

# The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

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## He is Late.

She watches at the porch.  
The sun is nearly down:  
What keeps her truant lord?  
He should be back from town.  
One short, sweet year ago  
He never made her wait,  
As much too early then,  
As now he is too late!

Had Heaven bestowed on me  
That little lady there,  
Whom love has made so sad,  
And sadness made so fair—  
Her hand, her cheek, her mouth  
Should not kisses wait:  
Were that sweet angel mine,  
I never could be late!

## THE MIDNIGHT PERIL; OR SAVED BY A PHANTOM.

The night of the 17th of October—  
shall I ever forget its pitchy darkness,  
the roar of the autumnal wind through  
the forest, and the incessant down-pour  
of rain?

"This comes of short cut," I muttered  
petulantly to myself, as I plodded along,  
keeping close to the trunks of the trees  
to avoid the deep ravine through which I  
could hear the roar of a turbulent stream  
for forty or fifty feet below. My blood ran  
cold as I thought of the possible conse-  
quences of a misstep or move in the  
wrong direction. Why had I not been  
contented to keep in the right road?

"Hold on! Was that a light, or are  
my eyes playing me false?"  
I stopped, holding on to the low  
resinous boughs of a hemlock that grew  
on the edge of the bank; for it actually  
seemed as if the wind would seize me  
and hurl me down the precipitous  
descent.

It was a light—thank Providence—it  
was a light, and no ignis fatuus to lure  
me on to destruction and death.

"Halloo-o-o!"  
My voice rang through the woods like  
clarion. I plunged onward through  
tangled vines, dense briars and rocky  
banks, until gradually nearing, I could  
perceive a figure wrapped in an oil-cloth  
cape, or cloak; carrying a lantern. At  
the dim light fell upon his face I almost  
recoiled. Would not solitude in the  
woods be preferable to the companionship  
of the withered, wrinkled old man?

But it was too late to recede now.  
"What's wanting," he snarled forth  
with a peculiar motion of the lips that  
seemed to leave his yellow teeth all bare.  
"I am lost in the woods; can you  
direct me to R— station?"

"Yes; R— station is twelve miles  
from here."

"Twelve miles!"  
I stood aghast.  
"Can you tell me of any shelter I could  
obtain for the night?"

"No."  
"Where are you going?"

"To Diew's, down here by the maple  
swamp."

"Is it a tavern?"

"No."  
"Would they take me for a night? I  
could pay them well."

"His eyes glared; and the yellow stump-  
stated revealed none more."

"I guess so; folks do stop there some-  
times."

"Is it far from here?"

"Not very; about half a mile."  
"Then let us make haste and reach it.  
I am drenched to the skin."

We plodded on, my companion more  
than keeping pace with me. Presently  
we left the edge of the ravine, entering  
what seemed like trackless woods, and  
keeping straight on until lights gleamed  
fitfully through the wet foliage.

It was a resinous old place, with the  
windows all drawn to one side, as if the  
foundation had settled, and the pillars  
of a rude porch nearly rotted away.

A woman answered my fellow travel-  
lers knock. My companion whispered a  
word or two to her, and she turned to  
me with smooth, voluble words of wel-  
come.

She regretted the poverty of their  
accommodations; but I was welcome to  
them, such as they were.  
"Where is Isaac?" demanded my guide.  
"He has not come in yet."

I sat down on a wooden bench beside  
the fire, and ate a few mouthfuls of  
bread.  
"I should like to retire as soon as  
possible," said I, for my weariness was  
excessive.  
"Certainly," the woman started up  
with alacrity,

"Where are you going to put him?"  
asked my guide.

"Up e-chimber."  
"Put him in Isaac's room?"

"No."  
"It's the most comfortable."  
"But here I interrupted the whispered  
colloquy."

"I am not particular—I don't care  
where you lodge me; only make haste,  
please."

"So I was conducted up a steep ladder  
that stood in a corner of the room, into  
an apartment ceiled with sloping beams  
and ventilated by one small window,  
where a cot bedstead, crowded closely  
against the board partition, and a pine  
table, with two chairs, formed the sole  
attempts at furniture.

"The woman set the light—an oil  
lamp—on the table.

