

# Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 4 1875.

NUMBER 29.

**T H H**  
**TAYLOR COTTON GIN.**  
 ORDER IT EARLY.  
 Took the Silver Medal at the Orangeburg Fair in 1872.  
 And Took the Diploma in 1875.  
 It is of Light Draught, Gins Rapidly 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 Wannamaker, Jacob Cooner, Esq., Jacob Keitt, Esq., Maj J H Hydrick, Bolin & Argoe, J F Witt, Esq., J W Smith, Esq., D C Stoumdire, 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 Building, and Trimming Material, &c.  
 Consisting in part of  
 Fresh Stone Lime, Hydraulic Cement, Calcined 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 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 Charleston. Send for Circular.  
**C. GRAVELEY,**  
 No. 111 East Bay Street,  
 South of the Postoffice,  
 aug 14-2 Charleston, S. C.

**NOTICE**  
**CHARLESTON STORE**  
 Will be OPENED in Orangeburg on the 1st Sept 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 1f

**McMICHAEL HOUSE**  
 ORANGEBURG, S. C.  
 This HOUSE is now open for the reception of BOARDERS. GUESTS well taken care of. The TABLE amply supplied, and a HACK meeting each train at the Depot.  
 Terms Moderate.  
 may 20 1875 1f

**DENTAL NOTICE**  
 THE undersigned takes pleasure in anouncing to his many friends and patrons that he has permanently located at Orangeburg, 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 Fessner's old stand over Willcock's Store.  
**A. M. SNIDER, D. S.**

**Domatic Diplomacy.**  
 She was watching at the window,  
 As I hurried down the street,  
 In the hurried brown merino  
 That I fancy looks so neat,  
 And her smile I thought portentous,  
 It was so exceedingly sweet.  
 Then she met me at the threshold  
 With a very loving kiss,  
 That recalled the early stages  
 Of our matrimonial bliss,  
 And I felt at once a tremor—  
 Was there anything amiss?  
 No! The children were all quiet,  
 And the hearth was very bright,  
 And my pet—our roguish Charlie—  
 Was quite festive in his white;  
 Yet I braced myself for something,  
 Be that something what it might.  
 My chair was near the fire,  
 And my slippers by its side—  
 My pipe was very handy,  
 And my papers open wide,  
 And she wore the pretty breastpin  
 That I gave her when a bride.  
 The dinner was perfection—  
 It was lavish without waste;  
 The soup was vermicelli,  
 And exactly to my taste;  
 While the desert was a triumph  
 Of artistic skill in paste.  
 And when the meal was over,  
 And the innards at rest,  
 She drew her chair beside me,  
 With the baby on her breast,  
 Lethal and so brotherly.  
 Oh! how I trembled when she  
 Took hold of my hand;  
 As I clasped her to my bosom  
 In a lover's fond embrace,  
 It was then she softly whispered,  
 "Won't you let me have that lace?"  
 [From the Ohio State Journal.]  
**A TREMENDOUS BATTLE.**

**MR. AND MRS. McSTINGER'S CONFLICT WITH THE ROCKING CHAIR.**

Old McStinger was going to bed a little way the other night, and not wishing to disturb Mrs. McStinger, who has a tongue like a rat-tail file, he thought it just as well not to turn on the gas. He got on very well until he reached the door of the chamber where his patient wife lay sleeping. Here he paused a moment balancing on his heels like a pole on a juggler's nose. Then he made a dash for it, in order to make a bee line across the floor.

Mrs. McStinger, with her usual exemplary fortitude, placed the rocking chair with such dexterous skill that no man could come into the room without running over it, so the first thing he knew, McStinger tubbed his toe nail off against the rocker, which knocked the seat against the crazy bone of his knee, and made one of the long arms prod him in the stomach. Simultaneously he fell over the chair crosswise, and it kicked him behind his back before he could get up from the floor, as he stood on all fours. The engagement was now fully opened. When a man begins falling over rocking chairs in a dark room, he ought always to have three days' rations and forty rounds.

