

# The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1870.

NUMBER 52

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## ORIGINAL STORY. THE FALSE COUNT.

BY WINNIE.

Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly? said Jimmie Earle to William Greenwood, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel.

"That is Kate Lee, your cousin and mine, Jimmie," said Willie; "really you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognize your nearest of kin."

"You forget William, that it is nearly ten years since I last beheld Kate, she was then a lively little hoyden, of several years old; the lapse of ten years makes a wondrous difference in a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."

"Nay, if you begin to discuss time's changes, Jimmie, I must confess, you can't congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his fingers. Who, in that bronzed complexion and luscious visage, could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy, whom I saw on the deck of a French packet ship, some ten years ago. But tell me why you didn't write that you were coming home. Because I didn't know my own mind, Willie; I really wasn't certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers, as 'Mr. Arle,' it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would humor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognize me. I arrived here late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Willie, didn't at first know me."

"Knew you, Charlie? who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brushwood upon your lip and cheek! Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?" "Certainly not longer than suits my present purposes, Willie. When I was in Germany I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason I learned to smoke the meerschaum, because everybody else did it."

"In Paris I reduced them a little, but didn't entirely banish them, because there I also found them fashionable. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagged a pair of Paris kids that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me bearded like the par."

"Nay, if you like them," said Willie, laughing, "you need not seek an excuse for wearing them, they are quite the fashion, and ladies now estimate a man, not as they once did, by his attitude, but by the length of his whiskers."

"I have no desire to win a lady's favor by wearing an unshaven face," answered Jimmie; "but pray, Willie, tell something more about our pretty cousin. She is so lovely in character, Jimmie as she is in person, but she has one great fault, like the most of our fashionable belles, she has a mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servant all come from abroad; and she declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American."

"What is it that our fair country women so much admire in their foreign lovers? Oh! they say there is a polish an elegance of manners belonging to foreigners which 'Americans' never possess. Two of Katie's intimate friends have recently married scions of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."

"If she were to marry a Western farmer," said Jimmie, with a smile, she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles. Kate is a noble-hearted girl," replied Willie, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly." "If she is really a sensible girl, and that is her only fault; I think she might be cured."

Willie shook his head. "Come and dine with me, Willie; be careful to tell me one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink."

The windows of Mrs. Lee's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary looking street, while the music heard at intervals told the rich were making merry.

The decorated rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornaments than her pearls, she looked the personification of joy.

"Cousin Willie," she exclaimed, "as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, 'you have not been here these three days,' and then, in a lower tone, she added, 'Who was the splendid Don whiskered with whom I saw you walking yesterday?' Willie laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the door."

"Miss Lee, allow me to present to you the most noble Count D'Orsay!" The blood mounted into Katie's cheek as the Count bowed low over the hand which he hastened to secure for the next quadrille. There was a mischievous sparkle in Willie's eye, and a deep and earnest devotedness in the stranger's manner, which made her feel a little uncomfortable, though she knew not why.

A single glance sufficed to show her that the Count was attired in a magnificent court suit, with diamond buckles at the knee, and a diamond band looping up the elegant *chapeau-bras* which encumbered his arm. After some minutes she ventured to look at him more courageously.

He was tall and exceedingly well-shaped; his eyes were very bright, but the chief attraction was a beautiful mouth, garnished with the most splendid moustache that ever graced an American ball room. Katie was delighted. He danced elegantly, not with the stiff awkward manner of an American, who always seem half ashamed of the indignified part he is playing, but with a buoyancy of step and grace of motion perfectly unrivalled. Katie was enchanted. He spoke English very well; a slight German accent alone betrayed his foreign birth, and Katie did not like him the less for it. It is true she felt a little queer when she found herself whirling through the dance with an entire stranger, and bearded lips upon her hand as he placed her in a seat; but this was only the freedom of foreign manners.

The evening passed away like a dream, and Katie retired to her room with burning cheeks and a frame exhausted by what she deemed pleasure. "She was too much excited to sleep, and when she appeared at her father's breakfast table, (a duty she never neglected,) it was with such a pale cheek and heavy eye that he was seriously alarmed. "These late hours will kill you, my child," said he, as he kissed her forehead. "I shall return at noon, and if you are still so languid I shall send for the Doctor."

So saying he stepped into his carriage and drove to his counting room, where immersed in business, he forgot Katie's checks, until the dinner hour summoned him from his dingy little office to his stately mansion.

As he entered the door, he recollected her exhausted look. "Poor child," murmured he, "I wonder how she is?" A low musical laugh struck on his ear as the servant opened the drawing-room door, the sight of her radiant countenance, looking more brilliant than ever, as she sat between cousin Willie and the Count, soon quieted his fears.

The coldness which he related the noble Count, formed a striking contrast to the cordial warmth with which he grasped the hand of his nephew. "Glad to see you, William, couldn't speak to you last night, you were surrounded by so many pretty girls. By the way, boy," drawing him aside, "who is that fellow?" "That is Count D'Orsay, uncle." "Pray, what is his business?" "Business! why his chief business is to receive the revenues of his principality." "Principality! fudge, a few barren acres, I suppose. It won't do, William, it won't do! Kate deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I can treat him with common civility if it were not for your sake."

"My dear Kate, you have all your whims gratified," said her father one morning about two months after her acquaintance with the Count. "Now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry. And no empty titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toils."

