORE, on Market Street

References—Drs. J. P. PATRICK, B. A. MUCKENFUSS, A. P. FELZER, M. D., and MESSRS. FELZER, ROGERS & Co.

Nine Years' Experience
IN
DRUGS and MEDICINES.

PAINTS,
OILS,
BRUSHES, AND
PATENT MEDICINES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
CANDLES,
CUTLERY,
SEGARS,
TOBACCO, &c.

I have on hand also a supply of SEEDS AND ONION SETTS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded, orders from the country strictly attended to at the Exchange Store of

FR. A. C. BUKES
jan 23 1874 174

Horses and Mules
AT
BAMBERG & SLATER'S STABLES
IN REAR OF
J. GEO. VOGEL'S STORE.

Where you will find a COMPLETE stock of the finest HORSES and MULES that can be procured from the BEST MARKETS in the United States.

Our prices range from \$50 to \$225. All orders filled at the shortest notice.

If our stock on hand do not please we will order for you at once.

BAMBERG & SLATER.
dec 18 1874 6m

SURE CURE OR A FORFEIT OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

TO DYSPEPTICS
OR
THOSE SUFFERING WITH
LIVER COMPLAINT,
Male or Female.

For a Never-Failing Remedy, (recently discovered and known to but one person in the United States.)

Females with debilitated constitutions (of short or long duration) vigorously restored in a short time.

Address
CONSTANTINE,
Orangeburg, S. C.

Charleston News and Courier and Columbia Union-Herald copy one week and send bill to this office.

apl 21 17

AT PRIVATE SALE.

Reserving only a few feet for an office, I offer for sale the **Exchange Store** in Orangeburg on which my present Law Office stands. It embraces nearly one half of a square, and possesses peculiar advantages of location. Fronting directly on Court House Square, in the heart of the business portion of the town, bounded on three sides by Streets, and on two of those sides by open Squares. It is admirably adapted for Private Residences of merchants, or others engaged in business in the town, or for a large Hotel, or other buildings for Public resort or business purposes.

It will be sold either as a whole, or in subdivisions to suit purchasers.

Terms made known on application to
W. M. HUTTON,
Or to JAS. H. FOWLES
apl 21 1m

\$5 to \$20
Per Day at Home. Terms free.

Address
G. STINSON & CO.,
Portland, Maine.
jan 20 1875 1y

The Best Beloved.
—
BY A. J. REQUER.

I live for thee, my beautiful, my own!
For that dear hand which thou didst lay
in mine
One matchless eye, and the confiding tone
That breathed in music, "I am ever
thine!"

For thy fair cheeks, whose deep vermilion
dyes
Are drifts of sunset in a lake of snow;
And the perplexing circles of those eyes
Where mirth and feeling jet and over-
flow:

For our first meeting, with its fresh
romance
Of budding myrtles upon azure bands;
And the long night of that enduring trance
When angels' almost tore thee from my
hands!

For Love's young dawning dipt in flowing
jars
Of pearls and rubies; and the bridal mist
Of diamonds powdered into infinite stars
Beyond a twilight bridged with aure-
olysts!

For all thou hast been and for all thou art;
For all the memories of our mated past;
For all the struggles which cement the
heart
That feels and owns its counterpart at
last.

I live for thee, my beautiful, my own!
For thee—thine only—thus supremely
blest;
Tost by the surge and by the tempest blown,
My soul renews its plumage on thy breast.

The Remorseless Sea Swallowing Up
Three Hundred and Eleven Human
Souls!

Late intelligence of another shock-
ing marine disaster has filled the
whole world with horror and shudder-
ing. The splendid steamship Schiller,
which sailed from New York on the
28th of April, bound for Hamburg,
foundered on the 8th of May, at the
entrance of the English Channel, and
became a complete wreck. She struck
upon the rocks at 10 o'clock at night,
in the midst of a dense fog and mid-
night darkness. She carried some
370 souls, an immense amount of gold
and goods, and a huge continental
man. Women and children pre-
dominated among her passengers.
Every column of our paper would
not suffice to give the horrible and
harrowing details of this awful wreck.
Three hundred and eleven human
beings perished, while some forty or
fifty only were saved. From what
we can gather, the passengers were
chiefly wealthy Germans returning to
spend the summer in their Father-
land.

AN AUGUSTA FAMILY PERISH IN THE WAVES!

Among the passengers upon the ill-
fated Schiller were Mr. Geo. G. Leon-
hardt, of Augusta, with his wife and
only child, a little girl some seven or
eight years old. Mr. Leonhardt was
one of the well-known firm of F. A. Brahe & Co. His wife was Miss
Brahe, sister of Mr. Henry Brahe,
who now represents the firm in Augus-
ta. Mr. F. A. Brahe, the father,
lives in Germany. Mrs. Leonhardt
was going out to visit her father and
spend the summer with him. But
alas! the sea has swallowed up hus-
band, wife and child—all young,
gifted, amiable, beloved, and sur-
rounded with everything that makes
life happy.

