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Mad Dogs.

The following timely letter appears in the columns of the London Times:

To the Editor of the Times:—Sir—During the last few months an unusual number of dogs have been affected with hydrophobia in the metropolis, as well as in other parts of the United Kingdom. From the circumstance that several cases of the disease have very lately occurred in the practice of the Brown Institution, as well as from information received from other sources, there seems to me to be some reason to fear that it is still rather widely prevalent.

As the danger to the public which arises whenever this is the case, however horrible in itself, is one which can be avoided by the possession of the requisite information, it is clearly desirable, even at the risk of exciting alarm in the minds of a few sensitive persons, that such information should be communicated for the general good. I have, therefore, put down in as plain words as possible what appear to me to be the most useful criteria for the recognition of rabies in the dog. In doing so I have been assisted by the experienced veterinary surgeon of the Brown Institution, Mr. Duguid, and by my friend Mr. Hunting, of Derby street, Mayfair, who has paid special attention to the disease. I have also the advantage of writing with an actual case under my observation.

Persons are liable to be bitten by mad dogs under two sets of circumstances—first, when a rabid animal escapes from home and is at large; and secondly, when a dog not supposed to be infected is caressed by its master or those who have to do with it at home. Consequently, it is quite as important that the public should be aware of those slight indications which afford ground for suspicion that the disease is impending as that they should know the characteristic signs by which it may be recognized when it has declared itself.

The premonitory indications of rabies in a dog are derived almost entirely from the observation of changes in its demeanor; consequently, although they may be too trifling to be noticed by a casual observer, they are, fortunately, sufficiently striking to arrest the attention of any one who is about a dog and is familiar with its habits and individual peculiarities.

A dog about to become rabid loses its natural liveliness. It mopes about as if preoccupied or apprehensive, and seeks to withdraw into dark corners. From the first there is usually a foreshadowing of that most constant symptom of the disease—depraved appetite. Mad dogs not only devour filth and rubbish of every kind with avidity, but even their own excrement—often immediately after it has been passed. Indications of this tendency appear early, and are more than suspicious.

Along with this peculiarity of behavior it is of equal importance to notice that an infected dog, from the first, snaps at other dogs without provocation. This snappishness in most dogs is very striking. If a dog previously known to have no such habit snaps indiscriminately at the first dog it meets in the yard or in the street, it is probably not safe.

So far I have had in mind chiefly what is to be observed in dogs tied up or at home. A dog which is at large is also to be recognized as in a dangerous state by its demeanor. A healthy dog in its progress along a street or elsewhere shows at every step that its attention is awake to the sights and sounds which it encounters. The rabid dog, on the contrary, goes sullenly and unobscurely forward, and is not diverted by objects obviously likely to attract it. This statement, however, is subject to the important exception already referred to that it is excited both by the sight and sound of an animal of its own species.

Of the symptoms which accompany the final stage of the disease the most important and characteristic are those which relate to the organs in which it localizes itself—the mouth and throat. Attention is often drawn to the condition of the mouth in an animal supposed to be healthy by the observation that it tries to scratch the corners of its mouth, as if attempting to get rid of theropy

mucus which is seen to be discharged from it. In dogs that are tied up it is noticeable that the bark has entirely lost its ring, and acquires a peculiar hoarseness, which can be recognized even by the most unobservant. As the disease progresses the discharge increases, and the lower jaw hangs as if paralyzed, and the animal has evidently difficulty in swallowing. Along with this there is often loss of power of the hind limbs. If now the dog is watched, the peculiarities of behavior which have been already noticed are seen to present themselves in a much more marked degree than before. It is observed, first, that it is subject to paroxysms of excitement, in which it makes often-repeated efforts to bite or gnaw all objects (such as wood work, straw, &c.) within its reach, while at the same time it continues to exhibit the tendency already mentioned to devour its own excrement; and, secondly, even during the remissions its excitement is at once renewed by the sight or sound of another dog.

It may be well to note that the disease occurs at all seasons, that the mad dog continues to recognize its master and to manifest pleasure when kindly spoken to, that it does not shun water, and that in many cases from first to last that wild fury which is supposed to belong to the disease is conspicuously absent.

The most effectual means for checking the spread of hydrophobia are—first, to circulate information on the subject; second, to enforce existing regulations as to licenses and as to the destruction of ownerless dogs. It is to be regretted that the wise proposal of Mr. Fleming, that a short description of the disease should be printed on the back of each license, has not been adopted. The disease originates, whether in man or beast, exclusively by contagion. The carriers of contagion are the ownerless dogs of large towns. I remain, sir, yours, &c.

