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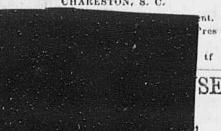
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A SWING FOR LIFE.

Our vessel was the surveying brig Plover, which, day after day, in the realms of the Arctic, with bows sheeted in crystal, with icicles haning pendent from the yards, with frozen, sails, and shrouds, went rippling on her course through vast fields of ice, and among stupendous bergs that towered above our

Sublimity, brightness and gloom alternated in this wild clime.

ver, masts.

At times we saw the red Aurora Borealis fanning the cold sky, as if in mockery, with its brid light; at times the ice dazzled with its brilliancy ; but often it seemed covered with black shadows, while the eternal thunder of the tides, washing the bases of frozen eliffs, boomed on our ears.

But there was a little sunbeam in our midst, which cheered us more than words can express.

It was Claribel-the captain's daught er-a child of ten, gentle and lovely, while full of life and spirit.

Captain James had taken his little one with him on the voyage, hoping hereby to strengthen and improve the child, who, although she had not yet shown any sign of ill-health, was light and frail, with her fair hair and blue yes, the complexion of her sweet mother, who had died of consumption.

The captain was a stern, quicktempered man, but he almost i olized his sweet darling child. So did all the sailors. Chirping like a bird, wrapped in her presty fur coat, she would run and skip bout the decks, smiling kindly upon

Sometimes she would mount the ley shrouds, and, perched away up on the topgallant yards, look down laughing . at her parent, as he anxiously beckoned her back to the deck.

She was a great climber, and could run along the rails and go up the rigg ing almost as fast as a sailer. Mean while her laughing voice would seem to ripple and tinkle all over the vessel. falling like silvery music upon the ears

doves, and other fewl, of which there was quite a stock in the bin att, which it from the atter cabin.

crumbs she held out, rushed hand with an impetuesity which sent mount that berg. His weight would. the sharp bill into the flesh of the child's palm.

'I'll say nothing to papa about it.' she muttered, as she tightly clasped the injured hand; 'he will be angry, and. I'm afraid, will hurt the little dove."

Papa, however, overheard and saw what had happe ed

The purser was passing at the time. This was a young Swiss of twenty, who had once been a poor chamois hunter. but who, having a taste for the navy. had entered a naval school, and, by his superior abilities, finally won his present

·Here, purser,' ordered the captain. I want you to have that dove s head

who had an affection for doves, and had tak n great pains to procure those in the vessel, at our last port, 'but-but-I thought we we were not to kill them 'What! not if they hurt my darling child? Obey my orders at once, sir.'

could never obey such an order. My mother, just before she died, made me a present of a dove, which I have now at home. This sort of a bird has ever

'But it has hurt my dear child !' eried the captain, his eyes fairly blazing. 'Come, sir, obey !'

"he purser, who was a fair-haired. gentle-littling young fellow, shook his

The captain's rage was unbounded. He picked up a hand spike, and rushed at the Switzer, who must the next moment have been knocked to the deck. but for an interposition. This was Claribel, who was a great favorite with the purser.

ing to her parent's arm; 'do not-do not strike him dear papa! The bird did not huit me much, papa. It was more my fault than the bird's !'

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1873.

little girl, now trembling all over, that parent's rage. He knew her extreme ensitiveness-knew that if he persisted in his purpose his darling child would the one upon which he stood. be thrown into a delirium.

The hand spike dropped from his Promise me you won't pnnish him at all!' pleaded sweet little Claribel, still

excited. There, there, I promise!' said Cap-

tain James, kissing her. He walked away, and she seemed now contented, smiling throu h her blend-

The captain could not forbear giving him a parting shot

You haven't the spunk of a chicken. Mr. Delfer,' said he; 'I don't know

Delfer's eyes flashed, but he con trolled himself, for little Claribel was togging at his knee, whispering, 'Never

The wounded hand was well in a couple of days. Meanwhile Delfer's refusal to chop off the dove's head was, by many of the sailors, looked upon as proof of his being decidedly a chickenhearted fellow.'