"Anything more I can get you sir?"  
said she.

"Nothing, thank you."  
"I hope you'll sleep well, sir. When  
shall I call you?"

"At four o'clock in the morning if you  
please. I must walk to R— station  
in time for the seven o'clock express."

"I'll be sure to call you, sir."  
She withdrew, leaving me alone in the  
gloomy little apartment. I sat down  
and looked around me with no very  
agreeable sensations.

"I will sit down and write to Alice. I  
thought; that will soothe my nerves  
and quiet me, perhaps."

I descended the ladder. The fire still  
glowed redly on the stone hearth; my  
companion and the woman sat beside it,  
talking in a low tone, a third person sat  
at the table, eating—a short, stout, vil-  
lainous-looking man, in a red flannel  
shirt and very muddy pantaloons.

I asked for writing materials, and re-  
turned to my room to write to my wife.

"My darling Alice!"  
I paused, and laid down my pen as I  
concluded the words, half smiling to  
think what she would say, could she  
know of my strange quarters.

Not until three sheets were covered  
did I lay aside my pen, and prepare for  
slumber. As I folded my paper, I hap-  
pened to glance toward my couch.

Was it the gleam of a human eye  
observing me through the lattice parti-  
tion, or was it but my own fancy? there  
was a creak there, but only black dark-  
ness beyond; yet I could have sworn  
that something had sparkled balefully  
at me.

I took out my watch—it was only 1 o'clock. It was scarcely worth while for  
me to undress for three hours' sleep; I  
would lie down in my clothes and snatch  
what slumber I could. So placing my  
valise close to the head of my bed, and  
barreling the lockless doors with two  
chairs, I extinguished the light and lay  
down.

At first I was very wakeful, but  
gradually a soft drowsiness seemed to  
steal over me, like a misty mantle, until  
all of a sudden some startling electric  
thrill coursed through my veins, and I  
sat up, excited and trembling.

A luminous softness seemed to glow  
through the room—no light of the moon  
or stars was ever so penetrating—and  
by the little window I saw Alice, my  
wife, dressed in floating garments of  
white, with her long golden hair knotted  
back by a blue ribbon. Apparently she  
was beckoning to me with outstretched  
hands and eyes full of wild, anxious  
tenderness.

I sprang to my feet and rushed to  
ward her, but as I reached the window  
the fair apparition seemed to vanish in-  
to the stormy darkness, and I was left  
alone. In the self-same instant the  
sharp report of a pistol sounded—I  
could see the jagged stream of fire above  
the pillow, straight through the very  
spot where, ten seconds since my head  
had lain.

With an instantaneous realization of  
my danger, I swung myself over the  
edge of the window, jumped some eight  
or ten feet into tangled bushes below,  
and, as I crouched there recovering my  
breath, I heard the tramp of foot taps  
into my room.

"Is he dead?" cried a voice up the  
ladder—the smooth, deceitful voice of  
the woman.

"Of course he is," growled a voice  
back, "that charge would have killed ten  
men." A light there, quick, and tell  
Tom to be ready.

A cold, agonized shudder ran through  
me. What den of midnight murderers  
had I fallen into? And how fearfully  
narrow had been my escape!

With the speed that only mortal ter-

ror and deadly peril can give, I rushed  
through the woods, now illuminated by a  
faint glimmer of starlight. I know  
not what impulse guided my footsteps—  
I shall never know how many times I  
crossed my own track or how close I  
stood to the brink of the deadly ravine,  
but a merciful Providence encompassed  
me with a guiding and protecting care,  
for when the morning dawned, with  
faint red bars of orient light against the  
eastern sky, I was close to the high road,  
some seven miles from —.

Once at town, I told my story to the  
police, and a detachment was sent with  
me to the spot.

After much searching and many false  
alarms, we succeeded in finding the  
ruminous old house; but it was empty,  
our birds had flown; nor did I recover  
my valise and chain, which latter I had  
left under my pillow.

"It's Drew's gang," said the leader of  
the police; "and they've troubled us  
these two years. I don't think that  
they'll come back here in present."

Nor did they.

But the strangest part of my story is  
to come yet. (Some three weeks subse-  
quently I received a letter from my sis-  
ter—who was with Alice in her English  
home—a letter whose intelligence filled  
me with surprise.)

