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VOLUME 9.

SA TUBDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 11 1875.

NUMBER 30

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SOLDATENFRITZE.

Soldatenfritze, or Soldierfred—this was the name of a cheerful and active lad, whose father was a subordinate officer in the Prussian army. The name he received in the first place because his father was a soldier, secondly because he himself was fond of playing soldier, and thirdly because his Christian name was Fritz.

This lad, Soldatenfritze, was known to everybody in Brandenburg, his native town, and was not offended when people called him by that name, but, on the contrary, felt flattered by it, since, indeed, he was so thoroughly the child of a soldier.

When he attained the age of thirteen, war was declared between France and Germany, and the Prussian regiments were marched to the Rhine. It was in one of these regiments that Soldatenfritze's father was a subordinate officer. He took a farewell leave of his family, and he departed with his baggage.

Six months had elapsed since the family had parted from the absent father. Finally, one morning a letter arrived brimful of good news, with the information that the subordinate officer had been promoted to the post of orderly sergeant.

But what is the use, intimated the letter, 'one can not satiate his hunger with honor alone, and there's nothing here but honor. Had I only a few pecks of our nice potatoes! How they would taste! Here on the Rhine we must often abstain from food three days in succession, till one is black and blue with hunger, and a real, genuine potato I've not seen since I left home.'

This passage in the letter Fritz snapped at, and was so absorbed with it that he entirely forgot his father's promotion. The very idea that his father had no potatoes and was starving whilst their cellar was filled from top to bottom with the finest sweet potatoes, galled and grieved him, and he racked his brain to think how he might render his father happy by providing him with a mouthful of good potatoes.

'Mother, give me a little sack to carry a few measures to father.'

The mother replied: 'Boy, you're crazy; do you think it would be fun to carry potatoes on your shoulder a hundred miles or more? Put that idea out of your head you simpleton?'

But that was easier said than done. Soldatenfritze could by no means divest himself of his purpose. He only thought how his father, in his longings for home, would sigh after a few of those nice potatoes! Even at night the thought allowed him no rest; he would arise in his bed and cry aloud in his sleep: 'Father, you shall have those potatoes! A few weeks passed by in this way. But the mother was greatly surprised at finding how pale her son gradually became through the influence of this ruling idea. And yet, she hoped that the foolish notion would fade away with time. But one morning, as she entered his chamber to awake him, the bed was vacant! and Soldatenfritze had disappeared.

'Well, where has the rascal hid himself away?' muttered the mother. Surely, he has gone some distance pining for a potato, or else he must have little strieder with him, for, since his father's absence, the lad and his little line have gradually lost ground in his case.'

Without worrying herself to hunt up the lad, she went, as usual, about her household affairs, preparing the scanty dinner, placing it on the table, supposing of course, that Fritz would be on hand, for he had never yet missed a meal. But the clock struck twelve, one, two and the lad came not.

Then the mother began to worry; she ran out and asked her neighbors whether they had seen him.

But no one knew anything about him, till an old road-repairer remembered seeing him early in the morning, in his Sunday suit, carrying a sack upon his shoulder.

'Ah, the little scamp!' exclaimed the mother in surprise, and clasping her hands over her heart she remarked: 'He's gone to his father to bring him the potatoes in the camp; well, that's a fine idea, isn't it?' Home she ran, searched in the bureau-drawer, found that his clothes were gone, as well as a little sack that had solicited from her few days before.

'Is he really gone?' she asked sighing, and the great tears ran down her cheeks. 'Well, what pranks the fellow is cutting up! May God protect and preserve him! I'll say nothing, if he only arrives there safely. But for him to leave without any notice whatever, is altogether too bad!'

The sad mother wept as though her heart would break, and only the thought how the father would rejoice at the sight of his son could lessen her sorrow in the slightest degree. And when she knew neither ways nor means to catch the little rascal, she at last submitted quietly to her fate, and hoped that God would reward the filial love of the lad with a prosperous termination of his journey.

In the meantime Soldatenfritze was voyaging cheerily and hopefully toward the Rhine. To be sure he was not altogether familiar with the route, and yet, he knew the direction tolerably well, as he had made inquiries of the schoolmaster, so on he went, certain of making his final destination without fail. Money he had not, nor did he anticipate any need of it, for, he thought to himself, 'Wherever you tarry, the good people will of course give you a bite. You need only relate how you're going to father, to bring him those potatoes. That will surely please them, and how glad father will be when I reach him! Ah, that will of course be a jubilee, for I have picked out the nicest for him in the whole cellar.'

At noon, and at the very moment when his mother had been searching for him at home, he arrived at a large village and entered the best hotel. Taking his seat boldly on a wooden bench at the table, he wiped the sweat away from his brow.

A considerable number of guests were present in the spacious reception-room of the hotel, and among them an old invalid with a cork leg. These regarded the lad with wonder and surprise. The inn-keeper, too, approached him, inquiring whence he came and about his business and destination.