The vessel was then at anchor. One morning, about three days after the event recordel, a dove flew out of the bin, and was, by the wind blowing freshly at the time, carried some yards from the ship. It alighted upon the edge of an iceberg, towering to the height of our top gallant yard, and from

thence to the very summit of the berg. With a quick cry, Claribel bounded to the rail, and, getting over into the main chains she was, before any person could prevent her, upon the foundation of the berg-a broad, circular, jagged packed as to insur! his destruction.

piece of ice, upon which the base of the frozen pinnacle was fixed.

The upper part of the loftly mass pro jected outward, like a huge rocky shelf overhanging the foundation. As it was effort of his six wy arm, he sent the Every morning our little girl mast several times by those aboard the vessel, come on deck and feed the chickens, we all expected to see it give way at any

Judge, therefore, of our consternation was warmed by a pipe rusning through when we saw Chribel, light as a Liry crawling up the rugged side of the ice One day a dove, eager to get the cliff. It seemed to us that no man, unwe believed, cause him to slip at every bel, and which being, as mentioned, ton step. Claribel, however, owing to her lightness, went up the precipice almost as easily as if she were going up stairs.

At this moment the vessel, caught by a puff of wind, swung round, so that, was lost to our view.

The captain and the rest called to her to come book, but the wind was blowing against us, so that we doubted it we

At length, there she stood upon that huge overlanging mass of ice projecting from the summit of the loftly berg. The dove had flown to a little ledge of ice on the very edge of the mass, and Claribel stood looking down at it. Not seeming to see or hear us, she suddenly stooped, and actually slid to the ledge!

The stoutest heart aboard ship quail ed at the little one's peril especially when a loud crack was suddenly heard. and the strip supporting the projecting ice-rock was seen to yawa with a wide

The captain turned pale Falling from such a height, Claribel would be dashed to pieces on the jagged ice, fifty feet below, which, in sharp points, pro jected on al! sides!

Still, there she was, laughingly unconscious of her peril, on the slippery ledge, reaching out for the dave

The berg was now oscillating with the waves ; the cracking sound was heard The captain sprung to the quarter-

boat. Half a dozen men, among them The boat touched the icy foundation.

All the occupants at once-each man enger to be the one to save the sweet little girl-endeavored to ascend the the young Switzer, once a chamois hua ter, who steadily mounted to the summit of the berg.

He had snatched a coil of rope from

quickly at the coil, and from that to another ice cliff about five feet opposite dies him a few minutes, till he stops cry- haunt her, you recovered your equani-

further only by a sleeter splinter of ice beneath, which must give way in a

Delfor sprung forward, and, stooping over the dangerous mass, he quickly self with his thumb again, and is happy had forgotten that little episode of your secured the rope and the child's once more. ing tears upon Harry Delfer, the young breast, just beneath the armpits.

girl up, so as to lower her on the other him alone! side of the berg ; homust do so on this sile! and must do it quick enough to what you'd do if we were in much enable the men below to catch the little shawl that is under him must be over ere the mass should -11.

Now, however, he made a most dis-conraging discover. On lowering the girl, he perceived that the rope was not long enough to read further than halfway down!

sliding-it would folin ten seconds! The captain g rollied, the men trembled and turned pale some of them weep

ing like children. 'She must perich!' all cried, simultancously, drawing back, to escape the

'Help me, Father in heaven!' came the clarion voice of the Switzer. All looked up o see him brace him

self firmly, his blue eyes flashing phosphorescent | fight, his long, fair hair all over his face of course. streaming What was he pling to do?

supported by a rather narrow strip of | girl swinging for along to the summit of ice, and as it had been heard to crack the opposite berg, so that she there landed safely upon her feet!

admirly executed.

Not a moment too soon.

huge mass of ice, the galian young he stand on his head. to the berg to which he had sent Clari ly five feet distant, was easily reached.