"I must tell you something very  
strange" wrote my sister, "that happened  
to us on the night of the 17th of Octo-  
ber. Alice had not been well for some  
time; in fact she had been confined to  
her bed nearly a week, and I was sitting  
beside her reading. It was late; the  
clock had just struck ten, when all of a  
sudden she seemed to faint away, grow-  
ing white and rigid as a corpse. I  
hastened to call a nurse, but all our  
efforts seemed vain to restore her to life  
or animation. I was just about to send  
for the doctor, when she awoke as sud-  
denly as she fell, and she sat up in  
bed, pushing back her hair and look-  
ing wildly around her."

"Alice? I exclaimed, "how you terri-  
fied me!"

"Not ill," she answered, "but I feel so  
strange. Gracie I have been with my  
husband!"

All our reasoning failed to convince  
her of the impossibility of her assertions.  
She persists to this moment that she saw  
you and was with you on the 17th of  
October, or rather on the morning of the  
18th—where and how she cannot  
tell—but we think it must have been  
some dream. She is better now, and I  
wish you could see how fast she is im-  
proving."

This is my plain, unvarnished tale. I  
do not pretend to explain or account for  
its mysteries. I simply relate facts. Let  
psychologists unravel the labyrinthical  
skew. I am not superstitious, neither  
do I believe in ghosts, witchcraft or appar-  
itions; but this thing I do know—that  
although my wife was in England, in  
body on the morning of October 18, her  
spirit surely stood before me in New  
York, at the moment of the deadly peril  
that menaced me. It may be that to the  
subtle instinct and strength of a wife's  
love, all things are possible, but  
Alice surely saved my life.

### SAGACITY OF THE BLIND.—Cases like the following almost make us ex- claim, "What's the use of eyes?" The accomplishments of a sightless man are thus told. Reading, Penn., owes the person, but leaves it for a Berks county German paper to immortalize him. He is a German, ninety years of age, keeps a tavern, (which is known as blind Hartman's) is expert in the handling of money, and baffles all attempts to cheat him with spurious currency. He walks out alone, can point to any piece of real estate in the town, and to crown all, mends clocks and repairs musical instru- ments.

### HANNAH.—An exchange says there is a station on the Pittsburg Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad called Hannah, in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman after the manner of his class, thrust his head in the door and called out loudly, "Hanna!" A young lady, endowed with the poetic appollation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her and shocked at his familiarity on short acquaintance frown- ed like a thundercloud, and retorted, "You shut your mouth!"

A awful swell—The check after a  
tooth-ache.

## Pulling a Tooth with a Door-Knob.

The rough sort of dentistry described  
below has occasionally been practiced  
as a trick, with more or less success;  
but we have rarely heard of a patient's  
choosing the door knob method of his  
own accord.

A rough, Western farmer came into a  
doctor's office to have a tooth extracted,  
but flinched at sight of the "instru-  
ments," and again and again the doctor,  
tried in vain to get a gripper into his  
mouth.

"At last, the Hoosier declared "that  
ere new-fangled thing to be no account,"  
concluding she would not wait for re-  
inforcements, Leonora loaded her six-  
shooter and a shot gun, and placing her  
dog Bexer on the scent and tracks  
started out alone to capture the beast,  
if possible. After going some distance  
and climbing a high hill, an animal,  
which proved to be the wild cat, was  
seen in the top of a live oak tree. The  
girl then took aim with her pistol and  
fired but missed the animal. A second  
barrel was discharged when the wild cat  
tumbled from the tree. A brief fight  
then occurred between the dog and the  
wild cat, when the latter got away and  
ran down the hill. A pursuit was made  
by the girl and two dogs—another one  
having come up in the meantime. The  
wild cat was overtaken and finally  
killed by the dogs and with rocks thrown  
by the girl. The victor seized her prize  
carried it to the house, where, by that  
time the mother had returned with neigh-  
bor to sengar for a lun. On examining the  
head of the wild cat it was found that  
the pistol ball entered his right eye and  
ranging downward passed out at the  
foreshoulder. The animal weighed thirty  
pounds and measured three feet and  
one inch from tip to tip. The young  
lady very naturally feels proud over her  
achievement.

