

Orangeburg Times.

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"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM; GOD AND NATURE DID THE SAME."

IN ADVANCE

Vol. II.

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For the sale of the Magnolia Cotton... At the Fair held at Savannah, Ga. in the month of the "Magnolia" cotton Gin... The same gin also took the premium at the Cotton States Fair at Augusta, last October.

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march 1, 1873

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

SOUTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 19, 1872. On and after SUNDAY, May 19, the passenger trains on the South Carolina Railroad will run as follows:

FOR AUGUSTA.

Leave Charleston - - - 9:30 a m
Arrive at Augusta - - - 5:20 p m

FOR COLUMBIA.

Leave Charleston - - - 9:30 a m
Arrive at Columbia - - - 5:20 p m

FOR CHARLESTON.

Leave Augusta - - - 9:00 a m
Arrive at Charleston - - - 4:45 p m
Leave Columbia - - - 9:00 a m
Arrive at Charleston - - - 4:45 p m

AUGUSTA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston - - - 8:30 p m
Arrive at Augusta - - - 7:35 a m
Leave Augusta - - - 6:15 p m
Arrive at Charleston - - - 5:50 a m

COLUMBIA NIGHT EXPRESS.

(Sundays excepted.)

Leave Charleston - - - 7:30 p m
Arrive at Columbia - - - 6:30 a m
Leave Columbia - - - 7:30 p m
Arrive at Charleston - - - 6:45 a m

SUMMERVILLE TRAIN.

Leave Summerville - - - 7:25 a m
Arrive at Charleston - - - 8:40 a m
Leave Charleston - - - 3:35 p m
Arrive at Summerville at - - 4:50 p m

CAMDEN BRANCH.

Leave Camden - - - 7:20 a m
Arrive at Columbia - - - 11:55 a m
Leave Columbia - - - 2:10 p m
Arrive at Camden - - - 6:55 p m

Day and Night Trains connect at Augusta with Macon and Augusta Railroad and Georgia Railroads. This is the quickest and most direct route, and as comfortable and cheap as any other route to Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis and all other points West and Northwest. Columbia Night Trains connect with Greenville and Columbia Railroad, and Day and Night Trains connect with Charlotte Road.

Through Tickets on sale, via this route to all points North.

Camden Train connects at Kingville daily (except Sundays) with Day Passenger Train, and runs through to Columbia A. L. TYLER, Vice-President. S. B. Pickens General Ticket Agent. Sep 27

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

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Monthly Installments.

TERMS OF LEASE:

All Payments made on Lease will apply towards the purchase of the Instrument Leased.

Pianos valued at \$450 to \$500 : : \$75 advance, \$25 monthly. 225 to 350 : : 75 advance, 30 monthly. 625 to 750 : : 100 advance, 40 monthly.

Organs valued at \$125 to 200 : : \$25 advance, \$10 monthly. 225 to 350 : : 40 advance, 15 monthly. 360 to 500 : : 50 advance 25 monthly.

Parties who offer satisfactory Security can pay for Instruments in notes at 3, 6, 9, and 12 months' time.

Call and find out other inducements offered in both Time and Cash Sales, from KIRK ROBINSON, Agent for Orangeburg County. may 22, 1873 14

Geo. S. Hacker

Doors Sash, Blind

Factory

CHARLESTON.

THIS IS AS LARGE AND COMPLETE, a factory as there is in the South. All work manufactured at the Factory in this city. The only house owned and managed by a Carolinian in this city. Send for price list. Address GEO. S. HACKER, Postoffice Box 170, Charleston, S. C. Factory and Warehouses on King street opposite Cannon street, on line of City Railway, Oct. 30 1y

KING'S MOUNTAIN

MILITARY SCHOOL,

YORKVILLE, S. C.

