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RANGEBURG TRIPE OF V

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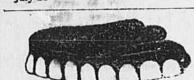
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gitting array ou the . a "Author, hitty's come !"

eaves by a fixed their parple pomore

i the same whalf a century And in a store of the rest of de cozy in old place as our would wish to come neross of a purning

> ed en any la r pendancopinions of his own. out his two prown pales on his two atternor estored kases, and said:

"Yes, a is thoughtless of him!" "As it we wanted a great mischievousoy colling and transiting round, signed

urs Dewspury "I debe t bays" "I was a boy a yeen once, suggested he Deacon.

"That ha'nt nothing to do with it," supped his wife. T u've not a boy now! And the question is, what are se to do with I bei. Hankhues afethe sum mer t

er if the nivigate for homelf," midly hazardon the thereway "thutse well enough, if you turn 'em into a forty acre tot an . leave em alone !"

exports and lives come go round breakin' of the young trees, and succinall the eggs, and caisin' ath centrally." commented his wife tar ly.

Oh, well, mother, said the Deacon militiy, "do be easy. You're one o' the er l'ailte thinks his boy would be the petter of a little country or end one iran his sames and propose come him out here for a new years, was where the harm? The dree's big en agii. I reckim, any diare a mi nek o tologeto est and druk!

"It out that D ache iteratury." s ide his better butt. Y a know of and as has their beine estimated a

to cain most and play with him,

the new for on all ( s pose the child) ren will mause oue another. Kiny al'ays was wild after playingtes."

"And nateral enough," said the Deacon. "I'll write to night; a week more or less on the end of the term don't make to difference, and I'll bet be child'h be proper glyn to get baek m

the old farm agin." Yo Mrs. Dew bury went in to light the lamp, somewhat comforted in her inner w man by this new aspect of

"Frother Philip's bo from the city nust be hard indeed to picase, if he could not be satisfied with apple entek ed little Katy, who could ride the wildest cold to the passure, and knew every bird's nest and squirrel haunt in the vew-bury woods.

"They if be gettin' into no end or mischief," thought Mrs. Dewsbury, who was upr to take the gloomiest view or unian nature; 'but I s'pose they'l keep one snother amused."

So the days crept by, and the crescent moon of June sier tale the golden its of midsummer, and the red clover to the Dewsbury meadows noticed rige i rine

'Mother!' bawied the Deacon one malt, on him. Diwstary was or iding he distance pare fter naving a . . d the lat et ober a vi

"Do tell !" ejaculated Mrs. Dewsbury,

ide fore she unpinned the skirts of her dress and rushed out on the front plazza. Kitty! And we never expected

her till to norrow, for-" The rest of Mrs Dewsbury's sentence . I the Deal on Howsburn, was smothered in a pair of plump, arms and a volley of kisses from a dimpled

> Thus you're just as glad to see me, en't on manina?"

Trs Dowston a started back in sucwise and open-mouthed amazenent

"Why, Cath a-rine Dews bury! demurely: on, stone oil new stack Why, father!" to the Deacan, who and chuckling by, "she an't a child at ate; she's growed to be a woman !"

Wes Devisioney was right. During he six months of her absence the 1.00 there was green cheerful katchen built when a resolud becomes a rose, or a one at it west one with appealtness lavely child changes into a maiden, had been at wark. The comping little crea-"handy" t to door some and ture who had gone away, crying her eyes out at parting with Towger and the chickens, was now a tall, slender maid en, graceful as a young willow, and full cov consciousness of her own heauty

> But, mama, I'm Kitty all the same." she laughed, as Mrs. Dewsbury stood damb and silent before here

"Land's sake, I s'pose you be," said Mrs. Dewstury doubtfully; "but you don't look a bit like her. Come in, child, and set down, and I'll have a cup o' tea d reetly."

"I don't want my tea, mamma; just give me a bowl of strawberries and milk. and let papa sit where I can look at his dear old brown face, while I am esting Oh, it is so nice to be at home

"But you won't be no kind o' use to amuse Phil.'s boy !" grouned Mrs. Dewsbury, setting down a shallow earthen dish, h aped to the top with great coralred buries, mad poured out unit of was yet warm into a spotted bowl.

