Orangeburg Times.

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VOLUME VI SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 8, 1878. NUMBER 12

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Dr. Tutt has been engaged in the practice of medicine thirty years, and for a long time was demonstrator of anatomy in the Medical College of Georgia, hence persons using his Pills have the guarantee that they are prepared on scientific principles, and are free from all quackery.
He has succeeded in combining in them the heretofore antagonistic qualities of a *strengthening, purgative, and a purifying tonic.*
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The most powerful blood purifier known to medical science for the cure of old ulcers, diseased joints, foul discharges from the ears and nostrils, abscesses, skin diseases, dropsy, kidney complaint, evil effects of secret practices, disordered liver and spleen. Its use strengthens the nervous system, imparts a fair complexion, and builds up the body with
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As an antidote to syphilitic poison it is strongly recommended. Hundreds of cases of the worst type have been radically cured by it. Being purely vegetable its continued use will do no harm. The best time to take it is during the summer and fall; and instead of debility, headache, fever and ague, you will enjoy robust health. Sold by all druggists. Price, $1.00. Office, 35 Murray Street, New York.
May 6 1877 1y

Warranted Hams only 12½ cts per lb. Sold by
A. FISCHER.

Free Trade.

Congress by a vote last week permits articles for the Art and Scientific Society to come in free of duty. How much more would it conduce to the prosperity of the people and the advancement of civilization, if they would allow articles of the first necessity to the laborer, plows, mills and other machinery for the farmer, books and drugs for the scholar and professions, and tools for the mechanic, to come in free of duty. Such legislation is indeed pandering to the rich at the expense of the poor.

Free trade is one of the cardinal points of a Republican government as much so as free speech or a free press; and, until it is allowed, the advancement of the poor will be retarded. It would be infinitely better to meet the expenses of the government by the direct taxation of the subject, than by a system of duties and tariff laws to wipe out this cardinal point, retard the advancement the poor, impede the progress of civilization, and hinder Republican liberty in its mission among the governments of earth

Army.

The bill to make the army number 25,000 came to a vote a few days ago in Congress and finally passed with an amendment limitting it to 20,000 men. This will scarcely admit of the violations of Republican principles the coming campaign that the Radicals perpetrated in 1876 by guarding the ballot box with bayonets. Still one soldier in the uniform of the United States is as good as a thousand so far as principle is concerned. We trust however our army of 20,000 will have enough to do on our Indian [illegible] to prevent a distribution among Southern States to protect black Radical from intimidating colored Democrats.

It is reported that Prince Fredrick William of Russia, who fought so bravely in the war against Turkey, was shot at by an assassin. The unfortunate man was arrested, and, in a despotic government like that of Russia, his end can be easily imagined.

Spartanburg proposes to have a town clock and the ladies have the matter in charge. Of course a good one will be purchased. We congratulate Spartanburg on the public spirit of her ladies.

[For the Orangeburg Times.]

HOLMES CO., MISS., May 23, 1878.

Mr. Editor:

Last Friday was a gala day with the young people of Durant and Kosciusko. The Sunday schools of the two towns united in holding a pic nic at Sallis, a town situated about half way between the above named towns. The excursion to Sallis was the cheapest I have ever known, the fare being only two bits (25 cents) round trip. The pleasure seekers were very much disappointed at finding comparitively no preparation made for their enjoyment, by the Sallis Sunday school, however, they were determined to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. As soon as the Kosciusko train arrived, (the Durant train having arrived previously) the plays ceased, and young and old assembled under a large oak, whose friendly branches, nature's awning, shielded us from the rays of a warm, May-day sun, and feasted our ears on some of the best eloquence of the State; and having feasted our ears and minds, we repaired to the sumptuous dinner, at which all of us were very eloquent, for Mr. Editor, you know "*eloquence is action.*" Sallis was excusable for not taking a part in the picnic as she had promised, for she had been sadly bereaved two or three days previously, by the sudden death of one of her most prominent citizens, Mr. Jack Sallis. Mr. Sallis was an excellent teacher, an examplary citizen. His wife died about three weeks ago, and Mr. Sallis had not been well since her death, but no one thought him seriously sick. He leaves several small children, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his death. His place is vacant. Ah! who can fill the place of a faithful, efficient teacher?

MORE ANON.

The Moral of Russia's Humiliation.