THE SECOND SESSION OF THE SCHOOL YEAR, 1873, will begin July 1st, and end November 30th. Terms: For School Expenses, i. e. Board, Tuition, Fuel, Lights, Washing, Stationery, &c., \$135 per session, payable in advance. For Circulars, address Col. A. COWARD, Principal. June 4, 1873 16

THE WONDERFUL DREAM.

"Yes, yes, sartin! Yes, yes—I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then added: "One of the greatest speculations I ever went into came of a dream—a wonderful dream, I'll tell you about it."

"You remember, some of you, about the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men—a very few of them—were made suddenly rich; and rich men were suddenly made poor. I was living then in Grey. One day old Sam Whitney of Oxford stopped at our place, and showed us a map of a new town which had been laid out in Sagadahoc. On the map it looked beautiful; There were brooks, and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, and streets all laid out, and spots for churches and school-houses marked out in proper array. I had a cousin living down that way, and concluded to go down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had shown me on his map, to a wild worthless tract, all rocks and swamp; but on the edge of this tract in another township my cousin owned a piece of good land, and I bought a hundred and fifty acres of it, and made me an excellent farm; and for that purchase I was never sorry.

Meantime Ellenville was nearly all sold in hundred acre lots. The excitement was at fever heat, and people bought without once coming to look at the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look up their property, and you can rest assured that they were a blue set, when they were assembled on that territory. Within all the limits of the mapped-out-township there was not an acre that could be cultivated. On the side that bordered my farm it was a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that to the Eastward the land settled under the mud and the water of a slunken slough. Some of these lots had been sold as a high as one pound an acre, and a few of them even higher than that. One poor fellow, named John Twist, from Vermont, had paid one pound an acre for a lot that bordered on my farm. On the map it had been set down as a magnificent pine forest, with a river upon its border, upon which was a superb water-power. John Twist bought it and paid for it, and when he came to look at it he found it to be a mass of barren rocks, with here and there a clump of shrub oak and a few Norway pines, and for a water course which tumbled melted snow over the crags in the Spring, and which was dry most of the year. I did not see the poor fellow when he came to survey his property, but I can imagine how he felt.

After a while, however, the excitement passed off, and the sufferers of Ellenville turned their backs upon the graves of their speculative hopes. On my farm I prospered. My land was of the very best quality; my wife was a true help-mate; my crops were abundant; my stock thrived, and I found myself with a goodly pile of money tied up in my stocking.

One evening in the early autumn, after our crops had been garnered, a man riding a sorry looking nag, pulled up before our door. He was a well looking man, with a sedate and solemn face, and dressed in black. It was safe enough to conclude that the man was a minister, and so he announced himself. He said he was the Rev. Paul Meekmore; he was a missionary, on a home circuit, and asked shelter for himself and beast for the night. Of course we welcomed him cheerfully, and were pleased with him. He had traveled extensively, and his conversation was entertaining and instructive. Before he went to bed he read a chapter in the Bible and made a prayer; and Betsy said to me after he had retired that she had never heard such a beautiful prayer in her life.

The next morning at the breakfast table, Mr. Meekmore was very sedate. He asked a blessing, and then only answered such questions as we asked him. Finally my wife told him she was afraid he had not slept well. He smiled and said he had slept very well, saying the spell of a very curious dream which had visited him three separate times during the night. Betsy asked him if he would tell what it was about.

"It was the old dream of hidden wealth," he answered, with a solemn look. "I haven't dreamed such a dream before, since by a wonderful dream in South Africa I led to the discovery of a diamond mine worth millions of dollars, and it never profited me a cent. But such wealth is not for me. I need it not. My calling hath higher and holier aims.—And yet this poor flesh is sometimes weak enough to lust after the dross of gold and silver."

By degrees we got from him that he had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. This mine seemed to his vision to be utterly exhaustless in the precious metal; but he would not locate it. Betsy, whose curiosity was aroused, would have pushed the matter, but Mr. Meekmore finally shook his head more solemnly than ever, and said that he would rather forget the dream if he could.

