The Orangeburg News.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

ORANGEBURG C. H., S. C.

THOS. W. GLOVER. MORTIMER GLOVER.
jan 2 1y

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Will attend the Courts in Orangeburg, Barnwell and Beaufort, and the United States Courts.

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W. M. HUTSON. W. F. HUTSON.
T. K. LEGARE.
jan 23 c 1y

IZLAR & DIBBLE,

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,

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JAMES F. IZLAR. SAMUEL DIBBLE.
feb 23 * 1y

MALCOLM I. BROWNING,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca

aug 21 1y

FRED. FERSNER,

DENTIST.

Will be in Orangeburg every Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Office in rear of BULL, SCOVILL & PIKE.
feb 20 tf

DR. H. W. KENNERLY,

ORANGEBURG,

HAVING REMOVED TO THIS PLACE, Respectfully offers his Professional Services to the Citizens and Vicinity.

Office on Russell Street, opposite Bull, Scovill & Pike's.
mar 13 2m

DR. J. R. TOOMER,

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITIZENS of Orangeburg and Vicinity that he has resumed the Practice of Medicine, and can be found at his Residence on Russell Street. jan 16—1y

D. W. ROBINSON.

—o—

FASHIONABLE TAILOR,

I have the pleasure to announce to my numerous Customers and the Public generally, that having removed to a Central Position, handy and convenient to all, I am now prepared Cut, Fit and make Up a GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE with Neatness and Despatch. Terms liberal and Work Warranted. Thankful for the Patronage of the past, I respectfully solicit its continuance. Next door to Messrs. Bull, Scovill & Pike, I can be found at all times.

jan 9—1y D. W. ROBINSON.

CRACKERS AND CAKES.—By the BOX and at RETAIL, a choice assortment of CRACKERS and CAKES, SNAPPETS, JUMBLES, CREAM, SODA, &c., &c., MOLASSES CAKES furnished at low rates by the Barrel or Box. Call and see Samples.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,
oct 9—3m Court House Store.

The Twin Sisters.

"Well," said Ned Arlington, for my part I have never loved but one woman, and she is now my better half."

"I tell you," replied a fellow stage coacher, "you have had an easy courtship. Now, I was compelled to love two ladies."

"Two ladies?"

"Yes, sir, two ladies."

"But you did not love them both alike?"

"Now stranger, there was just the trouble. I was thinking of this precise difficulty when I remarked you had an easy courtship."

"You puzzle me!" exclaimed Ned. "Suppose you relieve our mind by a rehearsal."

"It will afford me pleasure and you entertainment," rejoined the handsome and social fellow traveler.

Here we leaned forward, intent on hearing how a man was compelled to love two ladies with the same degree of fervor.

"My friends," said he, "if you ever visit New Haven, Connecticut, you will hear these expressions: "As much alike as the Grover girls;" or this: "You can no more distinguish them than you can tell Sue from Hannah Grover' I say, ladies and gentlemen, when a New Havener is discussing a point of similitude, he is sure to refer to the Grover girls. I had not been in the Elm city six weeks before I heard these comparisons. I went to this place, intending to enter a business firm. On my arrival I stopped at the Tontine. At this hotel two gentlemen were arguing a point of law. It was then that I first heard this language. One speaker was proving that two expressions ment but the same thing, and paralleled the two propositions with the notorious twins.

Now there is one thing I have in common with women—that is, curiosity. I own it, and will confess that I was on nettles. Never could I be appeased until I had a view of those females."

"Tell me," said I to the book-keeper, "are these Grover girls so much alike?"

"Are they?" said he, in surprise. "Well, I will tell you, Mr. Miller, if you can distinguish them after a week's acquaintance, I will pay your bill at this house for the balance of your residence."

"How can I see them?"

"I'll tell you. Observe that bright-looking gent with the white hat. That is Mr. Potter, one of our rising lawyers. He is intimate with the sisters. Obtain an introduction to him, and he will see you through."

"Are these ladies of good standing?"

"Oh! among our first people."

"Can Mr. Potter distinguish them?"

"Never, sir, never, and he looks with the eye of a detective."

"How long has he known them?"

"Three or four years; to my certain knowledge. It may be longer."

This determined me. I soon established myself with the lawyer by retaining him in an important case. I found him more than willing to afford the introduction, as he was anxious to see the fix their identity never failed to create in a stranger, I will never forget the first interview. Two exquisitely beautiful ladies of twenty entered the room. I beheld duplicates. One was the precise copy of the other. They dressed alike to a ribbon and a ring. Their voices and countenances gave no clue. Then their motions left you none the wiser.

