

# Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 11.

SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 5, 1877.

NUMBER 11

**ABIAL LATHROP,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Orangeburg, S. C.  
Office in rear of Masonic Hall.  
March 3 1y.

**A Delicious Relish,**  
And very wholesome article for table,  
**ORANGE MARMALADE**  
Sold by the single pound or more,  
send a dish and try it, only 20 cts.

**Fresh Crackers**  
Every week, Nic Nacs, Fancy, Ginger, &c.

**COLGATES EXCELSIOR SOAP,**  
Three pounds for 25 cents. The best and cheapest in market, in 1/2 lb and 1 lb lumps.

**GOSHEN BUTTER 40 cts. per lb.**  
Pure Leaf Lard.

**Family Flour,**  
Rio Coffee at 4 1/2 and 4 lbs for the \$1.  
Pure Cream Tartar,  
Soda,  
and Baking Powders

And a full supply of  
**FAMILY SUPPLIES.**  
For sale by  
**John A. Hamilton**

**DENTISTRY.**

According to the latest improvements in the art.

**I. S. WOLFE**

Over Ezekiel's Store, is prepared to execute anything in his line.  
Guaranteeing a faithful attendance to business, he respectfully asks a continuance of the patronage, which has heretofore been extended to the old firm of Snider, Wolfe & Calvert.  
All Work Guaranteed.

**FOR RENT**

The Two Story Building in the Town of Lewisville. The first story fitted up as a Store, complete in all respects. The second story arranged for a Residence.

For particulars apply to  
**GEORGE BOLIVER,**  
aug. 5

**JOHN O'GREN**

Successor of  
**ROBERT JENNY.**

Importer and Manufacturer  
OF

**HARNESS & SADDLES.**

Has the pleasure to inform the Public that he has received a heavy stock from the North of every description what belongs to a first class Saddle Establishment. Also wish to draw particular attention to his stock of

**LADIES RIDING SADDLES**  
and his assortment of

**SHOES.**  
Prices lower than ever.  
Good Saddles at \$3.50.

**VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL.**

If am prepared to receive a few Pupils more in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Apply to  
**ANTON BERG,**  
sep. 30

**DENTISTRY.**

**DR. B. F. MUCKENFUSS**

Dentist Rooms over Store of Mr. Geo. H. Cornelison's.

Charges Reasonable.

**STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA**

COUNTY OF ORANGEBURG,  
IN THE COMMON PLEAS.

George Boliver, as Adm'r. *Cum Teste Amico*

of David F. Zeigler deceased,  
vs  
Emma Zeigler and others.

In pursuance of an order of reference herein, made by His Honor, Jacob P. Reed, Circuit Judge, and dated 20th May, 1876, it is ordered, that the Creditors of the Estate of the late David F. Zeigler do present and establish their several and respective demands before the Referee at Orangeburg, South Carolina, on or before the third day of May, 1877, or be debarred any participation in the benefits of the decree herein.  
W. F. HUTSON, Ref.

March 27th 1877.  
mar 31

**RECEIVERS NOTICE.**

All persons indebted to the late firm of Smith, Keefe & Co. will make immediate payment to the undersigned; and all persons having demands against said firm will present the same duly attested on or before the first day of June 1877, or they will be debarred payment.

**J. WALLACE CANNON,**  
Receiver,  
apr 21

**NOTICE.**

OFFICE OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONER  
ORANGEBURG COUNTY, S. C.

April 13th. 1877.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a re-appointment of Trustees of the various School Districts of the said County during the month of May.

**THOMAS PHILLIPS,**  
Co. School Com. O. Co.

**Eden's Apple.**

BY DR. DANIEL BREED.

On Eden's tree bright apples hung  
To tempt the taste, in time, the olden;  
Full ripe in autumn breeze they swung,  
With blushing cheek, and green and golden.

Eye plucked the fruit and found it good,  
Then daring ate, for science, knowledge;  
Such bold investigators would  
Surprise the world if sent to college.

Why is it, man has often said,  
'My wife's to blame for half my sinning?'  
Confessing guilt, then on her head,  
The badge of his transgression pinning.

Go read again the sacred book,  
How Eve controlled the weaker Adam;  
He yields to her, but see! it took  
All Satan's power to tempt the madam.

So now among our tipping men  
The wife controls the husband weaker;  
For when she smiles, he lifts, and when  
She frowns, he dashes down the beaker.

Let woman then in woman's hour,  
Oppose man's first and worst temptation,  
'Gainst man's wine exert her power,  
And lead a glorious reformation.

Let all our girls before they wed,  
First pledge the beax to one condition;  
That each shall taste an apple red,  
Plucked from the tree of prohibition.