When the missionary's horse was at the door, and the owner was prepared to start off, he informed us that he was bound toward the Canada line, and that the night train that way. Of course we told him that our door would be always open to him; and he promised that he would abide with us again if he had the opportunity.

In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons, he said from the Home Board to return to Boston and make immediate preparation for a Winter campaign in the West.

The second evening in the society of the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more than we enjoyed the first. His fund of anecdote and adventure was literally exhaustless, and yet an odor of sanctity and delicacy pervaded all his speech.—We urged that he should spend a few days with us, but he could not. He said it would give him great pleasure to do so, but his call to the new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative.

On the next morning, at the breakfast table, our guest was even more sedate and thoughtful than on the previous occasion, and when questioned on the matter he told us he had been visited by the same dream again.

"This time," he said, "the vision came with wonderful distinctness. I not only beheld the vast chambers of virgin silver, but I saw an exact profile of the overlying territory. It was a wild desolate spot, by a deep ravine, through which the snows of Winter seem to find release in Spring, rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark, wide-stretching swamp below. This would not impress me so seriously were it not that once before a dream of the same import proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject, and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a pencil and upon the blank leaf of an old atlas he drew a picture of the spot he had seen in his dream; and he pointed out where, beneath the roots of old stumpy pine tree, he had seen outcroppings of the precious metal.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, to show us how vivid his dream had been; but he advised us to think no more of it. Even if it were possible that the dream had substance, the body of the mine was far below the surface; and, moreover, the Lord only knew where the spot was located, even allowing that such a spot existed.

For once in my life I had allowed cupidly to get the better of my outspoken honesty. I allowed the reverend gentleman to depart, and did not tell him that I knew where there was a spot exactly the original of that which he had pictured, even to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And that spot was upon the wild lot which had been purchased by John Twist, and which John Twist owned still.

That very afternoon, armed with an old ax and pick I sallied forth to the rough outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly where the pictured lot was to be found, and when I had reached it I was more than ever struck by the faithfulness of Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in detail was wonderful. And when I reflected that this draft had been made by one who was an utter stranger to the place—made from the simple impression of a dream—is it a marvel that I was strangely influenced? I found the old tree which the reverend dreamer had particularly designated, and went to work at its roots.

And ere long my labors were rewarded. Beneath one of the main roots I found a lump of pure white metal as large as hen's egg; and upon further chopping and digging I found several more smaller pieces. They had evidently been taken from a molten mass, and upon rubbing off the dirt I found them all pure and bright.

That night I slept but little. I could only awake and think of the vast wealth that lay buried in that bleak hillside. But what could I do? The lot was not mine, and I should run great risk if I should trouble another man's property. And moreover, if I made further explorations while the land was not mine, the secret might be divulged and the vast wealth snatched from me. I must purchase the Twist lot, and I had no doubt that I could purchase it for a mere song.

On the next day I rode over to see my cousin, and when I had spoken of the Twist lot, he informed me that not only that lot, but a number of others were for sale. They had been advertised, and would be sold at auction in two weeks. He called me a fool when I told him I should bid on the Twist lot; but I told him I had looked it over and made up my mind that my sheep could find plenty of grazing there throughout the Summer months. He asked me if I hadn't already got all the sheep pasture I needed, but I told him he need not trouble himself.

During the next two weeks I kept quiet and held my tongue, giving no opportunity for my secret to become known. On the appointed day I went over to the settlement where the land was to be sold. It was to be put up in hundred acre lots, and sold by the original plans of the Whitney purchase. Lot number one was put up first, and sold for one-quarter of a cent an acre.

The next lot was the "Twist lot," so called, and I heard it whispered that iron and copper had been discovered upon it. A stranger in jockey clothes started it at fifty cents an acre. Another stranger, who wore a blue coat frock and top boots, bid seventy-five.

