

# The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

NUMBER 35

VOLUME 5.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT  
**ORANGEBURG**  
Every Saturday Morning.  
BY THE  
**ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY**

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MUTUALLY MISTAKEN.

"Beware of pickpockets, Joshua," said Joshua Barber's mother to her son, when that interesting young gentleman was about setting forth to visit his Aunt Betsey Baker, who lived seventy-five miles away, in the thriving little village of Grayburg.

"Yes, ma," responded Joshua dutifully, "I'll keep my eyes peeled for 'em. Guess if they catch this child napping they'll rise earlier than they're used to."

"That's right, my lad. I allers knowed you was the smartest of the family, Joshua, but I guess when you come to go about and see things you'll turn out smarter'n ever I thought. There is the keers comin' now. Look out and hold fast to your valise! And don't forget to be keerkful of yer father's watch, and don't smoke no cigars, nor drink no water without looking into it. Cause there was a woman that I've heard sister Betsey tell about, out there, that drank a live snake! And do try and not dirty more'n two dickers a week! It'll make it such hard washing for your aunt, and she's got the reumatiz, you know. Now look out for your pocket-book! Tell Betsy to send up that ratate for color blue and making that quinch sass—and—lordy! here they be!" and with a kiss that made the very locomotive give a sort of amazement, Mrs. Barker tore herself away.

Joshua seated himself in the very middle of the car—he had heard it said that there was less danger there, and holding his valise in his lap, he put one hand on his watch, and the other on his pocket book, and mentally defied pickpockets. He had heard so much of the dreadful doing in the cars, that he thought it impossible to use too much precaution.

At the next station they took up a rather pretty, but decidedly nervous looking young lady, in a blue bonnet and pink dress. She paused beside Joshua, and asked timidly—  
"Is this seat engaged?"

Joshua, blushing up to his hair, "Want to set down?"

"Thank you," and she sat down so gracefully that her expansive crinoline spread entirely over Joshua's knees and valise, and completely enveloped our perspiring hero in an avalanche of flounces, shawl, ring and patchouly.

Both of the young people seemed very much frightened. Joshua began to finger his pocket book, nervously shifting it from thence to his vest, and finally depositing it in his hat, wishing at the same time he could drop it into his boot.

The young lady fidgetted, eyed her companion askance—pulled her bonnet strings, and clutched tightly the handle of her reticule, but after a little while, both seemed to get easier, and Joshua screwed up his courage to say something.

"Fine day, marm."  
"Yes; rather cool though."  
"That's a fact. Cooler than it was yesterday."  
"Yes, but not so cool as it was last winter."

"No, siree! Terrible cold Friday last winter, weren't there?"

"Aww! was you out any?"  
"Out! I rather guess I was in the spruce swamp driving old Buck and Broad all day—Golly! how the frost stood on 'em!"

"Yes, I think its likely."  
A dead silence. At last, said Joshua, with a desperate effort at sociability—  
"Going far?"  
"To Grayburg."

"You haint! So be I, quite a contingency haint it?" and both giggled. They were beginning to get better acquainted.

Joshua took his hand away from his watch and put it around the back of the seat.

"Going to stay there long, Miss?"  
"A week, I guess. Be you?"

"About as long as you," responded Joshua, letting his hand rest on the back of her Highland shawl; and feeling very much as he did when Deacon Jeners caught him robbing his pet pear tree. The young lady drew back.

"Law! you musn't do so, sir. It haint proper."  
"I'd like to know what's to hinder?" cried Joshua boldly.

"Folks will see us!" simpered the young lady.

"Who keers!" cried Joshua, "I'm twenty-one years old, and got father's watch in my pocket and ten dollars besides!" and forgetting that he had deposited it in his hat, he felt for it in his pocket. It was gone!

"Jerusalem!" roared Joshua, springing to his feet in terrible dismay—"taint there! it's gone! I've been robbed! somebody's committed arson on my person and pocket!" he glared at the young lady by his side, who from some cause was getting as excited as himself, feeling first in her pocket and then in her reticule.

"You've got it!" thundered he—"I guess you've knowed you warn't respectable! I've heered morn say a hundred times that no decent woman ever wore one of them waterfalls. You got it while I was hugging you! I haint any business to hug another gal when I'm keeping company with Peggy Ann Seriggus! Ten dollars gone—ten dollars that father got for the brindley calf and the cubtail sheep! Hand it over, or by scissors, I'll search ye if ye be a woman!"