George Leonhardt was a well-be-
loved friend of ours, and never in life
have we been so deeply shocked and
inexpressibly saddened as at his un-
timely end. He was a gentleman of
high cultivation, and of such pure and
thorough artistic taste as is seldom
seen in our country. And better than
this, he was a man with a very white
soul—brave and manly, and yet as
a woman—generous, genial—altogether
good. The poor fellow's body was
washed ashore, and has been secured.
But so far as the telegrams announce,
the bodies of his wife and little girl
still rest in the bosom of the great
deep.—*Elphinstone Advertiser.*

A Green Bay mother won't leave
the room when Sarah's beau calls, and
Sarah's beau makes a remark or two
about navigation, slides along to his
hat, says it's nice weather, and creeps
out.

An Ohio woman rises and says:
"I've been married thirty-four years,
worked like a nigger, and never lived
in a house which had parlor folding
doors." Pass around the hat.

A Terrible Joke.

There have been such a number of
cases in which the perpetration of
senseless and wretched jokes has led
to very lamentable results, that a very
strong argument be made therefrom
in favor of a law against the danger-
ous exercise of this propensity. A
girl, who had been attending revival
meetings, returned to her home in a
highly agitated state of mind occa-
sioned by what had been wrought up
on her feelings by the exciting scenes
witnessed at the "revival," which fact
suggested to some of her heedless
friends an opportunity for fun. Ac-
cordingly one of them dressed herself
in flowing, white robes, and with
spreading muslin wings fastened to
her shoulders and her face whitened,
stole softly into the girls room in the
night. The girl awoke to find what
she did not doubt was an angel stand-
ing by the side of the bed. She
screamed in terror, and the other
girls ran into the room, expecting to
end the exploit with laughter but she
had been frightened literally out of
her senses, and had to be taken to an
insane asylum.

A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.—Let a man
fail in business, what an effect it has
on his former creditors! Men who
have taken him by the arm, laughed
and chatted with him by the hour,
shrug their shoulders and pass on with
a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up
and presented that would not have
seen the light for months to come, but
for the misfortunes of the debtor. If
it is paid, well and good; if not, the
scowl of the sheriff, perhaps, meets
him at the corner. A man that has
never failed knows but little of human
nature.

In prosperity he sails along, gaily
waived by favoring smiles and kind
words from everybody. He prides
himself on his name and spotless char-
acter, and makes his boast that he has
not an enemy in the world. Alas! the
change. He looks at the world in a
different light when reverse comes up
on him. He reads suspicion on every
brow. He hardly knows how to move
or to do this thing or the other; there
are spies about him, a writ is ready
for his back. To know what kind of
stuff the world is made of, a person
must be unfortunate, and stop paying
once in his lifetime. If he has kind
friends then they are made manifest.
A failure is a moral sieve, it brings
out the wheat and shows the chaff. A
man thus learns that words or pre-
tended good will are not and do not
constitute real friendship.

An effort was made in the Metho-
dist Conference in Pennsylvania last
week to effect a change in the system
of itinerancy, several large and influ-
ential congregations protesting that
they would not be compelled to part
with pastors who had grown near and
dear to them in years of faithful ser-
vice. They referred to instances with-
in the limits of the conference where
clergymen in other Christian sects
had remained in charge of the same
congregation for thirty, forty, and even
fifty years, and urged that no charm
of novelty, no advantages of learning
or eloquence could equal in weight of
influence the trust reposed by the
flock in a man who had held them in
his arms as children then, offered their
little ones to God's service, and bur-
ied their dead. The question was
simply debated, but the old-fashioned
Methodist predilections for the itine-
rant system were too strong for any
innovation, and so the conference de-
cided to make no utterance that could
be construed in favor of a change.

Mrs. Evarts said to Mr. Evarts yester-
day morning, "Get up and open
the dampers, William," and Mr. Evarts
said absentmindedly, turning over to another
nap, "Your honor will please note my
exception."

Some people have peculiar constitu-
tions. Mark Twain once complained,
after a long interval of illness: "This
working between meals is killing
me!"

Human Sacrifices in Babylon.

An important communication to
the English Society of Biblical Arch-
aeology by Rev. A. H. Sayce. 'On
Human Sacrifice Among the Babylo-
nians,' shows by the translation of two
Assyrian tablets that this custom was
prevalent among the ancient Chal-
deans, who believed that the immola-
tion had a vicarious efficacy, especial-
ly in the case of children suffering from
the sins of their parents, who were
wont as they thought, thus, to expi-
ate their own transgressions. This
rite, a full description of which was
given on one of the tablets, was known
by the Chaldeans as "The sacrifice of
Bel, or of righteousness." Mr. Sayce
concluded his paper with a list of re-
ferences to authorities in which these
sacrifices are mentioned or described.
The Society of Biblical Archaeology
is amassing steadily a valuable fund of
reliable information upon kindred sub-
jects tending to throw much light up-
on the historical events recorded in the
Old Testament.