J. BURDON SANDERSON, M. D. F. R. S. Brown Institution, May 16.

Celibacy.

THE CHASTITY OF MEN AND WOMEN.

The conditions of life are more fatal to men than to women. Although the proportion of boys born in any civilized community is 104 to 105 to every 100 girls, a greater number of the latter survive to reach maturity. In fact, in nearly all countries there is a surplus of women. In England there are 103 women to 100 men, and in America the excess of women is fully five per cent., while in certain parts of the United States, such as Massachusetts, the emigration of young men has made a far greater disparity in the numbers of the sexes. From the surplus of women there would naturally follow the enforced celibacy of the more unattractive of the sex.

There are, however, other causes which also tend to produce the same result. Prominent among these is the lack of chastity among men. According to Mr. Greg, whose "Literary and Social Judgments" has recently attracted much attention, this latter cause is more powerful than all others in producing the celibacy of so large a number of English women. His remarks on the subject can be applied with equal truth to the condition of things in this country, and we, therefore, quote them, leaving the moral to be drawn by our readers. Mr. Greg remarks: "If every man among the middle and higher ranks were compelled to lead a life of stainless abstinence till he married, and unless he married, we may perfectly sure that every woman in those ranks would have so many offers, such earnest and such rationally eligible ones, that no one would remain single, except those to whom nature dictated celibacy as a vocation, or those whose cold hearts, independent tempers, or indulgent selfishness, made them select it as a preferable and more luxurious career. Unhappily, as matters are managed now, thousands of men find it perfectly feasible to combine all the freedom, LUXURY, AND SELF-INDULGENCE of a bachelor's career with the pleasures of female society and the enjoyment they seek for there. As long as this is so, so long, we fear, a vast proportion of the best women in educated classes—

women especially who have no dowry beyond their goodness and their beauty—will be doomed to remain involuntarily single. How this sore evil is to be remedied we cannot undertake to say. When female emigration has done its work, and drained away the excess and the special obviousness of the redundancy; when women have thus become far fewer in proportion, men will have to bid higher for the possession of them, and will find it necessary to make them wives instead of mistresses. Again, when worthless appearances, and weary gaieties, and joyless luxuries shall have lost something of their factitious fascination in women's eyes, in comparison with more solid and more enduring pleasures, they will be content with smaller worldly means in the men who ask their hands, and as they become less costly articles of furniture they will find more numerous and more eager purchasers. Ladies themselves are far from guileless in this matter, and though this truth has been somewhat rudely told them lately, it is a truth, and it is one they would do well to lay to heart."

Rust in Cotton.

Professor Stubb, of the Alabama Agricultural College, says true rust is a fungus growth similar in its nature to smut, mildew, &c. In examining with the microscope the various "so called rusts," we find them entirely unlike in different sections. We have found but little information on this subject, but since it is a source of much evil to the Southern planter, perhaps it may yet elicit some attention from the celebrated botanists and entomologists of the present day. By examining some leaves of cotton we find that they have been changed to a bright yellow, tinged here and there with red, and with occasional marks of brown. On others we find rusty brown spots on the under side, resembling incipient rust—while again on others, we find yellow surfaces with little or no appearance of vitality, edges curled up, and whole leaf seeming withered and dead. The first under the microscope, gives no mark of an insect. On any part of the leaf—the growth is vegetable, a real fungus and is the true rust. With a powerful microscope we find the second to be the work of a minute red spider (genus acarus) which attacks the under side of the leaves, puncturing them until they are stung and spotted all over and finally fall from the plant. The third is caused by the cotton louse (a species of aphid) which pierces the outer coating of the leaves, on the under side. From the constant drainage of the sap by this insect, the leaves are enfeebled, curl up, turn yellow, and finally fall. Later in the season young shoots are also attacked and are often completely covered by these pests.

