The Orangeburg News.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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july 23 tf

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T. H. COOKE, Trial Justice, will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

june 25 tf

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may 14 1y

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Feb 12 tf

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ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.

july 23 1y

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Also the best Collection of Choice PEACHES, APPLE, PEAR, ROSE TREES and EVERGREENS Address

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Thanking the Public for past patronage, respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. TERMS CASH.

feb 5 oct 23 tf

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Is prepared to do all work in the above line as neat and cheaper than any other man. Please give me a trial. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

FRANK MELLETT.

nov 12 3m

Administrator's Notice.—All persons having CLAIMS against the ESTATE of Benjamin Golson, dec'd, must hand them, properly vouched, to Judge of Probate in or before the 25th day of February next, or payment will be debarred.

SAMUEL GOLSON,

dec 21—4d Administrator.

POETRY.

The Other Side of the Picture.

BY ALICE CARY.

They may talk of old age
And its pleasures who please,
Of the rosy-cheeked lad on
The grandfather's knees;
Of the granddaughter, too,
With her soft golden hair
Hanging over the back of
His great easy-chair;
But I don't quite relish
My time of the day,
Sitting here in my night-cap
Rheumatic and gray!
My grandson is surely
A nice little elf,
But then I would rather
He boy for myself!
And I love my granddaughter,
She sweet did so shy,
But I'd rather have gold hair
Than gray, wouldn't I?
I can't make it seem any way
But just queer,
That I should have taken on
Year after year,
Until my broad shoulders
Bent under the strain,
And I had to prop up my
Weak legs with a cane!
And take to soft crusts,
And meal gruel and milk;
And go in a jacket
Of wool, not of silk,
And carefully garter
My fleecy-lined hose,
And keep a sharp eye to
The end of my nose!
When I think of the time
We were married; my dear,
It seems to me something
That happened last year,
And I fairly distrust both
My sense and my sight,
When I look up and see
That your head is so white!
And spite all assurance,
I can't think it's true
That I should be I, and
That you should be you!
'Tis hard to receive it
And make it seem fair,
That we are what we are,
The way that we are;
But rather as if an
Exception should be
Made out and extended
To you and to me;
As if we had come to
The close of the day
Without ever having had
Open, fair play!
I know I am wrong here,
But when all is done,
The shadow will not be so sweet
As the sun.
So, let the old people
Talk fine as they please
About lives lived over
In holiday ease;
I say, what is ease worth,
Laid up high and dry,
With a great gouty toe
And a rheum in the eye?
And think, if 'twere all
Just the same to the shelves,
The old folks would rather
Stand up for themselves!
And run in the race with
The sturdy legged boys,
And share with the gay girls
Their frolicsome joys;
And, bravely defiant
Of all gouty pains,
Tear off the red flannels
And burn up the canes!
And put on the shining
And beautiful gear,
And cease to look querulous
Crooked and queer.
But I, after all, am not
So set at strife
With the wonderful order
And wisdom of life,
As dare, if I might, to turn
Up and turn back
The locks, thin and gray,
To the side, thick and black;
Or boldly to take the
Responsible part
Of saying, If life were
To live from the start,
I'd render up cleaner
Account of my trust,
Or deal with my neighbor
More honest and just.
So let us, my darling,
Give praise to His name,
Who has kept us from slipping
In pitfalls of shame;
And, wrapt from the chill
Of the rough winter weather,
Go down the life hill
As we came up, together!
And when we no longer
Can brave the rough storms,
Just sleep in the shelter
Of each other's arms.

A Parisian lady recently called on her milliner to enquire into the character of a servant. The morality of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain of that," replied the milliner; "I have sent her to you with my bill about a dozen times, and she never yet has given me the money."

JACK HIGGENS,

AND HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED.

It may be funny, but I've done it.—I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster stews, brandy cocktails, cigar boxes, boot-backs, abscounding shirt-buttons, whist and damijohn. Shadows frescint—hoopskirts, band-boxes, ribons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, sugar-teats, paregoric, hive-syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills, and doctor's bills. I'll tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea-custard bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind the fence looking through a knothole I could not look long enough.—Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I started away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung around whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbin up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up so I could get to my room.—I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, so I concluded to shin up the door post. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed.

"Now," says I, "let her rip! Dance till your wind gives out." And cuddling down under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at my door and woke me up. "Rap again," I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of gals outside. The next [illegible]

"Jack, are you there?"

"Yes," said I.

Then came a roar of laughter.

"Let us in," said she.

"I won't," said I. "Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you a bed?" said she.

"I am," says I

Then come another laugh.

By thunder! I began to get riled

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows," cried I. "Can't you get a beau without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't so you may all clear out.