The young lady sprang up—her face red, her eyes blazing—she, too had read the papers, and had heard of pickpockets.

An angry man is a fearful sight, but can't begin to compare with an angry woman. And this one was raging. She brandished her parasol in one hand and her reticule in the other.

"You've stolen my portemonnaie!" cried she. "You've took t'e advantage of an innocent, unprotected female, and played the part of a pickpocket! I mean the pick of a part-pocket! I've read about such as you in the *Bungville Gazette*! I might have knowed you was one! I've heern say they allus have red noses! I'll have you arrested on the spot! Conductor! here here! This white eyed rascal has got my portemonnaie and Joe's minnerature, and he hugged me! and he's got my pocket handkercher and all the turnovers that marn put in for my dinner, and my pocket's clean gone! oh, dear! I wish I'd staid at home!"

"Don't believe a word she says!" cried Joshua, "She's the one that's been a stealing! She picked my pocket of everything but father's watch and a six cent plug of tobacco! Somebody search her! Dear suz! I'm ashamed of myself! I was so sartin' I could out my own fodder, and look out my P's and Q's! How I do wish marn was here! She'd know just what to do! I'll see if I can't do something!" and Joshua began to climb over the back of the seat into the aisle.

The girl seized him by the coat tails. "No you don't!" screamed she, "not by a long chalk! You think you're a gwine to get off with my things, do ye? I'll let ye know to the contrary! You'll wish your cake dough, if you don't deliver up them portmonnaie and minnerature! He's gwine to jump off the keers with my valerebles! And I'll die if he shall! If he jumps ther'll be two jumps! I'll go myself! Conductor he's got Joe's minnerature that cost nine shillings with his hair frizzled and his ruffled linen bosom shirt onto him! I say stop him!"  
By this time the whole car full of

passengers were aroused to the condition of things, and as is natural in such cases, there was a division of opinion. Some took sides with Joshua, and some with the lady.

An elderly woman in spectacles—evidently one of the strong minded species, planted her back firmly against the door, effectually barring the egress. Joshua's senses began to be slightly muddled. A half score of people were heading him off, and that terrible young lady in pink dress was clinging to his coat skirts, and his pocket-book was gone. He felt desperate.

"Stand aside, every one of you!" he cried to the people before him; and just then the cars gave a lunge, as cars are in the habit of doing, and Joshua went head first against the stomach of a fat woman who had risen to see what the matter was.

The woman went over, Joshua went over, so did the young lady in pink, and the whole crowd fell on the seat where a very loving couple and a lap dog were reposing.

"The seat was squelched, so were the lovers and the dog, and the cry rose fast and furious—

"A collision! There is a collision!"

Everybody sprang to their feet and seized their carpet bags, and the comedy might have become a tragedy, if the conductor had not just then appeared and restored order.

He shook Joshua and ordered the young lady to sit down and behave herself.

Joshua took off his hat to scratch his head, and lo! out dropped the missing pocket book! Our hero flung up both hands in ecstasy.

"Hocray!" cried he, "it's found! Hail Columbia! E Pluribus Unum! Three cheers for the Constitution and the Union!"

And they were given with a will. And about the same time the conductor picked up a nondescript looking bag from the floor. The young lady in pink rushed forward and seized it.

"My pocket! my pocket! it must have untied and slipped off! Oh, haint I happy! And Joe's minnerature all safe!"

"Let's shake hands!" said Joshua approaching her. "I haint a pickpocket and you haint a pickpocket; and by golly, I'll have a kiss on it."

And he did.

The following "business-scene" from "Never too Late to Mend" is scarcely excelled by anything from the pen of Dickens:

"Meadows found Mr. Clinton at Peel's."

"Mr. Clinton, I want a man of intelligence to be at my service for twenty-four hours. I give you the first offer, Sir."

"Mr. Clinton replied that really he had so many irons in the fire, that twenty-four hours—"

"Meadows put a fifty pound note on the table.

"Will all your irons iron you out fifty pounds as flat as that?"

"Why, hem?"

"No, nor five. Come, Sir, sharp is the word. Can you be my servant twenty-four hours for fifty pounds? yes or no?"

"Why, this dramatic—yes!"

"It is half-past two—"

and four o'clock I must buy a few hundred acres in Australia a fair bargain."