Said Potter: "Now take a good look, for I want you to see if you can identify them."

"Mr. Potter," said I, "you will embarrass the ladies."

"Not at all," said one. "We are used to this," said the other. "It is the great amusement afforded by our resemblance," Here both spoke, but, upon my honor, it all sounded like one voice.

"Ladies," said I, "pardon me; I know you are not horses, but allow me to look at your teeth.?"

I desired this, deeming there would be found some little speck, indentation, or irregularity that would serve as an index. They exhibited their pearly rows, but after minute investigation, I was no better informed. I examined the finger nails, then their hands, still I had no point of distinction, and I gave it up that Sue and Hannah might forever exchange places without detection on my part.

The ridiculous blunders of admirers were frequent. Mantua-makers, shoemakers and trades people in general were continually presenting Sue with an account created by Hannah, or telling Hannah some thing intended only for the ears of Sue.

The beauty of the ladies impressed me. They were of my style. An acquaintance of two months demonstrated their superiority in all respects. In brief, I found myself in love—But with which one? When tender ideas arose, I found it just as natural to one as to the other. Yes, I solemnly aver I was in love.—I had the connubial article. I frequently took them out, yet never knew whom I had. If my lady would quote Sue, I thought it clear I had Hannah, or if Hannah was mentioned, I believed I was beaning Sue. Indeed it was a mere matter of faith. There was no evidence, for often one palmed herself on me as the other. This was a chronic dodge, played on their various admirers to suit convenience and ensure rest. As far as these gallants were concerned, it was immaterial. Although one might be called for by name, the other would do just as well, no one being able to detect the difference. I often implored them to contradistinguish themselves by some article of apparel or jewelry. But it was fruitless. "That would spoil our fun," they would exclaim, as though I meditated some terrible infliction.

As I have told you, I was in love. I felt that my happiness depended on the possession of one of these twins. But for whom shall I ask the parents? Honestly, it was no matter which one I had, as affection made no choice.

On a lovely eve in September, one sister was from home. Now, thought I, here is a surety that I can talk a whole evening to one of this dual phenomenon. As she entered the parlor, said I—

"How do you do, Miss Hannah?"

"You are wrong, sir, it is Miss Sue."

"Are you humbugging?"

"Truly no; I tell you sincerely. You are now addressing Sue Grover."

I saw that she looked unusually tender, and taking advantage of her faltering voice and tremulous manner, I declared my love; and she returned it with all the ardor of her true and impassioned nature. I summoned the old folks; told our devotion; gave prospects, and made all essential revelations. The senior Grovers gave us their blessings, and assured us that they would see that our course of true love 'should run smooth.' But what if the other girl were to come in! What a pretty mix! How would I know my girl? Though again I assure you it would have made no difference. I would have proposed to Hannah just the same. My only trouble was in the multitude of embarrassments incident to non-distinguishment. On this ground I had a genuine trouble.

Before Hannah returned, I invited Sue to take a walk on the green. When opposite the centre of the church, I spoke of the betrothal ring, and requested her to please let me see the ring she wore. She took it off, and I carelessly played with it to throw her off her guard—then calling her attention to a party of students, took my Congress knife and drew the file blade through the inner part. It left a nice mark, and by this I hoped to identify her in future. On our return to the house I secretly posted her parents. They said I did properly—that it was time Sue should be recognized by her affianced.

"You think you are smart," said she ere I left her.

"Why?" replied I.

"Oh!" responded she, "that ring game has been tried by half a dozen admirers. I suspicioned what you were at, but thought I would see how many heads would conceive the same plan."

The next day neither she nor her sister wore a ring. One week after, they resumed them; but in neither was there a mark. It was evident that I was to be out-generaled, and would have to depend on the discretion of my intended and the goodnes of their parents.

At parties I had severe trials. I never knew whom I took home, and even, when home, would talk a flood of love to the wrong girl and receive a laugh for my enthusiasm. "Hang it!" said I; "the cream of the joke is—I can't be revenged for I might hurt the wrong lady."

