

# Orangeburg News & Times.

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VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 18 1875.

NUMBER 31

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**SOLDATENFRITZE.**  
[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]  
"What is your name?" asked the general, after surveying Fritz from head to foot.  
"Fritz Bollerman; people call me Soldatenfritze, too."  
The general smiled and continued, "Where do you come from?"  
"From Brandenburg."  
"Why have you come here?"  
"In order to bring my father some potatoes, sir."  
"Really a fact?" said the general in an undertone. "Have you got them in your sack?"  
"Yes, the best out of our cellar," replied Fritz as he took the sack from his shoulder and opened it. "Just see here, sir, all round and smooth as pebbles."  
"Good, good," answered the general, "they are really beautiful and sharpen one's appetite, but now go into that room and remain there till I call you. Do you hear? In the meantime you can leave your sack here."  
Fritz laid his sack upon the ground, slipped into the tent chamber, and seated himself in a large arm chair, which appeared to him uncommonly easy and comfortable.

Exhausted by the severe walking of that day, and more so by nervous excitement, he soon fell into a sound sleep. In this condition the general found him, when, after the space of half an hour, he entered the chamber. He left him sleeping quietly and stepped softly into his tent.  
When Fritz was forgetting care in the refreshing arms of sleep, the general was active in his behalf till he had hunted up the old sergeant, Martin Bollerman, in the Brandenburg regiment.  
Without delay he ordered Bollerman's presence at supper. He also invited some few superior officers, and did not forget to impart some extra orders to the cook.

In those days supper was eaten earlier in the day than now. The guests assembled at an early hour and seated themselves at the table. Not a few of them were surprised to see an orderly, in an orderly's uniform, at the table of a general.  
But the most surprised was Sergeant Bollerman himself.  
The most remarkable thing on the general's table was a large covered tureen, which the guests supposed to contain a very costly and delicate dish, as they were casting many a wistful glance at it.

The general naturally enough noticed their curiosity, but did not make the least move to satisfy it. Instead he smiled when he glanced at the dish and exchanged occasionally a significant look with his adjutant, from whom no one could discover anything, since the secret was confined to those two. Curiosity now terminated in the highest surprise.  
At last the general bade the sergeant uncover the tureen, so here all eyes were intently fixed upon the secret dish. What did they behold? Potatoes in the skin, which, indeed, appeared neat and appetizing, and yet disappointed in no small degree the pampered tastes of the guests, who had expected something entirely different.

The only one who was heartily glad was Sergeant Bollerman, who could scarcely restrain himself from giving some expression to his pleasant surprise.  
"Until now, gentlemen," observed the general, while a pleasant smile was playing upon his face, "till now you have been my guests, henceforth, if you wish to partake of those fine potatoes, you address yourself to Sergeant Bollerman. They are his."  
The gentlemen shrugged their shoulders. However, the general seemed to worry himself in no way at this decided mark of disapprobation on their part.

"If you only knew in what manner the potatoes came into camp," he continued, "you would think it to your honor to get even one of them."  
"How so? How did that come to

pass?" asked the gentlemen. "Please narrate the circumstances."  
"Oh, no, gentlemen. I am a poor hand at telling a pretty story," replied the general.  
"But since I have observed that yourselves as well as our excellent Bollerman, have been somewhat annoyed by curiosity, I shall endeavor to satisfy your curiosity in another way. My adjutant, please lead him to my little story teller."  
The adjutant disappeared into the tent chamber, whither all eyes were now directed.

The heart of old Bollerman now beat almost to bursting, and faint forebodings of the truth seemed to dawn in his mind.  
After a moment's pause the curtain which separated the chamber from the ante-room rose, and in enters, led by the hand of the adjutant, and surveying with a clear and fearless eye, Soldatenfritze himself.  
"Fritz!" exclaimed the sergeant, forgetting all respect due his superior officer, and rushing with open arms towards him, "Fritz! for Heaven's sake how did you get here?"  
The boy made no reply, but tumbled with a loud cry into his father's bosom. Both were held in each other's embrace for a long time.

The officers were deeply moved spectators of the scene, and even from the eyes of the general, who was a kind-hearted and good man, there fell a tear of joy and sympathy. His friendly interference finally separated the father and son, and in some degree calmed their excited feelings.  
"Tell your story, my lad, how and in what manner have you come hither," said he, "but first of all be at ease, and take your seat at the table. You need not hesitate if it were a king's table. Your true filial affection well deserves this honor."  
Fritz looked affectionately at the general, took his father by the hand, sat by his side, and went on to relate what we already know.  
The officers were all attention. Their severe men became more friendly. They too began to enjoy the presence of the noble lad, who loved his father so heartily as to journey over a hundred miles to furnish him with his favorite dish.