THE LITTLE FLOWER.—One day
two young girls went to town. They
were both daughters of a gardener.
Each of them carried a basket full of
fruit or flowers. As they went along,
one of them became dissatisfied at the
weight of her basket; the other went
easily, singing all the time.

"I cannot understand why you
sing," said the first to her sister; "you
are not any stronger than I am, and
your basket is just as heavy as mine."
"The reason is," said the other,
smiling, "that I have put a little
flower in my basket, which keeps me
from feeling its weight. Do you like-
wise?"

"That must be a very costly flower,"
said her sister, "but I should like to
own it. How much would you please sell
me for?"

"The little flower," said the other,
"which makes the heaviest burden
easy, is called—Patience."

Dan Davis, of Virginia City, paid a
visit to Promontory, on the Central
Pacific railroad, and was charmed
with the manners and customs—al-
most patriarchal in their simplicity—
of the people. He stopped at the
principal hotel of the town. It was a
nice place, and the landlord was a
very agreeable and friendly sort of a
man. Says Dan: "When dinner
was ready the landlord came out into
the street in front of his hotel with a
double-barreled shot-gun. Raising
the gun above his head he fired off one
barrel. I said to him, 'What did you
do that for?' said he: 'To call my
boarders to dinner.' I said, 'Why
don't you fire off both barrels?' 'Oh,'
said he, 'I keep the other to collect
with.'"

A gentleman owned a farm in New
Jersey. It had been long in the fam-
ily. Embarrassments compelled him
to sell, and the farm was put up at
auction. He felt so bad about the
sale that he could not attend it, but
sent over his head servant. On his
return the master said: "Well, John,
was the farm sold?" "Yes, sir." "Did
it sell well?" "It went very low."
"Who bought it?" "I did." "You,
John! Where did you get your
money?" "I laid up my wages since I
worked for you." "Well, John, I'll
tell you what I will do. As soon as
you get the title to your property I'll
come and work for you, and buy the
farm back."

The Honolulu (Sandwich Island)
Gazette says a violent snow storm vi-
sited Hawaii on the 21st of March, cov-
ering the three stately summits of the
three mountains of that island. On
the lowlands it rained very hard, and
the lightning played brilliantly over
the island, followed by incessant and
terrible claps of thunder. The next
morning a grand and beautiful sight
was presented—the most beautiful ever
seen in that region—three mountains
capped with snow in the tropics.

Milk punch is now recommended
as a cure for diphtheria. It has al-
ways been considered good for the
throat.

THE MONTH OF MAY.—Here is
what Jack-in-the-pulpit says in St.
Nicholas for May:

This is May, my children, but I'm
not at all sure that she will give us
spring weather. The months seem to
have a curious way of swapping
weather with each other. March will
borrow some fine days from May, and
then, when May comes along, we find
that she has taken some of March's
blustering winds in payment. By the
way, the pretty school-mistress wrote
a very queer piece about the month
one day, just to amuse the children,
as they sat with her upon the willow
stumps in my meadow. She called it
an acoustic. I couldn't help learning
it by heart, not because I thought it
pretty, nor because it was so queer,
but because each one of the little folks
in turn insisted upon reading it aloud.
So you, too, shall have a chance, my
dears:

THE SAD STORY OF LITTLE JANE.
Jan—little saint, was sick and faint,
Feb—ritings she had none;
Mar—made me seem to make her worse,
Apr—lots were all gone,
May—lay, she thought, in some fair field,
June—her eyes sweet many grow;
July—and Jane they searched in vain,
Aug—menting all her woe,
Sept—miss failed to find a pill—
Oct—upon slave was he;
Nov—was, poor thing, at facing ill,
Dec—saw, ere long was she.

Friendship, love and truth! Aye,
my brothers, they are "three sunny
islands in the river of life; three links
amid the golden fetters" which link
heart with heart in the sweet con-
fidence of a sublime brotherhood.
They are

"Three watch-lights on the stormy high-
lands,
Of earth's wave-beaten strand;
Three harbors among the rocky island,
Begirt with treacherous sands,
Three life-preservers on time's ocean,
With dangerous reefs below;
Three voices, and the heart's commotion,
To hush its strains of woe.

To cheer the fainting soul,
Three rays of beauty from the bow,
Beyond life's utmost goal,
Three strains of rapturous music swelling,
Around the funeral coil,
Three pillars in the holy dwelling,
The temple of our God."