"Oh, yes, I shall, mamma!" declared Kitty, "I've got a box of dominoes in my trank, and I know lots of games. Besides, I haven't forgotten how to pick jack straws out of the barn, and I think I could climb a tree yet, if there was any vital necessity for it."

Mrs. Dauschurer stand le daughter between delight and disappoint ment. Kitty was grown into the lovethe climb picture a mother's heart could with the mock upon, with luxuriant flossy curs on be waish gold and deep hazel eyes, and a fresh skin, where the rosy blend glowed thr ugh; but she was a "live girt" no longer, and Mrs. Dews 'ury's mind reverte | with dispay to the ing dormant question as to "what w o done wath Phil's boy?"

. . . . dear ?" grouned Mrs. Dewsbury there wa'u t uo such things a

Don't say that, mamma," said Kitt demurity. "because if there were no boys there would be no young men, and just think how awtui that would be !"

"i b'heve you'd joke if you was on " " h neful v "Her caes, your dyin" bel, Catharine," said her mother soberly "but I guess you'll find it an't no laughin' matter, aft rail. He' comin' day arter to morrow, and he's to be here three months."

"Well, mamma, let him come; he's only a boy! You speak as if he were : Bengar tiger let losse upon us."

And Kitty ran off to renew amicable understandings with the cows and horses

Kitty Dewsbury was at the depot the next day but one, as the New York train rolled slowly up to the platform on the outlook for a tall boy, or a stocky little one-she didn't much care which -- whom the was prepared to welcome as "cousin," and escort safely nome to the turm. But no boy appeared. There were only three passengers who alighted at this out-of the-way station; a middle aged gentleman in green-spectacles; a fat old lady, leading an apoplectic poodle behind her; and a tall, handsome young man, in a l'acama hat, and very long

As Kitty stood wondering within herseif what on earth this non-appearance could portend, and marvelling whether r not "the child" had tallen out of one ... the car windows, en route for his aucie's home, this last arrival approachon ner, doming his nat courteously. an yu tel me where Descon

black eye-lashes shadowing a pair of

miscinevous deep blue eyes.

... heinin Dows .. ry resides ?' ne asked. "Yes," said Kitty, thrusing now handsome the dark blue yes were." as she gave the pail a final shake and "It's just beyond the hills there-per. play no longer.

ture ed it upside down on the sink room haps two miles from here. I am going that way, and I will show you." "I shall be much obliged. I expected some of them to meet me at the depot,

but they are probably detained." Kitty opened wide her eyes. Had they all been mistaken? was this the "boy ?" Now that she come to think of it, that Philip had never made any definite allusion to the age of his son. how was it that the, had all taken it for granted that he was a boy?" And then a mischievous sparkle came into the aforesaid hazel orbs, as Kitty asked

"Whoelid von expect to meet you?" "I don't know; either my uncle or aunt. or a little girl with long braided tails of hair, who has been sent for from boarding-school to play marbles with me, and otherwise keep me out of mischief."

· How do you know?" "My uncle wrote as much to me." "Did he say anything about braided

tails of hair?" "No; but my imagination supplied hese details Perhaps, however," and his color deepened a little, "you know my relatives?"

"Yes, I know Kitty Dewsbury very

"And what sort of a person is she?" "Oh, a very nice little girl !"

"Don't she play marbles?" "Yes; and jack-stones and tag, and plenty of other games; but she don't wear her hair in braided tails. Ther .cross yonder bridge, and follow the foot

arm-house in five minutes." Mr Hawkhurst touched his hat.

"I am very much obliged to you." "Oh, you're quite welcome! said Kitty, disappearing up a side lane, like a wood nymph.

"A regular little beauty!" thought Mr. Hawkhurst. "I hope I shall meet and will have it as often as possible, while mother in law is a rigid, old-

And he kept on his way, musing on he adventure which had betallen him; ly very good, but unfortunately possessed while Kitty, fluttering across lots as with the idea that to laugh is to sin. I light and swift as a robin, ran into her so happened that every team at tha own room, and was brushing out her time was going to the fair grounds, or tangled curls, as Mr. Hawkhurst walked else was walking; so Quaker had no into the keeping room below stairs.

