

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1875.

NUMBER 24.

DENTISTRY

D. F. MUCKENFUSS, Dentist
OF CHARLESTON, can be found at his
OFFICE above Captain HAMIL-
TON'S STORE, on Mar-
kot Street
References—DR. J. P. PATRICK, B. A.
MUCKENFUSS, A. P. PELZER, M. D., and
Messrs. PELZER, RODGERS & Co.

NOTICE

TO THE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF ORANGEBURG,

MRS. M. BROWN, the Barber pledges
himself to keep up with the times in all the
LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is
sufficient to guarantee the above. He will
be found at his old stand, ever ready to
serve his customers at the shortest notice.
apl 11 30

Nine Years' Experience

IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES.
PAINTS,
OILS,
BRUSHES, AND
PATENT MEDICINES,
TOILET ARTICLES,
CANDLES,
CUTLERY,
SEGARS,
TOBACCO, &c.
I have on hand also a supply of
SEEDS AND ONION SETTS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded, orders
from the country strictly attended to at the
Elegant Drug Store of

DR. A. C. DUKES.

Jan 23 1874 1y

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the
Estate of Peter W. Avinger, deceased, will
present the same properly attested, and all
of those indebted will make payment to,
ANN AVINGER,
Executrix.

July 17 1875 4t

\$5 to \$20

Per Day at Home. Terms free.
Address G. STINSON & CO.,
Portland, Maine.

Jan 23 1875 1y

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice to all interested and
concerned, that Emma Goodwin widow of
James Goodwin, intends to have her Home-
stead, for herself and her minor Children,
set off in the personal property of her late
husband in said County, thirty-one days
from the date hereof.

A. B. KNOWLTON,
Probate Judge,
O. C.

Orangeburg, C. H., July 10th 1875.

July 10 1875 1m.

DENTAL NOTICE

THE undersigned takes pleasure in an-
nouncing to his many friends and patrons
that he has permanently located at Orange-
burg, C. H., S. C., where he will devote his
entire time, from every Monday till Saturday
noon to the

PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY

in all its Departments. Perfect satisfaction
guaranteed in all operations entrusted to his
care. Charges very moderate.
Office at Dr. Fernald's old stand over Will-
cock's Store.

A. M. SNIDER, D. S.
L. S. WOLFE.

THE

ORANGEBURG
HIGH SCHOOL
IN THE
BASEMENT OF DUKES'
HOTEL,
For TERMS apply to
S. H. MELLICHAMP,
Principal.

FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

Having secured the AGENCY of the
"City Insurance Company

OF

Providence, R. I."

Capital, \$219,051.

With that of participating Companies,
The "Fireman's Fund," Cap-
ital \$500,000.

And the

"Atlantic," of New York.

I am prepared to take RISKS of any
amount, dividing them in several 1st Class
COMPANIES, to which I call the attention
of property holders.

SPECIAL RISKS
Taken on GIN HOUSES, MILLS and
BARNs.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,
Fire Insurance Agent.

A few tons of

GUANAPÉ PERUVIAN GUANO.

Also a supply of the

MAPES STANDARD FERTILIZERS.

J. A. HAMILTON,
apl 3 1875 1y

[From the Aldine.]

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch;
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are all so dull and thankless, and too
slow

To catch the sunshine as it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of mother-
hood,

I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to
rest,
You miss this little elbow from your tired
knee—

This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own dimpled hands had
slipped,

And ne'er would nestle on your palms again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache
then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are
wet,

Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.

But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Inseparably rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Extorted Confessions.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE ABOLITION
OF TORTURE IN FRANCE.

"Come, M. le President de Page,"
said Mme. de Haqueville, as we sat
around the fire, "tell us a story of
what you have seen in past times."
"Of what epoch, madame?" asked the
president, "for there are three in my
life; the first of my presidency, the
second of my exile, and the third of
my soldiery."

"Tell us a story of your first era—
your presidency."

"At an early period of life," said he,
"I was appointed president of one of
the highest courts of France. The
rank of my family, it must be ad-
mitted, was the chief cause of my
being elevated to that high situation,
though without vanity I may say that
I had distinguished myself in my
studies more than most of my young
contemporaries. Placed near the sum-
mit of society by the office which I
filled, I strove upon entering on it to
mitigate the rigor of the laws which it
was my duty to put in force. These
laws were at the time barbarously
severe; and although the execution of
them was often softened, the edicts
still remained, a disgrace to our
national code, and judges had it in
their power, if they so willed to push
them to extremity. The most cruel
of the laws to which I allude was the
edict permitting the question, or tort-
ure, to be applied to suspected or ac-
cused persons, which edict, up to
178—, formed part of our national
code. This particular remnant of
barbarism was seldom put in practice;
but others, not so openly savage; per-
haps, were frequently put in force, and
these I strove, as I have said, to miti-
gate. I had colleagues, however, who
neither concurred with me in opinion
or practice, and who accused me of
seeking popularity at the expense of
my duty. As I would not yield to
them, nor alter my conduct, I acquired
their deepest dislike, and they en-
deavored, by concerting among them-
selves, to thwart me in every possible
way. They seemed to grow more and
more severe every day, and as it was
my duty to pronounce the decrees
which they formed, whatever these
decrees were, the unpopularity con-
sequent upon them fell principally up-
on me. At last, as a consummation
to their severity, they decreed the re-
vival of the torture in certain bran-
ches of the criminal law, and I was
obliged to submit to their wishes and
announce the revival of the cruel
practice from my seat of office. I did
not sit down tamely and see this bar-
barity put in force, which shocked me

