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The Orangeburg Democrat.

POISONED BY LEMONADE.

HOW COBBLE DANCE HALL WAS TURNED INTO A HOSPITAL WITH THIRTY PATIENTS.

Friday night, the 30th ult., a numerous party were gathered at a grand dance being held in the capacious barn at Michael Shaitel's place, section 21, in the town of Wells, about ten miles southeast of Sparta. Over a hundred were present, and the young lads and lasses, and many older ones, from all the countryside around, were on hand, filled to the full with health and happiness and enjoying the festive occasion as only such a party can. About half past 10 o'clock some lemonade in couple of jars was brought in and commenced having a rapid sale, the boys and girls imbibing with equal freedom. Not long after this hour a lurch was served, and it began soon to be noticed that every once in a while some young man, or perhaps a guest of the other sex, would get up suddenly, with a pained expression of face and rapidly depart. More and more of them commenced getting sick and vomiting, and as it became general, dismay sat on every countenance. Soon after a general stampede set in among the guests, and for hours thereafter, a scene of the utmost distress and confusion prevailed. Between thirty and forty persons, old and young, had patronized the lemonade stand, and all were more or less affected, and so seriously that it was a question with many whether or not their last hour had come. The dapping hall (or barn) was turned into a hospital, and groans, retchings and cries of distress from wretched victims were heard on all sides. Out doors the woods were full of the victims, some so sick as to be absolutely unable to crawl back. Those not affected were kept busy in endeavoring to make the sick, who were lying in all directions, as comfortable as possible, though but very little in this direction could be done.

As soon as the effects of the beverage had begun to be general a messenger was dispatched post-haste to Sparta for a physician. It was some hours, however, before Dr. Beebe, who was summoned, arrived there, and in the intervening time the distress of the patients beggars description. The slight escape from being an appalling tragedy renders it too serious a matter for laughter. Two of three of the victims narrowly escaped with their lives, and probably several were only saved by the thoroughness of their vomiting. About 5 o'clock Dr. Beebe arrived, and administered such remedies as were necessary, and by morning most of the patients were out of danger, though so weak as to be scarcely able to stand. The lemonade, which was understood to be the cause of trouble was compounded for the occasion under the direction of Mrs. Ober, who keeps a small store in Leon. Her little girl and a daughter of Mrs. Shaitel's were sent to Sparta that day with a list of the articles to be used in making the beverage, among which were lemons, sugar, etc., and (to take out the lemons) a small quantity of tartaric acid. This they procured at Newton Bros., and, as is stated, through some mistake, were given tartaric emetic instead of the acid. It was duly mixed in the lemonade, and the direful effects thereof were the first intimation the company had of the error that had been made. —Sparta (Wis.) Herald.

Study to Have Ideas.

While knowledge and skill are both highly desirable, they are still of second rank, and it is possible to acquire them at too great a cost. If a man has ideas—original, individual, creative ideas—he can usually hire skill and buy knowledge. They are essential elements of education. But they should be gained by processes which make them the tools, not the end of culture. The man should be the master, not the slave of his learning; and whether he is the one or the other depends very largely on the way his knowledge has been gained. And it is better to be the master of a little knowledge, with capacity to use it creatively, than to be the unproductive carrier of all the learning in all the libraries. Our young readers whose scholastic advantages, so-called, have been few, may well take the lesson to heart. Study to have ideas; life will give no end of opportunities for using them.

Jottings.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

In the last issue of your much welcome paper I notice that the number those who are trying to assist the "Quill-driver" is rapidly increasing and the information imparted though "huge" in some instances, is very interesting—vizly those two hundred and forty-five oars will conform to the saying, "he who makes two blades of grass, &c." I have read also your editorials on the development of the resources of Orangeburg, with no little interest—the subject is worthy of much attention, and in its connection allow me to bring to your notice a very ingenious mechanical apparatus invented and built by a citizen of our county. I allude to the piece of mechanism exhibited by Dr. Pooser at the last annual Fair of the Agricultural Association. I have learned that he has made much improvement on it since, and, accidentally, have gotten hold of a circular which he has issued to some extent through the county. While I will not pretend to say whether or not the invention will ultimately perform all that is claimed for it, I must believe there is much that it will do toward the saving of labor, time and money. I enclose the paper above referred to that you may make such extracts or comments as you deem proper.