"Good morning, Aunt," he said to Mrs. arrived at the office of the town clerk, Dawsbury, who was paring early apples | S. saw Jack Barnes coming on his way

"The Deacon's wife dropped her "Why, you an't never Phil.'s boy !" "Yes I am, Auuty"

"Land o'Goshen! I thought you were Phillip Hawkhurst took his little aunt

up in his arms, and gave her a kiss. "Nothing of the sort," he said ·Where's my uncle?"

"Down in the pastur' lots-but Kit ty's up stairs. Kitty! Kitty, child where are you?" shricked Mrs. Dews.

The door opened, and in walked Miss Kitty, denure and smiling.

"Did you call me, mamma?" "Call you-of course I did! Here's our cousin Phil; and he ain't a boy at

"Miss Dewsbury!" exclaimed Phil Yes, Mr Hawknurst !"

"Are you my cousin?" "Exactly so, sir"

"Then, said the young man, recov ering his audicity as he became more accustomed to the exigencies of the case, "you must give me a kiss!"

"I'd better get the marbles and the jack-stones first," said Kitty, retreating

"Why, Catharine!" interrupted her mother; "don't you see he,s a man growed !

"Yes, I see it," said Kitty, trying to keep down the dimples. "Why didn't you tell me who you

were ?" demanded Hawkhurst. "Why didn't you ask me?" retorted

Phillip Hawkhurst was delighted with the old farm-house, the mammoth butternut-trees, the well, and everything about it, including the Deacon and his wife, and-not excluding the little damsel with the gold-brown curls and the hazel eyes. While the Deacon rubbed his hands, and said :

"Well! wife, I don't see, arter all, but what the children amuse each other pretty tol'ably well!"

All the long summer days Phillip necessary to return to New York, there

"It's al! brother Phil.'s fault, sendin' his boy here," said Mrs Dewsbury, as she wrote down a list of the things that would be necessary for Kitty's simple little trousseau.

"Fault ! 'Tan't nobody's fault !" said the Deacon. "Brother Phil's pleased, and so be we !"

"She's as old as you was when to were married, mother." Mrs. Devsbury had nothing to say

but she rubbed her spectacle glasses, muttering : "Well, I s'pose children can't be children al'ays!"

### A Mother-in-law's Fast Ride.

Joe S. is the fortunate possessor of nother in-law, and, what he probably thought more of, among his horses was one known as Quaker. Now Quaker Was a good roader, and could and would jerk a wagon with two in it in 2:51 on the road, and the harder he was pulled in and the more he was velled at the faster he meant to so. In fact, when a competing horse ranged alongside and a strong pull was taken, accompanied by yells, he thought he must do his level best on trotting, and you bet he did it. Not many years ago, when the county fair was held where Master Joe then lived, he had old Quaker hitched up to a 130 pounds three quarter seated wagon, and, as he was getting in, mother in law wished to go with him. He inform d her that he was going to the town clerk's office at the low rend of ath up the hill, and you will be at the the village (about a mile), and if she was in a hurry to return she would have to drive back alone, and then cramped the wagon for her admittance; and with head drooping and slouching gait old Quaker walked along, taking the ill assorted pair to the town clerk's office. Now, be it known, Joe dearly loves fun, while mother-in-law in a rigid, oldfashioned. sky-blue Baptist, undoubted chance to "score up," but just as they to the fair. Now Jack's mare has the reputation of being 4 or 5 seconds faster than old Quaker. To turn Quaker around, jump out, and advise mother in law to drive slow going home, was but a minute's work ; and then holding up his hand to attract Jack's attention, he told bim he would pay chicken fixings and etceteras if he would range alongside Quaker at speed, vell, and spirt the old horse up the street to the Fair Ground's entrance. A nod, and Jack touches Lady Culter with his whip, sings out git! and lays for Quaker, who, hearing the stepper coming, grabs at his bit. Mother-in-law takes hold of reins in brace iron in front, and as the lady ranges alongside, Jack yelling lively, and the courage with which she hung on to the lines, clapped their hands and