Cheers went up to the sky. Claribel was soon in the arms of her father, who, afterward grasping Henry's hand, begged his pardon for having for several minutes, the little climber thrown an imputation upon his courage on that "day when he refused to out off

the head of the dove. There is a sequel.

was united in wedlock to the noble tellow who had saved her life.

That Unhappy Baby.

I saw it in the cars and I thought it would be dead-or else I should-before the cars stopped and I could change my seat. I've no doubt it is safely sleeping seventh heaven immediately. When somewhere under the daisies this very once upon a certain memorable eve, she minute. I'm sure I hope so.

It had a fussy mother, poor little soul and the way it was pulled and hauled and It is funny to think of now; but it was tower in the day-time, and which sets jerked and twisted was fearful to behold. It was a good-natured little thing, dis- earnest, posed to be amiable and contented, but no sooner did it get inte a comfortable young mother just couldn't keep her hands off, I do believe.

into some other position. That fussy bride that you fairly trembled; some-Baby sucks his thumb - happy infant! hair, she might stand beside the alter, -and so he lies back in an easy attitude | and you, most blest of all mortals, might stuffs his blessed little digits into his mouth and is happy. But mamma thinks he must be hungry, so she gathers him moment, some of your thoughts would up in a heav, pulls down the troublesome form themselves into words, and though long clothes, fixes his cloak. puts back she blushed and ranaway, and would not the young Swiss purser, Henry Delfer, his silky hairs, and invites his attention let you kiss her pretty rosey lips, she did to the dinner bottle. Baby is agreed, not seem to be angry. And then, when and settles easily to the new comfort vou were somehow parted for a little Not so mamea. Just as the pink lids while, and when you met again, she was begin to droop heavily over the blue eyes | walking with a gentleman, a large, fullthe winks grow longer and longer and a grown, whiskered man, of twenty eight slippery precipice, and failed; all but delicious drowsiness steals over him that or thirty, and had beither word nor sharp eye of hers spies something amiss smile for you, and some well-meaning with his nose, and all the maternal fuss | gossip informed you shortly after that rises within her. She hunts up a pin | she was "engaged" to the tall gentleman and her handkerchief, and proceeds to with black whiskers, and that "it was a Their astonishment will be great when person coming nearest the notch indica-

Leaving his meal unfinished, she dan-

ing, and then hands him over to papa, mity and began to make money and to Another loud cracking was heard, the in the next seat. Now papa is eating overhanging mass partly fell from its biscuit, so of course the unhappy baby support—not quite chough to dislodge must have buscuit. Choking and grasp-the child—and was kept from going ing he screams again.

Who wouldn't I'd like to know?

sent in front of her. He consoles h m-

Now, then, was are trying moment. of the rosy mouth, and he has forgotten You know she was a stout lady, who He would not have time to haul the all his troubles. Now surely she will let wore glasses, and had died-older than

that his head is the wrong way, and the ing and blushing, with her golden hair one, and retreat with her to the boat him. So over he goes, and of course dreaming of wedding robes and rings, wakes him up and cries-poor in- and you laid your gray old head upon

This time, to quiet him, she lays his face against her shoulder, digging his poor little nose and open mouth into her wollen shawl. Of course he cant breathe The icy mass that recling-it was and he screams again, and she slaps him on the back, as though pounding was a quieting process!

He eries harder, and she lays him on his face, on her lap and pounds him. He stiffens his neck and rebels loudly. Then papa takes him, tosses him up, saying, Kecher ! kecher ! kecher !" till his sobs cease again.

Then mamma hunts in her basket for something to divert him. It proves to be a "cookey," which he sucks, and daubs

He enjoys this, and would go to sleep in spite of everything, but his mother He could not the ap into the sea, on is at him again. This time she wets a account of the lorgs there so closely towel at the water cooler and proceeds to wash off the little tender face with ice water. He screams, and she rubs. thought she were scrubbing a floor till at last be emerges clean but red and in a perfect rage.