And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently I heard a still small voice, very much like Sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack! you'll have to get up, for all the girl's things are there."

Oh, mercy! what a pickle! Think of me, in bed, all covered with muffs, shawl, bonnets and cloaks, and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in! If I had stooped to think, I should have pancaked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the bonnet ware and ribbons in a hurry. I had to dress in the dark—for there was a crack in the door, and girls will peep—and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. I opened the door and found myself right among the women.

"Oh, my leghorn!" cried one. "My dear, darling winter velvet!" cried another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed my ears, and one bright eyed little piece—Sal was her name—put her arms around my neck and kissed me right on the lips.—Human nature could not stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got the taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Cæsar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but wont you see me home?"

"Yes I will," said I.

I did do it and had another smack at the gate.

After that, we took a kinder turtle dove "hankering" after each other, both of us singing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day, the sun was setting behind a distant hen roost, bull frogs were commencing their evening songs, and pollywogs in their native mud puddle were preparing themselves for the shades of night, and Sal and myself sat upon a atiquated back-log listening to the music of nature, such as treetoads, roosters and grunting pigs; and now and then the music of a donkey was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen stalks, and heavily laden with the delicious odors of honeycomb and pig sty.—The last lingering rays of the setting sun, glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman shone thro' a knot hole in a hog-pen, full in Sal's face, dying her hair an orange peel hue, and showing off my threadbare coat to a bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back; she was toying with my tuburn locks of jet black hue; she was almost gone and I was almost ditto.—She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccups, and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a codfish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She raised her eyes heavenward, and clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heirs and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe-strings to her palate, said, "Yes."

She gave clean out then squatted in my lap. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions she had eaten two weeks before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks, every night, how we would enter the room to be married, till we got so we could walk as gracefully as a couple of Muscovy ducks. The night, the company and the minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we went through the hall. We were just entering the parlor door, when down I went kerslap on the oilcloth, pulling Sal after me. Some base fellow had dropped a banana skin on the floor and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my casimers, right under my dress coat tail.—It was too late to back out, so clapping my hand over it, we marched in, were spliced and took a seat. I watched the kissing the bride operation. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a place, when, oh horrors! a little six year old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through the hole in my pants, and pinned it to the chair, so that when I jumped up I displayed to the astonished multitude a trifle more muslin than was pleasant. The women gigled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed and there my troubles ended. Good night.

The Local Paper.

It is a nice thing to have a newspaper published in a town It is "handy" as a medium for various announcements of interest to the general public. It is pleasant as a means of heralding to the world the happy fact that you are married, or the more joyful event that an heir is born to the house of Smith or Brown; and it is no less an agreeable reflection, albeit the event is not longed for, that your demise will be duly chronicled in the local paper, and perhaps your many virtues set forth for the admiration and example of those not yet translated. All very fine, this thing of a local paper. But do you ever think that it is a little like the air you breathe—not appreciapreciated unless you happen to be suddenly deprived of it—and for that reason no thought is taken as to how the supply is kept up. It costs money to print a paper, as well as to do any thing else, type and presses, and paper and ink, and workmen, etc., all have to be paid for, and somebody's got to do it. Do you take the paper and pay for it promptly?

"No. I—well, you see neighbor, Jones takes it, and I can borrow from him."

Just so! sponge your way. Of all the people in the world, these human sponges are the most contemptible.

But perhaps the answer is, "I take the Cincinnati paper, and a religious and—well, really, you know I take so many papers. Besides, I get so much more reading in the Cincinnati paper."

Yes—but do you ever think that the size of the town and its vicinity, have much to do with the size and value of the paper? My dear sir! no one thing so cripples and discourages the local paper, as these people who are so miserably poor that they can't pay $2.00 a year for the local paper, while they take two or three foreign papers—that have no interest in common with them, in which they don't see the name of their town printed once in five years, and in which if they did the fact would not be announced without first being paid for it.

Some people have fine homes, or stores, or farms, but they are too poor to pay $3 or $10 a year to invite the people to buy of them. The paper is a good thing. Yes, it is expected the editor will sing the praises of their town, long and loud, and cry out to all people to come there and buy, and sell and make fat the pockets of the business men thereof. But who buys the materials for the printing office, the bread and meat, and shoes and stockings, etc, for printer's wife and babies, while he is thus spending his time and energy in aid of the common good.