encouragingly sung out, "Good, old gal !"-"Gay old bird !"-"2:40 !"-Bully for old Quaker!" And as they passed the two hotels the fast boys on the piszzas gave them three cheers with a vim-in fact, with several extra vims. Jee's mother in law took the first evening train for her Green Mountain home. His parting words were, "he should not dare allow her to drive Quaker sgain, as he had cautioned her to

kle in his eye, that his wife did not give ered inside with moisture, push the cloth him a "curtain lecture" that night, and into the chimney with a smooth slender Hawknurst lingered on, and until it was when parties put up their little bets on stick, and rub it around until the mois it, he proved by Jack Barnes that they | ture is absorbed; repeat the process, and to resume his legal studies. And when went out to Pittsburgh for their chicken breath over the outer surface also; rub he lett his heart behind. It was child's fixings and etceteras, and didn't get this with a cloth until dry, and you have are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Med: back until 6 o'clock next morning,

one of the fastest horses in town."

A Westeru Incident.

A target shoot was a grand thing among the rough pioneers; there were some visitors from beyond the mountains, and each rifleman was particularly anxious to display his own accomplishment before the strangers. Mike Fink was among them -the prince of marksmen. But on this occasion he was unusually quiet and the potatoe erop. and a fresh outbresk reticent.

After exhibiting their skill by "cutting the center," to the satisfaction of the visitors, it came Fink's turn to perform the grand final feat of the occa-

This consisted in setting a tin cup on he head of one of the party, and placing him at the distance of fifty paces, shootng the cup off the head of the person supporting it. Mike as usual seledted Joe Stevens as cup bearer. All knew his skill and no one would hesitate to have performed the service. They did not know, however, that but a short time before this Mike had fallen out with Joe. and had patiently waited the time for his revenge. Joe accepted the honor with alacrity, especially gratified at Mike's commendatory remarks, as he requested him to perform the service. Fink expressed himself confident that he could held it kind o' stidy like."

The distance was measured-the cuppearer took his station; the shining helmet was placed upon his head. Mike took his "peg," pricked his flint, primed his grelock, poised his rifle, took aim and for some undiscovered cause its ravages fired, The ball crushed through the brain of his former friend and comrade, and Joe Stevens fell prone to the earth and expired without a groaf. Mike's localities where potatoes have for many vengeance was satiated. But Joe had a brother there that day.

wreath from Mike's fatal rifle vanished | nent, as a rule the harvest has been into thin air, when Dick Stevens, the excellent and that the price of breadbrother of the murdered Joe, brought stuffs, up to the present time at least, his unerring rifle to bear upon the mur- has alvanced only a slight degree. The derer, and in an instant a ball was crash- average price of English wheat to-day is ing through the skull of Mike Fink and 57s. 5d. a quarter . against 56s. 9d. a he fell dead in his place at the peg from quarter in the corresponding period of whence be had sent the messenger of death to a fellow being only a few second

A deep and wide pit was dug and in to it the rude backswoodsmen lowered the lifeless forms of murdered and murderer and there-through long ages forgotten-the two silently moulder to