But there is another affection of the cotton plant, which is found very prevalent in alluvial bottoms, and sometimes in uplands. It is usually improperly styled "black rust," but in reality is a species of blight. An intelligent observer thus describes it: "This blight appears very suddenly. One day all of the plants of a field may seem to be perfectly healthy and vigorous, while on passing through the same field on the next day, many of them may be observed with drooping leaves, as if affected by the heat of a midday sun. A few days thereafter all the leaves will wither and fall to the ground, leaving the stem bare, though still green and the ready formed and in some cases fully matured, opening bolls adhering to the branches. After remaining in a state of apparent lifelessness for some time should rain and favorable growing weather follow, the affected plant will often send up sucker from the crown of the roots, and even sometimes young shoots from the juncture of the branches with the stem. This is the blight, and a glance will show a wide difference from the "red rust." In the latter the leaves turn yellow and are blurred with red, while in the former they suddenly wither and droop without changing to yellow, then turn brown and black, and fall. The bolls also shrivel, dry up, and the whole plant gradually dies."

I have not been able to observe this plant throughout all stages of the disease, but on examining an old blighted

plant, and dividing longitudinally the stem, I found a black or brownish appearance presented by the pith and heart of main root, stem and branches—just as if the centro was rotten. This may be the proximate cause of the withering of the leaves. On examination, no insects nor their punctures could be detected. It is obvious then that the whole plant is in a state of disease which most probably is caused by the excess of some vegetable acid, or by the deficiency of some chemical element in the soil necessary to health and perfection of plant, or perhaps by tap root, penetrating into a hard, sour or otherwise unfavorable subsoil. In examining the soils which "rust" cotton, we find no excess of vegetable acid, but we do find a sad deficiency of sulphuric acid, a substance so essential to the full maturity of every plant, and a subsoil whose mechanical condition is such as to preclude the healthful growth of a tender root. Again we learn from intelligent farmers that fields freshly cleared will not rust cotton until third or fourth year. By this time the small acid is exhausted, the soil surcharged with the excretory vegetable acids left in soil by continuous cultivation of same crop and the subsoil baked and hardened by descending rains and hot suns, which easily penetrate the porous cultivated top soil. This being then the probable cause of rust, to prevent this we should seek to supply our lands with sulphuric acid, retate our crops and thoroughly underdrain and subsoil our lands. Sulphuric acid is most economically applied in form of sulphate lime (land plaster) or sulphate iron (copperas).

An Editor's Experience.

After an editor had remained a bachelor until thirty five, one would suppose he was able to select a wife whom one could live with without quarreling at least: but such was not the case with our friend Ned Williams. After dreaming of earthly bliss, he concluded to try love in a cottage. He found a place to suit, and began housekeeping. Never was an editor so happy. It was "my love," "duck," "sweetest," &c., in every sentence. Shortly after housekeeping began, trouble too began. Some evil genius put it into our "duck's" head to have some pudding for dinner, just to please her lord. After partaking of a heavy dinner of substantial, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before him.

"My dear, did you make this?"
"Yes, love; ain't it nice?"
"Glorious—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."
"Plum pudding ducky," suggested wife.

"Oh no, dearest, bread pudding. I was always fond of 'em."

Call that plum pudding, if you please exclaimed the wife, and her lip slightly curled with contempt.

"Well, my dear, I reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood House to know bread pudding at least, my love."

"Husband this is really too bad; plum pudding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive and a great deal better. Besides I had enough bread pudding to do me a lifetime while I was at boarding school and never intended to make it. I say this is plum pudding, sir!" and the pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet," he exclaimed, soothingly, "do not get angry. I'm sure it is very good if it is bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely exclaimed the wife, in a louder tone, "you know it is plum pudding."

"Then, madam, it is so meanly put together and so badly burned that the devil himself would not know it. I tell you, madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding?" shrieked the wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in his face, the glass itself tapping the claret from his nose.

"Bread pudding!" gasped he, pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the dinner, and then was heard the crashing of two plates across his head. "Bread pudding," he groaned in a rage, as the chicken left his hand and landed in madam's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" responded she, as she hurled the gray dish and contents upon the enemy's head, and a plate of beets landed upon his white vest.

"Bread pudding!" shouted he in defiance, and darted out of the house, leaving madam upon the field alone. Moral—Beware of the first quarrel.

Use of Silence.

A pity that so few people understand the full effect of well-timed silence! How eloquent it is in reality! Acquiescence, contradiction, difference, disdain, embarrassment and awe may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent paradox, by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your lady-love's affection? The fair one confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a compliant and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion which you may deem false, made by some one of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt, you denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a fop? You signify your opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Again, how much strife might have been prevented, how often might the quarrel which by mutual aggravation, has, perhaps, terminated in bloodshed, had it been checked in the commencement by a judicious silence? Those persons only who have experienced them are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall never answer a word. A soft answer turns away wrath; but sometimes erring humanity cannot give this soft answer in moments of irritation; in such cases, there stands the fortress of silence, with doors wide open, as refuge for the tired spirits until calmer moments come. Think of this seriously, you who glory in having the last word.