"Sir," said he in a low reverential tone, "this party is disposed to purchase a few hundred acres in the colonies."

"Mr. Rich looked up from his desk and pointed with a sweep of his pen to the walls.

"There are the maps: the red crosses are my land. They numbered. Refer to the margin of map and you will find the acres and the latitude and longitude calculated to a fraction. When you have settled in what part of the world you buy, come to me again; time is gold."

"And the bear-eyed merchant wrote, and sealed, and filed, and took no notice of his customers. They found red crosses in several of the United States, in Canada, in Borneo, in nearly all the colonies, and as luck would have it, they found one small cross within thirty miles of Bathurst, and the margin described it as five hundred acres. Mr. Meadows stepped toward the desk.

"I have found a small property near Bathurst."

"Bathurst? where is that?"

"In Australia."

"Suit?"

"If the price suits. What is the price, Sir?"

"The books must tell us that."

"Mr. Rich stretched out his arm and seized a large ledger and gave it to Meadows.

"I have but one price for land, and that is five per cent. profit on my outlay. Book will tell you what it stands me in: add five per cent to that, and take the land away or leave it."

"With this curt explanation Mr. Rich resumed his work.

"It seems you gave five shillings an acre, Sir," said Mr. Clinton. "Five times five hundred shillings, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Interest at five per cent six pounds and six."

"When did I buy it?" asked Mr. Rich.

"Oh! when did you buy it, Sir?"

"Mr. Rich snatched the book a little pettishly and gave it to Meadows.

"You make the calculation, said he; the figures are all there. Come to me when you have made it."

"The land had been bought twenty-seven years and some months ago. Mr. Meadows made the calculation in a turn of the hand, and announced it. Rich rang a hand-bell. Another snuffy figure, with a stoop and a bald head and a pen came through a curtain.

"Jones, verify that calculation."

"Penny half-penny two pence penny half penny two pence. Mum, mum! Half-penny wrong, Sir."

"There is a half penny wrong," cried Rich to Meadows with a most injured air.

"There is, Sir," said Meadows, "but it is on the right side for you. I thought I would make it even money against myself."

There are only two ways, wrong and right," was the reply. "Jones, make it right. There, that is the price for the next half hour; after business hours to-day add a day's interest; and, Jones, if he does not buy, write your calculation into the book with date—save time next customer comes for it."

"You need not trouble Mr. Jones," said Meadows. "I take the land. Here is two hundred and fifty pounds—that is rather more than half the purchase."

"Jones, count."

"When can I have deeds, Sir?"

"Ten to-morrow."

"Receipt for two hundred and fifty pounds," said Meadows, falling into the other's key.

"Jones, write receipt, two, five, naught."

"Write me an agreement to sell," proposed Meadows.

"No, you write it; I'll sign it. Jones, enter transaction in the books. Have you anything to do, young gentleman?"

"No, Sir."

"Then draw this pen through the two crosses on the map and margin. Good morning gentlemen."

"And the money-making machine rose and dismissed them as he had received them, with a short, sharp business congo."

"Ye fair, who turn a shop head over heels, maul sixty yards of ribbon and bap six, which being home insatiable becomes your desir. to change it for other six which you had fairly, closely and with all the powers of your mind, compared with it during the seventy

minutes the purchase occupied, let me respectfully inform you that the above business took just eight minutes and that when it was done, 'twas done."

## Love in the Oil District.

In Clarion county, near the celebrated oil producing district known as Parker's Landing, and not a great distance from where the Clarion river mingles its pellucid waters with the swifter—rolling tide of the Alleghany, has lived for years a man named Howitt, who, coming to the country in its early history, erected a cabin, and maintained an humble existence by following his profession of horseshoeing.

When the oil excitement brought numbers of speculators to that section of Pennsylvania, it was discovered that the blacksmith's farm was a series of oil wells, and he sold it for a large sum, purchasing for himself a stylish residence in the neighborhood.

Here, with his only daughter, Laura, now of marriageable age, he lived happily until fate threw in his daughter's way an affinity—a young man named Harry Richardson, a driller by occupation and poor as a church mouse.

She sought his society (her father had long since forbidden his coming to the house) and hardly a day passed but that she was seen in the derrick, watching the pulsations of the walking beam and her heart at the same time, and listening to his stories of adventure by flood and (oil) field.

"She loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her because he believed his yarns, and no one else would."