But the old sergeant seemed to be entirely overcome with pleasure and excitement; now laughing now weeping from pure delight.  
When Fritz had finished his story, the father seemed to have forgotten his surroundings altogether.  
Again and again he would embrace his courageous boy, and impress more than a hundred kisses upon his flush and ruddy face, putting numberless questions to him, to all of which he replied with an honest and frank response.  
At a signal from the general, all those present vacated the tent, and left the delighted father alone with his son. After the lapse of half an hour, the general returned and presented the brave old sergeant with a note of dismission in one hand, and a purse filled with gold in the other.

"There is your discharge, my friend, and with it a life's pension for your maintenance, and therefore a slight remembrance for your excellent boy, which we officers have contributed for him. Keep it for him till he's a man, that he may make good use of it. And now, let it be your first thought how to get to your family, which, of course, will be rejoiced at the return of the father."  
"My God! general, your grace is too kind to me," stammered out the delighted orderly, who hardly knew at which he should rejoice the most, the condescension of the commanding officer, at his pension, or the wealth of his dear Soldatenfritze.

"How have I merited such honors?"  
"By your gallant conduct during the last campaign; by the wounds which through your bravery you received during the last battle, and which would render you incapable of further active service during life; and finally through your boy, Soldatenfritze, there. In him I have the assurance

that you are a good father, and such a one our king can make better use of at home than in the campaign, which is now near its close. Go, then, in peace, old comrade, and educate, with God's help, all your children, like him, who is a real and genuine son of a soldier. Farewell, and don't forget to send Fritz, when he is old enough, to my regiment that he may bear arms for his country and king."  
"Remain good and brave, and turn out a noble man. God honors him who honors father and mother, and prospers him on earth. Farewell, my excellent boy, farewell!"  
Hereupon both father and son were dismissed. They entered on their journey on the day following, and took no rest until their arrival in the paternal home.

There was a feast, an indescribable jubilee at the return of Soldatenfritze and his father. The mother wept for joy, the children leaped and danced, and the father was kept busy in distributing to each his share of attention and loving kindness.  
Soldatenfritze received praise on all hands, but he looked on with glistening eyes; and it was easy to see that he did not take the praise to himself.  
When Soldatenfritze grew up, he brought no disgrace upon his name. He devoted himself entirely to the military service, and became an excellent officer.  
He took part in several campaigns, and through his gallantry was promoted from rank to rank, and is now deservedly esteemed as an excellent officer of high rank in the service of his fatherland.—From the German.

**A NEGRO'S FRIGHT.**—A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the Hartford Times contains the following story as told by George W. Fuller, a submarine diver, who is now in the former city:  
"While performing some work for 'Uncle Sam' in one of the southern ports, where it was customary for those who supplied the market with early garden truck to load their boats and row them around to the wharf, it happened that one day a burly negro loaded his boat with watermelons, and had just reached the dock where the usual number of loungers stood watching the operations of the diver. The negro, all unconscious of his situation, was zealously endeavoring to dispose of his cargo, when Fuller suddenly emerged, helmet first, from the water, thrusting his goggle-eyes and ugly head before the astonished occupant of the boat, and seizing one of the largest of the melons, sunk immediately, darkey, with a yell and a bound, reached the dock, and neither stopped nor turned until he reached home with the tidings that 'de debble had 'fisented de melons and was taken 'um down.'"

**SENT HIS CONGREGATION TO THE BATH TUB.**—It was a summer Sabbath morning. The mercury was high up among the nineties. My house was well filled with my warm friends. At the close of the introductory service, which was unusually brief, I said to the suffering assembly: "Dear brethren, I do not believe that the Lord is pleased with our attempt to obey one law of his ordaining by the violation of another. It seems to me that the law written upon the fleshy tablets is as binding as that which was engraved upon the tables of stone. I will not preach this morning. I recommend that you each go to your house, and, in the briefest time, take your place in the bath room, and, turning on the cold water, sit down and quietly meditate upon the goodness of God. Receive the benediction! I am confident that I never preached a more popular sermon. It was a moving discourse. There was no religion in their suffering the word of exhortation."

You occasionally meet a man in this world whose word is as good as his bond, and both are worthless.  
"Mary Jane, have you given the gold fish fresh water?" "No, ma'am, what's the use; they haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

**An Argument for Religious Tolerance.**  
The following is a characteristic incident in the life of Deacon Bolles, who was an eminent type of the age in which he lived for personal and private worth, both as a man and a Christian.  
When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him and asked him if he knew that John Bolles had stated an opposition meeting.  
"No," said he, "when, where?"  
"Why, at the old court house."  
"Oh, yes, I know it," the doctor carelessly replied; "but it is not an opposition meeting. They are Baptists, to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better go and hear him."  
"No," said the man, "I am a Presbyterian."

"So am I," rejoined Dr. Strong; "but that need not prevent us from wishing them well. You had better go."  
"No," said the man, with energy, "I shan't go near them. Dr. Strong, ain't you going to do something about it?"  
"What?"  
"St-p it, can't you?"  
"My friend," said the doctor seriously, "John Bolles is a good man, and will surely go to heaven. If you and I get there, we shall meet him, and we had better, therefore, cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here."