Witchcraft.

The following anecdote of the eminent Lord Chief Justice Holt is worth transcribing: His youth gave no premonitions of his maturer excellence, for he was unmanageably wild, both at Abingdon school, and Oriel college, Oxford; and this incident comprises, in a brief space, what he was then, and the position he ultimately arrived at. An old, decrepit woman being arraigned before him for witchcraft, he inquired how it was proved; and being answered that it was by a spell, he asked to see it, and a piece of parchment was handed to him. Having interrogated the prisoner as to how she obtained it, she told him that a young gentleman gave it to her as a cure for her daughter's ague, which it had cured and many others. "I am glad of it," said Holt; and then turning to the jury, he added: "Gentlemen, when I was young, thoughtless, and had spent my money, I and some companions equally unthinking went to this woman's house—then a public one; having no money to pay our reckoning, I hit upon a stratagem to get off scot free. Seeing her daughter ill, I pretended I had a spell to cure her. I wrote the classic line you see; so that, if any one is punishable, it is I, and not the prisoner." She was acquitted, and the Chief Justice amply recompensed her for the deceit he had used toward her in former years.

"Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well, I guess; she says I needn't call any more."

A Georgia girl is going to lecture on "kissing," in Washington. She will borrow a young man to illustrate on.

Kissing your sweetheart is like eating soup with a fork—it takes a long time to get enough.

"All right old skillet-legs," said a Kansas lawyer to a judge who fined him for contempt.

Send the Bill to My Husband.

Realize, my reader, says a New York paper, the anguish of a lady compelled to stand by another lady wearing larger diamonds than her own, or more point lace, or a longer train. What will the world think, as under the chandelier this painful contrast comes out? Such moments of deep humiliation cause sleepless nights, and the next day results in bills that become as criminal indictments to poor, over-worked men. Under the impulse of such trying scenes as these, many a matron has gone forth on Broadway with firm lips and eyes in which glowed inexorable purpose, and placed upon her arms or fingers, that might have helped her husband forward, the gems that would be millstones about his neck.

There are many phases of heroism, but if you want your breath taken away, go to a leading and fashionable store and see some large-souled woman, who will not even count the cost, or realize the dire consequences, but like some martyr of the past who will show to the world the object of his faith though the heavens fall, she marches to the counter, selects the costliest jewels, and says, in tones of majesty,—
"Send the bill to my husband!"

Items.

Most babies are base bawlers.
A noisy piece of crockery—the cup that cheers.

The tallest man is he who rises latest because he lays longest.

Micawber sits in his garden, waiting for something to turnip.

The man who was filled with emotion hadn't room for his dinner.

Keep soft soap three months before using.

To find how hollow the world is join a choir.

One drop of salt butter relieves the ear ache very soon.

The man of sixty is exempt from jury duty. Many wish to get off like sixty.

The article most commonly sold at fancy fairs is the visitor.

The great secret of having clean white linen is thorough rinsing.

The season for sleeping on window sills and rolling off is here.

June, September and October are the pleasantest wedding months.

Little girls should remember that murderers die of dancing rope.

A New Jersey baggage master (a smasher) has become a preacher.

Never keep a pack in the same pocket as your handkerchief.

You may know an old bachelor by the fact that he always speaks of a baby as "It."

A weak solution of the gormanganate of potash will deodorize your breath.

Clipping dogs' ear and tails is a senseless mutilation.

Flour is said to be an excellent extinguisher for the flame of burning kerosene oil.

One or two geranium leaves, bruised, bound upon a cut or abrasion will heal it at once.

Water standing for some time in a room becomes impure by absorbing noxious vapors from the air.

It is stated that a red ink which resists the action of most chemicals may be made by dissolving carmine in soluble glass.

A French doctor says that a vapor bath at a temperature of 144 degrees on seven consecutive days, will cure hydrophobia.

They have found a Chicago police man who wouldn't take a bribe, but it should be added that he didn't think it large enough.

In the morning, think of what you are to do in the day; at night think of what you have done.

With kerosene at twenty cents a gallon why should a person take the trouble to commit suicide?

"I say, Pat, are you asleep?" "Not a sleep." "Then be after lendin' me a quarter." "I'm asleep be jabers!"