Russia's present position fairly illustrates the quality of her statesmanship. After a Quixotic campaign, costing her $500,000,000, she finds herself unable to hold the fruits, of her victory, compelled to submit, abjectly to the dictation of England, her exchequer bankrupt, her Imperial Bank verging on suspension, and her people in a state of widespread disaffection. She undertook to settle compulsorily the Eastern question, and ends by settling nothing, but has to submit the whole work of settlement to the Powers whose antecedent joint arrangements she assumed to set at naught. A more complete humiliation has rarely befallen a nation. Statesmanship that was unable to see this end from the beginning must be regarded as either very blind or very reckless. Either the Russian Government have a very exaggerated estimate of its power, or it must have had a very imperfect comprehension of the attitude of the European governments on the question it assumed to solve; and, in either case, the reflection upon the wisdom that guides the helm of state is a very serious one. A country whose resources are thus wantonly squandered and which thus fails in its most ambitious undertakings is not likely to become the controlling power in European politics that Russia aspires to be. In these times, national [illegible] follows the development of national liberty and commerce; and a nation that seeks to extend its influence by enormous armaments which it has neither the credit nor the resource to support is far on the way to disintegration and ruin. Unless Russia devotes the next half century to the reformation of her internal politics and the development of her home resources, her status among the powers is doomed to sure decadence. In her competition with the higher civilization of ther nations, she will find work enough in holding her own, without seeking aggrandisement through external aggressions. Her statesmen appear to have no conception how far she has been left behind in the march of social progress; and until they come to understand that, all their attempts elevate Russia in the scale of nations will recoil upon them with disaster. Their country and their power [illegible] are, at best, but "the tag end of creation;" and to imagine that such material can be constructed into a great all [illegible] power is a delusion which [illegible] of a substitution of ignorance for statesmanship. Let us hope that current events may open the eyes of Russian statesmen and prepare the way for a more pacific and enlightened policy in that vast empire.—*New York Bulletin.*

The Jews have suffered terribly in the Turkey-Russian war. Their friends in America have magnanimously given $70,000 to aid them in their great distress, what have the Christians given to their friends?—*Speights'.*

The latest letter received from Gen. Grant gives assurances that, under no circumstances, will he accept any political or other office. He yearns for privacy, or says he does. Perhaps, however, when he reads some of the speeches in Congress he will change his mind.—*Chronicle and Constitutionalist.*

At one of the schools in Cornwall England, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man, having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text 'No man can serve two masters."

The Phonograph.

Mr. Morey reached Augusta, yesterday, with Edison's celebrated phonograph or talking machine, which has been attracting so much attention all over the country. A test exhibition was given last evening, before Mayor Meyer, Col Rains and other gentlemen and several ladies, and was highly satisfactory. The wonderful instrument does all that is claimed for it. Mr. Edison has done what has hitherto been deemed impossible; he has made inanimate matter take upon itself the human function of speech and speech, too, delivered in a tone perfectly intelligible. How or why it does this Mr. Edison himself cannot explain. He only knows that it does it. Last evening, whistling, singing, coughing, sneezing and recitations were correctly reproduced, to the no small amusement of the listeners. The words are spoken or the song sung into the mouth piece, the diaphragm vibrates, minute holes are punctured on a piece of tin foil and your words are captured, bottled up, as it were, for future use. All that is necessary for their repetition is to turn a crank and they are thrown back at you with startling distinctness. And they can be reproduced a thousand times if desired. Arriving at the end of your words, the cylinder is pushed back and a start is made from the beginning again.—*Chronicle and Constitutionalist.*

A Satisfactory Reply.

A successful merchant, not far away, was once a teacher of what was termed an "old field school," in, one of the rural districts, and like most teachers, was particular as to the names of all the children that came with an eye to who was responsible for their tuition, when the following transpired: Three children had been coming from the same place for several days, but on the morning to which we refer a fourth came with them, a boy a little older than the others, who did not altogether seem to resemble the others in feature, although from the same house. The teacher aforesaid inquired his name and was promptly informed that it was "Bill." "Well, what else besides Bill?" "That's all." "Well, Bill, what is your father's name?" upon which inquiry he seemed a little nonplussed, but a bright little half brother of his of about 10 years, old replied, "Bill ain't got no daddy, he's a oman's chile." The explanation was sufficient, though in a few words, and the children were told to get their lessons.

Tattlers.

Every community is cursed by the presence of a class of people who make it their business to attend to everybody's business but their own. Such people are the meanest specimens of depraved humanity which an All-wise Providence permits to exist on this earth. It is well known that almost every person is sometimes disposed to speak evil of others, and tattling is a sin from which very few can claim to be entirely exempt.

But the subject of our present article is to speak of that distinct class of tattlers who make tale bearing the constant business of their lives. They pry into the private affairs of every family in the neighborhood; they know the exact state of one neighbor's feelings toward another; they understand everybody's faults, and no little blunder or misdemeanor ever escapes their vigilant watchfulness. They are particularly well posted upon everything connected with courtship and matrimony, know who are going to marry whom, and can guess the exact time when it will take place. They watch every movement of parties suspected of matrimonial intentions, and if there is the slightest chance to create a disturbance, excite jealousy or 'break up' a match, they take immediate advantage of it and do all in their power to keep people in a constant state of vexation. They glide quietly from gentleman to lady, from mother to daughter, from father to son; and in the ears of all they pour their dark, bitter whispers of slander and abuse, and at the same time pretend to be the most sincere friend of those they talk to. Their black and nauseous pills of malicious slander are sugar coated with smiles and honeyed words of friendship.

A Family Fight.