to the soul. But all my remonstrances
and applications for its suppression
were fruitless. I must now turn back
and relate a circumstance which oc-
curred five years before this revival of
a custom that threw dishonor on a
civilized land. I was then a student
of law, and attending the lectures at
the Sorbonne. One day, on issuing
with a number of my companions from
the scene of our studies, a young girl
met me on the stairs of the Sorbonne,
threw her arms around my neck and
called me 'her brother.' It was Fran-
coise, my foster sister. Her mother,
my good nurse, had died, and Fran-
coise had come all the way from Mon-
tereau to Paris, a journey of twenty
leagues, and across the snow, to see
me and to claim my love. She did not
ask in vain; I became indeed a brother
to her, established her in my house
and gave her an education which
fostered into strength all her naturally
noble qualities. This occurred, I have
said, some years before the revival of
the torture. That torture, as I have
also said, I struggled in vain to sup-
press, believing it, and also seeing it,
to be the scourge of innocence, and
attended ever with cruelty and in-
justice. But my voice and my influ-
ence were exerted to no purpose. At
this epoch I was robbed. I carried
my complaint before the public
prosecutor—who was my friend and
fellow official. The article stolen was
a snuff-box, set with diamonds and of
great value, both because of its rich-
ness and because it had been my
father's. The public prosecutor first
searched my own house, and it was not
necessary to go further, for there the
box was concealed in the trunk of
Francoise, my foster sister." At this
part of the president's recital there
was a general movement of surprise
among Mme. de Haqueville's guests.
The president himself appeared much
affected by the recollections called up
in his mind. He continued: "Fran-
coise, my foster sister, she who had come
over the snow from Montereau, was
dragged before the judges, my col-
leagues, who relying, they said, upon my
impartiality, caused me to preside
over them as usual. Francoise at first
denied all, declaring her ignorance of
the robbery and anything connected
with it, and calling upon me to recol-
lect her mother, Montereau, the snow
she had traversed to embrace me on
the steps of the Sorbonne, and our
having fed on the same bread. In
prosecution of my duty I ordered the
torture to be applied. The arm of
Francoise was bared and the terrible
instrument was applied to her hand.
Francoise shrieked at the contact; and
oh, those cries! and that look fixed
upon me! A sword has passed through
me, but that look pierced me more
keenly. As the torture proceeded
Francoise cried less and less. The official
crushed, according to custom, finger
after finger, until the whole hand was
bruised. Friends," said the president
at this part of his story, "Francoise
was innocent. I knew it. It was I
who had placed the box in the trunk
of the noble-minded girl, in order to
make her be tried and condemned!"
Horror pervaded the minds of Madame
de Haqueville's party on hearing this
shocking confession, but the president,
after passing his hands over his eyes,
continued in a broken voice: "Fran-
coise at length avowed herself the
author of the theft, and fainting, crying
that I was her foster brother, and that
she had come across the snow to em-
brace me upon the stairs of the Sor-
bonne. Friends," continued the presi-
dent, "the sufferings to which that in-
nocent girl was subjected, through my
instrumentality, had the object in
view of freeing the land from a dread-
ful evil, and sacrifice had the effect
which was contemplated. Would that
the victim, who, on her liberation
afterward, fled unknown to me from
Paris, and whom I never again saw,
knew that her foster brother was con-
scious of her innocence!" At these
words, like a shade conjured up from
the tombs, a figure rose from beside
Madame de Haqueville and slowly
advanced toward the president, her
eyes swimming in tears, and one hand

engaged in pulling off, evidently with
pain, the glove from the other. It
was Mme. de Cusa Blanca. The presi-
dent, on seeing her movements, rose
from his seat in great agitation, and
extending his arms, while his eyes
gazed fixedly on the approaching
lady, exclaimed: "Can it be! Fran-
coise! have I met you without know-
ing it? Why did you not reveal
yourself?" "But now," said the lady,
agitated, "but now I learned your
knowledge of my innocence!" Let us
draw a veil over the further ex-
pressions of recognition and affection
which fell from these aged friends as
they sobbed, wept and embraced each
other. Suffice it to say that the presi-
dent heard the words of pardon pro-
nounced, again and again lifted
reverentially to his lips and heart the
bruised monument of the pain he had
been the means of inflicting. Let us
proceed with this explanation of his
motive for this seemingly horrible
deed:

"On the night following Francoise's
suffering," continued the president,
"there was a ball at court. I appear-
ed there and sought the speech of the
king, Louis XVI. 'Sire,' said I, bend-
ing my knee to the earth, 'this day
my foster sister has been accused of
robbery, and being put to the torture,
has confessed the crime.' 'Very well,'
she must suffer for it,' said the king.
'Sire, this robbery is an invention of
my own.' 'How! what means this?'
he exclaimed. 'Sire, I wished to prove
to France that the torture is the
source of the most frightful injustice
—the destroyer of truth and inno-
cence. To this cause I have sacrificed
the being whom I love best on earth.
Oh! let her trials, sire, not have been
in vain!' The king placed his hand
on his forehead; his great officers
stood by. Turning to them his majesty
said: 'From this hour let the torture
no more disgrace the laws of France!'"

Preparatory Baptism.

He is an industrious colored man,
living in a small cabin down the river,
and his wife is a corpulent, good na-
tured woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks ago, Reuben began to
ponder. He had never been a bad
nigger, but he had never embraced
Christianity, much to the sorrow of
aunt Susan, his wife, who has been pre-
pared for heaven, so! these many
years past. The more he pondered,
the more he became convinced that he
ought to become a christian, and aunt
Susan encouraged him with tender
words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several
days ago to see about joining a church,
and was informed that he would have
to be baptized before he could become
a member. He didn't relish the idea
much, but he informed his wife that
he would consent, and she clasped her
hands and replied:

"Glory to Richmond—de angels am
a comin'!"

Uncle Reuben got the idea the other
day that he'd like to try the water
alone before being publicly baptized,
and, while his wife was getting break-
fast ready, he slipped down to the
river bank to take a preparatory dip.
He removed his coat, hat and boots,
placed them on a log, and, as he de-
scended the bank, his broad foot slipped,
and the convert came down on
the back of his neck.

"What de debbil —" he com-
menced, as he picked himself up, but,
suddenly remembering that he was
soon to join the church, he checked
himself and remarked:

"I'm ashamed of dat, and I hope de
angels will 'seuse me."

He put one foot in the water, drew
back with a shiver, put in the other,
and looked longingly toward the
house. At that moment Aunt Susan
began singing:

"We's gwine up to glory:
We's gwine on de cars!"

And old Reuben braced up and en-
tored the water.

"Yes, we's gwine up to glory!" he
remarked as he waded along—"gwine
on de fast oppress!"

under water, head first. As soon as
he came to the surface and blew the
water from his mouth, he yelled:
"Woosh! what in blazes is dis yere
performance?"

In raising up, his foot slid over the
log and under a limb in such a man-
ner that the old darkey was caught
fast. He could hang to a stub of a
limb, but he could not pull himself
forward enough to slip his foot out of
the trap.

"What's de angel now!" he yelled
out, as he kicked the water higher
than his head.

Aunt Susan answered with—
"De angels are a-comin'
I hear de music play!"

When the old man realized that he
was fast, and must have help from the
shore, he yelled out:

"Ho! dere, old woman—hi!"

She couldn't have heard a cannon
fired on the banks of the river, and
went on singing:

"Jere's a seat for me in Heaven—
I see gwine to jine de band!"

"Hi! dere—I'll jine yer old black
head off if ye don't hear me!" yelled
old Reuben.

"Uncle Reuben's agwine
To be an angel, soo!"
came the song.

"It's a lie—a big debbil lie!" he
yelled, pulling his head under water
again.

"And he'll fly among de angels
And play upon a harp!"
continued the old woman, as she turn-
ed over the bacon.

"Hi! dere—woosh! whoop!" he
yelled, floundering around, pulling at
his legs.

"De Lord has got his name,
And dere is a place for him!"
howled the old woman.

"Angels be cussed—whoa! dere,
you ole black villum!" yelled uncle
Reube.

"Dey'll dress him up in white,
Wid a crown upon his brow!"
wailed aunt Susan, as she poured the
water out the potatoes.

"If I eber git out o' dis ribber alive,
I'll break her old deaf head, I will!"
growled the victim, and then raising
his voice, he shouted:

"You dere, old Saton—hi! hi! hi! As
if in direct answer came the song—
"He struggles wid de evil one,
But he gained de victory, shore!"

"Susan—old cuss Susan—if I had
you by de wool, I'd Barry dat ole deaf
head agin de cabin fill year eyes
couldn't see!" he screamed, and he
made another tremendous effort, to get
loose. It was successful, and just
then she sang:

"Oh! whar's de angel now,
Send him 'long—send him 'long!"

