The Orangeburg News.

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—:o:—

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—:o:—

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Burns' Farewell to the Brethren of St. James' Lodge, Tarbolton.

I.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!
Ye favor'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing fortune's slidd'ery ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the suns of light:
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes, when far awa'

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep the unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,—
When yearly ye assemble a,'
One round,—I ask it with a tear,—
To him—the Bard that's far awa'!

CROSS PURPOSES.

A VALENTINE STORY.

It was certainly queer! Not that shy, pretty Mary should fancy her valentine from the doctor. With all her shyness, she had peeped at times from under the long lashes which veiled those sweet blue eyes of hers, and had made up her mind that he was "nice," which word means a great deal to a girl. She could think of no one from whom she should so *like* to have it come; so the wish was parent of the belief, as many of our wishes are, and *that* wasn't queer. But that Frank Aubrey, with his thirty years' experience of men and medicine, should fancy for one moment that Mary wrote his, was queer, decidedly. Though perhaps wishing had something to do with *that* too.

Truth is, that experience is thrown away on many people. The doctor was a learned man, after his fashion. He knew all sorts of hard names of diseases and bones and plants. He spoke German like a native, and read Greek plays for amusement. He even understood human nature pretty well—elderly human nature, that is, which wears false teeth and ruffled night-caps, and "enjoys" poor health. He fathomed without difficulty Goody Coleman's wiles to introduce brandy as a primary element in her cure, and was clear-sighted enough as to want of occupation and *megrim* being Mrs. Pemberton's ailment, though she chose to style it disordered nerves. But when it came to young ladies, all this proficiency was at fault. Our doctor, so cool in the operating-room, so self-possessed in critical cases, so patient and playful with pauper patients and little children, was as ill at ease as a school-boy. He saw without seeking, heard without hearing; could not pass a chair without knocking it down, or a train without stepping on it. All the girls agreed that it was a dreadful shame such a good-looking fellow, and not "*very* old either," should be so dull and awkward, and such a blunderer as to be worse than useless in society. All but Mary Bliss, that is. She, as I have before remarked, thought him "nice."

But why, on receiving this extraordinary valentine, did Dr. Aubrey's thoughts jump at once to this same Mary? Now don't expect me to answer the question. How is any finite mind to grasp the thousand little insidious tangled threads which cause men's thoughts—young men's especially—to jump this way and that at young ladies? No. I just throw out the question for what it is worth, and any of you who choose, or can, may answer it.

But, for one thing, Mary was extremely pretty—pretty in that soft, moss-rose-bud style which is so lovely in early youth. The doctor had felt the charm of that sweet face. And more than once of late, with what the poor fellow considered infinite tact, had managed to wedge himself into the corner where she happened to be sitting, and, soothed by the sweet tones of her voice and by her shyness, even more excessive than his own, had found his evening considerably less wretched than evenings spent in company were apt to be. But to go back to my former wonderment. Why *did* he suppose she wrote the valentine? As well fancy a violet brandishing the carving-knife with suicidal intentions!

For this was the valentine, concocted by that naughty Julia Laurence and Emily Wells in the sanctuary of the latter's bed-room, and carefully copied niminy-piminy running-hand, as little like the ordinary writing of every day as could well be:

"Half without seeing, half with sight,
I saw you coming by;
Blushing I looked, and looking I blushed,
For I am young and shy.

"Kindly the eyes you bent on me,
Kindly the hand ungloved,
Kindly the voice which spoke, and I
Listened and liked—and—loved!

"Is it a wrong to tell the tale?
Will you forbid and frown?
And must I choke my timid heart,
And gulp my secret down?

"Do you not see my pallid cheek,
Where roses bloom no more?
Ah, diagnose the case, and speak,
Those roses to restore!

"To kind St. Valentine I'll fly;
He will the tangle sever,
And speed my love, or bid it die,
And hide my name forever."