There was more talk about iron and ore. The man with the jockey suit said that he had positive assurance that pure iron ore had been found in some of the gulches, and he bid one dollar an acre. At this point I entered the contest and bid one dollar and twenty-five. Up—up—up—twenty-five cents at a time, until at length I had bid ten dollars an acre. People called me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was more than the very best land in the country was worth. But I held my bid and kept my own counsel.

And the Twist lot was knocked down to me for just one thousand dollars. The terms were cash. I told them to make out the deed while I went home after the money. And away I rode. I emptied my stocking of gold and silver, and found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I borrowed the other fifty without trouble at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and when the Squire had assured me that the payment of the money would make all fast and safe, I handed over the gold and silver.

I observed that the name of John Twist had been recently signed, and I asked Simpkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was present a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again for his money. He's feeling pretty good I should judge, since he has got rid of his hundred acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was worth."

Half an hour afterwards I called at the Squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now," said Simpkins, "just bound off."

I looked out of the window, and saw at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle green coat, with bright, glaring buttons, just mounting a horse, and I recognized the man!

"Who is that man," I asked; "he with the green coat and brass buttons?"

"That," said Simpkins, "is Mr. John Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle bags behind him and buttoned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It rushed upon me that the Rev. Paul Meekmore and John Twist were one and the same person! And this was not all that flashed upon me!

A few days afterward I took my lumps of white metal to a man who was versed in such matters, and asked him what they were. He took the largest lump and tested it, and said:

"Pewter!"

I asked him if pewter ever was dug out of the earth in that shape.

"Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is an alloy of lead and tin, it couldn't be very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it before hand."

Touching further explorations on my "Twist lot," I will not speak. I will only add that I have an old stocking with half dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it but I am forced to acknowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

Pulling a Tooth with a Door-Knob.

The rough sort of dentistry described below has occasionally been practiced as a trick, which more or less success; but we have rarely heard of a patient's choosing the door-knob method of his own accord.

A rough, Western farmer came into a doctor's office to have a tooth extracted, but flinched at the sight of the "instruments;" and again and again the doctor tried in vain to get a gripper into his mouth.

At last, the Hoosier declared "that ere new-fangled thing to be no account," and wanted to know if the doctor could tie a string around the tooth; "for," said he, "that's the way I used to pull 'em out, an' I guess it's better'n all yer new-fangled fixtures."

The dentist, to please him, said he would try, and producing from a drawer a fine strong piece of fish-line, and after a great deal of trouble and yells of pain from the Hoosier, it was firmly secured around the tooth. The Hoosier then proposed to fasten the string to the door-knob, which was accordingly done.

The backwoodsman then commenced a series of easy jerks on the line, each of which was followed by yells of pain.

The doctor resumed his seat, and smiled audibly behind his paper, occasionally glancing toward the door, and then turning quickly again to the paper to hide behind it his merriment.

Thus matters stood, until at last the fire burned low, and the dentist arose to replenish it. As he threw in the wood, and stirred the red-hot coals into a blaze, a brilliant idea seemed to strike him, for his face brightened wonderfully: Arising from the floor, he left the poker in the fire, and, seating himself, awaited the change of affairs.

The backwoodsman had relaxed into despondency, for a melaucholy expression had settled on his face. He steadily gazed downward, as if he were in deep thought.

The dentist, as I have said before, resumed his seat, but threw aside his paper and sat looking intently into the fire, with an expression of merriment playing on his features.

Thus he sat for sometime. At last, noiselessly rising from his chair, he drew the poker, one end of which was glowing with a red heat, from the fire. He suddenly brandished it in the air, and brought it rapidly toward the Hoosier's nose. The backwoodsman threw himself back with a jerk. The cord did not break nor the door-knob come out; but the tooth loosened from its roots, and bounded against the door with a click like a bullet.

A colored firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave to the public the following "hots." "De dissolution of coparsnips heretofore resisting twist me and Moses Jones in the barber profession, am heretofore resolved, Pussions who ose muse pay to de scriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, and de firm is involved."