

HUMOROUS.

Powder Bread

As the revenue service is intimately connected with the customs, let us repeat a story told us by Capt. Kobbett of the "Fire Fly," (not the true name of captain or craft by the way.)

One year Captain K. being off duty on the Pacific coast, pitched his temporary tent on shore among the California miners. He spent his time in shooting deer, then very plentiful in the locality he had selected; and occupied a hut conjointly with an old Spaniard a legal defendant of Pizarro. Hard by another hut was tenanted by one Johnny Scott, an old Texan ranger, and by one of the greenest of youths appropriately named Green.

One morning Captain Kobbett had been engaged in baking wheat cakes on a griddle. The door sat, with which he greased the pan had taken fire and been instantly extinguished, but as a result, there were a few black specks in the bread. Green, hearing in the Captain invited him to breakfast.

"What's said Green?" I saw this here's the best bread I've eat since I've been in the givins' light and teethsome—but what's these here little black specks in it?"

"O," replied the captain, gravely, that's the powder I rise it with."

"Powder?"

"Yes—gunpowder—the best of yeast in the world."

"Thunder," said Green, "I never heard of risin' bread with powder."

I never heard of making good bread without. Put in plenty of powder, knead it into the dough, and you'll be sure to have your bread as light as a feather.

Green went back to his hut with a new wrinkle.

"Scott," said he, "I've seen to Kobbett's and eat the all firedest good bread I ever sogged my tooth into."

"Well?"

"Well, he tolld me his secret. It's the powder done it. Ever you heard tell of rising bread with powder?"

"Never heard of making bread good without," replied Scott, gravely catching the joke at a flash and relating some corroborative military experience.

"Scott," said Green, "I'll tell you what—tomorrow mornin' I'm goin' to spread myself. Darned if we don't have light bread once; dun the expense and, apil, Calumny."

The next morning Green rose bright and early, and went to kneading bread. Scott rose up in his bed and superintended the operations.

"How much powder have you put in?" he inquired.

"About five fingers," answers Green.

"Aint that enough for you and me?"

"Dawh," said Scott, "it will be as heavy as lead."

"Well, then," replied Green, suiting the action to the word—here goes the hors full. Darned if we don't have one good batch."

Just before he was ready to put his bread into the pan, Scott said he'd out and be back in five minutes.

Making his way to Kobbett's ranch, he encountered that worthy officer.

"Well," said the captain, "what's up?"

You seem bursting with suppressed laughter."

"Well, I may be," answered Scott. "Keep an eye on our ranch—that's all I have to say—and in about ten minutes you'll see."

Sure enough, in about ten minutes a dense black smoke was seen issuing from the ranger's hut, accompanied by a hissing and sputtering like that of a ten pound rocket starting on its flight. Out bounded Green, his face as black as a chimney back, his whiskers and eyebrows singed off. As soon as he recognized Kobbett, he stumbled up to him and called out in a tone between a blubber:

"Look ahere old Kobbett, yer can't fool me with yer powder bread?"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Competent Juror.

At the trial of a case in a neighboring County Court, last week, the counsel for the prisoner struggled earnestly to get an "impartial jury."

"Sir," said the counsel to one of the panel, who was undergoing the torture of an examination, "do you mean to say, upon your oath, that you never read a word in any newspaper?"

"I does mean to say just that are thing."

"Do you take a paper?"

"I guess I ain't no such man."

"Don't your neighbors take any?"

"Well they does."

"You live in the city and have heard about this case?"

"I hasn't nothing else."

"And yet you will swear that you haven't read one word about it?"

"That's just what I will."

"Now will you please inform his Honor the Judge, how it happened that you have not, under all the circumstances, read one word about this most important case?"

"Why, if you must know, it's because I can't read?"

The counsel staggered under the reply, but rallied again under the impression that a man that can't read is, by all the rules of the law and the practices of the courts, the very best kind of a juror, and the one under examination was quickly accepted as such.

"Tebby, my boy, just guess how many cheese there are in this er bag, an' faith I'll give you the whole five."