Now those mischiefs, Julia and Emily, never for one moment thought of Mary Bliss when they scribbled these absurd verses. The person in their eye—if, indeed, any thing could be said to be there except pure love of fun—was a maiden of some forty summers, who was currently reported to have laid fierce siege to the heart of Dr. Aubrey under the transparent disguise of liver-complaint! The doctor had gone blindly into the net prepared for him; had felt the pulse, examined the tongue, advised fresh air, and written a prescription for a heroic dose of "potifiline" (which prescription, of course, went into the fire as soon as he left), and then—had discontinued his visits, to the infinite disgust of the would be charmer. Naughty Julia Laurence got hold of the story; and hence the valentine, which, with many chuckles and fits of laughter, was duly posted and marked "B," Brown being the name of the lady of the liver.

Nobody but a very vain man or an absolute goose would so have blundered. Our doctor was not vain, but he was a goose, as many estimable people are. He had never received a valentine before in his life, and now began to think, *had* Mary looked a little pale lately? Of course she never meant that about loving—that was only put in to support the valentine character, or to make out a rhyme. But suppose there was just a little substratum of meaning in it; suppose she really did like him a little, and, guessing his secret predilection, had chosen this way of letting him know it? Oh dear, oh dear! what a thought was there!

Meantime, pretty Mary was reading and re-reading *her* valentine, which was beginning to get quite worn about the edges from much carrying about in pockets. For this, too, Julia and Emily were responsible. But, bless you, they never alluded to Dr. Aubrey at all. A certain tall, black-bearded Dr. Webber was the person they meant—a widower, who, having successfully disposed of a brace of wives, was now said to be looking about for a third, and to have drawn up his seige-train in front of the Bliss residence. He and Mary had appeared together not long since at a concert, which putting the notion in the heads of our naughty pair, the following was the result:

"With sadness which is not gloom,
With a wish not yet a hope,
In every house and in every room
I patiently, wistfully grope.

"Grope for a friendly hand,
For a sympathetic eye,
For space to sow one little seed,
Which may be a flower by and by.

"Sown in a human heart,
This seed ('Love' is its name)
Grows to a blossom worthy of
The heaven from which it came.

"If it might bud and bloom,
O gentle one and fair!
In the sweet garden of your heart,
Wrapped in such balmy air,

"Petal and leaf and stem,
Unfolding day by day,
Would burgeon to a glorious tree,
And bless my life alway.

"May it not be so, then?
Will you not plant the seed,
And be my Love, and be my Wife,
And make me blessed indeed?

"—VALENTINE."

Dr. Webber's Christian name happened to be Valentine, and the authors of this precious production never doubted that Mary, connecting this fact with the signature, would form her own conclusions. But this little shaft missed its mark, for Mary had no idea what the "V." in Dr. Webber's initials stood for, and had never taken the trouble to inquire. So she "formed her own conclusions" quite otherwise than her friends had hoped, and while poor Frank Aubrey puzzled over his poem, was absorbing hers with many becoming blushes and dewy dimples, and each grew daily more *certain* of their correspondent, and more and more conscious of each other, which is an important first step in matters of this kind. And so the time sped on until the 22d, when, in honor of the Father of his Country, Julia Laurence was to give a large party.

In that quiet place, half town, half village, it was still the custom for young men to "ask the privilege" of escorting young ladies to and from social entertainments. The girls said "yes" or "no," as it happened, kilted up their company gowns, and, taking the arm of the favored cavalier, trotted blithely off to their parties, after the unmatronized fashion of American girls; and though the practice may sound a little odd to ears conventional, I must add that every body concerned had a good time, and no harm whatever came of it. So the day before Julia's party Mary Bliss, sitting up stairs hard at work on the new dress which *must* be finished in time, was transfixed by the arrival of a boquet of the choicest tea-roses, myrtle, and mignonette, tied together by a tasteful hand, and a note containing these words:

"Will Miss Bliss allow Dr. Aubrey the pleasure of being her escort to-morrow evening?"