While I am playing the role of correspondent will give you a few jottings. From the wall that is going up in every locality and judging from your humble servant's predicament, General Green has taken the fields in strong force. I cry, hold! enough! but to the darky I command—"Lay on, MacDuff!" The oat crop is fine, but the wheat in some instances will be pretty hard to find—rust having done much injury. The weather being propitious, farmers are busy harvesting as rapidly as the "wards of the nation will permit"—you can surmise not at the top of speed, for Sambo, loafing along the road, says to Dinah, lazily tying a bundle of oats in a field, "hurry wid dat work, gal, I lubs you so, I wish I was in jail now for stealing you." The lien stock among the freedmen in consequence of leanness, is in many instances like other riches, taking to themselves wings, and soaring away. It was Paddy who said: "The rich man can ride in chaises, but the poor will walk, be jases." And then too, what use have sows for silk gowns? What will be the ultimatum, this deponent knoweth not.

With some satisfaction we refer to our recent Floral Fair, but with the apparent thrift and success of your city folk it should have not only been a successful undertaking, but a grand affair. Our country people, though capable of appreciating its importance, are too busily engaged at this time of the year in attending to the substantial to indulge much in the condiments and sweetmeats. "Honors are not easy" either, and those who hold "flush" and have "the age" should go more generally to the front.

The most polite and inoffensive young gentleman heard from lately, is one who met the other day a female canine having rabies, and exclaimed: "I would shoot you on the spot but for the respect I have for your sex," and passed over a convenient fence without deliberation. The question is, does he or does he not believe that, "Courtship is only the skirmish before the great battle begins to rage." May the DEMOCRAT long "stick."

Better Times Ahead.

On a general review of the business outlook a commercial journal concludes that there has been a great improvement, and that the indications clearly point to further improvement. It says: "The period of depression is ended, bankruptcies have declined fifty per cent. in the last six months; a feeling of courage and confidence has succeeded the protracted period of despondency and doubt; a fetter demand is reported for most kinds of goods throughout the country; in most branches of industry a greater activity is reported, based upon a more active demand; scores of mills and factories have started up which have been idle for several years.

A poetess sings: "Tho' I were dead my heart would beat for thee." This would certainly be a "dead beat," and it strikes as the poetess assumes too much poetic license.

Love as an Investment.

Love is the only thing that will pay 10 per cent. of interest on the outlay. Love is the only thing in which the height of extravagance is the last degree of economy. It is the only thing, I tell you. Joy is wealth. Love is the legal tender of the soul—and you need not be rich to be happy. We have all been raised on success in this country. Always been talked with about being successful, and have never thought ourselves very rich unless we were possessors of some magnificent mansion, and unless our names have been between the patrid lips of rumor we could not be happy. Every little boy is striving to be this and be that. I tell you the happy man is the successful man. The man that has been emperor of one good heart, and that heart embrace all his, has been a success. If another has been emperor of the round world and has never loved or been loved his life is a failure.

It won't do. Let us teach our children the other way that the happy man is the successful man, and he who is a happy man is the one who always tries to make some one else happy. The man who marries a woman to make her happy; that marries her as much for her own sake as his his own; not the man that thinks his wife is his property, who thinks the title to her belongs to him—that the woman is the property of the man; wretches who get mad at their wives and then shoot them down in the streets because they think the woman is their property. I tell you it is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful to be happy. A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide—I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags—I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster, driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris, clutched like a wild beast, banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut, with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless dust, than to have been that Imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as Napoleon the Great.

The following unique epistle was picked up in the streets at Schuylerville: "Dear Bill: The reason I did not laff when you laff at me in the post office yesterday was becaws I hev a bile on my face, and kan't laff. If I laugh she'll bust. But I luv you, Bill, bile or no bile; laff or no laff. Yure luvving Kate, till deth."

Two men started out on a wager to see which could tell the biggest lie. No. 1 commenced: "A wealthy country editor—" whereupon No. 2 stopped him right there and paid the forfeit.