The betrothal ring was given. No, thought I, there is a termination to misfortune. Well, it terminated in just—twenty four hours. Hannah took Sue's ring, went to a jewelry store and ordered one precisely like it, and bearing the same inscription. Moreover, she charged the jeweller to see that the engraving was counterfeited beyond recognition. It was done. So was I. Now what could I do? Had Sue been willing, I could have schemed forty devices. But she relished the dish, and would never co-operate. Wedding came. I must take a young lady on the word of herself or parents. "Well," said I mentally, "so I get one of the girls my object will be accomplished." The ceremony was performed before an immense throng in the largest church in the city. The bridal dress fortunately enabled me to adhere to one. Congratulations being over, my bride and I journeyed to Niagara, and inspected several Canadian cities and towns.

"Ah!" said I lovingly to my wife, "Sue, darling, I will know you now." "How?" said she. "By the diamond ring," replied I. "Don't be too sure, Clarence." "Ah!" laughed I, "Hannah will not annoy me any further." But alas for our earthly hopes. My beloved told her sister the name of the New York importer, and on our return a small hand was proffered, on which was a fac simile of the bridal gift. Sue now went to her room, and attiring herself in one of the twin garbs, I was again unable to recognize my own wife. Now, ladies and gentlemen, business sud only called me to New Orleans. While there my treasure died. I was grieved, yet from the fact that Hannah lived, my agony was but temporary. I returned two weeks after the funeral. My sister-in-law wore neither betrothal or diamond rings. There was nothing to be gained by it, and they were laid aside. My friends, I am extremely sensitive; a mere child; yet, believe me, when I tell you that the presence of Hannah was a perfect and speedy restorative. It was impossible for me to weep. Was she not the same as Sue in all respects? True, when I saw the family sad, I was troubled, but only on account of their grief. I had none of my own. All that I loved was in exact duplicate, and that moved before me as of yore. Yes, I confess that no husband ever suffered less.

In eighteen months I stood in the same church, and it seemed before the same concourse. As Hannah was given to me in the holy state of matrimony, it appeared that I was enacting a farce and

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er is, however. But may I ask why this inquiry?"

"Nothin, only I hav'nt voted yit."

"If it is consistent, with your feelings I would like if you would vote for my father."

"I would just as soon vote for him as anybody.

Mr. C. thanked him, and thinking, perhaps, his friend was seeking a treat, invited him into a neighboring bar-room

"What will you take?"

"I never drink anything, but I see they have some ginger cakes. I would as leive take one of them with you as not."

"Very well. Give us a cake."

"My brother is in town with me."

"All right, take him a cake with my respects." Another cake was purchased and paid for, and the two friends parted, "Greeny" to find his brother, and Mr. C. to join in the merry dance with his young friends in a parlor hard by. "The golden hours on angels' wings" passed rapidly away with Mr. Charlton. His friend was soon forgotten. Late in the afternoon, when there was a pause in the dance, our verdant friend, very much to

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[FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

Sunday School Celebration at Jericho Church.

MR. EDITOR—Since writing an account of the Celebration at Antioch, I have had the pleasure of attending another at Jericho, a brief description of which I will attempt to give.

The office of the teacher, which aids, is so unfortunately depreciated in our County, I regard as the most important and honorable of all callings outside of the ministry. Those, too, who voluntarily and without compensation, undertake the moral training of the youth of our land, are certainly our best citizens and truest patriots.

They are moulding the minds of those who are hereafter to take our places in the various callings of life as farmers, ministers, physicians, mechanics, lawyers and legislators, and are thereby laying the foundation for a better discharge of the religious, social and political duties of the future generation, than of the present. It is a fact which is frequently overlooked, but which cannot be denied, that no man's education is complete unless he is familiar with the Bible. Hence the importance of Sunday Schools as co-adjutors of day Schools, and hence the zeal of the writer in chronicling all that pertains to them, and of the men who are engaged in them.

Amidst of all our gloomy surroundings, it is indeed a cheering sign that our best and most influential men are engaged in this good work.

On Thursday the 7th of October, the Sunday School at Jericho, under the superintendence of Mr. Hugo G. Sheridan, celebrated their Anniversary. The day was clear and beautiful. A blue sky and genial sun shed a lustre upon all around, and infused new life into the hearts of the innocent little army. Even old men and women forget their infirmities under the influence of youth and beauty around them, and almost imagined that they were children again.

At 10 o'clock, the procession, composed of the Superintendents, teachers, and children of the different schools, clergymen and speakers, formed in the rear of the Church and entered in inverted order.