'Well,' replied Fritz, 'I'm Soldatenfritze, from Brandenburg, and I'm going to father on the Rhine; I'm carrying him a mess of potatoes, because he earnestly wished it.'

'What, my lad, what is this purpose of yours?' inquired the invalid, as he arose and approached Fritz, surveying him from head to foot with a look of astonishment.

'Yes, sir, it is to the Rhine I'm going,' replied Soldatenfritze, 'my father has been promoted to orderly sergeant, but he makes nothing of that so long as he has no potatoes; I am therefore bringing him some, and I've picked out the finest ones, too; here they are in the sack.'

'Come on, you singular lad, and tell your story,' exclaimed the invalid, stroking his moustache, 'Are you in earnest? Explain yourself so that a soldier may understand you.'

Soldatenfritze went on relating his story, and all present listened attentively at all he said.

'Well, you rogue, shouted the old soldier, 'come here, and give me a kiss! you're a real and genuine child of a soldier. At the very sight of you my old heart leaps with joy. Come here, I say, come!'

Soldatenfritze hardly knew what was happening, for the old veteran had got him by the top-knot, and was kissing him until Fritz nearly lost his breath. The other guests served him in like manner, each in his turn, and even the stout host, himself, was touched to the very heart.

For that day Fritz could not venture even to think of pursuing his journey. He must tarry at the inn, where he was fondled and caressed as if he were a real prince. At evening when many more guests were assembled, he related, at the instance of the old invalid, his story once more, after which he was conducted by the host into a little bed-chamber, and laid into a soft bed, where he rested like the little angels in heaven.

But while he lay in sweet slumber and dreamed of his father, the aged invalid, discoursed to his fellow-guests in the inn, and remarked, 'I would be a sin and a shame to permit so brave a lad to continue his journey without the means to meet his expenses, and he made the matter so plain to all, that each one opened his purse and contributed for brave Soldatenfritze. The stout host gathered the contributions, and kept them safe till morning.

When the morning dawned, he ordered up his little pony carriage, called forward the lad, placed before him a hearty breakfast, handed him the money which the guests had contributed, sewed it into the lining of his coat, and finally dismissed him with kind wishes for his welfare, and a pleasant time the remainder of his journey.

Deeply affected by the love and kindness of his host, he took leave of him and of the invalid, who remained at the side till the last moment. Seated in the little carriage, he rode pleasantly along to the next town, distant some five miles, and as far as the friendly host had ordered him to be carried. Here he bade a grateful adieu to the coachman, pursuing his journey on foot till candle-light, when he entered a large village to obtain lodging till morning.

Here, as before, he told his story, and here again he was kindly cared for, and treated with similar love and tenderness.

Finally, when he had performed many a pleasant day's journey in his pilgrimage, he espies in the distance the first sentry of the Prussian military camp, keeping guard. Toward him he rushes with winged feet.

'Do you know, sir, where I'll find father?' he inquired of the soldier, himself out of breath.

'Stupid little simpleton!' replied the heavily bearded sentinel, 'how should I know your father's name and regiment?'

'Why, sir, he is in the Brandenburg regiment; his name is Martin Boller-man, and he is orderly sergeant,' replied Fritz sharply.

'Well, if that is so, pass in and hunt him up.'

Fritz rushed on, passed the second guard, the third, and finally came into the hands of an adjutant, who subjected him to a very strict examination. But the more the adjutant questioned him and heard his answers the more friendly he became towards him, and at length patted the brave lad on the cheek.

'Come on with me, and I think we'll soon find your father.' So he immediately started for a large and splendid tent, from the top of which a large banner was waving. Fritz, with the potato sack, was trotting bravely along beside him, and followed fearlessly into the tent, as the officer winked to him to enter.

In the tent he observed a venerable and splendidly dressed officer, who sat in a great arm-chair, and appeared to be deeply absorbed in the study of a map.

He scarcely looked up, and only slightly nodded with his head as the guide of our little hero respectfully approached him.

'That's a general I know,' said Fritz to himself, as he stood a little abashed in the entrance of the tent. His guide, the adjutant of the general, spoke softly with the latter, who immediately took his eyes from the map, gave his adjutant an attentive hearing, and cast a hurried glance at Soldatenfritze.

command, and approached the general with soldierly grace and dignity.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
It Was a Bee.

Any one passing along Howard street just before noon, yesterday, would have seen him lying under one of the shade trees in his yard, a pillow under his head, his feet on a bench, and a magazine in his hands. He looked the picture of comfort and contentment, and the women who were going along with pull-back dresses on, sighed and wished they were men.

The great City Hall bell struck the hour of noon. The deep-toned echoes floated out on the still summer air touched a tender chord in the Howard street man's heart. The echoes sounded to him like funeral whisps—like the whispers of the night wind sighing through the grand old wilderness.

'Oh! solemn bell!' he said. 'Oh! sad solemn!'

