### VOLUME 8.

# SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTMEBER 19, 1874.

NUMBER 33

Coroner's Inquest on the Body of him from going; Crum started towards the twenty ninth, A. D. eighteen hund James W. Browning.

HELD AT BAMBERG ON BUNDAY, 30TH AUGUST, 1874, BY OLIVER HEWETT, TRIAL JUSTICE, ACTING AS CORONER.

Information having been laid in this case by F M Bamberg, a lawful jury of inquest was duly summoned, composed of the following persons, to wit : II J Brabham, foreman, Hon. James M Smith, G Y Patrick, W F Patrick, J S B Jones, J F Jones, W W Smoke, S T Fairy, Henry Smith, Andy Hamilton, Jack Jenkins, G A Rice and Jerry Thomas.

The jury having viewed the body, then lying in a room of B F Slater's store house, and a post mortem of the body having been made by Dr. J F Baggot in the presence of the jury, the following evidence was taken :
Dr. J F Baggot sworn : Have made

post mortem examination of the body of James W Browning, and am of opiniou that the said James W Browning came to his death from a pistol shot wound, the ball entering the right breast, near the right nipple, ranging through the lower lobe of the right lung (Signed) J. F. BAGGOT.

William L Connelley sworn : I do not know anything of the shooting of James

W Browning; was at Murphy's store, and heard the shooting.
(Signed) W L CONNELLEY.

Brooks F Slater sworn: On Saturday evening, 29th August, 1874, after supper, James W Browning came into my store, came behind the counter, and Crum had threatened to shoot him; I gave him a pistol, a small seven shooter, and I went with him; we walked from my store up towards Dixon's store, going towards and along the rail ond turned around; I saw a flash from a pistol in the hand of Grun; I recognized Mr. Crum from the light of the flash of the pistol; previously I did not recognize Mr. Crum's person, only by his voice; Crum was about four feet from Mr. Browning when he fired; after Mr Crum fired, Mr Browning eith r struck Cram or pashed him; Cram feil, with was fired when Mr. Browning was on Crum; I do not know who fired the shot; after the second shot, and while Crum's hand; Mr. Browning was not on Crum over a half minute—a very short time; Mr. Browning got off Crum of his own accord and started for my store; on entering the store, Mr. Browning re peated that "he was killed" more than once; I told him "I did not think he was." He went into the back room and sat on the floor; I got him on the bed; just as I had got him on the bed, and went tack to the door, two other shots were fired some distance in front of the office; it was very dark during the time of the fracas; Crum was in the shad w of the tree. All of this happened in the town of Bamberg on Saturday even ing, August 29, A. D. 1874, between the hours of 8 and 9 P. M., I think Mr. Browning died about five minutes after Baggot and he got there just as Mr.

Browning was dying. (Signed) Edward F Slater sworn : At Bamberg on Saturday evening, August 29, 1874, about 81 o'clock P. M., I came down from F M Bamberg's; I came to a "pride of India" tree standing opposite to Crum's store; I heard Crum say some thing about Mr. Fairy and John Smith's fight; I heard him call both names; Crum said "it was not so;" Mr. Brown ing was present and asked if he meant that for him; Crum replied "that he could take it to himself;" Crum got up; Mr. Browning was sitting on the beach in Crum's piazza; Mr. Browning had a chair in front of him, and when Crum rose he picked up the chair and pushed him (Crum) down with it; he (Crum) apparently fell back against the wall; Mr. Browning ran out of the piazza of Browning was running around the corner, as above stated; Mr. Crum said: "I'll be d-d if I don't kill Browning," he (Crum) went into his store; J P

went in the street towards Slater's, close to Isaac Liebman's piazza; I started behind him; I saw Mr. Browning come out of B F Slater's store; Slater was with him; they came towards Liebman's store; Crum, as he got opposite the mul berry tree by Dilan's shop, stoppe l; he got behind the mulberry tree; I stoppe ! within about fifteen feet of him; as Mr. Browning got pretty close, I went about six feet, where trum was standing; when Mr. Browning got about four feet Browning?" Mr. Browning replied.
"This is me." As soon as Crum said
the words, he threw the pistol right against Mr. Browning and fired; Crum had the pistol in his right hand; he put the pistol to Mr. Browning's breast and shot him; as soon as Crum shot Mr. Browning struck him and knocked him (Crum) down, Mr. Browning exclaim ing that "he was shot" I said to Frank Slater, "I am d-1 if I an going to stand this;" I started towards Crum and Browning; Frank Slater ran in batwee 1 me and Crum and Browning; Frank got on his knees, and appeared to get hold of one of the combatants; I went to go around Frank, but he jumpet up and got between the combatants and mys.if, Mr. Browning got up and slappe I his hands on his breast and said, "I am killed," Crun jumpel up an 1 started off, and got about thirty fest; I stirte! on towards Frank Slater's store with Mr. Browning; I wheeled and ran after Crum, and said I was not going to I t him get away Ab at that time Mr. Browning and Frank Slater got on the store steps; I was about forty feet from asked me for a pistol; I asked him what them; Mr. Browning said, "I am g ing he wanted with it; he said that J W to fall;" I went back to them, an I went to the room with Mr. Browning and Frank Slater; Mr. Browning went to get, on the bed in the room, but fell on the side of the bed. I said, "Frank, put him on the bed. I'll got the doctor." I platform; when we had passed a mul-berry tree, near Dixon's, Mr. Crum spoke. He (Crum) was standing right by the tree. Grum asked, "Who is that?"