The services were opened by Rev. Paul Derrick in reading the Scriptures and prayer. An address was then delivered by Mr. Ralph Layton of the Bible Class.

A dialogue was next heard between Lizzie Dantzler, Agnes Holman and Lizzie Haigler of the Bible Class.

Dialogue again between Selina Rush, Ann Segrest, Georgia Felkel, Sallie Hutto, Annie Holman and Minnie Edwards of the first and second classes.

Dialogue between Lawrence Segrest, Jimmie Sheridan, David Tilley, Henry Dantzler and Wesley Sones of the second and third classes.

Dialogue between Julius Edwards, Harmon Rush, Willie Dantzler, Eddie Pooser, Peter Tilley, Johnnie Holman and Frank Bates of the first class.

This class was introduced by Dr. John C. Holman, their teacher. He stated that since the class had been assigned to him he had been in the habit of marking the boys for each recitation, and he was happy to announce, that during all of the time, not one of them had ever received a mark below the maximum. This he mentioned, not in a spirit of boasting, but as an example for all to imitate.

Next came a dialogue between Carrie Dantzler and Augusta Holman of the third class.

Dialogue again between David Ann Hungerpeler and Narcissus Hungerpeler.

Dialogue between Cornelia Haigler and Lucy Felkel of the fifth class.

The valedictory address was then delivered by Mr. Brantley Ulmer of the Bible class.

All of the young speakers reflected credit both to themselves and to their instructors. Some of them performed their part exceedingly well. I will not mention their names, however, as I do not wish to discourage the others, who did well also.

All I will say to you my young friends, is this, cherish well the opportunities you have, improve the talents with which God has blessed you, and when you grow up use them in a good cause.

When the children had finished the Rev. T. E. Wannamaker was introduced, and delivered one of the most appropriate and impressive addresses which could possibly have been heard. He spoke in the most touching language of the little orphans, and in the latter part of his address it seemed that there was hardly a heart in the vast assembly but what was moved by the power of his pathos.

After Mr. Wannamaker's address, prizes were presented to the following children for merit:

BOYS.

1st Class—Frank Bates.

2d Class—Jimmie L. Sheridan and David Tilley.

3d Class—Lawrence Segrest, Willie Hutto, Wesley Jones, Whitfield Rickenbacker, Hunt Jenkins and Lawrence Rush.

4th Class—George Smith, Warner Segrest, Harmon Bair and Samuel Bair.

5th Class—Hugo Sheridan and Tom Haigler.

6th Class—Alex. Parlor and Henry Felkel.

7th Class—James Troutman and John Felkel.

FEMALES.

1st Class—Annie Segrest, Mary Ella Bull, Selina Rush, Minnie Edwards and Victoria Smith.

2d Class—Sallie Hutto, Annie Holman, Mary Jenkins, Effie Ann Felkel and Georgiana Felkel.

4th Class—Carrie Dantzler and Gussie Holman.

5th Class—David Ann Hungerpeler, Lucy Felkel and Narcissus Hungerpeler.

After the distribution of prizes among the children, a beautiful Bible was presented to Rev. Wm. Hutto, the pastor of the Church, by the Bible Class, as a token of their appreciation of his services.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Paul Derrick, when the audience proceeded to the tables, which were bountifully supplied with every thing necessary for the gratification of the inner-man.

This School has been in operation for many years, and is, I believe one of the oldest Evergreen Sunday Schools in the County. It was very small when Mr. Sheridan took charge of it, but has gradually increased under his wise and able administration, until it is now thought to have reached its maximum.

I trust that the good work will not stop here, but that the progress of this School, and of its worthy compeer at Antioch, will give an impulse to the Sunday School cause which will be felt in every part of the County.

S. R. M.

SEQUEL TO A MISCEGENATION CASE.—It will be remembered by our readers that about the middle of August we copied from the Washington Express an account of a marriage in that city of a negro man named Andrew Montague, with a young white girl named Ella Dobbins, of Northumberland county, Virginia. The same paper publishes the following sequel:

The ill-assorted couple went to housekeeping on the Island, we are informed, and that a week after the marriage knot had been tied, the deluded wife gave birth to a child. After she had recovered from her accouchment she became disgusted with the creatures with whom she was necessarily thrown in contact, and wrote a letter to her parents begging them to take her home, naming a day on which she would meet them.

By some means her husband or his friends got knowledge of the contents of her letter and they immediately removed her to a point in Maryland, where we understand she is allowed to see no one, and in fact is strictly a prisoner.