A good joke is told of a certain
Dublin professor—a stickler for ven-
tilation. Being put in a room at a
hotel with another guest, he asked the
latter to raise the window at night, as
the air was close. "I can't raise it,"
said the guest, after working at the
window for a while. "Then knock a
pane of glass out," said the professor,
which was done. After a while the
professor got up and broke another
pane, then he was able to sleep; but
in the morning he discovered that
they had only broken into a book case.

David Crocket, after returning
home from his first trip to New York,
gave his backwoods audience his idea
of the first gentleman in the metropo-
lis: "Philip Home is the most gentle-
manly man in New York, boys, and
I'll tell you how I know it. When
he asks you to drink he don't hand
you a glass—he puts the decanter on
the table and walks off to the window
and looks out until you have finish-
ed."

The San Antonio (Texas) Herald
gives the following notice to its sub-
scribers: "Hereafter we shall publish
the list of the names of those who go
a fishing on the Lord's day and fail to
send us a string of trout. Perch and
suckers have too many bones in them
to allow us to forget that the moral
element of our population look to the
press to eradicate this growing desec-
ration of the Sabbath!"

"Five cents fare for that child, mad
am," said a street car conductor, as
he opened the door and put his head
into the car. "Very well," she replied
feeling in her pocket; "this is an or-
phan and I'm its guardian. I must
have a receipt for all moneys paid
out, and as soon as you write one I'll
drop a nickel in the box." He shut
the door and leaned over the brake
like a man deep in thought.

It is said that nothing will cure a
poet's affection for his idol sooner than
catch her at the dinner table excavat-
ing the kernel of a hickory nut with
a hair pin.

Items.

To 'home' a turkey—Take it when
the poulterer is not looking.

Young folks grow most when in love
It increases their sighs wonderfully.

"Four angels turned out by the
hangman yesterday," is a head line in
the Chicago Times.

Frogs were the original greenbacks
and inclined to inflation, even in by
gone days.

A young man has sued his barber
for cutting off his moustache. The
barber says he didn't see it.

A Long Branch baker has received
news of a ten thousand legacy. He'll
probably knead it.

A Vermont woman boiled, baked
and fried some bananas sent her by a
friend, but couldn't bear the taste of
them in any shape.

John Anderson, of Indiana, didn't
win the prize at a spelling match but
he licked the man who pronounced
the hard words, and that was com-
ing.

The greatest discovery at Pompeii
is that of a woman making a fire in a
cook stove while her husband is in
bed and asleep. She was a noble wo-
man.

A widow was weeping bitterly at
the loss of her husband, and the par-
son tried to console her. "No, no,"
said she; "let me have my cry out, and
then I shan't care anything more about
it."

"Pause! young man. You want to
get married, and it's about time you
did! But recollect that unmarried
men don't have to sit up all night
once a week, with a shot-gun, watch-
ing the clothes-line."

A prominent Detroit Universalist,
some months ago, married a red-head-
ed widow with four children, and
last week remarked to a friend: "I
was blind when I believed there is no
hell. I see now."

"Now let us talk about your busi-
ness affairs," said a Connecticut girl
to a young fellow after he had propos-
ed marriage to her in a long address
filled with expressions of passionate
love.

Spell defendant, said Prof. Sprague
at the last spelling match. "B-c-e-l-
e-r," whispered a little school girl, but
the audience did not hear her, and so
the precocious child wasn't presented
with a copy of the great trial in book
form.

An old colored woman, reciting
her "speernuce," said she had been to
heaven. "Did you see any of do col-
ored ladies dar?" asked a younger
sister. "Oh, you git out; you yonger
I went in the kitchen when I was dar?"

"Then you won't lend me that dime
novel, eh?" inquired one boy of another
in the post office on Saturday. "No,
I won't." "All right then; next time
our chimney burns out you shan't
come into the yard and holler!"

During the late tourist season a
traveler walked up to the bar of a ho-
tel in the English lake district, and
with a considerable flourish signed the
visitors' book and exclaimed, "I'm
Lieutenant-Governor of —." "That
doesn't make any difference," said the
landlord "you'll be treated as well as
the rest."

A Danbury girl received a porous
plaster in a gorgeous envelope bearing
a monogram. About ten o'clock that
night the owner of that monogram,
standing disrobed before his fire, pre-
paratory to applying a remedy to his
chest; fainted dead away on drawing
from a paper a mass of paper, mottoes
and flowers. There was no fire in the
parlor Sunday evening.

For Sale.
A Small little HOUSE and LOT in the
Town of Orangeburg—can be traded for
private sale until 1st Monday in June—will
then be offered at public outcry, and sold to
the highest bidder. Property obliged to
be sold.
Apply to
THAD C. ANDREWS.
May 8th 1875.

For Sale
7 000 SINGLES.
Apply at
this office.
May 8th 1875.