Thus shall the temperance girl's redeem  
Our race now doomed with sin to grapple,  
Because our mother Eve was seen  
To pluck and taste a tempting apple.

**A Gambler's Heroism.**

An Incident of the Burning of the  
Southern Hotel at St. Louis.

Time: After midnight. Place: A gambling house in St. Louis. Dramatis personae: Charley Tieman a gambler (professional.) A large party of gamblers about a faro table—names unknown—well up in their business, but bad characters.

Act I. (and last.) A cry of fire, noise and confusion without. Noise increases and Charley Tieman moves to the window. A fire engine with changing bell shoots by in the darkness, leaving a trail of fire behind. Tieman leaves the window, leaves the faro table, leaves his money, leaves his half intoxicated companions, and goes down into the street.

Near by is the Southern Hotel. That it is that is burning. The flames are already above the roof. The smoke is bursting from the windows. There are human beings in the upper story. The staircases are cut off by fire. Ladders are being raised to the scene. Charley Tieman ascends and carries down from the giddy height a woman. No sooner is she safe in the street than he mounts the ladder again, and, in the face of the flames, rescues another life from a terrible death. Once more he climbed up the ladder, actuated by the fear that a single human being may perish should he not make the exertion. When he reached the window the smoke is pouring from it in volumes. He does not hesitate, but gropes his way along the passage, nearly suffocated by the dense smoke which rushes along the corridors as through the funnel of a blast furnace. This particular hallway is deserted, or if there is left any sleeper, the smoke has already carried him into that deeper sleep from which there is no awakening. The hot flames begin to take the place of black smoke, and Charley Tieman is forced to the window at which he has entered. He is on the sill. He looks for the ladder on which he had ascended. Horror of horrors! It is gone! His companions have forgotten him and removed the ladder to another window.

Below is the vast sea of human faces lit up by the glare of the flames. Above the heavens reflecting back the work of the fire fiend, and each fitting cloud set in bright relief against the back ground of blue and silver. Behind the flames are following hot, withering.

The man stands in the window frame and thinks for a moment. A moment? It is ten years. Ten thousand fancies flash at once through his quickened mind. The boy at his

mothers knee—the young man—among his school companions—the man among the hard realities of life. There is in the picture a young face, fair, soft, and set off by a wealth of brown hair. There is a father, a sister. There are scenes of wild recklessness. There are hundreds of acts—that—oh, if they had never been committed! From below come the confused shouts of the multitude. While he stands irresolute, the heat at his back grows stronger, and over his head the flames mount up higher into the heavens. There is but one hope. Ten paces away is the ladder. He must jump for it. There is small chance that he will reach the rungs, but it is the only one.

There is a moment's prayer—perhaps the first for long, long years. A glance at the fearful gulf beneath, a glance at the brilliant heavens. His friends see him spring into the air, and they hear, even above the puff of the engines, the dull thud, as his hands strike the rungs of the ladder. Then a body falls through the air. The crowd turns away in horror, and it comes crashing on to the bricks, changing in one awful instant that starward form into a shapeless mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh. It is lifted up slowly, carefully, and carried back into the room where the scene opened, and from which only a short half hour before Charley Tieman had gone forth full of life and health.

**The Life of an Actress.**

Those who are of the opinion that the path of an actor or actress is strewn with roses, will be surprised otherwise when the truth is made public. Miss Neilson, who may for various reasons be supposed enabled to enjoy its facilities in the greatest plenitude, and avoid its troubles with more than usual tact, gives the following as her experience. She is speaking to a San Francisco reporter: "My daily life is bare and simple enough, though it may seem smooth and pleasant to one who looks at it from the footlights. An artist lives a life of drudgery and slavery. He has no rest and scarcely time to eat or sleep. This is my daily routine: In the morning I rise between 8 and 9 o'clock. I first attend to my business letters, and I study for an hour. Then I walk to rehearsal, which lasts from two to four hours. This is particularly trying. If the play is new to the company, then I have to tell them all about the 'business'; and if it is not new, my 'business' is different from that of the star that preceded me, and much that they do has to be changed for my convenience. It is very hard upon members of the company sometimes, but it cannot be helped. The rehearsal over, I come home and receive callers for an hour, after which I dine and take a short nap, when I have to get ready for the evening performance. This is the mere work, but there is the care and annoyance besides. When I am about to play a new character, for a fortnight before the opening night I get so nervous that I can neither eat nor sleep. I generally walk to and from the theatre for the benefit of the air and exercise. The evening performance once commenced, if I am acting a part whose emotions carry me away, I enter fully into the spirit of it, and think no more of myself until the curtain falls for the last time."