The day after the poor girl was removed her parents came to the city to take her home, only to find that she had been taken away. The letter that she wrote to her parents shows that she is nearly at the point of despair. She says: "They won't let me speak to a soul I can neither get pen, pencil or paper to write upon, and they threaten to kill me if I attempt to escape. Oh! mother, if I could see you once more. God help me, I am almost mad. My sin is more than I can bear."

We know of certain friends of the unfortunate girl in this city who know of her where abouts and who are determined to rescue her at all hazards. If any friend of hers will call at this office he can obtain more definite information.

A young gymnast, who was killed at Cherry Valley, Illinois, a few days since, by falling from a double trapeze, had promised his father to quit the business as soon as his engagement was finished, of which that at Cherry was the last night.

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS DRINK BEER.—By careful observation of several months, aided by industrious inquiry, we are able to state that the following is how different nationalities drink beer. The rules do not, of course, refer to those who drink their beverage from a jug behind the door, or in the cellar.

The Englishman always drinks standing; he waits until the froth gets off and then, keeping his eye on the bottom of the tumbler, never lets go until the last drop has gone down saying, he sets down the glass, "Well, 'Enry, that's tipple."

The Frenchman prefers to sit on the back of a chair, if such a place is handy by; he sips once or twice, and then waits; he sips again and then says, "Sacre" and then, with a "grande" gulp, the whole quantity goes down.

The Yankee rushes in, as if just off the express, calls up every occupant of the room, gives his elbow a twist that makes only one swallow of a five cent glass, and wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve, calmly says, "Jim, just charge that to my account."

The Irishman had rather lean against the bar. He drinks slowly so that the sensation will last as long as possible, and when through, smilingly asks the clerk if it wouldn't "now be a fine thing for you to treat me wid a glass."

The Pole steps lightly up to the counter, deposits his money in advance, bows and looks so pleasant while drinking that you might imagine he wished every sort of good luck to the man who first substituted beer for cold water.

The Spaniad walks in with a stern defiant air, looks all around, as though counting noses, and then drinks alone. If the beer is good, he will say he never drank worse; if bad, he will sooner fight than pay for it.

The German walks in as though it were a big effort; sits down on the nearest chair, and looks all over the room; then takes out a big pipe, and fills it and lights it. In about a half hour, he calls for some beer; in from three to five minutes, he will drink a little lager, in about ten minutes he wants to talk and he believes he will take a little lager beer; talking reminds him that he want some beer; in the course of an hour he will eat some pretzels and bologna and nothing like beer to wash down the crumbs; he thinks of going, and takes more lager; he gets up to go, and takes a little lager; he asks for his bill, and he makes the change in his favor by a big glass of lager beer, exclaims as he goes out: "Mein switzer pretzer dunder blixem himmel sweigetnburgowhelfranker-feltzneig!" Which means that bye and bye he will drop in and get a glass of beer.

A DESPERATE DEFENSE BY A HUNGARIAN BRIGAND.—Parlage, a Turk town in Hungary, was lately the scene of a desperate tragedy. A famous bandit by the name of Macsvansky had come to the town to see a sweetheart. He was recognized and informed upon. The house in which he was was surrounded and he was summoned to surrender. He took refuge in a butcher shop in the basement, and through a hole in the window fired upon the soldiers in front. For four hours the fight continued, during which he constantly broke out into fits of fierce laughter. He wounded five Uhlans and the Commissary of Police. When he had no wads he loaded with hundred florin notes, and the peasantry gathered up whatever of the fragments were to be found. At last the house was fired. Upon this the brigand burned up a package of bank notes, opened the widdow and leaped out, revolver in hand. The crowd scattered in all directions but before Macsvansky had gotten twenty paces off he was killed by a discharge of musketry from the troops.

At Columbia, Ga., they are making cotton blankets, apparently very warm and comfortable, with a good body and nap on each side, handsomely bordered in colors. They are much cheaper than woolen blankets, and less persons.

The celebrated trotting horse Dexter made a half mile in one minute and four seconds on Prospect Park course, near New York, last Saturday afternoon. This time, it is needless to say, has never been equaled.

Mary Baker, a young married lady seventeen years of age, died suddenly in Chicago on Sunday evening, after taking a dose, purporting to be salts, procured at a drug store. It is supposed that a young clerk gave her poison by mistake.