Before McStinger could get up straight his knee came down on one of the long rocks behind, and the back of the chair came down on his head with a whack that laid him out flat on the floor, and before he could move the chair kicked him three times in the tenderest part of his ribs with the sharp end of the rocker. This made him perfectly furious, and he scrambled up and made a blind rush at the chair, determined to blow up the enemy's works. He ran square against the back, and it rocked forward with him, turning a complete somersault over the handle, throwing McStinger half way across the room and landing on top of him, digging into his abdomen like a bull-horn, and spreading out on the under side. It would have been a good thing for McStinger if he had lain still then and let the chair have its own way.

It lay flat on its back, with the long points of the rockers embracing his abdomen, and didn't seem to want to do anything active just then. But McStinger couldn't make up his mind to give it up yet. He rolled over sideways and upset the chair. It fell with a crash on its side, giving him a furious dig in the liver, which made him straighten out his legs spasmodically, bruising one shin from the instep to the knee on the rocker which hung in the air, and getting the clasp on its feet again, where it stood rocking

backward and forward at him, like a wary old ram making feints of bucking its adversary in order to throw him off his guard. The blow in the side nearly finished McStinger, and while lying there rubbing his wind back again, he was just beginning to reflect whether his honor required him to proceed any further in the affair, when Mrs. McStinger suddenly began screaming all the names in the ceremony act, under the impression that the Charley Ross abductors were trying to commit a burglary, bigamy, robbery, and everything else on her.

Up to this time she had been speechless with terror, and had lain there trembling, shedding perspiration, and accumulating shrieking power, until she had gained the screaming capacity of a camel-back engine. She had just reached her third *sforzando fortissimo accelerando*, when old McStinger succeeded in getting to his feet once more and became dimly visible to Mrs. McStinger. With one last wild parting shriek she sprang from the bed and made a dash for the door, near which the rocking chair still stood menacing the whole universe with a butting motion. Mrs. McStinger had no time for investigation just then, she pitched into and over the rocking chair and clear on down stairs, the chair after her, turning over and over; and kicking Mrs. McStinger every bump, until they both landed in the hall below, where the chair broke all to atoms. This ended the fight.

If wives will learn from this sad story not to leave rocking chairs standing around the middle of the room for their poor husband to fall over, we shall not have written in vain.

**HOUSEHOLD WORDS.**—When Shakespeare originated this phrase, we wonder if he had any of the following too familiar expressions in his mind, which the Church Union has gathered in one suggestive paragraph:  
 Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! Ill box your ears! Hold your tongue! Let me be! Get out! Believe yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! Mind your own business! I'll tell you! You hear things! There, I told you so! I did! I will have it! O, look what you have done! 'Twas you! Won't you catch it though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Get out of this room directly? Do you hear me? Dear me, I never did such a thing in all my born days!

**VICTORIOUS FAITH.**—In ancient history there is a story of a valiant captain whose banner was almost always first in the fight; whose sword was dreadfully his enemies for it was the herald of slaughter and victory. His king once asked to see the sword. He took it, quietly examined it, and sent it back with this message: "I see nothing wonderful in the sword. I cannot see why any man should be afraid of it." The captain sent the reply: "Your majesty has been pleased to examine the sword; but I did not send the arm that wielded it. If you had examined that, and the heart that guided the arm, you would have understood the mystery."

**A REMEDY THAT SOMETIMES FAILS.**—A correspondent of the Marylandian writes: "Now, if you know of any man who has a cow that is snake-bitten, tell him to use good medicine. The remedy won't always do." A gentleman from the interior, who has been staying here for a long time on business, had a cow bitten by a snake in May, and he has been using good whiskey ever since—using sometimes as much as ten or fifteen cocktails a day—and yet his wife writes him that the cow died at least six weeks ago.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A gambler in Iowa, to escape arrest, attempted to cross a river with a pocket-book in his teeth. His strength or skill proving inadequate, he was obliged to open his mouth in order to hold the book, and his pocket-book, containing \$1,000, went to the bottom.

