

Orangeburg News & Times.

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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

NUMBER 45

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A full and complete stock of Clocks, Jewelry, Cutlery &c. at reasonable prices.
Repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry &c. done in the best manner and at the shortest notice and at prices to suit the times.
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oct 16 1875 1y.

The Cordial Balm of Syricum and Tonic Pills.
NERVOUS DEBILITY.
However obscure the cause may be which contributes to render nervous debility a disease, so prevalent, affecting, as it does, nearly one-half of our adult population, it is a melancholy fact that day by day, and year by year, we witness a most frightful increase of nervous affections from the slightest neuralgia to the more grave and extreme forms of
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
Is characterized by a general languor or weakness of the whole organism, especially of the nervous system, obstructing and preventing the healthy functions of nature; hence there is a disordered state of the secretions; constipation; scanty and high-colored urine, with an excess of earthy or lime sediment, indicative of waste of brain and nerve substance, frequent palpitations of the heart, loss of memory and marked irresolution of purpose, and inability to carry into action any well-defined business enterprise, or to fix the mind upon any one thing at a time. There is great sensitiveness to impress, though retained but a short time, with a flickering and fluttering condition of the mental faculties, rendering an individual what is commonly called a white-headed or sickle-minded man.
This condition of the individual, distressing as it is, may with a certainty be cured by
THE CORDIAL BALM OF SYRICUM AND LOTHROP'S TONIC PILLS,
Medicines unrivaled for their wonderful properties and remarkable cures of all Nervous Complaints. Their efficacy is equally great in the treatment and cure of Cancers, Nodes, Ulcers, Pustules, Pimples, Tetter, Fever, Sores, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Scald-head, Barbers' Itch, Scurvy, Salt Rheum, Copper-Colored Blisters, Glandular Swellings, Worms and Black Spots in the Flesh, Discolorations, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth and Nose, Bone Diseases, and Sores of every character, because these medicines are the very best.

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Ever placed before the people, and are warranted to be the most powerful Alternative ever originated by man, removing Malign Sensibility, Depression of Spirits, Dementia and Melancholia
Sold by all Druggists, and will be sent by express to all parts of the country by addressing the proprietors, G. EDGAR LOTHROP, Mr. D. 143 Court street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted free of charge either personally or by mail. Send 25 cents and get a copy of his Book on Nervous Diseases.
aug 14 1875 1y

The Last Meeting.

The last meeting between President Grant and Vice-President Wilson is thus described: The last meeting between President Grant and Vice-President Wilson was on the day after the Vice-President was originally attacked—Thursday, Nov. 11th. The President, much to the surprise of many who had supposed that Mr. Wilson's outspoken utterances on the third term question and his criticism of some of the President's official acts had seriously impaired the friendly relations which had previously existed between them, visited the Vice-President at his room at the Capitol. He was met by Dr. Baxter, who, preceding him, said to Mr. Wilson.

Mr. Vice-President, the President has come to see you.

Mr. Wilson, with great effort, partially raised himself on his elbows in the bed, when the President advancing extended his hand, which Mr. Wilson grasped, the President saying:

'Well, how is the Vice-President? I am very sorry to find you ill.'

The Vice-President replied: 'How do you do, Mr. President? I am glad to see you. I am feeling somewhat easier to-day.'

The President, who had meanwhile taken a seat by the bed, then said:

'How did this come about? When were you attacked? I just arrived from New York this morning.'

The Vice-President then proceeded to narrate with considerable particularity, but in a low, feeble voice, the manner in which he was seized in the Senate barber shop after taking a warm bath, and told how, when in New York, he underwent a severe surgical operation, the searing of the flesh over his spinal column between the shoulders with a white heated iron, and added: 'I imagine the operation had something to do with my present prostration. Don't you, doctor?'

'Oh, no,' replied Dr. Baxter; 'it will undoubtedly have a very beneficial effect. The immediate cause was the warm bath, which it was very imprudent in you to take, I fear.' He added, pleasantly turning to the President, 'the Vice-President ate too many good dinners in New York.'

Conversation then turned on the President's visit to New York. He stated that he went there with Mrs. Grant, who wanted to do some shopping, and that his visit was one of business merely. He referred to the weather in New York as very fine. A pause ensuing in the conversation, the Vice-President asked: 'Do you hear from Nellie' (meaning Mrs. Sartoris) often?'

'Oh, yes,' replied the President. 'Her mother gets a letter almost every week—by every steamer. She writes long and very interesting letters. She writes with great facility.'

The President remained about fifteen minutes, when, taking up his hat and rising, he said:

'I hope you will be better soon, Mr. Vice-President. I will come up again this evening or send up to see how you are getting along.'

'Thank you, Mr. President,' said Mr. Wilson, again partially rising on his elbows. 'I am obliged to you for your call.'

This was the last meeting between the President and the Vice-President.

A BRAVE CAPTAIN.—A very courageous feat was performed by a Norwegian captain named Hansen, in the latter part of October, off the coast of England. His bark, loaded with iron and deals, was badly injured in a fearful gale, and all her pumps were disabled. A smack came in sight, and Capt. Hansen's crew, not believing the vessel could live, left him. He refused to leave, hoping to get his bark into Grimsby. He managed, all alone, to set the foresail, and to light the side-lights and the binnacle light, and then steered toward the west. He fell down several times from sheer weariness. The cabin was full of water, but he finally succeeded in getting his vessel into port.

What to Do with Tramps.