HEROICE OBEDIENCE TO DUTY .-Many can still recollect when tidings came of the silent heroism with which more than five hundred soldiers, in the wreck of the Birkenhead, met death in the spirit of obedience to duty; and that, front of the buttons; puts feet against too, when there was none of the excitement of battle and of victory to cheer them on. The soldiers stood in their mother in law takes her strongest pull, ranks on the deck of the sinking ship screaming whoa! to stop her "animile" while the women and children were But he didn't stop-not much-he quietly put into one of the boats. "Every didn't. The pull was just enough to one did as he was directed," says steady him good; whom he evidently Captain Wright, one of the few considered to be meant for a sell to the | who escaped to tell the tale; "and there other horse, and squatted to go his was not a murmur or a cry among them level best, and just did it. Now you till the vessel made her final plunge. bet ! Barnes was actually getting left | All the officers received their orders, and behind, and warming up to his work he had them carried out, as if the men commenced in right good earnest to sing | were embarking instead of going to the out, "Hi Yarr ! Go er long! What are bottom. There was only this difference, you about! Git, won't yer?" and they I never saw any embarkation cond'd git-nice-"both on 'em." The ducted with so little noise and confusion. people they passed seeing their speed When the vessel was just going down, and the old lady's hat on the back of her the commander'-not of the soldiers, should be a building, the very sight of neck, her shawl streaming out behind, but of the ship-"called out, 'All those which would cause devout feeling in the who can swim jump, overboard, and breast. A well craved cross should point make for the boats.' The officer begged to heaven; massive paneled doors should the men not to do as the commander impress the visitor with the solemning said, as the boat with the women must of the p'ace into which he is entering; be swamped. Not more than three made stained glass should throw a mystic light the attempt. And so they sank smong athwort the aisles; pulpit, after ceiling the waves, carrying the habits of duty, and galleries should be ornamented which they had learnt as soldiers, into with figurative mouldings, and the col-

To CLEAN LAMP CHINNEY. - When you wish to clean a lamp chimney, hold drive slow, and she had gone and beat a linea cloth against one end of the chimney, and place the other end in Joe said next day, with a quiet twin - your mouth; breathe in it until it is cova clean bright chimney. Soft newspa cal Discovery.

per will take the place of a linen stath-Do not use cotton on any glass ware.-Hoston Journal of Chemistry.

### The English Harvest-

A London lerter says: One wee doth tread upon another's heals; and now, in addition to the almost complete ruin of of the cattle plague, we hear that is Scotland, and the North of England, the wheat, rye, barley, and out harvest is spoiled, "The weather for the last fortnight has been unprecedented in the history of our harvests." says the leading Scotch journal; "the rainfall has been again excessive: the atmosphere elogged with moisture; thunderstorms have been comman, and the electrical action of the sir of a most disturbing character..' In consequence of all this. "The crops are not only bad in every sense of the term, but the expense of securing them is everywhere excessive.'. In those quarters where the wheat has not vet been cut it is deteriorated by a second growth and when it has been put up in sheaves the wet weather has made whole field quite unsuitable for human food. Barley and oats have also suffered in the same way, and in a word, the destruction plug the foremost side of the cup, pro- of the cereal crops in Scotland and the vided Joe would hold it up, for he allus North of England is nearly complete. As in the potato rot it is stated that the former estimates of loss have all been groatly understated, with the execution of Ireland. In that island the disease a few weeks ago was very prevalent, but have been arrested, and the crop there will be at least tolerably good- Throughout England and Scotland in those years been extensively grown the shortcoming is now said to range between He, as well as the other persons pre- thirty and eighty per cent. Under these ent, knew that "Mike Fink had played discouraging circumstances there is som foul." Scarcely has the light smoke comfort in the fact that on the Conti-

> A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT .- The following beautiful experiment may be easily performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of a circle at her ten parts Take two or three leaves of red enblage. cut them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, then pour if off into a decanter It will be of a fine blue co'or. Then take four wine glasses: into one put six drops of sirong vinegar; into another six drops of solution of soda, into a third a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before, and the few drops of coleriess liquid that have been placed in them will not be noticed. Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the seid will be a beautiful red; the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged By adding a little vinegar to the green it will immediately change to the red, and on adding a little solution of sods to the red it will assume a fine green thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH .- It should not look like abarn or a storehouse. It that last act of self-sacrifice." - Sir Ed- umns that support the galleries, and the ward Strackey in Good Bords. balusters that rail them in should be of classic patterns. Any congregation wishing such a church should send their orders for finishing material to Mr. 1. P. TOALE, importer of French stained glass, and manufacturer of and dealer in Doors, Sashes, Blinds &c., No. 20 Hayne street, Charleston, S. C.

> Pimples and brown spots on the fac-Eruption, Blotches, Scrofulous Diseases and all sores erising from impure bloc.