

State News.

The Catholic Church of Aiken, which was destroyed by the March tornado, is shortly to be rebuilt.

The wife of Prince Howell, colored of Sumter gave birth, a few nights ago, to three children, all alive.

Mr. J. W. Simpson, of Laurens, an ex-clerk of the court, died at his residence in that county on the 10th inst.

The steeple of the Baptist Church at Wallhalla was struck by lightning one day last week, and slightly injured.

The Greenville papers are again agitating the expediency of building the Greenville and Cumberland Gap Railroad.

A hail storm in Darlington County on the 6th inst. A hail storm severely damaged the crops in the Palmetto section.

The crops in Fairfield County are generally reported good. Large crops of wheat and oats were planted, and the yield is elegant.

The Port Royal and Savannah and Charleston Railroad owe Beaufort County \$8,871.34 for taxes for the past and present fiscal years.

The Manning Baptist Church has recently been presented with a handsome organ by one of its most efficient, devout and zealous members.

With a population of 25,000 inhabitants, Greenville County has sent to the Penitentiary since 1870 only forty-one convicts—thirty-two negroes and nine whites.

The largest Sunday school in Aiken County is that of Town Creek Baptist Church. The number of regular attending scholars exceeds one hundred and twenty-five.

The Rev. Wiley Jones, a Baptist minister of Lancaster County, died suddenly at the residence of his son-in-law, on last Wednesday morning, aged about seventy years.

The Lancaster Ledger learns that numerous indictments will be given out at the next term of the court against those persons who have been buying corn and cotton at night.

The remains of Nero Springs, a colored man, who disappeared one year ago, were found, a skeleton in Beech creek, Sumter county, on the 5th instant.

The county commissioners of Wilkes County about \$12 of the three mills tax raised to pay the current expenses of the present fiscal year.

On Saturday last, between 12 and 1 o'clock, Leonidas McNeel, a white man, was shot in the yard of his residence near McConnellsville, in York County, by a negro named Fred Jones.

On Friday the 13th instant, a white man, by the name of Richard Tumbler, of Colleton, was drowned while crossing Jacksonboro ferry with a flat load of cattle. His body has not yet been found.

Col. James McCutchen, of Kingstree, got his gin house and steam mill burned up last week. He had also a quantity of fencing and some turpentine boxes burned. The cause was a spark from the engine.

A child three years of age, a son of Patrick Porter, residing on Dean Swamp, about four miles from Aiken, was killed on Saturday last by eating concentrated lye the previous evening.

W. W. Ward, ex-sheriff of Williamsburg County, was tried last week for official misconduct. The jury failed to agree upon a verdict—the first mistrial that has ever occurred in Williamsburg County.

Lewis Dent, colored, who was convicted of the murder of Bob Hatcher, at the May term of the Court of General Sessions for Aiken County, has been granted a hearing in the Supreme Court of the State.

The Barnwell-Blackville war still rages. The clerk of court and county commissioners have moved to Blackville. The sheriff and county treasurer still remain at Barnwell. Why not have two county seats and peace?

In view of the low state of the county finances, as well as the small amount of business for the court, Judge Maher will be petitioned to dispense with the Session Court for Colleton County, which is to meet on the 21st instant.

The grand jury of Williamsburg County have presented Trial Justice L. Jacobs, (the Daniel who issued a warrant and tried a man recently for assault and battery committed on a goose,) and Henry Evans, for official misconduct.

The Williamsburg Republican asks with pathetic earnestness, "Does Uncle Sam intend that railroad monopolies, paid for transporting the mails, shall carry them for their own convenience, or for the accommodation of the public?" We pause, &c.

The Anderson Conservator says: The harvest season has begun in earnest, and the yield in wheat promises to be almost equal to that of last year. The oat and other crops will fall short. The clover crop, which has already been harvested, was very fine.

Willie Nelson, the grandson of Mr. Lewis Caden, of Charleston, accidentally shot himself with a double barrel shot gun in Sheppard street, a few doors from Rutledge street. When he was found the entire upper portion of the head was blown to atoms.