Mr. Browning replied "it was him," and turned around: I saw a flash for not present when Mr. Browning died. (Signed)

William J Jones sworn : Am a re-ident of the town of Bunberg. On Saturday evening, 29th August, 1874, after supper, between 8 and 9 o clock. I left home and went to Fran's Slater's store; I left his store and went to Me Crum's store; when I got there I hard Mr. Browning on top of him. Mr. Browning said as soon as he was shot. "He has killed me." I told him I d d do that " He apparently was trying to pacify Crum. He has killed me." I told him I d d do that " He apparently was trying to pacify Crum. He had any fust and to pacify Crum. He had any curiosity was excited; I looked and saw Crum have a pistol in his hand; Crum walked out of his store; Murphy said, "I can do nothing with Mr. Browning was on top of Cram, I you," and Murphy left; Crum started towards Frank Slater's store; he walked and Murphy left; Crum started heard a pistol cocked; I got down on my knees, and took a pistol out of Crum's hand; it was cocked when I took it out of his (Crum's) hand. The pistol I now produce is the one I took out of Mr. I towards Frank Stater's store; ne wanted a little below Mr. Dixon's shop, and said, "Is that you, Browning?" Mr. Browning replied, "This is me," of this is me," of this is me, and informed him that the produce is the one I took out of Mr. I have been at the one in the towards Frank Stater's store; ne wanted to how frail the tenure of a postmister may be.

Thereupov the postmister called up on Mr. Johnson, and informed him that Crum fired; Mr. Browning, I think, fell to his knees and rose, and I think struck Crum, who fell with Mr. Browning on top of him; Mr. Browning exclaimed, ·He has killed me," or words to that effect; Crum got up and left. About twenty steps from where the fuss ocur red, and in the direction that Crum went, two pistol shots were fired, but I do not know who fire I them; I heard only one shot fired when Crum and Mr. Browning got together; am positive of that; when Mr. Browning went in the room he asked me to pull off his shoes and to put so nething under his heal; I searched for a pistol; Mr. Browning did ngt have one then; I saw Frank Slater at the shooting; W H Green was near me at the time of the shooting; both of he entered the store; I sent for Dr. us left the store of Crum together, when Crum and Murphy were talking at the store, from their conversation I was made aware that Mr. Browning was the man meant by Crum, and

whom he was angry with. W J JONES. (Signed)

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

BARNWELL COUNTY. An inquisition indented, taken at Bamberg aforesaid, the thirtieth day of August, A. D. eighteen hundred and seventy-lour, before O.iver Hewitt, Esq, trial justice, acting as coroner. Upon the view of the body of James W Browning, then and there being dead, by the oaths of H J Brabham, forem in, James M Smith, G Y Patrick, W F Patrick, J S B Jones, J F Jones, W W Smoke, S F Fairy, Henry Smith, Andy Hamilton, Jack Jenkins, G A Rice and Jerry Thomas, being a lawful Mr. Crum's store around the corner of jury of inquest, who, being charged and Hartzog's store; as Crum got up Mr. sworn to inquire for the State of South Carolina when and by what means the said James W Browning came to his death, upon their oaths, do say :

That the said J W Browning came Murphy was standing outside of Crum's to his death by being shot in the right store; Murphy said to him, "Don't you breast, near the right nipple, the ball go down there, Crum," Murphy had rauging through the lower lobe of the

Frank Slater's store bareheaded, and red and seventy-four; and so the jurors aforesaid, on their oaths aforesaid, do say : That the aforesaid J W Browning was, in manner and form aforesaid, by the said JW Crum, then and there felon iously killed, against the perse and

digni y of the same State aforesaid. In witness whereof I, Oliver He witt, trial justice acting coroner aforestid, and the jurors aforesaid to the inquisi-tion, have set our hands and seals, the day and year aforesaid.