The dentist, to please him, said he  
would try, and producing from a drawer  
a fine strong piece of fish-line, after a  
great deal of trouble, and yells of pain  
from the Hoosier, it was finally secured  
around the tooth. The Hoosier then  
proposed to fasten the string to the  
door-knob, which was accordingly done.

The backwoodsman then commenced  
a series of easy jerks on the line, each  
of which was followed by yells of pain.

The doctor resumed his seat, and  
smiled audibly behind his paper, occa-  
sionally glancing toward the door, and  
then turning quickly again to the paper  
to hide behind it his merriment.

Thus matters stood, until at last the  
fire burned low, and the dentist arose to  
replenish it. As he threw in the wood,  
and stirred the red hot coals into a  
blaze, a brilliant idea seemed to strike  
him for his face brightened wonderfully.  
Arising from the floor, he left the poker  
in the fire, and seating himself, awaited  
the change of affairs.

The backwoodsman had relapsed into  
despondency, for a melancholy expres-  
sion had settled on his face. He stadi-  
ly gazed downward, as if he were in  
deep thought.

The dentist, as I have said before, re-  
sumed his seat, but threw aside his  
paper, and sat looking intently into the  
fire, with an expression of enraptured  
ecstasy on his features.

Thus he sat for some time. At last,  
wonderingly rising from his chair, he  
drew the poker, one end of which was  
glowing with a red heat, from the fire,  
and suddenly brandished it in the air,  
and brought it rapidly towards the  
Hoosier's nose. The backwoodsman  
threw himself back with a jerk. The  
cord did not break nor the door-knob  
come out; but the tooth loosened from  
its roots, and bounded against the door  
with a click like a bullet.

Two CURIOUS NEEDLES.—The King  
of Prussia recently visited a needle  
manufactory in his kingdom, in order to  
see what machinery, combined with the  
human hand could produce. He was  
shown a number of superfine needles,  
thousands of which, together, did not  
weigh half an ounce, and marveled how  
such minute objects could be pierced  
with an eye. But he was to see in this  
respect how even something still finer  
and more perfect could be created. The  
worker—that is, the workman whose busi-  
ness it is to bore the eyes in these need-  
les—asked for a hair from the monarch's  
head. It was readily given, and with a  
smile. He placed it at once under the  
boring machine, turned a hole in it with  
the greatest care, furnished it with a  
thread and then handed the singular  
needle to the astonished King.

The second curious needle is in  
possession of Queen Victoria. It was  
made at the celebrated needle manu-  
factory at Bedeitch, and represents the  
column of Trajan in miniature. This  
well known Roman column, is adorned  
with numerous scenes in sculpture,  
which immortalize Trajan's heroic ac-  
tions in war. On this diminutive needle,  
scenes in the life of Queen Victoria are  
represented in relief, but so finely cut  
and so small, that it requires a magni-  
fying glass to see them. The Victoria  
needle can, moreover, be opened; it con-  
tains a number of needles of smaller size,  
which are equally adorned with scenes  
in relief.

Says a Canada paper, "It would make  
some of our fine ladies start to see Lady  
Dufferin promenading the streets doing  
her shopping. She dresses plainly and  
sensibly, wears thick-soled boots, and  
does not for a walk from one end of  
the city to the other, or to face the  
maddest crossing."