(M'hen will mothers learn to wash a baby's soft flesh and not hurt it? No wonder they imbibe such a horror of water and towels!)

This performance was something like | Then the cars stopped, and I took up that of Leaving the heal, and was must my traveling sucheland west into another car, where the only bady was owned by an eld r namma who had learned to let Crashing thunder, down west the him alone when he is comfortable thought

But I could not forget that unfrappy sufferer I had deserted and I wonder the first baby isn't always worried into lifelong fretfulness.

Your First Sweetheart.

You can never forget her. She was so very young, and innocent, and pretty. She had such a way of looking at you over her hymn book in church. She alone of all the world did not think you When Claribel became a woman, she a boy, and wondered at your size and learning, and believed you every inch a man. When at those stupid evening parties, where boys and girls who should have been cating suppers of bread and milk, and gone to sleep before, waltzed, and flirted, and made themselves sick over oysters and sweet-meats, you were favored with a glance of her eye, or a whisper of her lip, you ascended to the smiled upon another boy, and never looked at you, how miserable you were. not funny then, for you were awfully in Once at a picnic she wore a white

position than it had to be flopped around hair, and she looked so much like a times you thought, in just such snowy costume, with just such blossoms in her place a golden ring upon her finger; and when you were left alone with her for a the boat, and thrown it over his should annoy and terment him with that weapon splendid match." It was terrible news they learn that a common sweet potato ted by the steelyards being declared till the bast disposed baby can't endure to you then, and sent you off to some can produce so beautiful a foilage.

'Stand by!' he exclaimed, to those be a minute longer. He screams in disgust - | great city far from your native place, Josh Billings' Good Rezolushuns where, after a good deal of youthful grief, and many resolutions to die and call love stuff and nonser se.

> You have a rich wife of your own now, grown-up children, aye, even two or three toddling grand-children about your hearth; your hair is gray, and you Then mamma takes him till he is quiet lock your heart up in the fire-proof safe and lays him down on a shawls, on the at your counting house, when you go home at night. And you thought you He falls asleep. His thumb slips out you read of her death in the papers. she was in that olden time, but your But no, the incorrigible mamma finds heart went back and you saw her smilabout her face, and yourself a boy again, your office desk and wept for the memory of your first sweet-heart.

Too Much Credit.

Mr. Keene a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Allenborough owned a large flock of sheep, and one autumn when it came housing time he was greatly annoyed upon missing a number of his finest mutons; among three or four wethers which he had raised and fattened for his own table. He was sure it was not the work of dogs, and the most he could do was to await further developments.

On the following spring when his sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch and ere long he detected Tom Stickney, a neighboring farmer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it at the time. Stickney was a man well to do and Keene did not care to expose him.

Autumn came again, and upon count. ng up his stock Mr. Keene found eight sheep missing. He made out a bill in due form to Thomas Stickney for the eight sheep and presented fit. Stickney cooked and simurated but did not back down. Like a prudent he paid the bill and pocketed the receipt.

Another springtime came and Mr Keme's sheep were turned out. Another automn came, and the former again took an account of his stock, and this time fifteen sheep were missing. As Stickney for the whole number missing, but this time Ton objected.

"It's too much of a good thing," said he. "Fifteen sheep! Why, bless your soul, I hadn't a fifth of 'em.'

Mr. Keene was inexorable. "There is the bill," said he, "and I have made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been massing, because I deemed your credit

good and sufficient." "Well," grouned Tom, with a big gulp 'I suppose I must obey; but," he added emphatically, "we'll close that account from this date. You have given me too much credit although-some other rascal have been stealing on the strength of

PRAYER - Has not the church almost to learn yet what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of believing prayer, before which mountains depart ? What of preserving pray, which causes us to stand continually upon the watchus in our ward whole nights? What of importunate prayer, which storm heaven with its violence and force? What of dress, and had roses twined in her black | united prayer, gathering us together to ask the help of the Lord? What of consistent prayer, which regards no iniquity is our hearts? What of practical prayer, which fulfills itself?