Would she, indeed! Was ever any thing so charming? But then, after *that* valentine—of course! So the little word of acceptance was written, and at the appointed hour, white gloved and well wrapped up, with her flowers in her hand, Miss Bliss tripped down her father's steps and took the doctor's arm.

The doctor never forgot that walk, or the feeling of the little gloved fingers on his arm. The night was brilliant with full moon and hoar frost, and what with the enchanting lights and shadows, the exhilaration of the air, and the fact that the pretty creature at his side had half confessed a preference for him, he found himself warming into unusual eloquence. And Mary, too: ever since the arrival of the famous valentine a little sense of *possession* had taken hold of her with regard to the doctor, a sense inexpressibly dear to a young girl. She felt free by his side, her tongue was unloosed, words came as easily and gleefully as if she had been alone with her mother. It was a delicious walk to both, each hugging secretly their delightful mistake, which, mistake as it was, led them on as skillfully as ascertained fact could have done. We are often indebted for much pleasure to the ignorance which is bliss.

"What on earth is the matter with Mary to-night?" whispered Emily to Julia later on in the evening. "She has been sitting behind the door half the time with Frank Aubrey, and when Dr. Webber asked her to dance, she said she was 'too tired.' Then he asked if he might take her in to supper, but she was engaged, and she has scarcely spoken three words to him. Do you suppose she is mad about the valentine?"

"I don't know," replied Julia musingly; "but I'm going to find out." So, while the company gathered in the supper-room were deep in the discussion of the excellent oysters, coffee, and home-made ice cream which made up the staple of the village entertainments, she asked aloud, in a sudden and general manner: "By-the-way, girls, who had any valentines this year? Did you, Alice? Hatty, did you? Did you, Mary?—oh my, how she blushes! I know *she* had one!"

Mary, indeed, did blush like any rose, and when, looking up, she caught the doctor's eye fixed upon her, she blushed again harder than ever. Meantime Julia rattled on:

"Do tell us all about it. I move that all present read their valentines aloud. I'll begin. I had three. No, Dr. Aubrey, *you* shall begin. Surely you had at least one."

And now it was Frank's turn to color and be confused. "Indeed, Miss Laurence, I—you—you must excuse me," he stammered. He could get no farther; and Mary, forgetting her own embarrassment in his, was conscious of a sudden vague pang of jealousy. *Had* somebody sent Dr. Aubrey a valentine about which he felt it necessary to blush like that?

So she was a little silent going home, which silence Frank set down to the reaction of shyness at hearing her secret so carelessly handled; and this idea warmed his maner with a tender respectfulness which it had never exhibited before, and which, comforting Mary's jealous qualms, sent her to bed very happy. And so, in mutual mistake, time sped on and the intimacy ripened, until, two months later, Dr. Aubrey, with white lips and a pale face, contrived during a long call to stammer forth certain words which had for many days burned within his heart unuttered, and was answered by happy, tearful silence, and the pressure of a fair little hand within his own, more eloquent than speech.

"And you really will! you really can make up your mind to endure a clumsy, awkward fellow like me?" cried the enraptured doctor.

"Oh yes; I always liked you, and then—since Valentine's Day, you know—" But here Mary stopped, for Frank's eyes were fixed on hers with an expression she could not define.

"Since Valentine's Day? he repeated.

"Since then, of course, I have liked you better and better; for you are so true, I knew you would never have written those verses unless you really meant them and so—" The little fingers slipped again into his, and closed the sentence.

"Mary," asked the doctor, suddenly, "did you ever send me a valentine?"

"No, never. I can't write verses, and I never should have dared send you one even if I could. But why do you think I did?"

A sudden flash of illumination crossed Frank's mind, but a flash of tact equally sudden kept him silent. So for answer he clasped more closely the dear little hand he held, looked straight into the blue eyes, and said—something else! What it was matters no. Mary found it quite to the purpose.