**Winking Oxen.**  
 Of course we can drive the oxen home, we told the farmer. The idea of doubting our ability when we have seen them handled every day for the past month. He handed over the long whip and started them, we taking the proper position just in front. It was easy enough, rather monotonous till we met a team coming the other way; then we "geed" these oxen into a ditch, and running against a tree came to a standstill. We received a pleasant smile from the teamster, as we had given him the whole road. But there we were. We hollered "gee," "ha," and "back," till our throats were sore. "We couldn't get ahead unless we borrowed an ax and cut the tree down, and when we tried to back them they spread out from the pole, and stood face to face, nearly choking themselves. Then our patience gave out; we kicked the near one in the ribs; he playfully retorted by switching us across the face with his fly dispenser. We lit a pipe, and pulled smoke into their nostrils. This was a happy thought; they sneezed over us, and backed, but forgot to stop till they got close to us. We went home to bor on a steam derick, but before the arrangements were made, the oxen came in view, and calmly stopped in front of the barn. You may think there is nothing human in an ox; but we are ready to swear that both winked when they saw us and one had a positive grin on his face. We refrain from expressing our opinion of oxen.

**LONG HIS HIM AGAIN.**—In the town of W—, lived Deacon Wright, an exemplary member of the Free Will Baptist church. But he was troubled with the weakness, as common to deacons as to other men—a kind of an extra village of the "root of evil," and the usual objection of the root spreading. The church building being in want of repairs, such as replastering, painting, etc., the deacon as well as many others was applied to, and he contributed his mite in conformity with the parable, at least as far as the mite went. One night during prayer meeting, Elder Woodworth presiding, a large sheet of plastering fell from the ceiling upon Deacon Wright, hurting him somewhat but frightening him much more. He sprang to his feet and cried, "I will give \$10 towards repairing this church!" when in a solemn voice, Elder Woodworth responded "Lord have mercy on his soul."

**SOMETHING UNDER IT.**—A good Democrat of Chicago, when his beautiful and accomplished daughters asked him for fifty cents each to enter for a spelling tournament in which they were sure they would win the first prize—a copy of Webster—replied, emphatically, "No, girls, no. It's a rascally Whig trick; there's something under all this. I see that Webster came to Washington when he was in Congress, and I never believed that they did hang him for murdering Dr. McKim, but that his last words, 'I still live,' would yet come true. And they have, and he's just trying to work off some of his old spelling-book truck on the market. No, my dears; your father has travelled, and is up to these games, bet your sweet lives."

Capt. Webb has succeeded in swimming across the English Channel. He entered the water at Dover on the 24th, for the second attempt to cross, without the assistance of any floating or life saving apparatus. The following dispatch has been received in London:  
 CALAIS, August 25.—Capt. Webb arrived here at 11 o'clock this morning, in good health and spirits, although fatigued. The passage from Dover occupied twenty-one hours and forty minutes.  
 "France out some more pancakes!" warned William McDuff, as he sat at a table in Kansas City; and as the waiter wouldn't praise 'em, Mr. McDuff split his ear with a Bowie knife.

**Jarvis and the Funeral.**  
 There is a story related of Jarvis, the distinguished painter, to the effect that, walking down Broadway one day, he saw before him a dark-looking foreigner, bearing under his arm a small red cedar cigar-box. He stepped immediately into his "wake," and whenever he met a friend (which was once in two or three minutes, for the popular artist knew everybody, he would beckon him with a wink to "fall into line" behind. By and by, the man turned down one of the cross streets, followed closely by Jarvis and his "tail." Attracted by the measured tread of so many feet, he turned around abruptly, and, seeing the procession that followed in his footsteps, he exclaimed: "What for de debble is dis? What for you take me, eh? What for you so much come after me, eh?" "Sir," exclaimed Jarvis, with an air of profound respect, "we saw you going to the grave alone with the body of your dead infant, and we took the opportunity to offer you our sympathy, and follow your babe to the tomb." The man explained, in his broken manner, that the box contained only cigars, and he evinced his gratitude, for the interest which had been manifested in his behalf, by breaking it open and dispensing them very liberally to the mourners.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

**A FISH WITH FOUR HANDS.**—Mr. Foord, member of the Australian Eclipse Expedition, recently described before the Royal Society a most extraordinary creature, which was dredged up from the bottom of the sea, near the Northern shores of Australia. Foord says: "The body was that of a fish, but, wonderful to relate, it had in the place of fins four legs, terminated by what you might call hands, by means of which it made its way over the coral reef. When placed on the skylight of the steamer, the fish stood up on its four legs, a sight to behold! It was small, and something like a lizard, but with the body of a fish." The land animals of Australia are notorious for their peculiar forms and structure, but according to the above they are even less nondescript than those inhabiting the Australian seas. Mr. White, member of the same expedition, tells a strange tale about rats. "The little island upon which we pitched our tents," he says, "was over-run with them; and, what was most extraordinary, they were of every color, from black to yellow, and some tortoiseshell."