The authorities of a city have sent a circular to the authorities of other cities, requesting them to meet in convention to discuss the proper treatment of tramps. Referring to this an exchange adds: The evil is so large and so universally diffused, that the action of town or State authorities can alone grapple with it successfully, and the effort now being made to secure uniform municipal legislation in the matter is a wise and necessary one.

What is needed is to set tramps at work. No doubt, there is occasionally an honest and industrious man who becomes a tramp because he cannot find work. It would be hard to refuse such a man the temporary relief which these needs, but indiscriminate private charity encourages a score of idle vagrants where it relieves one real case of suffering. The honest tramp will gladly pay for food and lodging by work, and the lazy tramp, who discovers that he can no longer live on charity, will find the charm of profession gone. Let us have, in every town, a relief committee of the town officials, who will turn no man away hungry, but who will require tramps to work out the full value of what they receive. In this way the tramp nuisance can be speedily abolished, householders can be saved from annoyance and danger, while no injustice will be done to the deserving poor. The experiment has been entirely successful. The uniform action of all the towns in the country, however, is needed before the tramp nuisance can be finally and effectually suppressed.

Where the Sun Does Not Set.

A scene witnessed by some travelers in the north of Norway, from a cliff elevated a thousand feet above the sea, is thus described:

As our feet the ocean stretched away in silent vastness; the sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout; away in the north, the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the waves, a bridge of gold running due north, spanning the water between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunrise and sunset you ever saw, and the beauties will pale before the gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on his beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the food, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

VON MOLTKE'S STRATEGY.

Count Moltke, says a London writer, on a recent visit to Rostock, returning home late one night, was unable to find his way to his lodgings. He thought over various schemes for finding out the road without betraying who he was, and at last hit upon the following device: He went up to a man who appeared to be a native of the town, and inquired, in the broad local dialect of the neighborhood: 'Can you tell me where Count Moltke is staying?' 'That I can,' replied the man in the same tone, 'he is staying in the large house opposite the school in the next street to this.' 'Yes,' returned the count, 'that's just what I thought myself,' and he returned to his lodgings delighted with the success of his stratagem.

GRIEF THAT KILLS.

In one of the cars of a Portland train, the Argus says, was a beautiful young lady dressed in the deepest mourning who was taking home the dead body of her mother, which was forward in the baggage car. Suddenly the girl

sprang up in her seat and began shouting—"Murder! murder!" Several of the passengers at once rushed to her, but found that her reason had left her and she was a raving lunatic, doubtless caused by excess of sorrow. She was borne from the crowded car, struggling violently, and it required the united exertions of several men to restrain her from doing violence either to herself or to others, till the train arrived at a place where she could be safely confined.

THE WINE.

At a Kentucky dinner, and between the sherry and champagne, to which period the infant terrible of the family had been unfortunately permitted to linger, the host had gone to praising his own wine in a fashion which was certainly an evidence of its intoxicating qualities: 'That sherry, sir, cost me sixty dollars a dozen. I bought it at the auction of the Emperor Napoleon's wines, and imported it myself.'

'Wy, papa,' interrupted the enfant, 'that was all gone long ago, and mamma filled the bottles up from that California keg.' She said you never had any friends who could tell the difference.'

The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the executive chamber and asked for the governor. 'What do you want with him?' inquired the secretary. 'Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure.' 'Well,' replied the secretary, 'I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a water-cure.' A new idea seemed to strike the young man, and he vanished.

The State of South Carolina,

ORANGEBURG COUNTY.
By AUG. B. KNOWLTON, Esq.,
Probate Judge.

Joel J. Hooker, Caroline Brooker, wife of John S. Brooker and Olan B. Riley, as Assignee of Elizabeth Gardner, wife of Dempsey Gardner, Plaintiff.

Against Martha M. R. Avinger, wife of H. J. Avinger, Alice V. Gardner, wife of E. C. Gardner, and Jacob Riley, Defendants.

To Martha M. R. Avinger, wife of H. J. Avinger and Alice V. Gardner and Jacob Riley, Defendants, Greeting:

You are hereby required to appear at the Court of Probate, to be holden at Orangeburg, for Orangeburg County, on the sixth day of December, A. D. 1875 to show cause, if any you can, why the Real Estate of Freeman Hooker, deceased, situate in said County and State, bounding on lands of Henry Funderburgh, Mary L. Ulmer, J. O. A. Hooker, O. B. Riley and James P. Ott, and containing eight hundred acres more or less, should not be partitioned and divided, allotted to the said Joel J. Hooker, Caroline Brooker, O. B. Riley, Assignee, Plaintiff, and Martha M. R. Avinger Defendant, each one-fifth hereof, and the remaining one-fourth in equal portions to the said Alice V. Gardner and Jacob Riley, Defendants, and to answer upon oath all and singular the matters and things contained in the petition of the Plaintiff filed in the office of the said Judge of Probate.

Given under my hand, this fifteenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-five and in the one hundredth year of American Independence.

AUG. B. KNOWLTON,
Judge of Probate, O. C.

To Martha M. R. Avinger, one of the Defendants above named—
Take Notice, that the Summons and Petition herein now filed in the Court of Probate for Orangeburg County, South Carolina, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1875, and that unless you appear and show sufficient cause against the sale or division of the lands mentioned in the Petition within the time required by law, an order pro confesso will be entered against you.

WILMAR & DIBBLE,
nov 6-5 Attorneys for Petitioner.

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And are selling them to SUIT the HARD TIMES. Money is scarce, and a Good Suit of Clothing can be bought for a LITTLE MONEY from us.

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