"De angel am a comin'" growled
Uncle Reuben, as he waded ashore—
"an' he'll turn that cabin inside out!"

He limped up to the house. She
was placing the meal on the table and
singing,

"He's gwine to be baptised—
He gwine —"

when he entered the house and gave
her a cuff on the ear which nearly
loosened the roots of her hair.

"Oh! yes—Ize an angel wid wings
on, is!" he yelled, as he brought her
another cuff—"and Ize gwine to glory
—and I'll knock your old head off—
and Ize gwine to gine de band—and
you old deaf alligora—and Ize gwine
up to glory—and blast your ole deaf
ears—and de glory am a comin'!"

People who know Uncle Reuben
say that he swears again with great
relish, and it is certain that he hasn't
been up to town to be baptized and
become a church member.—Greenville
News.

HE KNOWS HOW.—When a Ninth
Avenue boy pitches into a Labrosse
Street boy, and gets a bloody nose, he
goes home fully prepared for what he
knows will follow.

"Fighting again, ch?" inquires the
Detroit father. "Well, I'll see you in
the wood shed after dinner."

"Father," replies the boy, tears in
his eyes, "it was that Johnson boy.
He came along and called me the son
of a cross-eyed sheep thief; and father,
I couldn't stand by and hear you
spoken of in that manner!"

The father feels in his vest pocket
for a nickle, and nothing further is
said about the wood shed business.

People who are puzzled at the
technical phrases used in base ball
reports are commended to the perusal
of the following definitions:

Field—The cow pasture where the
leather-hunting is performed.

Base—Salt bags scattered around
in the grass for the players to jump
on.

Nine—The number of roosters in
knee breeches that constitute base
ball deck.

Umpire.—The chief baller—he
bawls out 'strike.' His other duty is
to sit on the top of the bat and smell
the ball as it goes by.

Judgment.—The umpire's opinion
after taking such a smell.

One ball.—What the umpire says
when the smell proves unsatisfactory.

Strike.—A miscue by the batter.

Put out.—The fellow tries to get in,
without paying fifty cents.

Dead ball.—One which comes to
life again after being buried—in the
hands of the pitcher.

Foul.—A ball which bounds just the
way one is positive it will not.

Fair foul.—A little one for a cent.

Balk.—A breach of promise in-
dulged in by the pitcher.

Stealing a base.—Stuffing a bag in
the car and walking off to the next
base, when the catcher isn't looking.

Beauty.—A ball so hot that the
second baseman lies on his stomach to
avoid it.

Hot ball.—One that singes the short
stop's head as it goes by.

Fly.—A ball which scorns the earth,
and, like the gentle horse fly, buzzes
around in the elevated atmosphere.

Wild throw.—Slinging at the third
base man, and killing a small boy in
the right field.

A Duplex negro is the latest ana-
tomical wonder in the Southern papers.
He has acquired such powers of
self-contortion that, in exhibiting his
dual organization to a Wheeling doc-
tor, he dropped his ribs one foot and
the doctor felt another set underneath
the first. He then announced that
he would throw his heart down the
same distance. The stethoscope was
placed over it, and it was shown to
be breathing regularly in its right
place. He gave his body a jerk, and
the heart was beating a foot below,
as he had promised. After two
minutes interval the active organ re-
turned, as the negro said it would kill
him to keep it there longer. He drop-
ped it again the same distance on the
right side, and held it there for the
same length of time. Then he stop-
ped its beating altogether, and for the
space of two minutes there was no
pulse in all his body. When this re-
markable child of nature began to
manipulate his ribs and do several
things with his internal organs still
more remarkable, some gentlemen pre-
sent fainted. It is not said what has
become of the man who wrote the
story.—New York Tribune.

A GRASSHOPPER INCIDENT.—A
Nebraska farmer sneaked around one
night to the place where an army of
millions of grasshoppers were sleeping
preparatory to wading into his wheat
on the morrow, and after throwing a
lot of hay around he set fire to it.
Well, it was death to the grasshop-
pers, but by the time the farmer had
run over four miles over a burning
prairie and climbed a tree with his
hair and eye lashes burned off, he had
occasion to take breath, and say:
"I'll be hangal if I thought I was
gwine to get up a circus like that."

AN IMPOSTOR.—A mute, who says
his name is ——— Starves, and
claimed to hail from Hamilton, Loud-
on County, Va., passed through here
about three weeks ago. While here
he called upon the Masons for assis-
tance, and made representations
which have since proved to be false.

Bugs are very pestersome things—
we don't blame her for disturbing the
congregation, anybody would have
jumped under like circumstances.

A Saratoga belle writes home: 'It
is horrid here—not a man in town is
worth over \$15,000.'