The earnestness of these admonitions from a parent who had never spoke except in words of unbounded tenderness,

## How a Lad Wheeled Himself into Fortune and Influence.

At a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in this city, two gentlemen, both well up in the world—one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of old times gone by the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends and told a pleasant little story which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious and striving lad. We use his own language:

"Nearly half a century ago, gentlemen, I was put upon the world to make my living. I was stout, willing and able, considering my tender years, and secured a place in a hardware store to deal sorts of chores required. I was paid seventy-five dollars per year for my boyish services. One day, after I had been at work three months, or more, my friend there Mr. B., who holds his age remarkably well, came into the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, sad-irons and pans, scrapers, and scuttles, for he was to be married next day, and was supplying his household in advance, as was the groom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young male. But more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheelbarrow. I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventy-fifth Avenue, leading to my friend B.'s house—There, I toiled and tugged and tugged and toiled, but could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going to its full half diameter in the mud every time I would try to push forward. Finally a good natured Irishman passing by with his dray took my barrow, self and all on his vehicle, and in consideration of my promise to pay him a bit, he took me to my place of destination."

"I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and with my empty barrow trudged my way back, whiling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after I paid the Irishman the 'bit' and never got it back from my employer. (Mr. B., I am sure, would have remunerated me; but he never before heard this story; so if he is inclined he can compromise the debt by sending me a bushel of his rare pipe-smokes next fall.) But to the moral. A merchant had witnessed my struggles and how zealously I labored to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house and saw me count each piece as I landed it in the door-way. He sent for me next day, asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty, in the shape of a five hundred dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now, after nearly a half century has passed, I look back and say I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping stone to fortune."

The speaker was a very wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one universally respected for many good qualities of head and heart.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A good story is told of a certain prominent railroad gentleman of Philadelphia, who is equally renowned for his ability to make a joke. A railroad employee whose home is in Avon, came on Saturday night to ask for a pass to visit his family.

"You are in employ of the railroad?" inquired the gentleman alluded to.

"Yes."

"You receive your pay regularly?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, suppose you worked for a farmer instead of a railroad, would you expect your employer to hitch up his team every Saturday night and carry you home?"

"This seemed a poser, but it wasn't."

"No," was the man's prompt reply, "I would not expect that; but if the farmer had his team all hitched up, and was going my way, I should call him a darned mean cuss if he wouldn't let me ride."

Mr. Employee came out three minutes afterwards with a pass good for twelve months.

The Michigan papers report that a poor man in that State who named his child for Hon. Horatio Seymour, has received a \$300 gold watch, \$100 worth of clothing, and \$100 in cash, in acknowledgement of the compliment. There may be something in a name after all.—New York Times.

## The School Bill.

This School Bill before the Legislature of this State, has some very good provisions and some very objectionable. The control of the education of the children of the State is, by the provisions of the Bill, indirectly vested in the Governor, and the people will have no influence or power over the teachers of their children. We say the power is vested in the Governor, who may turn out to be an Infidel, or Morison, or Fourierite, or any sort of moral or political monster, and yet, by the power unconstitutionally given to him, he may control every single free school in every County in the entire State. (There is a monarchy established by the Bill in the training and education of the children of the people. The citizens of a County or Township will be obliged to submit to just such teachers and instructors as the Governor and his creatures may select. This is easily proved. The State Constitution requires each County to elect one School Commissioner to have charge of the public schools, seems plainly to intend that this most important duty shall be discharged by officers selected by the people; but in this School Bill authorizes the Governor to appoint, in each County, two persons to act with the School Commissioner as a Board of Education, and thus gives the servants of the Governor a majority in every County Board. They are to select and remove teachers, and do all other things in control of the schools. This is the legislation of a body calling itself Republican—giving to one man the right to mould the minds and morals, and religion, perhaps, of the children of the people.)

Tobacco smokers, says the London Medical Mirror, must look to their eyes. Prof. Arden, accumulating that blind-ness due to chronic passive congestion of the optic nerves, induced by smoking, is of frequent occurrence. In one of the volumes of the "London Hospital Reports," Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson has narrated several cases of amaurosis, the histories of which go to establish the fact that in each case the blindness was brought on by that rapidly increasing, and, as it appears, baneful habit; and in the Medical Times and Gazette, of a late date, the same distinguished surgeon has described another striking case of tobacco amaurosis, ending in absolute blindness, induced in eighteen months.

EVERY person who toils daily at any kind of labor requiring great physical or mental exertion should be extremely careful to practice a regular system of ablation at the close of each day's work. Sometimes a person may become so completely exhausted as to render this anything but an inviting performance; yet by its omission a great deal of refreshment which the hours of repose are designed to impart is lost. To be cleanly is a strictly religious duty, and is absolutely essential to sound and refreshing slumber; hence the labor of keeping one's person clean is amply repaid by the elasticity which follows nightly ablation before retiring. Heed this advice, and the reader will sleep soundly; disregard it—go to bed unwashed, and you will rise in the morning unrefreshed, with feelings of lassitude which the exertions of the day, will hardly be able to move.—Exchange.

A GOOD ONE.—A pretty rich occurrence came off at Sandy Hook, Tuscarora was County, Ohio, the other day. Mr. McFarland, the landlord, and also a farmer, took a lot of sheep from Col. Black to keep for him; the bargain was that if any of the sheep died, Mr. McFarland was to sell or wool them, which means that he was to take the hides off or pull the wool, as he thought proper. A stormy night came and three of the sheep died. McFarland had a chunk of a boy in his employ who was not up to sheep talk; and he ordered the boy to go and pull the sheep. He came back in a couple of hours, and McFarland asked him how he had got on; to which he demurely replied: "Oh, middling; I got the most of them, but there was three I could not catch." McFarland went to the sheep pasture and discovered that the boy had pulled nineteen of the sheep to death, and pretty thoroughly run down the three wild ones.

The woman's right movement is assuming a dangerous aspect in Rhode Island, at least the right of a wife to her husband. A jealous wife in Providence recently attempted to kill an admirer of her husband by shooting her.