A NOTED SWINDLER.

ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL SCOUNDRELS OF THE COUNTRY TAKEN AT LAST.

The detectives have at last succeeded in hunting down and arresting a man named Lindner, who has long been recognized as one of the most daring and adroit swindlers in the world, and has operated successfully in most of the cities of the continent. He is the son of an Austrian officer, and twenty years ago came to this country and worked two years for a pawnbroker, at Cleveland, Ohio, who paid him \$1 per week. He made the acquaintance of a set of burglars, and finally assisted them to rob the pawnshop. Soon afterward he went to St. Louis, and enlisted in a Missouri regiment, from which he deserted after pay-rolls. He was next heard of in New York, where he speculated in stocks and made money for a time, but finally lost \$40,000 in Hannibal and St. Joseph stock in one day.

By various forgeries Lindner again accumulated money, and at the close of the war bought a large plantation near Natchez. This proved to be a bad investment, and he abandoned his heavily mortgaged property and renewed his career of forgery, working principally in the Southern States with raised checks. He then went to Europe, committed several forgeries on the Bank of England, and returned to this country in 1870.

Obtaining a genuine letter of credit for 300 German marks on a bank at Hamburg, Germany, he stole a blank, forged a letter of credit for 30,000 marks, went to Hamburg, drew the money and was back in less than four weeks. In 1876 he committed a most daring and successful forgery. At a time fixed upon a confederate presented to the Chicago Grain Exchange a certified check for \$9,850 on a New York bank. At that time Lindner was in the vestibule of the bank, his cap in his pocket and pen behind his ear.

When the telegraph messenger arrived at the bank with a dispatch asking if check No. — was correct Lindner intercepted him, and with an air of authority, opened the dispatch, read it and handed the messenger an affirmative answer. Later he opened a small job printing office in Eighth avenue, near Thirty-second street, and printed a large number of checks on banks all over the country, the paper being genuine paper, which a confederate (an ex-vice-president of a bank) procured at Washington. He had seven confederates with whom he carried on extensive operations.

About two years ago Lindner began operations in Newark with raised checks, and succeeded in defrauding several banks, but, the banks becoming more careful, he began the work of forging the certifications, and, returning to Newark, swindled a large number of merchants. The clue which led to his arrest was given by a convict in the Hudson County penitentiary. The next clue was given to Detective Becker from Petersburg, Va., where Lindner was seen to purchase a ticket for Boston. He is now confined in Essex County jail, at Newark. His cell is handsomely carpeted and fitted up, and he is apparently not greatly depressed.

A Dilemma.

The Washington Star says the authorities of Dooly County, Georgia, have an elephant on their hands. A fire in a neighboring county, which destroyed valuable records, prompted them to buy of a Northern firm a fire-proof safe about half as large as a freight car and weighing 9,000 pounds. Twelve mules moved it at a cost of \$150 three miles from the railroad, but there it stuck and refused to move any further towards its destination, Vienna, the county seat, still nine miles away. Three commissioners were appointed who took up their lodgings in the safe, and issued a circular therefrom, offering \$100 reward for the best plan of getting over the difficulty. Competitors are numerous. One suggests building a railroad to it, another thinks a canal the thing, another flippantly recommends making it a summer resort, and yet another sagaciously says "move Vienna up to the safe." The last plan would have been adopted as the cheapest, but the safe unfortunately happens to be stuck in another county. At last accounts the commissioners still had their headquarters in the safe.

Gen. Shields' Swords.

At the funeral of Gen. James Shields, of Carrollton, on Wednesday, the two swords presented to him by the States of Illinois and South Carolina were crossed over the casket containing his body, and with the floral decorations helped to make up a rich and pleasing picture. In the procession they were borne, respectively, by Col. P. G. Ballingal, of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Mr. J. M. Wilcoxson, a banker of Carrollton. The inscriptions on the testimonials are: On the first—"Presented by the State of Illinois to Gen. Jas. Shields for gallant service at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the Gáretta of Belin, City of Mexico." On the other side of this blade is a view of the City of Mexico; on the reverse, scenes from the several battle fields named. The cost was \$2,000.