Some years have passed since then. Whether the doctor's reticence has yet yielded to the confidential intercourse of a happy married life we are unable to say. Certain it is that he still carries in his pocket, carefully stowed away at the back of a prescription-book, the scrap of doggerel which, for all its absurdity, was one of the slight, irresistible links which drew and bound him to the haven where, longing to be, he dared not enter—the haven of love, matrimony, and—Mary.—*Harpers Bazar.*

Liquor Licenses.

At a special term of the Court of General Sessions, held at Kingstree last month, Judge Green decided that there is no law in this State authorizing the County Commissioners to grant licenses for the sale of spirituous liquors. The County Commissioners were indicted for failing to account for a large sum of money collected for liquor licenses. The counsel moved to quash the indictment, on the ground that, as there was no law authorizing them to collect such monies, they could not be held liable in their official capacity to account for them, and could not therefore be criminally prosecuted for misappropriating them. The Judge concurring in this view of the law the Solicitor *nol pross'd* the case rather than let it go to a jury.

The law against selling without a license stands unrepealed. If the County Commissioners have no authority to grant licenses, no such authority exists. This being the case, if Judge Green's decision is good law, no liquor can be sold in the State, except in the incorporated cities, towns and villages, where the authority to grant licenses is conferred upon the municipal governments by their charters.

Irregularity and want of method are only supportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore choose to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains to string them.

Facts About Trichinæ in Hogs.

A Cleveland despatch says: "A well-authenticated and undoubted case of trichinæ spiralis is now undergoing investigation by our physicians. It has already resulted in the death of one victim, and several more are in a dangerous condition. The unfortunate sufferers are a family by the name of Martens. For several weeks past they have at different times eaten of pork, either made into sausages or cooked in the usual manner, which was to all appearances in good condition, and there was no indication of disease of any kind. A few days ago the entire family, consisting of Charles Martens, his brother Ernst, wife and two children, were seized with symptoms that baffled at first all attempts at discovering their character; but an examination of the pork partaken of proved conclusively the presence of countless trichinæ in an encysted state. In spite of all that was done to relieve him, Charles Martens died Monday night. Miss Martens is in a very critical condition, and there is but little hope of her recovery. One of the children may recover, but the only member of the family out of danger is the brother, Ernst Martens, who ate but little of the affected meat. A microscopic examination made of a piece cut from the muscle of the arm of the deceased, with an instrument having a magnifying capacity of four hundred times, revealed the presence of a number of trichinæ, some of them still alive and active, but soon dying on exposure to the air. Their average length was one-eighteenth of an inch. Their color was a light drab, marked with shades of a darker color. Experiments have shown that exposure to heat greater than 160 degrees effectually destroys these dread insects. The first cases of trichinosis in America were in New York. At Marion, Iowa, in 1863, nine cases occurred in one family, five deaths resulting. In the same county, eating raw ham containing trichinæ (proved afterward by examination) caused the death of six children at the same time. An examination of pork in Chicago by a committee of the Academy of Science of that city proved the existence of trichinæ in one in fifty of the hogs inspected. Some of the flesh contained from 10,000 to 18,000 of these insects to the cubic inch."—*Buffalo Express.*

FARMING AS A BUSINESS.—The following is from the Farmer and Artisan: A man who is not smart enough to run a store is not smart enough to farm. Farmers are not to be made of what is left after lawyers, doctors, ministers and merchants are picked out; and if a man fails on a farm it is not likely he will succeed in a store, for it requires more talent to be a thriving farmer than to be an average merchant, the one cause of great value to the disproportion between a man's farm and his capital. A farmer's capital is skill, labor, and his money. If he has little cash, he must have no more land than he can thoroughly manage by his own personal labor. Every acre beyond this is an incumbrance; one acre well worked is more profitable than twenty acres skimmed over. It is this greed of land by farmers that have not the capital to keep it, that keeps so many poor. Small farms are better suited to the capital of common farmers. Large farmers with large capital are better than small ones. Farming is a good business for all men who conduct it on proper principles, and have capital according to the size of thir farms, and a bad one for everybody else.