Roumania is nominally a Turkish province. It is a fertile country, inhabited by Greek Christians, and governed by a member of the house which has for its head the Emperor of Germany. It consists of Moldavia and Wallachia—two provinces so called that contain nearly five millions of people. The Carpathian mountains separate it from Austria, the river Pruth from Russia, and the wide, marshy Danube from the balance of Turkey. In short, it lies between the belligerents, paying annual tribute to Turkey, but in every other respect independent of either Turkey or Russia.

**A Reminiscence of the War.**

One morning a party were sitting at the White Sulphur and the conversation had fallen upon the late war. Personal reminiscence was in order. Each the hero of his hair breadth escape and the sequels were blood and thunder.

Within ear-shot sat an old gray coated Virginian, attentively listening and reflectively turning his quid between his teeth. At length he spoke:

"Gentlemen, you've all been through a heap, but they haint none of you had a worse time nor I, I'll bet."

"Which side was you on?" asked one.

"Nary a side, gentlemen, but I had a very hard time," and the old fellow drawing out his quid of reflection, proceeded:

"Wall, when the war first broke out, I didn't know much about it now. I was a studying it out, but heidn't come no judgment. One night my darter, Mary Ann, was took powerful sick. The doctor he wrote a script, and told me to go right off and get it. So I bridled my old mare and started. Wall, gentlemen, when I got I reckon 'bout tree miles from home—it was monstrous dark—some one called out halt—and I halted. Fust I knowed I was a prisoner, and the boys was round thicker nor June bugs. Sez they, 'Who are you fur? Sez I: 'Gentlemen, darter Mary Ann, she'—Sez they: 'Dam Mary Ann! Who are you fur? Speak out, hurrah for somebody!' I started, 'Hurrah for a ventur' like, 'Hurrah for Jeff Davis!' They sez, mad as hornets, I told you he was a d-d rebel. Git off that mar!"

"Gentlemen I aint telling you no lie when I sez they took me off my mar', and bucked me over a log, and gin me 500. It hart me powerful bad; and I was monstrous sore. I mounted my mar' and started on. I had a't got 'bout tree miles when I heard another voice call out halt! an' halted; and again the boys had me. 'Who are you fur?' sez they. Sez I gentlemen, my darter, Mary Ann is powerful sick, an' the doctor—Dam the doctor! Who are you fur? Hurrah for somebody!"

"I wan't goin' to be kitched agin, so I jest took off my hat, an' sez I as loud as I could, 'Hurrah for Lincoln!' 'There!' sez they, madder nor blazes. I told you he was a d-d traitor! Git down off that mar.'" Gentlemen, I haint telling you no lie. They took me off that mar', an' bucked me over a log, an' jest whar I was sore they gin me 500 mo'. It was monstrous bad. But I got on an' went along. Jest as I was coming into town another man called out: 'Halt!' an' halted. 'Who are you fur?' sez he. 'Hurrah for somebody.' Gentlemen, I wan't never agoin' to be caught agin. I jest sez, Mister, you jest be so kind to hurrah fust, jest this once."

They had a tough subject in the inquiry room this week. Moody wrestled with him, and Sankey sang with him, but the man seemed to despair of forgiveness. Finally Moody asked him what heavy sin burdened his mind, and he confessed to having beat a newspaper publisher out of three years' subscription. The evangelist informed him that they did not profess to perform miracles, but if he would settle up his dues, with compound interest, and pay for three years more in advance, a'though they could not open the doors of the church to him, perhaps he might be sneaked in under the canvas.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The South Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical Association will hold a Fair at Thomasville on the 24th of this month. Judging from the efforts of the managers, the spirit of the farmers of that region, and the successes of the past, it will be a most excellent and enjoyable exhibition.—*Southern Cultivator.*

**Corn.**

"When, how often and in what way do you work corn?"

The first working of corn is usually given immediately after the cotton is planted. The earlier the better, as it is up and has three or four blades. It should in its first working be plowed very close and deep. I use a long scooter plow and the hoes should follow close after the plows, thinning to one stalk and dressing off the hill, removing every particle of grass and leaving the hill soft and clean, throwing a little dirt around the stalk. Twenty or twenty-five days after that plough again, very thoroughly and close, using a plow that will lap the dirt around the stalk, covering up all little grass about the corn. The hoes should, if possible, follow the plows again, clearing such hills as may not be thoroughly cleaned by the plow, thinning out all surplus stalks, pulling off suckers, etc. A very slight hoeing will do at this time if the plows have done their duty, and in old and light land, the plows may so do they work as not to make it absolutely necessary to hoe it at all. In about twenty or twenty-five days from the first working, commence the laying by. If the ground has been well plowed previously and no very heavy rains have intervened, this last plowing may be done very well with a sweep, but generally a shovel plow is best. At this time I should not run the plow very close or very deep. It is now considered injurious to tear up the roots of the corn too much with the plow, especially if very dry weather should follow. At this working I should have no hoes to rough again, immediately after the plow. At this last working, it has been for many years my practice to sow peas broad cast, about a peck to a peck and a half to the acre, and plow them in. At every working of the corn I would prefer that the land should be in moist good order, but I would never wait long for rain. Corn is best worked when the land is a little wet; cotton always when it is dry.—*Soil of the South.*