Finally, one bright day, as he had just finished a terrible recital of escape from death by a falling sand-pump pulley, she shrieked, and said she wished that Heaven had made her such a man, when Harry abandoned the timber screw rope and caught the fair Laura to his petroleum stained bosom, wiped the benzine from his brow and lips, kissed her, and said:

"I am the man!"

While enjoying the few moments succeeding their betrothal—blissful moments, that only come twice in a man's lifetime; once when he finds his mother's preserves, and the other as mentioned—the lovers were startled by the entrance of the village blacksmith, who seized his daughter, and without a word to the disconsolate Henry, carried Laura home and locked her up.

Days passed without communication between the lovers, and while Laura grew thin Henry also experienced bad luck. His tools got fast; the sand pump bursted, and his heart promised soon to follow suit.

But just here a happy thought struck him. Outside of the derrick was several hundred feet gas-pipe. He could not lay a telegraph wire, but he might lay a pipe line to his Laura's house, through which, perchance, two hearts could beat as one, and hold communication sweet, in spite of the deflated free pipe bill.

No sooner suggested than acted upon. That night he laid six hundred and eighty-one feet of half-inch gas pipe underground, between his derrick and the prison of his betrothed.

A happy junction with the eavespout was effected during the next night, and shortly afterwards messages were sent and received between the lovers, Laura having brought the end of the water pipe close to her window and Henry had his end of the line directly beneath his pillow, where, after he was 'off tour,' he would whisper words of undying affection, that only ended when he fell asleep and the pipe slipped out of his hand.

But while love giggled at the lock-smith's, the blacksmith was preparing to snort right out at love.

One day while Laura was at her dinner, her father had, while looking around the room, discovered the misplaced pipe, and while gazing with a critic's eye at the strange spectacle, was more startled by the soft words, coming apparently from the eistern.

"Laura, dear, is the old man around?"

Mr. Howitt snuff a mouse.

He did more than that—he inhaled the genuine odor of a whart rat; but saying nothing, he merely descended the stairs, and returned with a pint of oily-looking liquid, which he handed with extreme care.

Making a cartridge of paper that would hold nearly all the mixture, he inserted it in the pipe several feet, and then placing a bar of iron upon that,

called loudly enough to be heard through cartridge, pipe and all:

"Henry, my dear, are you there?"

Quickly came the faint reply:

"Yes, Laura."

"Place your ear at the hole, Henry."

Here the parent raised a sledge hammer and struck the iron rod.

An earthquake followed, before the echoes of which had rolled away, could be seen the disappearance of an engine house in mid air, followed by the gable end of the Howitt mansion.

And now for the sequel.

In his anxiety to see how it was himself, old Howitt remained too near the pipe, and when the glycerine went off, he did also and was picked up in Armstrong county a few days later.

But where was Henry?

Instead of applying his ear to the hole he had stepped to the derrick for a moment, during which the explosion occurred. He was only stunned, and a few moments later mot his betrothed running to see if he was hurt.

They fled at once to a neighboring justice of the peace, and were married.

They have patched up the old house, and are happy, though the mysterious disappearance of their father was a subject of conversation for months aiter.

This is the story, as told us by an old man who lives near Henry and Laura, who heard the noise and also saw where the ground had been torn up by the father's vengeful experiment.

If any one doubts the story, the derrick is still to be seen.

## Uncle Tim's Cat.

In introducing Uncle Tim Smith, allow me to say that no man in Western Oxford, Maine, was better known in his day. He was an honest, poor, hard-working man, and his only failing—if failing it could be called—was the telling of his big stories. I am sure, however, that in one respect his memory had become so wrapped that he religiously believed his wonderful relations to be true. He was the first man to put a spade into the soil of the first and only farm I ever owned, and thereafter he did much work for me.

"Talking about cats," said Uncle Tim, "puts me in mind of a cat I once owned. Let me tell you about her. She was a Mal-tee—one I got of Charles Baker—and what that cat didn't know wasn't worth knowin'."

"In the spring of '46 I moved into the little house down on the crooked river. We put our provisions down cellar, and the first night we made up our beds on the floor. But we didn't sleep. No sooner had it came dark than we heard a tearin' and a squeakin' in the cellar that was awful. I lit a candle and went down. Jerusalem! Talk about rats! I never saw such a sight in all my born days! Every inch of the cellar bottom was covered with 'em. They ran up onto me, and they ran over me. I jumped back into the room and called the cat. She came down and looked. I guess she sot there about ten minutes, lookin' at them rats, and I was waitin' to see what she would do. By'm-by she shook her head, and turned about and went up stairs. She didn't care to tackle 'em."