Let us tell you a word. Some business men advertise liberally, and pay for it.—That man there takes and pays for the paper, and his better off neighbor borrows and reads it before it is cold from the carrier's hand, or the man who pays for it has read a line. This is repeated in all parts of the town and surrounding county, and the printer gathers a meagre support here and there, as he best can. And there are many men even counting themselves wealthy and influential citizens, who do not and never have aided one penny toward the support of a local paper. Yet the home paper is all the time aiding them—and they expect it, too, in that it advocates the interest of the town, and encourages its prosperity.

It is all very proper and right that the home paper should leave nothing unsaid that may benefit the community in which it is printed, in setting forth its advantages, etc., but it is no less right that the community should see to it that the printer receives a liberal reward for his labor. Instead of pleading various excuses why they are unable to become subscribers or advertisers, or trying to screw down the printer's charges below a living rate, when they get a little printing done, every business man in the town ought to be willing to pay a liberal price for advertising his business, or calling; and not only take the paper himself but use his influence to induce his friends and customers to become subscribers. We hold that the man who wishes his town to prosper, that he may prosper with it, should jealously foster and support the home paper as a great lever to be used for that purpose. If the paper has a good support, no fear but the printer will do his share with interest in pushing forward the town and the business of its people; show him that his labors are appreciated, and you will be surprised at the impetus and vigor of your encouragement will give to the columns of the paper. As you relieve his mind from the cares of "making both ends meet" financially, he will have more time to bestow on his paper of which every citizen may feel proud, no matter where he picks it up. Suppose you give the hints thrown out in this article a little earnest consideration and see how the matter stands. Perhaps the home paper is not all you could wish to have it. Try the effect of a little practical support, and you may be astonished at the result.

How the Train from 'Tater Hill Came In on Time.

BY HARRY WILD.

Mr. Smithers looked east. The train from 'Tater Hill was almost due, but as Mr. Smithers looked he only saw the line of the track stretching off in toward the canon on the down grade, and coming up passing him with its two lines of rails, until half a mile beyond it launched into two tracks, one heading off up into the mountains to the "lumber section," where were cut the cross-ties for the road, and the other, the old track on the up grade, disappearing with its two lines of converging rails, in the far distance.

"Wa'al," said Smithers, "she's a-coming on this—her who I haven't seen for 'most a year—and the babby, who I aint seen at all. I wonder does it look much like her!"

Mr. Smithers was not a handsome man, neither a courtly, as he stood on the track, looking for the coming train; but with his old felt hat, his sunburnt face, and his rusty looking old rifle, and what the coming train was bringing him, he was more than these can ever give—he was happy.

"Wa'al," said Smithers again, after a while, "all's ready." He turned and looked. Stretching out before him was his "diggins"—Smithers' Crossing," as it was called.

A neat cottage among the rocks, with some trees, a few rough attempts at ornamental shubbery, and a large field of corn. In the far distance the peak of Dundefunk mountain, looking hazy blue; nearer, a stream ran brawling and foaming through the pass of Tater Hill canon, making music with the songs of the birds and the gentle sighing of the autumn breeze, and his was "Smithers Crossing," long got ready in anticipation of "her" and the "babby."

"That thar train from 'Tater Hill must be moughty near on time," and Mr. Smithers looked east. Nothing but the long line of track disappearing behind the hills in the canon. And Mr. Smithers looked west. Way up in the mountains he saw a wreath of smoke, which he knew was the morning's up lumber train coming back, and he watched it as it rapidly came more in view.

Mr. Smithers, as he looked, thought (one can see very far in those clear, mountainous regions) he saw something unusual about the train, and, as it came nearer in view, he saw that the long line of cars loaded with lumber had become detached in some manner from the locomotive, and were rushing with all the speed their momentum could give on the down grade. Bounding from side to side, the immense cars, loaded with lumber, sometimes almost seemed to leap from the track, followed by the locomotive at full speed.

Suddenly Mr. Smithers turned white: "The train from 'Tarter Hill is due on time, and they will run into each other, and her and the baby are on the train." Mr. Smithers was a man of action, not words. About a mile on, where the two tracks met, was a brake to the turn the cars from one track to the other, and Mr. Smithers knew that if he could get there in time he could stop the train and save "her" and the "baby."

So he started at full speed, never pausing or heeding, even when he heard the passenger train from "Tarter Hill blow its, "whistle to land her safe the baby," thought Smythers, as he arrived breathless at the brake. This he seized with both hands, and held with all his strength, but he found he could do nothing except by standing on the track, right in front of the descending train which came thundering on.

Mr. Smithers could see the men, with blanched faces, waving their hands to him on the track, and throwing off the rails to lighten the cars. Mr. Smithers looked east and saw the train from 'Tarter Hill coming round the curve "for her and the baby."

The ground trembled—there came a flash—a roar—a bright light, with a sudden darkness, and an inanimate mass hurled from the track, and the cars ran off into the switch and stopped, as the train from 'Tater Hill came in safe on time.

