

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28 1875.

NUMBER 28.

T H E TAYLOR COTTON GIN.

ORDER IT EARLY.
Took the Silver Medal at the
Orangeburg Fair in 1872.
And Took the Diploma in
1873.

It is of Light Draught, Gins Rap-
idly and gives a Beautiful Sample.

Price Below any other First
Class Gin.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,

Sole Agent for

ORANGEBURG and BARNWELL.

The following gentlemen are using
the gin:

R E Clark, Esq., Dr W W Wamma-
maker, Jacob Cooner, Esq., Jacob
Keitt, Esq., Maj J H Hydrick, Bolin
& Argoe, J F Witt, Esq., J W Smith,
Esq., D C Stoudemire, Esq., J W
Culler, Esq.

Building Material &c.

The subscriber would ask the attention of
the readers of the NEWS & TIMES to his
Stock of

Hardware, Building Material, House
Finishing and Carriage Build-
ing, and Trimming
Material, &c.

Consisting in part of

Fresh

Stono Lime,
Hydraulic Cement,
Caledine Plaster, Nails,
Hair, Laths, Locks, Hinges,
Brads, Tacks, Window Glass,
Putty, Varnishes, Paints, Oils and
Brushes.

In short, the largest variety of goods to be
found in any one house in the State. All
goods warranted as represented, and prices
guaranteed as low as the lowest for same
quality of goods. All orders accompanied
with Cash or satisfactory City references,
will have prompt and careful attention.

JOHN C. DIAL,

Columbia, S. C.

July 10

1875

3m.

COTTON GINS.

COTTON BLOOM COTTON GIN,
Price \$4 00 per saw.

MAGNOLIA COTTON GIN,
Price \$4 00 per saw.

HALL'S PATENT COTTON GIN,
Price \$4 00 per saw.

HALL'S PATENT COTTON GIN
with Feeder Attached,
Price \$5 50 per saw.

The above are prices in store at Charle-
ston. Send for Circular.

C. GRAVLEY,

No. 111 East Bay Street,
North of the Postoffice,
Charleston, S. C.

aug 14-2

NOTICE

CHARLESTON STORE

Will be OPENED in Orange-
burg on the 1st September,
1875, next door to T.

W. Albergotti,

Baker,

by

J. L. MORRISON.

A well selected Stock of
DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

ETC., ETC.,

Constantly on hand.

aug 14

1865

if

McMICHAEL HOUSE

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

This HOUSE is now open for the recep-
tion of BOARDERS. GUESTS well taken
care of. The TABLE amply supplied, and
a HACK meeting each train at the Depot.

Terms Moderate.

may 29

1875

ly

DENTAL NOTICE

THE undersigned takes pleasure in an-
nouncing to his many friends and patrons
that he has permanently located at Orange-
burg, C. H., S. C., where he will devote his
entire time, from every Monday till Saturday
noon to the

PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY

in all its Departments. Perfect satisfaction
guaranteed in all operations entrusted to his
care. Charges very moderate.

Office at Dr Frazier's old stand over Wil-
cock's Store

A. M. SNIDER, D. S.

The Bachelor's Coat.

BY GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

Old coat, for some three or four seasons
We've been jolly comrades, but now
We part, old companion, forever;
To fate and the fashion I bow.
You'd look well enough at a dinner,
I'd wear you with pride at a ball;
But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—
My own—and you'd not do at all.

You've too many wine stains about you,
You're scented too much with cigars;
When the gaslight shines full on your collar,
It glitters like myriad stars;
That wouldn't look well at my wedding;
They'd seem inappropriate there;
Nell doesn't use diamond powder,
She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzene's piazza
Too late when the evening were damp;
When the moonbeams were silvering cro-
nest.
And the lights were all out in the camp;
You've rested on nightly oiled stairways
Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,
And somebody's ball dress—not Nellie's—
Flowed round you in rivers of white.