(Signed) OLIVER HEWITT, Trial Justice, acting Coroner. H J Brabham, foreman : Jas M Smith, G Y P trick, W F Patrick, J S B Jones, J F Jones, W W Smoke, S T Fairy, H W Smith, G A Rice, Andy x Hamilton, Jack x Jenkens, Jerry

#### Story of a Postal Card.

x Thomas.

A prominent merchant in St. Joseph . Mo , J. B. Johnson, Esq., has got him self into trouble, the postmister of St Joseph into trouble, the postmister of Chicago into trouble; and the Gover nment of the United States into trouble all growing out of a bit of pasteb ard with some writing on it.

Some weeks ago Mr. Johnson, having occasion to order some gools from Chicago, pastella label about the size of a postage stamp, bearing his business

address, on the postal card.

The Chicago correspondent received the eard in due time, but had to pay six cents extra postage, and so netified Mr. Johnson.

As the latter had been in the habit of posting these labels for so ne time and had never before been called upon for extra postage, he causulted the post-master of St. Joseph, Mr. Arnholdt about it.

The latter authority informed him that he had a right to label the eards and could continue to do so with safety, unless the cards were going to Chicago, whose postmaster didn't understant the

Thereupon, in a happy frame of mind Mr. Johnson addressed a card to the Chicago house in his best handwriting. and with a feeling of exultation, tri umphantly and in a bold hard wrote these words:

'Our postmaster says your postmister is an ass.

The Chicago postmaster forwarded he obnoxious postal card to Washing

Mr Cresswell put on his spectacles and read the St. Joseph pestmaster's pithy opinion of the Chicago pestmas

The sesult of the reading was a postal card from Mr Cresswell to the St Louis postmaster which nearly lifted the latter functionary out of his boots, and made him realize as he had never done before

on Mr Johnson, and informed him that he had never said the postmaster of Chi cago was an ass.

Mr Johnson brushed up his memory and after awhile, concluded that he was mistaken in the language he used; and gave his postmaster a statement to that This relieved the postmaster

He forwarded the statement to Mr

Cresswell, and once more felt secure in his office.

But it did not end here, for on Thurs day last an order came for the arrest of Mr Johnson for using scurrilous lan guage on a jostal card, and that night he was arrested

Thus for the sake of a litile business label about the size of a dostage stamp the St Joseph merchant got into a diffi culty with the St Joseph postmaster and the Chicago postmaster; got the St Jo seph postmaster and the Chicago postmaster by the ears; got the St Joseph pestmaster into trouble with the govern ment, and has got himself into a tight place, in which he may have to pay from \$100 to \$1,000, or go to jail and stay from one year to ten years before he can extricate himself.

## Sundry Matters.

If there is no insurance upon the barn, one should be procured without delay. The vapor from a barnful of new hay or grasn is one of the best co 1ductor of lightning. Bathe the whole body with cold water every night, and rab briskly with a dry towel. This brings refreshing sleep, and conduces to health. Give the men and boys a backet with soap and towels, that they may do the same. They will work the better for it.

A married lady, who is in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened to be reference to Crum's going down to right lung, said wound being inflicted by a pistol ball, shot from a pistol in going down there to see the gentleman;" the hand of J W Crum, in the town of he also said, "I'll be d—d if I don't Bamberg, between the hours of 8 and 9 find you when I come back?" taken ill, and sent her husband in great

#### Honor Your Calling.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate be cause fastened to it, by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and laboriously destroy all their comfort in work.

Occasionally, a man fails in life be cause he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent; it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect and even contempt of an honest business. A man should put his heart into everything that he does. There is not a profession in the world that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. No man will escape annoyance by changing business. No mechanical business is altogether agreeable. Commerce, in its endless varieties, is affected like all other human pursuits, with trials, unwelcome duties, and spirittiring necessities. It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They belong to human life. They are inevitable. Brooding, then, only gives them strength.

Ou the other hand, a man has a p wer given him to shed beauty an l pleasure upon the humbles toil if he is wise. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations. For Heaven has given us imaginations not alone to make some men poets, but to enable all men to beautily homely things Look at good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidden avocation around which may twine pleasant fancies, out of which may be developed an honest pride.