We suppose that nine out of ten housekeepers will contradict us in the statement that they do not know how to cook a dish of oysters. By the ordinary routine either the oysters are stewed and shrivelled out of any semblance of themselves in shape, size, and flavor, or else the soup and thickening has a raw taste. Here is the right method: try it once, and we will warrant you will not need telling the second time. Pick the oysters out of the juice with a fork, as dry as possible, stew the juice, thickening the milk or water of which the soup is to be made until thoroughly cooled: then drop the oysters in, and just as the cooled soup begins to show signs of simmering empty out altogether, and you will have a rich soup and plump oysters, luscious enough to make you think you never tasted the real article before.

We must retire inward, says St. Bernard, if we would ascend upward.

Certain people study all their life; at their death they have learnt everything, except to think.

[redacted]

The man who never alters his opinion is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind.

The man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.

"Here lies a man who never had an enemy!" Then here lies a man who never had an idea.

A man's possessions are just as large as his own soul If his title deeds cover more, the surplus acres own him, not he the acres.

A Boston coroner has been accused of presenting bills for viewing bodies that he never saw. He gets $4 a head, and gets ahead about $4 every time.

Hospitable Host. "Does any Gentleman say Pudden?"

Precise Guest. "No, Sir. No Gentleman says Pudden."

A St. Louis lawyer attempted to try a case the other day while he was half drunk, but the judge stopped him saying, "no lawyer can serve two bars at a time."

A victim of Greeley's handwriting says: "If Horace had written that inscription on the wall in Babylon, Belshazzar would have been a good deal more scared than he was."

A thoughful Danbury lady puts lard on the stoop when she wants her husband to stay home of an evening. Barring an hour or so devoted to rubbing his back, the time is pleasantly occupied.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves, the worse they will speak of him; as if the profession of open hatred to their benefactors were an argument that they lie under no obligation.

The sad effects of tobacco on some constitutions is pertinently stated in the following paragraph from a Virginia exchange: "Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan."

They have a man in Poughkeepsie whose legs are flesh and blood. but the hardest variety we know of. A wagon loaded with brick rolled over them, and half an hour afterwards the owner was running after the driver to recover damages.

"The first bird I shot in Ameriky," said an Irish sportsman, "was a forkupine. I treed him with a barn-shovel. The first time I hit him I missed him, and the second time I hit him, I hit him in the same place where I missed him the first time.

An unsophisticated parent in Portsmouth, N. H., observed with pain that his first born had no teeth, and hastened to remedy the "deformity" by purchasing a fifteen dollar set of molars, which he handed to the nurse, with the remark that the baby should'nt suffer if he had to wear only a shirt a week.

Save Your Money!

GO TO

J. P. HARLEY'S

AND buy CHEAP Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, &c., of which he has just received a fresh Supply.

ALSO

FLOUR of all grades.
BACON, LARD,
SUGAR and COFFEE
of all grades.

Besides numerous other articles in my Grocery Department all of which I am selling at Prices not to be excelled for CHEAPNESS in the Town. Come and see for yourselves.

☞ All Persons indebted to me must pay up immediately as I am compelled to close my books. A word to the wise is sufficient.

J. P. HARLEY.

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ORANGEBURG—IN PROBATE COURT

Ex Parte Lewis W. Dantzler & Catharine E. his wife. Petition for change of Guardian.

By order of the said Court, I hereby give notice that on the 29th day of February next, I will file my final account as the Guargian of Mrs. Catharine E. Dantzler, (*nee* Catharine E. Bull), and will apply for my final discharge.

REGIN W. BATES,

Guardian Catharine E. Dantzler, (*nee* Bull.)

Orangeburg, So Ca, January 20th 1872.

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