There's a reproachful looseness about you,
Should I wear you to-night, I believe,
As I came with my bride from the altar.
You'd laugh in your rickety old sleeve
When you felt there the tremulous pressure
Of her hand, in its delicate glove.
That is telling me, shyly but proudly,
Her trust is as deep as her love.

So go to your grave in the wardrobe,
And furnish a feast for the moth;
Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets;
For younger, more innocent cloth,
'Tis time to put on your successor—
It's made in a fashion that's new;
Old coat, I'm afraid it will never
Set as easily on me as you.

Wit and Justice in Missouri.

It is well known that some of the
judges in Missouri were very reluc-
tant to enforce the law against minis-
ters of the gospel for exercising their
profession without having taken the
test oath, and availed themselves of
every pretense to discharge those who
were accused.

Three ministers, charged with the
crime of preaching 'the glorious gos-
pel of the Son of God,' were arraigned
before a certain judge. They were
regularly indicted, and it was under-
stood that the proof against them was
very clear.

'Are you a preacher?' said the
judge to one of them.

'Yes, sir,' replied the culprit.

'To what denomination do you
belong?'

'I am a Christian, sir.' (With
dignity.)

'A Christian! What do you mean
by that? Are not all preachers
Christians?'

'I belong to the sect usually called,
but wrongly called, Campbellites.'
(Not so much dignity.)

'Ah! Then you believe in baptiz-
ing people in order that they may be
born again, do you?'

'I do, sir.' (Defiantly.)

'Mr. Sheriff, discharge that man.
He is an innocent man! He is in-
dicted for preaching the gospel, and
there is not a word of gospel in the
stuff he preaches! It is only some of
Alexander Campbell's nonsense. Dis-
charge the man!'

Exit Campbellite, greatly rejoicing.

'Are you a preacher?' said the
judge, addressing the second criminal.

'I am, sir,' said the miscreant.

'Of what denomination are you?'

'I am a Methodist, sir.'

'Do you believe in falling from
grace?'

'I do, sir.' (Without hesitation.)

'Do you believe in sprinkling
people instead of immersing them?'

'I believe that people can be bap-
tized by sprinkling.' (Much offend-
ed.)

'Do you believe in baptizing babies?'

'It is my opinion, sir, that babies
ought to be baptized.' (Indignantly.)

'Nor a word of Scripture for any-
thing of the kind, sir!' flouted his
honor. 'Mr. Sheriff, turn that man
loose! He is no preacher of the gos-
pel! The gospel is truth, and there
is not a word of truth in what that
man teaches! Turn him loose! It
is ridiculous to indict men on such
frivolous pretenses! Turn him loose!'

Methodist disappears, not at all
hurt in his feelings by the judicial
abuse he has received,

'What are you, sir?' said the judge
to the third felon.

'Some people call me a preacher,
sir.' (Meekly.)

'What is your denomination?'

'I am a Baptist.'

(Head up.)

His honor's countenance fell, and
he looked sober and sad, for he him-
self was of the same persuasion. After
a pause he said:

'Do you believe in salvation by
grace?'

'I do.' (Firmly.)

'Do you teach that immersion only
is baptism?'

'That is my doctrine.' (Earnestly.)

'And you baptize none but those
who believe in Jesus Christ?'

'That is my faith and practice.'
(With emphasis.)

'My friend, I fear it will go hard
with you. I see you are indicted for
preaching the gospel, and it ap-
pears to me by your own confession
that you are guilty.'

Baptist looked pretty blue.

'May it please your honor,' said the
Baptist's counsel, springing to his feet,
'that man never preached the gospel.
I have heard him say a hundred times
that he only tried. I have heard him
try myself.'

'Mr. Sheriff, discharge this man!
He is not indicted for trying. There
is nothing said about the mere effort!
Let him go, sir! I am astonished
that the State Attorney should annoy
the Court with such frivolous indict-
ments!'

Exit Baptist determined to 'try'
again.