**PLOWING WITH DYNAMITE.**—We have already mentioned that dynamite has been used for plowing; and agriculture will derive advantage from this and other compounds heretofore employed in engineering. At the works for the exposition building now going on at the Tracer, Paris, passers-by may, at certain hours, be startled by a deep rumbling sound. This is caused by springing dynamite mines, which, without any violent projecting of materials, makes the obstacles crumble away, and breaks up the underground rocks, the fragments of which are used for buildings.

Now dynamite will perform a similar service in the fields. The Duke of Sutherland in Scotland and Mr. Hannu, of Austria, have employed it for clearing land and for digging much deeper than any instrument could. A certain number of dynamite cartridges are buried at regular distances in the soil, and connected together by electric wires. The explosion is simultaneous; and, though nothing is thrown up, the field is effectually plowed.

His Honor, Judge Duxton, says the Raleigh News, hit the Raleigh lawyers a back-handed sly, yesterday morning, in court. He told them they were more discourteous to the court, and to each other than any set of lawyers who had practiced before him any where in the State. The occasion of this compliment was the intimation made by one counsel that a certain other one, who was engaged on the other side of the case, was trying to make an ass of His Honor.

She was sweetly dreaming of bright golden fields where flowers breathed perfume, and she thought she was chasing butterflies. Up and down hill and dale she ran, and then she caught a beautiful red-winged butterfly, and awoke to find that she had nearly twisted her husband's nose off.

The Baltimore Gazette is gratified to observe that the press in several quarters is inveighing against the tyranny of the tall bonnet in public assemblages. The male sex is willing to concede that upon the street a pyramid of hair, surmounted by a duck of a bonnet, may be handsome; but in the churches, court rooms or theatres it is a grinding tyranny to all to sit behind it. It is wearying to the patient soul of the most devout Christian to sit in church behind a woman with a worldly bonnet on the summit of a turret, her—and other people's—hair, like the tower of Lebanon that looketh towards Damascus. The devout person behind has to crane his neck one side and the other to catch words of wisdom that fall from the lips of the holy man, and yet the bonnet by a slight and dexterous motion, can completely thwart that pious purpose.

One room in the Southern Hotel, at St. Louis, was the scene of a terrible tragedy. While the fire was raging, officer Blackford was on the fourth floor endeavoring to aid the inmates to escape. Just as he kicked in the door of the room he heard two pistol shots, and saw a man and woman lying on the floor, apparently dead or unconscious. Before he had time to examine them, the suffocating smoke drove him from the apartment, and he thinks that they assuredly perished. The theory of the Sergeant is that the couple were husband and wife, and that, driven distracted at their perilous situation, they preferred instantaneous death to torture by fire, and ended their existence by means of powder and ball.

The Washington monument commission, of which President Hayes is the official head, has just decided, after much deliberation, that the present unsightly shaft will not safely support any additional weight. The column is nearly two inches "out of plumb," and a loamy foundation will be apt to increase this divergence from the perpendicular. A proposition has been made to tear the monument down and erect an arch of building in honor of Washington for the use of the congressional library, but it is violently opposed by the oldest inhabitants, the association and others who have an interest in the present monument.

Gentleman the other day saw his daughter dipping her little doll baby's dress into a tin cup, and inquired: "What are you doing, my daughter?" "I'm coloring my doll's dress red." "With what?" "With beer." "What put that foolish notion in your head, my child? You can't color red with beer." Yes, I can, pa; because me said that it was beer that made your nose so red."

Official returns made to the Bureau of Statistics, show that during the three months ending March 31, 1877, there arrived at the port of New York 7,250 immigrants, of whom 5,190 were males and 2,060 females. The arrivals at the port during the corresponding of 1876 were 9,057, of whom 6,299 were males, and 2,257 females.

At a camp meeting last summer a venerable sister began the hymn—  
"My soul be on thy guard,  
Ten thousand foes arise."

She began in shrill quavers, but it was pitched too high. "Ten thousand—Ten thousand," she screeched, and stopped. "Start her at 5,000!" cried a converted auctioneer who was present.

The rapid extension of the cultivation of peanuts is due to the use now made of them for the oil they contain. Last season's product reached 2,000,000 bushels, valued at \$3,000,000. The oil is in large demand as a substitute for olive and almond oils, and keeps a much longer time without becoming rancid.

A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. "We raised them," he replied.