"Five to be sure."

"Arrah, bad luck to the man that tould ye!"

BULL & SCOVILL,

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IN VIEW OF AN ENTIRE

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

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JANUARY 1, 1868.

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WE ARE STILL IN THE

COTTON MARKET,

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FARMERS AND PLANTERS.

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SOLUBLE PHOSPHATE,

COMBINING IN THE HIGHEST DEGREE THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE LARGEST YIELD OF COTTON AND COTTON. OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE TRIED THIS FERTILIZER GIVE THEM UNQUALIFIED TESTIMONY OF ITS COMPLETE SUCCESS IN GREATLY INCREASING THE YIELD OF THEIR CROPS. WHERE THE APPLICATION WAS DOUBLED, THE INCREASE OF YIELD WAS FULL AS GREAT; AND WE ARE ASSURED THAT IT HAS PROVED FOR COTTON

"THE MANURE."

PLANTERS WILL FIND IT ADVANTAGEOUS TO WORK LESS GROUND, TO CULTIVATE MORE THOROUGHLY, AND TO APPLY LIBERALLY A PREPARATION SUCH AS THE ABOVE.

ALL OF WHICH SHALL RECEIVE THE PROMPT ATTENTION OF

BULL & SCOVILL.

SCHEDULE SOUTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, MARCH 20TH THE PASSENGER TRAINS ON THE SOUTH CAROLINA RAIL ROAD WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

FOR COLUMBIA—DAY TRAIN.

LEAVES CHARLESTON..... 6:30 A. M.

" ORANGEBURG..... 12:10 P. M.

ARRIVES AT COLUMBIA..... 3:50 P. M.

NIGHT TRAIN.

LEAVES CHARLESTON..... 5:40 P. M.

" ORANGEBURG..... 12:55 A. M.

ARRIVES AT COLUMBIA..... 6:20 A. M.

FOR CHARLESTON—DAY TRAIN.

LEAVES COLUMBIA..... 6:00 A. M.

" ORANGEBURG..... 9:45 A. M.

ARRIVES AT CHARLESTON..... 3:10 P. M.

NIGHT TRAIN.

LEAVES COLUMBIA..... 5:30 P. M.

" ORANGEBURG..... 10:32 P. M.

ARRIVES AT CHARLESTON..... 6:50 A. M.

H. T. PEAKES, General Superintendent.

APPLY TO SAMUEL DIBBLE,

MARSHAL, 144 Broad Street.

ORDINANCE TO PREVENT THE FIRING OF GUNS, PISTOLS, &c., WITHIN THESE CORPORATE LIMITS.

From and after the publication of this Ordinance, any person convicted of firing any Gun, Pistol, or other Firearms, within these Corporate Limits, shall be liable to a fine not less than five dollars (\$5), or upon failure to pay the same, shall be liable to imprisonment not exceeding two days, at the option of the Court.

Done in Council this 26th day of February, 1868, Orangeburg, S. C.

JOHN A. HAMILTON, Clerk.

In Equity.

ORANGEBURG DISTRICT.

MARTHA M. PHILLIPS, Adm'r.

vs.

JNO. C. KENNELLY, et al.

By order of the Court of Equity in the above stated case, the creditors of the late Jacob Phillips, deceased, are enjoined from prosecuting their actions at law for the recovery of their claims, and are required to present and prove the same before the Commissioner within two months from the publication hereof.

Commissioner's Office, V. D. V. JAMISON, Commissioner.

MARSHAL, 144 Broad Street.

MARSHAL, 144 Broad Street.

March 27, 1868.

2m

IN EQUITY,

ORANGEBURG DISTRICT.

JOSEPH FLECKLING, Adm'r, et al.

vs.

MARY R. TYLER, et al.

By order of the Court of Equity in the above stated case, the creditors of the late John Livingston, Esq., deceased, are enjoined from prosecuting their actions at law for the recovery of their claims, and are required to present and prove the same before the Commissioner within two months from the publication hereof.

Commissioner's Office, V. D. V. JAMISON, Commissioner.

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