**Two of the monkeys at the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, fought a duel with knives the other day.** By some accident two large clasp knives were left by one of the keepers in the cage of the animals, and no sooner had they been perceived than two of the largest monkeys seized them, opened the blades and fell upon each other like a pair of men. One of them was killed at the first pass, whilst his adversary had one of his paws nearly cut off.

During a dense fog, a Mississippi steambomb took a landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog, can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the boiler busts, we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.  
 A professional man not far from State Street, Boston, returning to his office one day, after a substantial lunch, said complacently to his assistant, "Mr. Peetkin, the world looks different to a man when he has three inches of rum in him." "Yes," replied the junior, without a moment's hesitation, "and he looks different to the world!"  
 Gentleman on horseback seeing a crowd, reined up and exclaimed: "What's a foot here?"  
 To which a wag replied: "Twelve inches, the same that it is every where else."  
 The gentleman rode away.

**SPORT IN FRANCE.**—The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes: "A droll story comes to us from the city of Marseilles. The hero is a gentleman well known both there and in Paris. On his property near Marseilles he once had rabbits which the innumerable poachers of the south have exterminated. There is now, as every one knows, a sincere though uncultivated admiration for field sports in France. This gentleman was quite ashamed to think that he could not offer even rabbit shooting to a friend on his estates. But the remedy was simple—the empty warrens could be restocked. Orders to this effect he sent to Paris, and a great many conveys were turned down! The season of the chase opened two or three days since, with a goodly show of guns. M— led out to harass his game. Girl with horns probably, and furnished with embroidered game-bags, the party approached the scene of action. To their mingled horror and delight, the rabbits sallied forth on full gallop, greeting their executioners with joy, and came running up to their gaitered legs. Never was there such a welcome. Lops and half lops, Dutch and Angora, bounded one across another in delight. The fact is, that the *grande-chasse* had bought tame rabbits, which he had been used to feed in that very spot."

Near Knoxville, the other night, a young girl, who was unexpectedly interviewed by the family as she was about eloping with the object of her virgin affections, knocked the old man down, laid out two brothers with a cistern pole, kicked the hired man in the stomach, and got away with her lover and "made the rifle."

The Seattle Despatch, Washington Territory, appearing with a deficiency of local news one day last week, accounted for it by saying that the day before had been its "local's" birthday. Happy spot, where birthdays are observed so religiously.

A Norristown boy who found a pocket book containing eighty-five dollars, and returned it to the owner, refused a reward of five-cents for his trouble, explaining that many a man has been ruined by suddenly becoming rich.

What in life is more beautiful than happy human faces?  
 "How we done it," is the heading of a Duluth newspaper editorial. Send up some grammars there, quick!

A Kentucky paper endeavors to pay a delicate compliment to a favorite actress by calling her a "sweet little red-haired chandelier kicker."  
 "To be or not to be," as the man said when he got home and found a swarm of ems settled on his front door-knob.

"I don't care a cent for fashion—I've got to scratch my heel!" exclaimed a Detroit man as he pulled off his boot in a street car recently.

Miss Charity Fuller, of Hulson, is one of ten sisters, but the greatest of these is Charity—six feet two in her stockings.  
 A Pennsylvania boasts that he makes a soap that would "wash a politician's character white as snow." There must be a good deal of "lye" about that soap.

A handkerchief of William Penn is to be on exhibition at the Centennial, and a curious correspondent writes to ask if it is the original Penn wiper.—*Mail.*  
 The question for discussion at a recent meeting of scientists was, "which travels fastest, heat or cold?" It was decided in favor of heat, as many present had often been able to catch cold.  
 Peter Cunningham told Douglass Jerrold that he had been supping on a curious dish, which he had never seen before—calves' tails. "Extremes meet," was the comment of his pleasant friend.