Let such prayers be understood, let our spirit but break with such longing, and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. "And it shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."-Dr. James Hamilton.

A very pretty vine is the sweet pota to. Plant a tuber in pure sand or sandy loam in a hanglog basket and water ocasionally. It will throw out tendrils and beautiful leaves, and climb freely over the arms of the basket and upward toward the top of the window. Not one puts up a hog and asks his assembled visitor in a hundred will know it, and neighbors to guess on the weight chargsuppose it is some rare and foreign plant. ing them 2. apiece for the privilege the

for 1878, all alegant . 19

NUMBER 51

A on'T : email 1 es and al That i wont smoke cony more cigars, only at sum body else's expense. That i wont borry nor lead-espeshi-

That i will live within mi inkum, if 1 ...

hav tew git trusted tew do it. That i wont swop dogs with no man, unless i kan swop two for one.

That i wont sweare enny, unless i ata inder oath. That poverty may be a blessing, but

if it iz, it iz a blessing in disguise. That i will take mi whisky hereafter straight satisfight tew the gutters and H

That the world owes me a living as provided Tearwit. 1 to 1 to a sold the sold to That i wont swop any horses with the deakon. If all reger on the district

That no man shall beat me in politoness, not so long az politeness kontinues tew be az cheap az it iz now. That if a man kalls me a phool i wons

ask him tew prove it. That i will lead a moral life, even if i go lovesum and lose a good deal ov phun

That if a man tells me a mule wont kik, i will believe what he sez iwithout trying it.

That i will tri hard to be honest, but it will be just my darned luk to miss it. That I wont grow enny kats. Spon-

That the best time tew repent ov a

blunder iz just before the blunder is

taneous kats hav killed the bissuess. A That i will love mi mother-in-law if it takes all the money I kan earn to do

That i believe real good lies are get ing skarser and skarser every day ! That when i hear a man bragging on hiz ancestors i wont envy him, but ! will

pitty the aucestors. : Finally i will sarch for things that are little, for things that are lonesum, avoiding all torch lite proseshuns band of brass music, Witamin's rights convenshous, and gress widders generally.

A hop in your walk is a halt, but a dance upon nothing is a halter.

One finger by itself may be a-numb, bat ten fingers are a number. A deal of gold may be a plumb, but a dealer in lead is a plumber. You may sometimes put sauce into a

up, but you should always into a saucer. You're a fool if you're a walker in a pond, you're a philosopher if you

ponder in s walk.

A cough makes you wheezy of the chest, but of the chest you can easy make a coffer. A steel is what makes a blade sharp,

but a blade that makes a sharper is a

'I use sulphur very extensively in say practice and in fact use it to some extent in every case I have spoke a physician some days ago in exteling the gir-

tue of that substance. 'Well,' exclaimed a bystander, 'you, with one exception are the only fellow I ever heard of who used sulphur on all

"Who was that?" asked the physi-

'Why, the devil, of course,' returned The physician walked away.

Mr. Chance and family are, of course much delighted at this almost miraculous case, which is as surprising as it is important to the public. It has heretofore been considered almost impossible to cure cancers except by cutting them out by the roots. The discovery made and the cure performed by Professor Kelloge by means of hot vapor baths is one of the most useful as well as the most remarkable on record.

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that owned him, "if I turn Mormom and marry another helpmate, she shall be a Mary too, for your own dear sake!" "Be content with one Mary, my duck," said the loving wife "in my opinion another would be merely a super-new-Mary!

A Yankee farmer in Ohio adopts a novel way of disposing of his port he Owder here where went to what the

COLUMBIA, S. C.

per Day.

'Beg parden, sir,' said the purser

The purser turned pule. 'No, sir!' he answered, firmly. 'I

been sacred to me since.'

head sadly. 'No, sir !' he answered.

'No! oh, no!' cried the child, cling-

So wild, so eager, so excited was the

she at once had the effect of cooling her low; but, even as he poke, he glanced and I'm glad of it.

Aramaebura