Court adjourned for 'licker.'

The Saratoga correspondent of the
New York Commercial tells the follow-
ing story:

They were two Madison avenue
girls—real beauties. They were talk-
ing beneath the trees of Clarendon
park, and we were sitting in *disaboli*

at our window over-head eavesdrop-
ping. 'Favesdropping? Yes, gentle
reader, for that is the privilege of
knights of the quill. They are not
as other men. The sanctity of quiet
tete-a-tetes is not sacred to them. They
are bound by the oaths of their pro-
fession to tell all they can find out of
everybody's business, and the more
unscrupulous they are in getting hold
of something to tell the more worthy
are they to enter the scribblers' heav-
en. One of the young ladies aforesaid
was a blonde, the other a sort of half-
and-half; that is to say, she had light
hair, but not too light, complexion
ditto, but eyes as black as charcoal.
She was the greyest little maiden I
ever saw. It seemed as if she could
hardly contain herself. She began to
speak as follows:

'Nell,' said she, 'I'm going home to-
morrow.'

'Going home to-morrow? What
for, pray?'

'Because I can't behave myself.'

'Well, out with it, Jennie. What
have you been doing?'

'Lots of things.'

'Well, give us the first.'

'You know Frank Kennedy, Nell?'

'That soft, simpering fellow, that
always tells you how 'chawming' you
look?'

'Exactly. This morning I saw him
coming, and made up my mind to
take him down.'

'And what did you do?'

'I put my diamond brooch in a
chair, pin upwards, and asked him to
sit down.'

'He sat, of course, and what then?'

'He jumped up and yelled, "Oh,
my—"

'What's the trouble? I asked.
'Nothing in particular; only I thought
of an engagement at this very moment;
you must excuse me. And off he
went, and would you believe it, Nell,
the brooch was sticking to him.'

'That was awful, Jennie,' and the
two girls giggled together for five min-
utes. Nell broke the spell by demand-
ing 'What next?' 'Why, you see, I
was talking with that young sprig of a
clergyman, the Rev. Tom Parsons.
We had nearly talked each other to
death, when, as luck would have it,
he made some remarks about mosqui-
toes. I was on my native heath at
once, and began to tell him of my
experience at Rockaway. "Did they
bite very hard?" inquired the Rev.
Thomas. "I wish, Mr. Parson," said
I, "you could see my legs and judge
for yourself!"

'That was a horrid speech, Jennie,

how could you say such a thing?'

'Why, Nell, it popped out before I
knew it.'

'And what did Mr. Parsons say?'

'He blushed clean to the eyes, and
I ran away.'

An Old Time Marriage Outfit.

In these days of centennials, ac-
counts of anything which occurred
one hundred years ago prove very in-
teresting to the general reader. No
doubt many a newly married couple,
or those who are about to be joined in
wedlock will be doubly interested in
learning what was considered a good
marriage outfit in 1779, by a family
in the eastern part of Litchfield county
who were in good circumstances. A
friend who furnishes us with the items
says the following outfit in kind and
amount was considered splendid in
those days. If such was the case now,
young men would no longer bring
forward as their chief excuse for lead-
ing a life of single blessedness that
getting married is too expensive.

1 cow..... \$12.50

1 case of drawers..... 18.00

1 square table..... 3.00

6 good chairs..... 9.00

5 common chairs..... 4.50

6 pewter platters..... 1.75

7 " plates..... 2.00

6 earthen "..... 50

2 beds complete..... 45.00

1 quart pewter cup..... 75

6 knives & forks..... 2.50

1 quart basin..... 50

1 pint "..... 24

1 pinner..... 54

Curians..... 5.00

1 great chair..... 1.00

1 chest..... 60

1 looking glass..... 4.00

1 pewter teapot..... 1.50

1 set cup & saucers..... 50

1 brass kettle..... 7.00

1 iron pot..... 1.50

1 tea kettle..... 1.00

1 dish kettle..... 1.00

1 skillet..... 50

1 spider..... 1.00

2 candlesticks..... 50

1 Dutch wheel..... 2.67

1 pair flat irons..... 1.25

Linen..... 8.50

1 slice & tongs..... 2.90

2 beds..... 5.00

Total value, \$142.70

Waterbury American.