"That night, I tell ye, there wasn't much sleep. In the mornin' I called for the cat, and she didn't come. One gone. I guessed the rats had frightened her, and, to tell the plain truth, I didn't much wonder. Night came again, and the old cat hadn't shown herself. Says Betsy Ann to me—says she—'Tim, if that old cat don't come back, we'll have to leave this place. The rat'll eat us up.' Says I: 'Just you let the old cat be.' I didn't believe she'd left us for good at all.

"Just as Betsy Ann was puttin' the children to bed, we heard a scratchin' and waulin' at the outside door. I went and opened it, and there stood our old Mal-tee on the door-step, and behind her a whole army of cats, all paraded as regular as ye ever saw soldiers! I let our old cat in, and the others followed her. She went right to the cellar door and scratched there. I began to understand. Old mal-tee had been out after help. I opened the way to the other cats tramped after her in regular order—as they went past me I counted fifty-six of 'em!"

"Ge-whittaker! I was wasn't a row and a rumpus in that 'ere cellar that night, then I'm mistaken! The next mornin' the old cat came up and caught hold of my trousers' leg, and pulled me towards the door. I went down and saw

the sight. Talk about yer Bunker Hill, and your Boston Massacres! Mercy! I never saw such a sight before nor since. Betsy Ann and me, with my boy Sammy, was all day at hard work as we could be clearin' the dead rats out of that 'ere cellar! It's a fact—every word of it!"

THE GIRLS.—An exchange notices the girls of the principal cities in the country, as follows:

Baltimore, the handsomest.

Boston, the most intellectual.

New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress.

Washington, the most airy and superficial.

Philadelphia, the most refined and ladylike.

Chicago, the fastest and most dissipated.

Toledo, the biggest feet.

Memphis, the most money-loving.

St. Louis, the most elegant.

New Orleans, the most highly accomplished.

Cincinnati, the greatest flirt.

Louisville, the proudest.

Detroit, the wildest.

Cleveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation.

San Francisco, the most indifferent.

Richmond, the most anxious to be loved.

Mobile, the most liberal entertainer.

Vicksburg, the neatest and prettiest.

Hartford, the best musicians.

Buffalo, the dullest.

Rochester, the longest hair.

Charleston, the most exclusive.

AN HONEST CUSTOMER.—An anecdote worth laughing over is told of a man who had an infirmity as well as an appetite for fish. He was anxious to keep up his character for honesty, even while making a bill with his merchant, as the story goes, and when his back was turned the honest buyer slipped a codfish under his coat tail. But the garment was too short to cover the theft and the merchant perceived it.

"Now" said the customer, anxious to improve all the opportunities to call attention to his virtues, "Mr. Merchant I have traded with you a good deal, and have paid you up honestly and promptly haven't I?"

"Oh yes," answered the merchant, "I have no complaint."

"Well," said the customer, "I always insisted that honesty was the best policy, and the best rule to live and die by."

"That's so," replied the merchant, and the customer turned to depart.

"Hold on, friend!" cried the merchant; "speaking of honesty, I have a bit of advice to give you: Whenever you come to trade again, you had better wear a longer coat, or steal a shorter codfish."

For the benefit of those who are not very well posted in Biblical affairs, we print the following paragraph:

A day's journey is thirty-three and one-fifth miles.

A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A cubit is twenty-two inches.

Ezekiel's reed was seven feet.

A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

A talent of silver was \$538.32.

A talent of gold was \$13,800.

If piece of silver, or a penny was thirteen cents.

A farthing was three cents.

A garah was a cent.

A mite was a cent.

An epha or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.

A bin was one gallon and two pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

A young minister whose reputation for veracity was not very good, once ventured to differ with an old doctor of divinity as to the efficacy of the use of the rod.

"Why," said he, "the only time my father ever whipped me it was for telling the truth."

"Well," retorted the doctor, "it cured you of it, didn't it?"

An old farmer who was asked by an impertinent attorney if there were any pretty girls in his neighborhood, answered, "Yes, lots of 'em; so many that they can't all find respectable husbands, and lately some of 'em's been takin' up with lawyers."