The W——s and the F——s are the two principal families in Northeast Georgia, and it is a popular superstition that a man born here is nearly or remotely connected with one of these two families. As is usually the case, the W——s are jealous of the F——s, and the F——s make war on the W——s. If a W—— and an F—— get into a quarrel, others are embroiled, and a personal dispute oftentimes assumes mammoth proportions before it is definitely settled. They tell a very good story at Dahlonega of this peculiarity. Circuit Court was in session and an F—— was on the bench. The court and county officers were about equally divided among the two families. The court house in Dahlonega is arranged with the court-room in the second story, the first floor being used as offices for the county officials. A wide hallway runs through the building and two flights of stairs connect the first floor with the court-room. Court was in session, and the room was packed. A noise hubbub in the hall below arrested the attention of judge, jury, attorneys and spectators. Curses and loud words were plainly heard. It was evident a fight was going on.

"Mr. Sheriff," commanded the judge, "take those disorderly parties into custody and bring them up here. I will teach them to have proper respect for this honorable court.

The directed the sheriff left the room, but did not return. The tumult waxed louder and the quarrel was evidently increasing instead of decreasing. Occasionally a pistol shot was heard. Several of the spectators and one or two of the attorneys left the room. The judge looked around and espying a deputy sheriff directed him to hasten to the assistance of his chief. He went, but did not return. The coroner was sent; he, too, remained below. The uproar grew louder and the reports of pistols more frequent. A constable, two bailiffs, another deputy sheriff and the clerk of the court were in turn commanded to preserve the peace and uphold the dignity of the court. Not one of these officials returned, and the room was nearly cleared of attorneys and spectators, while the "twelve good men and true" twisted uneasily on their bench in the jury box. The face of the honorable court became crimson with shame and anger; and as the solicitor general laid down his books and prepared to leave the room he dismissed the jury, and coming down off the bench was heard to remark that "he'd see if this court was to be treated with contempt!" Flushed with a consciousness of the great indignity being offered his worshipful person by the rioters below, his honor hastened down stairs. A crowd was surging up and down the hall, mad with passion. Pistols were brandished, bowie-knives flashed and the air was heavy with smoke and curses. Pausing for a moment on the stairway, the better to survey the field of battle, the honorable judge suddenly threw off his official robe, pulled a murderous seven shooter from his belt, and with the cry of "Give 'em h—l boys!" jumpted into the crowd and lost his official identity in the general crush. The F——s and the W——s were at war, and not until the latter party was at last vanquished did the judge return to his bench.

The obelisk they are now about to set up in London weighs 182½ tons, as nearly as can be.

Insurance on the Tiber.

'Marcus Cælins,' Cicero said to his legal friend, meeting him one morning on the other side of a screen under the Capitol, 'what shall it be?'

Cælins said he would take a little spiritus frumenti optimus, straight, and the orator remarking that that was about the size of his, went on:

'I wish you would get out the necessary papers some time to day, and bring suit for me against the Yellow Tiber Fire and Marine Insurance Company for the amount of its policies on my villa at Tusculum and my town house.'

M. Cælins looked up in amazement.

'Why,' he exclaimed, 'when did they burn down? And what was it? Accident? Mob? Some of Clodius' people?'

'No,' Cicero said, 'they are intact as yet, and, in fact, I haven't insured them yet, but I am going to do so to-morrow, and I want to bring suit against the company now, so that if they ever should happen to burn, I won't have quite so long to wait for the money.'

Cælins saw that the orator's head was level, and brought suit that afternoon. Eleven years afterward the villa at Tesculum and the town house were both destroyed by fire. The suit had by that time been in five different Courts, and had been confirmed, and reversed, and remanded, and referred to the master to take proof, and stricken from the docket, and amended, and rebutted, and surrebutted, and impleaded, and rejoindered, and filed, and quashed, and continued until nobody knew what it was about, and Cicero was notified, three weeks after the fire, that he would have to prove willful and long continued absence and neglect as he could not get a decree simply on grounds of incompatability of temperament. And when he went to the Secretary of the company, that official told him the company didn't know any thing about the fire and had no time to attend to such things. The company's business, the Secretary said, was to insure houses, not to run around to fires, asking about the insurance. If he wanted any information on those points, he would have to ask the firemen or the newspaper reporters. The more a man reads in these old histories, the more he is convinced that the insurance business in the days of the pretors was a great deal more like it is to-day.

A Word to Families.

Nothing presents a sadder commentary upon the present condition of society than the large number of families, both in town and country, but more especially in the latter, that subscribe to no paper of any kind. Hundreds and thousands of families are thus growing up utterly ignorant of what is transpiring in the world around them—ignorant of the mighty events of the day. But who can tell the vast amount of injury that is being inflicted on the rising generation—those who are to take our places in the busy world at no distant day—growing up without any knowledge of the present, and study of the past; this ignorance, too, being imbued into them by the sanction of those who should, and doubtless do, know better, did they only think of the injurious effects of their insane course. Let the head of every family think of this, and place in the hands of those for whom he is responsible the means of acquiring some knowledge of the moving panorama in which we act the different parts.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another, it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.