## A Girl and a Wild Cat.

A romantic incident recently oc-  
curred at the ranch of Leonard Methen,  
about five miles above Brown's Valley,  
California. Miss Leonora Methen, daughter  
of Methen, aged perhaps 16 years, pos-  
sessed a pet lamb which she very natu-  
rally admired. On Thursday evening of  
last week the lamb was missing. Leonora  
observed about the yard tracks of an  
animal, and thought they were that of  
a California lion. There being no men  
about the ranch, the girl dispatched her  
mother to a neighbor for assistance to  
hunt the wild animal. Subsequently,  
concluding she would not wait for re-  
inforcements, Leonora loaded her six-  
shooter and a shot gun, and placing her  
dog Bexer on the scent and tracks  
started out alone to capture the beast,  
if possible. After going some distance  
and climbing a high hill, an animal,  
which proved to be the wild cat, was  
seen in the top of a live oak tree. The  
girl then took aim with her pistol and  
fired but missed the animal. A second  
barrel was discharged when the wild cat  
tumbled from the tree. A brief fight  
then occurred between the dog and the  
wild cat, when the latter got away and  
ran down the hill. A pursuit was made  
by the girl and two dogs—another one  
having come up in the meantime. The  
wild cat was overtaken and finally  
killed by the dogs and with rocks thrown  
by the girl. The victor seized her prize  
carried it to the house, where, by that  
time the mother had returned with neigh-  
bor to sengar for a lun. On examining the  
head of the wild cat it was found that  
the pistol ball entered his right eye and  
ranging downward passed out at the  
foreshoulder. The animal weighed thirty  
pounds and measured three feet and  
one inch from tip to tip. The young  
lady very naturally feels proud over her  
achievement.

The following amusing scene is said  
to have taken place in one of the courts  
out West:

Judge—Bring the prisoner before the  
court.

Pete—Here he is, bound to blaze as  
the oyster said or the spirits of turpen-  
tine said when it was on fire.

Judge—We'll take a little fire out of  
you. How do you live?

Pete—I ain't particular, as the oyster  
said when they axed him if he would be  
fried or roasted.

Judge—We don't want to hear what  
the oyster said or the spirits of turpen-  
tine ether. What do you follow?

Pete—Not particular, anything that  
comes in the way, as the locomotive  
said when she ran over the nigger.

Judge—We don't care anything  
about the locomotive. What's your  
business?

Pete—That's various, as the cat said  
when she stole the chicken off the ta-  
ble.

Judge—That comes near the line now  
I suppose.

Pete—Altogether in my line, as the  
rope said when it was chocking the  
pirate.

Judge—If I hear any more such com-  
parisons I shall give you twelve  
months.

Pete—I am bone as the beefsteak said  
to the cook.

Judge—Now, sir, your punishment  
shall depend upon the shortness and  
correctness of yours answers. I sup-  
pose you live by going round the  
docks.

Pete—No, sir, can't go round the  
docks without a boat, and I ain't got  
one.

Judge—Answer me. How do you  
get your bread?

Pete—Sometimes at Small's the baker  
and sometimes I eat a tater.

Judge—No more of that stupid insul-  
ence. How do you support your-  
self?

Pete—Sometimes on my legs and  
sometimes in my chair.

Judge—I order you to answer this  
question correctly: how do you do?

Pete—I pretty well I thank how do you  
do?

Here Pete was allowed to retire with-  
out further interrogatories as to his oc-  
cupation or mode of living.

### DOING "A STROKE OF BUSINESS."

During a theatrical excitement in Boston,  
the coachman who drove the prima donna  
from the steamboat to the Revere House  
has ridiculed the insane admiration,  
which his "fellow citizens" were exhib-  
iting, mounting the steps of the hotel  
he cried, "Here's the hand that once  
lifted Jenny Lind out of the coach.  
Gentleman, you can any of you have  
the privilege of kissing it for five dol-  
lars—Children half price,

### A New Haven man who went home the other evening and found his house locked up after infinite trouble managed to gain entrance through a backwin- dow and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife reading: "I have gone out; you will find the door key on one side of the door step

A clerical wag who was made the  
recipient on Christmas morning of an  
unusual number of embroidered slippers  
worked by the fair hands of the young  
ladies of his congregation, nearly suf-  
ficient to stock a moderate sized shoe  
store, was heard to wonder if the young  
ladies had taken him for centipede.

### A Kentucky belle, Miss Amelia Pe- gram, widely known for her beauty, gen- erality and intelligence accidentally and fatally shot herself a few weeks since through the heart with a pistol belong- ing to her brother which had been left by him on a table in her room.

### A colored woman, aged 107 years, has just died near Louisville, who, on her death-bed, confessed that she never knew Washington, nor nursed any of the distinguished men of ancient times. She deserves a statue in black marble.— Boston Globe.

"I wish I was in Heaven," said dis-  
couraged Mrs. O'Clarence the other  
morning. "So would I," remarked her  
brutal husband, "if I had, I'd like to see  
whom I value."