A man can impart to a business a flavor of honor by his own conduct, which shall make it hereafter more cred itable to any one who enters it. Franklin left upon the printing office au impress which has benefitted the profession of printers ever since. Blacksmiths low Crospoak of the uncanguized Elihu Burritt. Once let a man convert his business into an instrument of honor, benevolence and patriotism, and from that moment it is transfigured, and men judge its dignity and merit, not by what it externally is, but by what it has done and can do. It is better to stick to your business, and by patient industry and honorable enterprise to crown it with honor, than to run away from it, and to seek prosperity ready-made to your hand. It is not what a man finds that does him good, but what he does.

### "The Good old Times."

We shall hear from a thousand stumps the Democratic clamor for a return to 'the good old times.' Many a hungry politician will hear the sound and believe it the promise of the good time when the cry. 'I am a Domocrat!' will open to the faithful the fattest offices of the land. No doubt Tweed the dethroned king of Tammany, as he sits with stripped sait and shaved in his forced retirement and moralizes over the degeneracy of the times, looks for ward to the hour when the Democratic wand shall open his prison doors and reinstate him in the political kingdom which he lost We have no desire to welcome the return of the 'good old times.' We have had enough of them. They cost us over \$3,000,000,000 and over halt a million lives. We are doing our best to repair the injury, and hope in less than a score of years to wipe out the list trace of Democratic misrule. We have reduced the debt nearly \$400, 000,000 in a little over five years, and shall continue its reduction until ever cent is paid. But we protest against the return of the times which forced this burden on the nation. Once in a thousand years we might endure a like experience, but to go through it again during the present century would tix good nature beyond the point of endarance. We might live through an epidemic, be tranquil over the escape of Tweed; read the details of the Brooklyn sean lal every day in the year, but noth ing short of a direct interposition of Providence could make us submit with cheerfulness to the good old times of Democracy. May the sacrifice never be called for.

A pig was born recently in Columbus with a half human face and head, perfeet chin and mouth, signs of a large tusk on one side of the mouth, and a perfect elephant's trank extended from the forehead, with ears similarly shaped to those of an elephant. It will be an interesting fact to psychologists to know that a circus had passe I through Colum bus some months before this pig was born, and that there was an elephant with it The maternal sow may have seen the elephant-hence the above monstrosity.

#### The Fellow that Looks Like Me.

Max Adeler, who writes for a Philadelphia paper, has a friend named Slim mer, who deserves pity. He was going up to Reading not long since, and when reaching the depot he happened to look in the lady's room. A woman sat there with a lot of baggage and three children, and when she saw Slimmer she rushed toward him, and before he could defend himself she threw her arms about his neck, nestled her head upon his breast, and burst into tears. Slimmer was amazed, indignant, confounded; and ere he could find utterance for his feelings, she exclaimed-

"O. Henry, dear Henry! we are united at last. Are you well? Is Aunt Martha still alive! Haven't you longed to see your own Louisa?"

And she looked into Slimmer's face

and smiled through her tears.

"Madam," said he, solemnly, "if I am the person alluded to as Henry, per mit me to say that you have made a mistake. My name is Lemuel, I have no Aunt Martha, and I don't own a solitary Louisa. Oblige me by letting go my coat; it excites remark." Then she buried her bonnet deeper

into his waistcoat, and began to cry harder than ever, and said-

"O, Henry, how can you treat me so? How can you pretend that you are not my husband?"

"Madam," screamed Slimmer, "if you don't cease slopping my shirt bosom; and remove your umbrella from my corn, I shall be obliged to call the police. Let me go, I say." "The children, are here," she per-

sisted. "They recognize their dear father; don't you, children ?"
"Yes, yes,"they exclaimed, "it's pa;

it's our own dear pa."

And then they grabbed Slimmer by his trowser legs and hung to his coat

"Woman !" he shricked, "this is getting serious. Unhand me, I say." And he tried to disengage himself from her embrace—while all the brakemen and the baggage master, and the newsboys stood around, and said his

conduct was infamous. In the midst of the struggle a stranger entered with a carpet bag. He looked exactly like Slimmer-and when he saw his wife in Slimmer's arms he became excited, and floored Slimmer with that carpet-bag and sat on him, and smote his nose, and caromed on his head, and asked him what he mernt Slimmer was removed on a stretcher, and the enemy went off with his wife and family in a cab. He called next day to apologize. His wife had made the mistake because of Slimmer's like ness to him. And now Slimmer wishes he may soon be kicked in the face by a mule, so that he will resemble no other human being in the world.

## How They Finally Got Married

One long summer afternoon there came to Mr. Davidson's the most curious specimen of an old bachelor the world ever heard of. He was old, gray wrinkled and od !. He hated old women, especially old maide, and wasn't afraid to say so. He and Aunt Patty had it hot whenever chance drew them together; yet still he came, and it was noticed that Aunt Patty took unusual pain with her dress whenever he was expected.