The other—"From the State of South Carolina to Gen. Shields, in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican war, and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto Regiment." The hilt is studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and on the scabbard is a palmetto tree, with dates of the several battles in which the old hero fought in the Mexican war. South Carolina invested the handsome sum of \$7,000 in this gift.

It may be stated that Gen. Shields breathed his last in a hospital attached to a Catholic convent, presided over by a female relative of his, in the beautiful little city of Ottumwa. The immediate cause of his death was the bursting of the old wound received by him at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

Horrible Story from Mexico.

Last week, in Chihuahua, a woman went into a shoemaker's shop in front of his dwelling and was measured for a pair of shoes. The son of Crispin said to the woman: "You have a very pretty foot." "Do you think so?" said she. He replied: "Yes; that is the prettiest foot in Mexico." The woman was to come back the next day and leave one dollar, when the shoes were to be commenced. The shoemaker's wife, hearing all, said nothing. The next day the shoemaker was out when the woman with the pretty foot called, according to agreement, and the wife got her into the back room and stabbed her to death. The wife then cut a steak out of the dead woman's leg and packed the body under the bed. The shoemaker came home and ate his dinner. The wife asked him how he liked the meat. He answered that "it was the best he had ever eaten." The wife then told him he had eaten a part of "the prettiest leg in Mexico." He asked her what she meant. She showed him the body under the bed, and made a dash at him with a knife, but he escaped and ran to the Palacio and told the Judge what happened. The Judge summoned a guard of soldiers and went to the house. He asked the wife if she had committed the murder, and when she answered yes and attempted to justify the act he ordered her to be shot on the spot by the soldiers, and his orders were promptly obeyed.

Let Blaine and Conkling Read.

The Chicago Times says: Invited to address the mained veterans at the Soldiers' Home, near Washington, delegate Maginnis, at Montana, departed a trifle from the usual line of decoration day oratory. He said: "When the soldiers of the North came home they found nearly all the places of honor and emolument filled. A great parade was made over them by men who had profited by their efforts, and who were willing to give them any subordinate or clerical situation which was vacant and not wanted. But if any of the politicians ever yet said to the returning veteran—'Here, take my place under the government, in the Congress, in the cabinet, let the name of that undiscovered patriot be brought to the sunlight of fame. So, when the war was over, they retained their places in the front to search the record of some new combatant on the other side, and cover him with confusion in the noisy but safe warfare of Congressional debate. The conflict that should have ended in the field is renewed in the Senate, and such laurels as never weathered the hero's sword had and blossom on the politician's jaw." The boys saw the point.

Secrets of Masonry.

Old Zach Wheeler was quite a character in his time, being a clever, easy-going, confiding man, who managed to let everybody cheat him out of his inherited estates. Just as his last farm was about to slip out of his hands he succeeded in raising the money to lift the mortgage. Aaron Remer, a prominent Mason, accompanied him to the town. As they were riding on horseback, Zach says to Aaron, in a confiding tone: "Now, Aaron, we are here alone, and I want you to tell me the secrets of Masonry."

"I can't, Zach; they would kill me."

"Why they won't know; they'll never find it out."

"Yes, they will; you'll speak of it."

"No, I swear I won't."

"Well, if you'll 'tittle' these alongside of me, and put your hand upon my thigh, and take the oath I'll administer, I'll tell you the secrets of Masonry."

Zach was not slow to comply, and a most powerful "iron-clad" oath was administered and taken.

"Now for the secrets," exclaimed the impatient and unsuspecting victim.

"Well," said Aaron, with mock solemnity and secrecy, "in the first place, we Masons combine together to cheat everybody as much as we can. This is the first grand secret. The second is like unto it. When we can't find anybody else to cheat, we cheat each other, but as little as we can."

"Well," exclaimed Zach, "I swear I'll join. I wish I had done it twenty years ago. I might have been a rich man afore now."

Novel Reading.