**Economical Grief.**  
He felt of some factory piled on the counter, glanced up at the shawl swinging from the top shelf, and when the clerk got down to him he said he wanted a weed for his hat.  
"A weed? Ah! So you have lost a near relative?"  
"Yes, my wife."  
"Well, that's sad," said the clerk, as he handed down the box of serge.  
"Death has never entered my happy household, and I trust he never will."  
"You don't know how it crushes a man down," said the farmer, with quivering chin. "How much apiece for these?"  
"A dollar."  
"What! a dollar?"  
"Why, that's cheap, my dear sir."  
"I'll give you fifty cents, and not a penny more!" exclaimed the widower, losing the quiver to his chin.  
"Couldn't I think of it; they cost us more than that."  
"Well, I loved my wife as well as any man can love," continued the widower, as he started for the door, "but I won't invest in a weed. I'll have lots of time after harvest, and I can sit in the house and cry all I want to without costing a cent."

**Too Much Risk.**—"Come along, now, Ned," cried a New York belle at Long Branch the other day to a straggling lover at her side, "we've got clear of papa, now! Is take a dive."  
"Your father is an awful big and stout man, ain't he?" observed the youth.  
"Oh, never mind that," exclaimed the Miss petulantly; "lets take a swim, just see the great waves!"  
"Don't you think it dangerous?" anxiously inquired the lover, gazing up and down the beach.  
"Dangerous? No! there isn't hardly any under-tow at this point; it's—"  
"Oh, but it isn't the under-tow I'm afraid of," interrupted the cautious young man.  
"Isn't it?"  
"No, it's your father's toe!"  
And she couldn't get him to risk it.

**Mr. Richard Pryor**, an old and worthy citizen of Beech Island, S. C., was drowned in Holly's Pond on the 12th inst. He was fishing for trout and had an apoplectic stroke. During the convulsion he fell out of the boat and sank beneath the water, from which his dead body was recovered.

How these drownings do come in. The summer's crop is unusually large, and too much water appears to be a trifle worse than too much whisky.

**ASKING HIM.**—Hello, stranger, you appear to be travelling?  
"Yes, I always travel when I'm going on a journey."  
"I think I have seen you somewhere?"  
"Very likely sir—I have often been there."  
"Mightn't your name be Smith?"  
"Well, it might if it wasn't something else."  
"Have you been long in these parts, sir?"  
"Never longer than at present—five feet nine."  
"Do you calculate to remain here some time?"  
"Well I guess I'll stay till I'm ready to leave."  
The questioner ceased speaking and the traveler drove on.

**Too EXPERT.**—James Warton, wealthy, but with a reputation for fastness, married recently. On the morning after the wedding the bride asked her husband to perform an office of the toilet for her, made necessary by the absence of her maid. Her husband did it willingly, and when it was concluded was astonished to find his pretty wife in tears.  
"Why, my own precious," said he, "what is the matter with her hubby's pet?"  
"Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie!" replied the poor girl, crying as if her heart would break, "if you hadn't lacerated a thousand corsets you never would have done it that!"

The programme for the obsequies of the late ex-resident Johnson, in Nashville, on October 2, has been arranged. The bells of the city will be tolled at sunrise for thirty minutes, guns will be fired at intervals during the day, business will be suspended between 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., and an imposing procession and an oration will be features of the occasion. Gen. Pannbacker will act as chief mourner of the day.

Mrs. M. G. Davenport was recently elected a township delegate to the Mahaska County (Iowa) Republican Convention. When the convention met the committee on credentials referred her case back to the convention, which, by a vote of 36 to 17, refused to allow her a seat, it being doubtful whether the party would consider itself bound by acts of delegates who were non-voters.

Diphtheria is raging with fatal effect in the neighborhood of Table Mountain. Seventeen children have died of the disease within a radius of five miles since spring. Mr. Benjamin Masters has lost all his children, three in number, two of whom were buried in one coffin. Mr. L. J. Simpson has lost two girl children recently, and W. A. Masters lost one last Sunday night, and another one is not expected to live.

**Devoted lover.**—"Sir, I love your daughter; all that is necessary to complete our happiness is your blessing." Stern parent—"No, sir! my daughter has got to marry a wealthy man." Devoted lover—"I am one of the gaugers indicted by the grand jury." Stern parent—"Take her—bless you my children!"  
An employe of a large establishment in Wilmington, N. C., remained over his vacation at a summer resort and was telegraphed to return or lose his place. "Don't want the place; have a \$200,000 girl in love with me," was the answer. But he came back in a week and took a place at \$30 a month.  
The annual announcement of the Medical college of South Carolina, which is located in Charleston, has been issued in pamphlet form. The forty-seventh course of lectures will begin on the 15th of October, and end in March, 1876.  
A young man, son of wealthy parents in Monroe, attempted to commit suicide recently. No cause is assigned for the act. Perhaps his pants bagged at the knee.