One day the contest waged unusul'ay strong, and Aunt Patty left in disgust and went out into the garden.

'That bear; she muttered to herself as she stopped to gather a flower which attracted her attention

'What did you run for?' said a gruff voice behind her.

'You didn't do it, did you ?" 'No; you are worse than a burlock

'You won't get rid of me, either.' 'I won't ch?'

'Only in one way.' !And that ?' 'Marry me.'

'Te get rid of you?'

'What! us two fools get married! What would people say ?' 'That's nothing to us. Come, say, yes or no; I'm in a hurry.'

Well, no then.' 'Very well; good by, I shan't come aga in.' 'Stop a bit-what a pucker you're

in.' 'Yes or no!' 'I must conselt --' 'All right; I thought you were of age. Good-by.'

"Would my little Ezra, asked a fond mother, "like to be a missionary, and go preach to the suffering heathen?" Tears-bright pearly drops of feelingselistened in little Ezra's eyes as he mur mured: "No, I wouldn't; but I'd like to be on the perlice long enough to put a tin roof on the big lummux that stuck

According to Dr Magin, no cigar smoker ever committed suicide.

shoemaker's wax on my seat to-day at

#### Useful Information.

Rhubarb leaves scattered around will kill and drive away crickets.

To clean marble, rub first with sods and soft soap, then wash as usual with

The fumes of e. brimstone match will remove berry stains from a book, paper, or engraving.

A little black pepper in some cotton lippied in sweet oil is one of the quickest remedies known for earache.

To remove iron rust from linen, apply lemon-juice and salt and expose to the sun. Make two applications if neo

Simply bind chips of wood, four or five inches long, to the hen's legs, leaving only the hip joints in working or der, and this will cure her of setting.

Calves do not injure an orchard, but usually improve the fruit by picking up the wormy fruit as soon as it falls, and the wormy trut as soon as it tans, and thus destroy the insect eggs. Calves seldon are inclined to gnaw the bark or to injure even small trees; they will sometimes rub against the trees, but could do no damage unless to those new

### A Boston Negro's Opinion of Beech-

Rev. DeWitt Talmage tells the old story here again; how, a few years ago, he walked into a Presbyterian church in Boston. As he entered, a colored sexton, now attending the colored convention in Saratoga, bowed and said, 'Have a seat, sah?' Plenty of seats dis mornin', sah.'

'No, thank you, can't stay but a moment Just stepped in to see the church

What is the name of the clergyman? Can't see very plain.' 'That, sah; is Revarand Henry Wad

Beecha, sah! 'Fine preacher, isn't he?' returned

ofr. Talmage.
'Well, sah, peoples has different no But he seems quite animated.

'Yes, sah; consib'ble animated,' -'And appears to have talent.'
'Well sah, as I said afo, peoples has such dif'ferent notions 'bout preachers. Dar's some dat tinks he's mighty good

on de words. I tink myself he's a far man, sah—a very far man sah; but not of the prima facie class. He's a good man, sah—a well meanin' man, but not a talented man. He's a New York man A gentleman at Lake George, after waving his handkerchief for half an hour or more at an unknown lady, whom

he discovered at a distant point on the shore, was encouraged by a warm response to his signal to approach his charmer. Imagine his feelings when, on drawing nearer, he saw that it was his own dear wife, whom he had left at the hotel but a short time before. Why, how remarkable we should have recognized each other at so great a distance," exclaimed both in the same breath, and then they changed the subject.

If your sister fell into a well, why, couldn't you rescue her? Because you couldn't be a brother and assist her

Not one of the many balloon ascensions made this summer has produced a fact to confirm the notion of a steady easterly currents in the upper air.

Don Piatt says shrewdly; ,Humor is to a newspaper what a tail is to a kite-very absurd but very necessary to its ascension.'

Hair brushes with musical boxes in their covers are the latest invention. A cockney says they will play a hair while you are brushing your 'air. For removing grease spots from any

fabric, use ammonia, nearly pure, then lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron lightly .

A student of anatomy says he has not yet been able to discover the bone of contention.' but he thinks it must be situated near the jaw boner

'John,' said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the down off his upper lip, 'don't throw your shaving water out when there are bare footed boys, for they might get their feet pricked,'

We often hear of people who are too poor to marry, but a California couple, who had been engaged for some time, married because they could not afford to keep two separate rooms in a boarding

A lad who borrowed a dictionary to read returned it after he had got through with the remark: It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often.' It was his sister ter who thought the first ice cream she tasted was a leetle touched with the frostere felt, att after pro-