China and South Carolina United in Holy Wedding.

An interesting marriage ceremony
took place last night at 9 o'clock at
No. 2 College street. Mr. William
Ah Sang, the well known Chinaman
employed at Wilson Bros, tea depot,
on King street, was united in mar-
riage with Miss Clara Davis, a native
of this city. The wedding ceremony
was performed by the Rev. Dr. Bow-
man of the Wentworth street Lutheran
Church, in the most solemn and im-
pressive manner, and the remarks
made by this eloquent Divine were
exceedingly appropriate to the oc-
casion, and were listened to with in-
tense interest by all. There were up-
wards of sixty persons present, the in-
vited guests of the bride and groom.
Mr. Ah Sang was attired in the full
and complete costume of his native
country, the same being a richly
flowered satin blouse, heavily trim-
med with gold, pants of a deep blue
and the shoes usually worn in China.
The bride wore a satin dress richly
trimmed with lace, etc., of foreign
importation, a handsome veil trailing
several feet, and a magnificent wreath
of orange blossoms decorated her head
and brow, which with her soft blue
eyes and beautiful face, gave her more
the appearance of some fairy which
the imagination pictures, than a hu-
man being. The bride and groom
seemed exceedingly happy, and if we
may judge by present appearances, we
predict for them a happy and prosper-
ous future. Mr. Ah Sang has con-
cluded to remain here permanently
and speaks in the very highest terms
of the kindness shown him by the
Messrs. Wilson Bros, his employers.
—News & Courier.

Lawyers Should not be Asses.

Judge Underwood, of Rome, to four
young lawyers who had just passed an
examination in his court: 'Young
gentlemen, I want to say a thing or
two to you. You have passed as good
an examination as usual, perhaps bet-
ter; and you don't know anything.
Like these young fellows just back
from their graduation at college, you
think you know a great deal. That
is a great mistake. If you ever get to
be of any account you will be sur-
prised at your present ignorance.
Don't be too big for your breeches.
Go around to the justice's courts! Try
to learn something. Don't be afraid.
Set off on a high key. You will, no
doubt, speak a great deal of nonsense,
but you will have one consolation, no-
body will know it. The great mass
of mankind takes sound for sense. Never
mind about your case—pitch in! You
are about as apt to win as lose. Don't
be ashamed before the wise-looking
justice. He don't know a thing. Stand
to your rack, fodder or no fodder, and
you will see daylight after a while.
The community generally supposes
that you will be rascals. There is no
absolute necessity that you should.
You may be smart without being
tricky. Lawyers ought to be gentle-
men. Some of them don't come up to
the standard, and are a disgrace to the
fraternity. They know more than any
other race, generally, and not much
in particular. You are dismissed with
the sincere hope of the court that you
will not make asses of yourselves—
Louisville Courier Journal.

Flogging Judge.

On Friday the time-honored custom
so dear to all Polyticians of
flogging in stiff, the false apostle was
carried out with all the ceremony by
the crews of several vessels of Portu-
guese and South American nations
in London. At daybreak a life-sized
figure of a man dressed in sailor's cos-
tume, with jack boots, was hoisted to
the mast-head, and a placard, fastened
to the breast, bearing the inscription
in Portuguese, 'This is Judas Iscariot,
who betrayed Christ.' The effigy re-
mained at the mast-head until about ten
A. M., when the entire crew assisted in
lowering it to the deck, the ship's bell
meanwhile keeping up an incessant
clanging. The figure was then carried
threetimes round the deck and finally
lashed to the capstain. The crew ar-
med themselves with knotted ropes,
and proceeded to belabor the figure
amid loud yells and shouting. The
ship's bell all the time ringing, and
company. Rannikins of Egebe were
served out, and thin illumined, com-
bined with religious zeal, rendered the
floggers almost frantic with excite-
ment. The clothes were cut away in
shreds, and when the figure was com-
pletely denuded, the block of wood
which does duty for the body was knock-
ed all over the deck. It was then sus-
pended to a line and thrown overboard
into the docks, and repeatedly dip-
ped. Owing to the dock regulations,
the stump could not be publicly burnt;
but it was chopped up into small frag-
ments, and handed over to the cook to
be burned under the galley fire.