That was all he said about the bell. A bumble bee settled down on him to look for sugar, and as he turned partly over he gave the bee a rub. It is a bad thing to rub any kind of a bee. He feels insulted and gets annoyed at things which a mud turtle or a dove would pass by without a thought. The echoes of the bell were just dying away when the Howard street man got up. He got up like a man in a hurry. He went away from there. He didn't meander—he went like a rocket. Something seemed to ail him. He made a line for the house, went up the steps at a bound, and as his wife asked him the cause of his haste, he replied:

'Thunder—oop! hoop!'

'Is this house on fire?' she asked, as he tore around the parlor and upset things.

'House be—oop! Lordy!' he answered, as he made a circle of the room and dashed into the hall.

The dog rushed after him, the wife rushed after the dog, and the man bounded out of the house.

'Are you crazy, Robert?' shrieked the wife as she beheld him pounding his legs with his new felt hat.

Two or three boys ran in from the street, a strange dog came in and got up a fight, and all things conspired to make a lively time.

'He's got the colic!' yelled one of the boys.

'Or the tremers!' shouted another.

'See that hat!' called a third.

'Boys, go out of here!' whispered the punting man as he stopped using his hat. They went out, and as he limped into the house, his tearful wife asked:

'Now, then, will you tell me what has happened?'

'No, I won't!' he shouted, and he didn't. She fell into hysterics at the thought that he had used his brain too much, and had suddenly become crazed, and he went down to the drug store and applied arnica to the spot, and informed the clerk that eleven thousand of the largest kind of bumble bees settled right down on him in a body.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]
Studying the Beauties of Nature.

The other day a Detroit father purchased a microscope for his son; a boy of ten, patted the lad on the shoulder, and said to him:

'My son, take this microscope and go out and study the beauties of nature.'

The boy left all other amusements for that, and he took such great interest and improved so rapidly, that at tea table, to which several visitors sat down with the family, he felt that he must make some remarks. Turning to one of the ladies, he inquired:

'Did you ever look at cheese through a microscope?'

'I don't think I ever did,' she pleasantly replied.

'Well, you just ought to see the things crawl!'

'John! John!' exclaimed the father, shaking his head at the boy across the table.

John subsided for a minute or two, and when his mother passed the cheese around, everybody said, 'Thank you, no.' Pretty soon the young student, desiring to mollify his father, asked:

'Father, did you ever look at a good through a microscope?'

'I will talk with you after supper,' replied the parent, scowling at the boy.

John was rather disappointed at his failure to arouse enthusiasm, and just as the strawberries were being passed around he remarked:

'Well, you just ought to look at a strawberry once through the microscope! They look just like warts, they do, and you think you see bugs running—!'

'Jawn!' said his mother.

'Boy!' warned his father.

'Well, they look worse'n flies' head,' protested the boy, who magnified that they doubted his veracity, for flies—!'

'Boy—!' said the father, making a motion for John to leave the table. John left, and as soon as it was convenient for him to do so, the father escorted the lad to the wash-room in the basement, bounced him around, and said:

'My son, gimme that microscope, and you take the ax and go out and study the beauties of that woodpile!'

If that boy continues to feel the way he does at present he will become a bank robber instead of a naturalist.

How Truffles Did It.

I returned to Ashville after an absence of three years and found my friend Truffles grown fat and jovial with a face the very mirror of peace and self-satisfaction. Truffles was the village baker, and he was not like this when I went away.

'Truffles,' said I, 'how is it? You have improved.'

'Improved! How?'

'Why, in every way. What have you been doing?'

Just then a little girl came in with a tattered shawl, and barefooted, to whom Truffles gave a loaf of bread.

'Oh, dear Mr. Truffles,' the child said with brimming eyes, 'she told me the loaf of bread, 'mamma is getting better, and she says she owes much to you. She blesses you, indeed, she does.'

'That's one of the things I've been doing,' he said, after the child had gone.

'You are giving the suffering family bread,' I queried.

'Yes.'

'Have you any more cases like that?'

'Yes, three or four of them. I give them a loaf a day enough to feed them.'

'And you take no pay?'

'Not from them.'

'Ah! From the town?'

'No; here,' said Truffles, laying his hand on his breast. 'I'll tell you, he added, smiling: 'One day, over a year ago, a poor poor woman came to me, and asked for a loaf of bread for which she could not pay—she wanted it for her poor suffering children. At first I hesitated, but finally I gave it to her, and as her blessings rang in my ears after she had gone, I felt my heart grow warm. Times were hard and there was a good deal of suffering, and I found myself wishing, by and by, that I could afford to give away more bread. At length an idea struck me. I'd stop drinking and give that amount away in bread, adding one or two loaves on my own account. I did it, and it's been a blessing to me. My heart has grown bigger, and I've grown better every way. My sleep is sound and sweet and my dreams are pleasant. And that's what you see, I suppose.'

'Thunder,' exclaimed a man, rushing into a railroad telegraph station the other day. 'The express train's gone off the big bridge! Many killed, many killed!' screamed the bystanders. 'Not a one,' replied the other. 'She just went on at one end and went off at the other, just as usual.'