Lewis Dent, who committed murder upon another negro near Graniteville some time ago, was tried at Aiken this week, and the jury, composed of eight negroes and four white men, brought in a verdict of wilful murder. He was immediately sentenced by Judge Maher to hang on the 9th of July.

NEWS & TIMES.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY THE ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY. THAD C. ANDREWS, Editor. GEO. BOLIVER, Business Manager.

SATURDAY, June 19, 1875. In a Nut-Shell.

The News & Courier answers "Scott's letter" in three words: "United States Senate."

Where Are We Drifting?

When murderers, thieves, and convicted felons, are allowed to testify and become willing witnesses against those who have always borne a good name, to screen themselves from punishment, or a mitigation of that punishment, and are justified and upheld by men professing the christian religion, to satisfy, perhaps, prejudice and a feeling of unhalloved enmity or vengeance for some supposed injury, we may well ask, where are we drifting? When a man can be arraigned for supposed crime, his character blasted, his family and children disgraced and crushed to the earth, all by the simple say-so of a person who has no moral perception of honor or integrity, and who would just as soon swear to a lie as the truth, will he then be able to save himself from punishment or to drag down with him those who he may have once had association with, who, having found out his venality have discarded him from their friendship, or to vent his spite, he becomes a willing witness to testify to lies of the most damning nature, well may we exclaim, Grant God, where will this thing end? Who is safe? Are we surrounded by those who will swear to a lie not only to screen themselves from the just rigor of a violated law, but will for a few dollars, blast ones character, no matter how pure? And have we those in our midst, who, against their own consciences, and a cert in knowledge of these facts, are ready and willing to lend a listening ear, and even aid, to assist in perpetrating such a diabolical outrage? We pause for a reply.

Let this thing continue a while longer, and a white man's chance for justice in this State will be like Byron's potatoes "few and far between." We have an affidavit in our possession now, the publication of which would ruin a fine reputation, and forever blast the good name and character of a gentleman of this county, who stands high in the estimation of his friends and the public. We know it is a lie. But yet it is sworn to before a Trial Justice, and duly executed, by a person who is considered by the law to be a competent witness in any of our courts of justice.

Joseph Crews, a Representative from Laurens County in the lower house of the General Assembly, is today within the pale of a prison, on no doubt in our mind, the evidence of a similar affidavit, while C. G. Bowen, the sheriff of Charleston County is upon trial for his life, on the bare affidavit of a confessed murderer and villain.

Well may we ask, where are we drifting?

We don't believe either of these men, no matter what their faults or foibles may be, guilty of what they are, or soon will be, arraigned for, and a verdict of guilty by an incompetent jury, a jury composed mostly of those who have no moral perception of a violated oath, will not make us believe them guilty either, for we have

come to the conclusion, where there is no moral perception, a lie will be as pregnant as the truth, and an oath violated with ease and impunity, whenever necessity, enmity or gain becomes the motor.

NINETEENTH CENTURY. A Hundred years ago—and now. THE MYSTERIOUS MOTION. A TRIP TO THE MOON, PERHAPS. RESULTS OF INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL LABOR.

Reader let us draw aside the curtain which hangs between the past and the present, and look back a hundred years and see the results of intellectual and physical labor, during the time. One hundred years ago, wine and water were the only elements of nature used in the service of man. Steam had not been yoked to the wheel and lever, sun painting had not been suggested, electricity was a hidden power, chemistry and geology were faintly developed, education was advancing slowly, shedding its light only on the favored few. Since the dawn of our liberty, science has raised her torch on high. The sun, no longer a mere clock in the heavens, yields its pencil to the artist; electricity strikes with its lightning the most resistant compound, and they soften and flow at its touch; metals are plated without fire; the telegraph girdles the earth with flame; chemistry decomposes earth, air and water, showing the nature of minerals, of acids, of alkalis, of gases, and how to use them in the trades and arts; geology interprets the history of the earth, which is written upon tables of stone. botany classifies the plants and flowers, and astronomy informs us regarding the stars in the heavens. It numbers, measures, weighs and analyzes the stars, and reveals the fact that the centrifugal and centripetal forces are the team with which God drives on the Universe in the star-paved track of space forever. Science has made the earth teem with vigorous vegetation, it has made us familiar with the circulation of the blood, it has taught us how to ward off disease and promote health and longevity. It illuminates work and shows us plainly that the highest and noblest task whatever it may be, lifts to the loftiest and purest plane of intelligence and culture. When the old world looks at the new, through the eyes of its representatives, it will see with astonished vision what miracles of mechanism have been performed by the youngest child in the family of nations.