Playing Scout.

When Mrs. B. went home from
shopping the other day, she entered
upon a scene of thrilling horror, being
enacted in the back yard.

In the center of the yard a dry
goats box was in flames and the baby
was lying in front of it squalling lusti-
ly from heat and fright. Down behind
the currant bushes were two of the
neighborhood boys, skulking around
with painted faces, chicken feathers
in their hair and bows in their hands,
while her hopeful son had on his
father's moccasin slippers, his cap
turned wrong side out upon his head,
and an old army gun in his hand. He
was creeping along, with evident mur-
derous intent, toward the roosters be-
hind the bushes.

'What on earth is the matter?' cried
the alarmed lady.

'Sh! sh!' said her hopeful; 'don't
you see them Injuns has burned down
Hawkins' cabin and nearly killed his
baby, burned up the family, and in
the Lean Wolf going to bring veng-
eance on the skulls of the varminits!'

But in about fifteen seconds after
he went down to the wood-pile, wish-
ing he was the fat woman in the mu-
seum, or the big medicine man of the
Pawnees.

He had been reading an Indian tale
in a New York paper, you see.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Even-
ing Post has condensed the census
statistics in regard to the wealth of the
country. The average personal wealth
throughout the whole United States
and Territories is \$772. The wealth
per capita in the various States is as
follows: In Alabama \$202; Arkansas,
\$322; California, \$1,097; Connecticut,
\$1,441; Delaware, \$676; Florida,
\$234; Georgia, \$226; Illinois, \$835;
Indiana, \$754; Iowa, \$600; Kansas,
\$505; Kentucky, \$431; Louisiana,
\$454; Maine, \$555; Maryland, \$824;
Massachusetts, \$1,363; Michigan,
\$604; Minnesota, \$513; Mississippi,
-252; Missouri, \$746; Nebraska, \$435;
Nevada, \$530; New Hampshire, \$793;
New York, \$1,481; North Carolina,
\$243; Ohio, \$838; Oregon, \$506; Pen-
sylvania, \$1,081; Rhode Island,
\$496; South Carolina, \$294; Tennes-
see, \$393; Texas, \$194; Vermont,
\$711; Virginia, \$334; West Virginia,
431; West Virginia, 659.

'All flesh is grass.' Two farmers
near Greenbush, N. Y., contesting the
ownership of grass in a graveyard,
fell to cutting each other with scythes,
and one of them is now mowed.

A Vicksburger who prided himself

on his choice language was over in
Louisiana the other day on business,
and stopping at a farm house to get a
drink of water, the woman remarked
that the crops stood in great need of
rain.

'Yes, rain is the great desideratum,'
he replied, as he handed the tin dip-
per back.

'Mary! Mary! yelled the woman;
in loud tones.

A white-headed girl of sixteen
came out of the back room in response
to the call, and the mother continued:

'Take a squar view of him, Mary!
He don't look as if he knew enough
to plough cotton, and yet he just got
off a word as long as from here to the
mule pen and back, and he may be
holdin' on to more!'

The Vicksburger walked right
away from there.—Vicksburg Herald.

Somebody interviewed George
Francis Train, and the latter said:
'Do you see these hands? See the
blood run into them! There's health
for you! All comes from vegetable
diet, sir. No meat for me. I eat nothing
but vegetables. Veget