We commend the careful attention of parents, young men and ladies to the following extract on novel reading: "If we desire to unfit young men for business, and young ladies for all the relations of life, we would urge parents to purchase all the dime novels which are thrown on the market as a certainty of destroying all the finer sensibilities that go to make men noble, and women virtuous: There are millions of people in England and millions in America, and almost millions in Australia, to whose enjoyment of life novels are almost as necessary as food to their life itself, every one of whom take some credit to themselves for the time they pass in reading, complacently contrasting themselves with idlers and those who are given up to the frivolities of life. A vain and foolish notion, for there is probably no more insidious form of laziness, no method of passing time more absolutely of exertion of any kind, than novel-reading, as novels are read by most of those for whom they are written. As a child opens its mouth and has sugar plums put in it, so the ordinary novel reader sits quietly and thoughtlessly, and has a story poured through his eyes into his mind or what serves him in that capacity. It is quite another spirit and with another purpose that great works of imagination are approached by those who can appreciate them.

A Man Eating Horse.

We have information of a terrible affray which occurred in Anderson County last Tuesday with a vicious horse. John Coward, the young son of the widow Coward, a member of the mercantile firm of Worthington & Coward, went into the stable where there was an old family horse, which had been known to be always as gentle as a dog. Suddenly the beast was seized with a fit of viciousness, and pitched upon young Coward. Before he could get away from the ferocious animal he was almost literally eaten up. The horse had bitten almost all the muscles and flesh loose from both arms above the elbow; had also bitten him furiously in the sides, on the hips and other places. Dr. Coward, uncle of the young man, was summoned and gave all the surgical assistance and relief possible, but the wounds were of a very dangerous and serious nature, and it was feared he could not survive. A negro boy went into the same horse at twilight and was also set upon by it, and pretty roughly used, and it was with difficulty he was rescued. The horse was never known to be vicious before, and its conduct could not be explained. Young Coward wanted it killed, but nothing was done about it. The horse seemed finally to get over the spell and was taken out and worked in the plow the same day.

[Knoxville Whig.]

Flies are about as numerous now as candidates before an election, and both kinds of pests deserve bricks.

RAVISHED AND MURDERED.

A YOUNG LADY IN QUEST OF HER RELATIVES BRUTALLY OUTRAGED.

On Thursday, June 5th, a nice looking young woman passed through Vernonsville making inquiries for a Mr. Woodward, stating that her name was Woodward, that she had two sisters living with Benjamin Morgan near the Trap in Pickens County; that she was looking for Mr. Woodward, an uncle, or Pascal O'Sheilds, and that she had walked from Pickens. She was dressed in a neat black dress with brown straw hat, and striped shawl on her arm. She was directed to Jefferson O'Sheilds, at Reidville. From the stores she passed on about half a mile farther, asking for Woodward. Finally, abandoning all hope of finding the person sought, she turned toward Reidville, asking directions. She arrived at Moore's house just as they were sitting down to dinner. She accepted an invitation to eat, and departed. Mr. Moore accompanied her a short distance to the main road, when she took her final leave, nothing more being heard of her.

On Sunday, 8th instant, two men passing the road noticed an unusual number of buzzards just off from it. On stopping and looking that way they saw something unusual, and first recognized the smell of carrion. They went towards it and discovered the body of the woman. The buzzards had picked out her eyes, the body much swollen and discolored, the clothes were thrown up about her waist, her throat was cut from ear to ear and into the backbone, a bullet hole was in her right breast, worms crawling in countless multitudes in every cavity—the hair was kept in motion by them. God grant I may never again see such a sight!

T. P. Gaston summoned a jury, but night set in before much could be done, and the inquest adjourned until sunrise next morning. To the credit of the jury, he it said, nearly every one stayed to help watch the corpse, which could not be moved. The next morning they finished with a verdict—"Death by gunshot and incision in throat, by person unknown."

There is not the slightest clue yet, but every effort is being made. The earrings from her ears and her slip of clothing were carried off. After the devil had accomplished his hellish deed, he carried the slip about fifty yards deeper into the woods, and opening it, destroyed a tin-type of deceased and the wrappings on it, leaving enough of it to be readily identified by several who had conversed with her on Thursday. The hat, shawl and pieces of likeness are with Trial Justice Gaston. The slip had been made way with. A keen scrutiny led us to think it had been carried to the river, which was thoroughly searched on Monday.—Enterprise and Mountaineer.

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