Now here comes a Mr. Keeley, and knocks the common and weighty steam engine with all its fixtures into useless old iron. Hear what is said of this new motive power:

PHILADELPHIA, June 7.—"Within thirty days you will see a train of twenty Pullman cars drawn from Philadelphia to New York without steam, electricity, hot air or any other known motive power."

The speaker's tone was one of profound conviction, and there were no symptoms of insanity in his face. I had known him for a long time as a man who attended to his business, paid his debts, was opposed to the Third term, and gave other evidences of sanity.

"Well, what is to haul the train?" I asked incredulously.

"The wonderful new motor," he replied; "a little machine that needs only a small supply of water and air. About a bucketful of water will be enough to run it to New York."

"And the fuel?"

"There is no fuel—absolutely nothing but the water, the air, and the little machine."

The inventor's name is John W. Keeley, and he calls his invention the "Keeley Motor." It is owned by a stock company composed chiefly of New York and Philadelphia capitalists, who have paid in a working capital of about \$150,000 and hold stock of the nominal par value of \$1,000,000. They value this stock at fabulous prices. The original associates of Mr. Keeley, who are all members of the present company, are James S. Yarnall, John Stütz, Chas. B. Collier, J. W. Schneckers, and William Boekel, of this city, and Charles B. Till, of Morristown, N. J. The apparatus that generates the power is called a "multiplier," and is composed of a number of iron chambers of cylindrical form, connected by pipes and fitted with certain cocks and valves. The machine upon which experiments have been conducted during the past eight months is about thirty-six inches high, twenty-four long, and thirteen wide, and its cylinders will hold about six gallons of water. A small brass pipe, with an orifice one-quarter of an inch in diameter, leads from it to a strong wrought-iron reservoir six inches in diameter and three feet long, where the power is stored, and whence it is fed to a beam

engine through a still smaller pipe. The process of generating the power consists in forcing air into the upper chamber of the multiplier, and afterward letting water run in from a hydrant until the receptacles are nearly filled. In the experiments recently made, the inventor has used his own lungs for an air pump, blowing through a tube for a few seconds, then turning a cock to shut off the air, connecting the tube with the hydrant and opening the cock until sufficient water runs in. Within two minutes after this operation is performed the cocks on the tubes connecting the upper with the lower cylinders are turned, and the power is ready for use. This little machine exerts through the small tube, one-eighth of an inch in diameter, a pressure varying from 2,000 to 15,000 pounds to the square inch, at the will of the operator. The power is accurately measured by a force register. When applied to the engine it runs as rapidly as it is prudent to permit, the supply of power always being kept below its full capacity.

Very thorough tests have been made by those interested in probing the mystery, to see if there was not some trick of concealed chemical to generate gas. The multiplier has been suspended from the rafters of the building and air blown through it, and it has been flooded repeatedly with water to dissolve any chemical compound it might hold concealed. Immediately after these tests the power has been generated. Last fall an elaborate series of experiments were conducted by Chief Engineer Rutherford, of the United States Navy; J. Snowdon Bell, a mechanical engineer; Wm. Boekel, mechanic, and Chas. B. Collier, a lawyer of this city, and the results were printed in a pamphlet for the private information of the stockholders. Beside the air and water tests they examined the escape from the valves, and found it to be a "vaporic or gaseous production," without smell or taste, and with no explosive or inflammable properties when exposed to a flame. When a piece of muslin cloth was held over the escape an icicle of the shape of a thimble was rapidly formed. The investigators also tasted the water which had been used in the multiplier, and discovered no unusual flavor or odor, and took the machine to pieces without finding any residuum.