* * * * * *

Mr. Smither seemed to himself to be asleep, and to hear, as we sometimes do in our thoughts of our far-off childhood, long dead, voices as of people talking vague and indistinct as in a dream—and he awoke.

"Is she and the baby safe? God bless them!" He felt a pressure of a soft hand in his, and then hot tears. "Jennie, is that you? God bless you!"

"I heard a man once say in our section—he was a preacher—that 'God loved little children.'"

"Was it true?"

"Yes, I'm."

"Well, he will take care of you both, then—let's—let's—see the baby."

Mr. Smithers saw a large pair of curious blue eyes look wonderingly into his, a chubby little face and fair hair.

"So like her," said Smithers. "Jeannie, if that preacher man said true, he must take care of you both."

"Hold my hands, darling—are you there? I can't see you! I might have lived, but you see the train from 'Tater Hill came in too near on time. Kiss me, you and the baby."

And so the train for the other world having arrived before time, Mr. Smithers took the through ticket on it.

POINTED PUZZLE.—Here is something worth studying. If any of our readers can solve it and see the point, they are at perfect liberty to do so;

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The Robe de Nuit.

Joshua naturally concluded that a change of scene might bring a change of luck. So he announced to his wife, after he had himself dried out as well as possible and taken home, that he had to go to Milwaukee for a day or so on business. Mrs. Joshua consented nobly, and did him up a satchel of clothes, telling him to be sure and not forget his night-shirt when he came back, as it was one of a half dozen very nicely embroidered, ruffled and tuted ones which she had made him in the early days of their affection—they had now been married two months—adding she did not want the set spoiled. Joshua promised, swearing that he would rather lose his head than his night-shirt.

He took the train for Milwaukee, and stopped at the Packington House. He met some of his old chums, who got up a game of draw poker for him—the only innocent amusement there is in Milwaukee—spent a very pleasant evening, went to bed decorously, as he tells me, and came back next morning.

The first thing which Mrs. Joshua did, after the affectionate greeting, was to take Joshua's satchel and put the clothes away.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I knew it would be just that way."

"What's the matter?"

"Why, you've left your night-shirt, after all I said to you about it."

"By George, that's so. But I'll tell you what I'll do, my dear. I'll telegraph to the clerk, who is an old friend of mine, and he'll send it right down by express. He'll find it under the head of my bed, where the chambermaid will be sure to put it. I'll attend to that at once."

Joshua was as good as his word, and the clerk faithful to his old friendship. Joshua got the package from the express office, carried it up to the house without opening it, and threw it down before his wife exultingly.

"There, I told you they wouldn't go back on me up there. There's the night-shirt, safe and sound."

"O, I'm so glad," exclaimed Mrs. Joshua, and she was in earnest.

She proceeded to open the bundle joyfully. She did open it, and found—a woman's night-gown!

It is charitable to draw the curtain on the scene that followed. Joshua swears that "them cusses were playing an infernal joke off him," but he has not yet succeeded in convincing his wife to the theory. It is impossible to foretell what the result will be.

GOVERNOR SCOTT ENDORSED.—The Hon. A. P. Aldrich having addressed some inquiries to an Ohio Democrat, in regard to Gov. Scott, has received the following reply:

"NAPOLION, OHIO, December 12, 1870

"A. P. ALDRICH—DEAR SIR: Your line to me of 2d instant has been received. In reply, I have to say that I have been intimately acquainted with Gov. Scott for over twenty years, he having all that time been a citizen of our town and County, and I have, all that time, and do now, differ with him in politics; yet I must say that the statement made by Col. Wells, in his printed statement you sent me, is substantially correct. Gov. Scott is a high-toned, honorable gentleman; is a man of truth and integrity; and he is withal a very kind hearted man; and if you shall have any business with him, you will find him all I have stated. That is the way he is estimated here by us Democrats.

"I wish you and other Democrats of South Carolina could see and make the acquaintance of Gov. Scott. I am satisfied you would feel differently towards him from what you do now. Very truly, yours, JAMES G. HALY."

In communicating this letter to the Barnwell *Sentinel* for publication, Judge Aldrich remarks:

"As I certainly would have published Mr. Haly's response had it been unfavorable to Gov. Scott, it is but simple justice to give him the benefit of this very complimentary notice."

A company of ladies hauled a hook and ladder truck to a fire recently, in Iowa, and excited the envy of the male firemen by their heroic efforts to extinguish the flames.

At a recent fashionable ball in New York, a mild-mannered man approached an elaborately dressed lady, and said: "Will you please tell me what you have on? A fashion reporter wants to know."