What, then, is this strange power, capable of doing the work of steam without heat? The inventor talks about the multiplied power of hydraulic columns held in suspension, but gives no further explanation of the manner by which a pressure of twenty-six pounds to the inch, which the Schuykill water has in the hydrant, is increased to 15,000 pounds by merely passing through his iron cylinders. It is his secret, he says, and he will reveal it as soon as his patents in this country and in England are issued. One of the principal owners of the invention accounts for the strange force on the supposition that the machine separates water into its ultimate atoms, and changes their cohesive force into one of strong repulsion. It is a singular peculiarity of the force that when it is diminished much below a pressure of 1,200 pounds to the square inch, it extinguishes itself, fading out and leaving no sign. Mr. Keeley is now engaged on a new and larger multiplier, the parts of which have been made in different machine shops to preserve the secret of its construction. It is almost ready for use.

Let me add that the stock is not for sale, and that all the inventor asks of the public is that it will let him alone until he completes the new multiplier; he is now making and is ready to exhibit it.

And yet, the Zenith has not been reached, the half has not been told; the wonders of nature are lending to science, however, miraculous conception, of wisdom, and the opening of the XXth century may inaugurate packet and passenger ships navigating the air. When one here at nine, will decline an invitation to dine in New York at two by reason of an engagement to sup with Sue at her country residence on the noon at eight.

We rise, sir, past nine, and reach New York at two, precisely. No danger, sir. Through in four and one-half hours, and you see gliding over your head, a sugar shaped machine, a huge propeller with twenty or thirty cars attached to it, all suspended by balloons, and driven by vapor, the new motive power.

STOCK HOLDERS

Of the Orangeburg Agricultural and Mechanical Association are hereby notified that there will be a meeting of the Association on Thursday morning July 1st, next, at 11 o'clock, for the purpose of fixing the Number of Shares of Stock. A full meeting is requested. Votes by proxy must be in writing. Meeting will be held at the Fair Building.

By order of the Board of Directors, KIRK ROBINSON, June 19—21 Secretary and Treasurer.

For Sale.

A Snag little HOUSE and LOT in the Town of Orangeburg—can be treated for at private sale until 1st Monday in July—will then be offered at public outcry, and sold to the highest bidder. Property obliged to be sold. Apply to THAD C. ANDREWS, Agt. June 19

T. KOHN & BROTHER DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT. OUR PLATFORM. THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT—and always to maintain it in Dry Goods Hats, Clothing, Shoes, &c. THE MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES—While we will always have "plain and medium Styles" for those who prefer them, yet we will aim to be up with the highest fashion with a large portion of our stock. The Lowest Prices—None can buy goods cheaper than this House. None watch the business closer. None do as large a business in our line. How can any one then sell as cheap? We confidently believe our Prices are really lower than any where else. The Best Attention—Our Salesmen will not hurry a customer to choose now, but will advise and suit, and thus make an exchange necessary; neither will we sell an article that when examined at home will prove unsatisfactory. Further—Our New Brick Establishment and Show rooms is a model of convenience and comfort, being pronounced by everybody to be the Largest of its kind in the State. We most cordially invite a generous public to pass judgment on our taste and skill by a personal inspection of the premises and stock. Our friends far and near are assured that everything that patient determination can do will always be done to keep our House at the head of the trade. Lots of NEW STYLES in SUMMER WEAR FOR Ladies, Gents and Children. Special Notice.—A new lot of the Celebrated DIAMOND Perfect fit SHIRTS arrived. CLOTHING. SHOES. T. KOHN & BROTHER. T. KOHN & BROTHER. T. KOHN & BROTHER.