

# The Orangeburg News.

NORTH CAROLINA  
GREETING TO BR. N.Y.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 6.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1872.

NUMBER 26

**THE ORANGEBURG NEWS**  
PUBLISHED AT  
**ORANGEBURG**  
Saturday Morning,  
BY THE  
**ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY**

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
One Copy for one year, \$2.00  
" " " Six Months, 1.00  
Any one sending TEN DOLLARS, for a  
Club of New Subscribers, will receive an  
EXTRA COPY for ONE YEAR, free of  
charge. Any one sending FIVE DOLLARS,  
for a Club of New Subscribers, will receive  
an EXTRA COPY for SIX MONTHS, free of  
charge.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.  
1 Square 1st Insertion, \$1.50  
" " " 2d " " 1.00  
" " " 3d " " .75  
A Square consists of 10 lines Brevier or  
one inch of Advertising space.  
Administrator's Notices, &c., \$5.00  
Notices of Dismissal of Guardians, Ad-  
ministrators, Executors, &c., \$9.00  
Contract Advertisements inserted upon the  
most liberal terms.

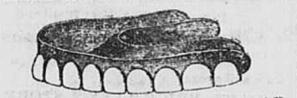
MARRIAGE and FUNERAL NOTICES,  
not exceeding one Square, inserted without  
charge.

Terms Cash in Advance.

**Browning & Browning,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
**ORANGEBURG C. H., So. C.**  
MALCOLM I. BROWNING.  
A. F. BROWNING.

**AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON**  
(Formerly of the New York Bar.)  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR  
AT LAW,  
**ORANGEBURG, S. C.**

**W. L. W. RILEY**  
TRIAL JUSTICE,  
Residence in Fort of Edisto,  
ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be  
promptly and carefully attended to.



**DR. T. BERWICK LEGARE,**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Graduate Baltimore College  
Dental Surgery.  
OFFICE MARKET-ST. OVER STORE OF  
J. A. HAMILTON.

**METALLIC CASES.**



THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ON HAND  
all of the various Sizes of the above Cases,  
which can be furnished immediately on ap-  
plication.  
Also manufactures WOOD COFFINS as  
usual, and at the shortest notice.  
Apply to  
H. RIGGS,  
Carriage Manufacturer.

**REEDER & DAVIS,**  
COTTON FACTORS  
AND  
General Commission Merchants,  
Adger's Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Oswell Reeder. Zimmerman Datin  
Oct 16 6m

T. F. BRODIE. R. K. HUGHINS  
H. C. HUGHINS.  
**BRODIE & CO.**  
COTTON FACTORS  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
NORTH ATLANTIC WHARF,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.

Liberal Advances made on Consignment.  
REFER TO Andrew Simonds, Esq., Pres-  
ident National Bank, Charleston, S. C.  
may 21 wcc

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**  
BY  
**Mrs. M. W. Stratton,**  
CORNER  
GERVAIS & ASSEMBLY STREETS  
COLUMBIA, S. C.

Convenient to the Greenville and Charleston  
Railroads and the Business  
of the City. Rate of Tran-  
sit Board—Two Dollars  
per Day.  
Regular Boarders received at Reasonable  
Rates.

## THE LESSON.

"What is the matter little woman?"  
"Only tired, John."  
Lina Edwards looked up as she spoke,  
to smile bravely into the face bending  
anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the  
little figure as he spoke, and taking his  
wife like a child on his knee. "What  
have you been doing to tire you?"  
"Only the day's work. Don't worry,  
John," for a shade passed over the kind  
ly face.

"I don't worry; but I can't see what  
makes you complain so often of being  
tired. I am sure the housework ain't  
so much. Other women do it."  
There was just a little fretfulness in  
John's tone, though he did not mean to  
be unkind.

"I know they do. Mrs. Harper has  
four children, and takes care of them  
in addition to housework, besides doing  
piles of sewing. Perhaps John, it is  
because I have not had experience in  
country work, and don't manage well  
I will learn better after awhile. Now  
tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole  
crop of wheat at a good price, and put  
another instalment in the bank for the  
Stanley farm."

"Your heart is set on that farm,  
John."  
"Indeed it is! Let me once own that  
clear of debt, and I shall be a happy  
man. It is the best land in the coun-  
try, and the house is twice as large as  
this!"

Lina thought of larger floors to scrub  
more rooms to clean, and additional  
work of all kinds, and swallowed a little  
sigh that nearly escaped her.

"John," she said, rather timidly,  
"don't you think, if you spent part of  
the money on this house, you might be  
very happy here?"  
"Spend money on this house?" cried  
the astonished John. "Why, what on  
earth sills this house?"

"I mean in things for it. Now the  
parlor looks stiff, and is always shut up  
I was thinking if we had a pretty carpet  
and some curtains of white muslin or  
lace, and a set of nice furniture, and—  
and a piano. O John, if I could have  
a piano!"

John Reynolds looked at his wife as  
if she had proposed to him to buy up  
the crown jewels of Russia.  
"A piano! Do you know what a  
piano costs?"

"No. Aunt Louise had one, you  
know, ever since I can remember. But  
I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest  
in the evening, I could play for you, and  
sing. You never heard me play or sing,  
John."

"I have heard you sing, but not late-  
ly," said John, rather gloomily.  
"Oh! that was just humming round  
the house; I mean real singing. I have  
lots of music in my trunk."

But you are only a farmer's wife now,  
Lina. I thought you understood when  
we were married that you were not to  
have city finery and pleasures."  
"So I did, John. I don't want fine-  
ry. I don't want any pleasure but your  
love, John. Don't scowl up your face  
so. I am silly to think of these things  
at all. There, kiss me and forget it. I  
am nicely rested now, and I'll get your  
tea in ten minutes."

John put her down with a very tender  
kiss, and fell into a reverie.  
Lina Rivers had been a district school  
teacher in Scottsfield just four months,  
when John Reynolds offered her his  
hand and heart. She was an orphan  
from infancy, but her father's sister had  
adopted and educated her in a life of  
luxury, and died without altering a will  
made years before, leaving her entire  
fortune to a charity asylum. Lina, left  
alone, thankfully accepted the position  
of country school teacher procured for  
her by some friends, and was thinking  
life a hard burden when John came to  
brighten it. She gave her whole gentle  
little heart into his keeping at once, ap-  
preciating at their full value his honest,  
true heart, his frank nature, his sterling  
good qualities, and looking with the  
most profound admiration upon his tall,  
strong frame and handsome face.

It was a perfect love-match, for John  
fairly worshipped the dainty, refined  
little beauty he had married; and hav-  
ing married her, he took her to his home,  
and in all ignorance proceeded to kill  
her.

There was no blame to be laid upon  
him. Living in the old farm house,  
where he had spent his entire life, the

one ambition of his heart was to own  
land, stock, barns, and a model farm.  
He had seen his mother cook, churn,  
feed poultry and drudge all her life, and  
the women he knew did the same, and  
if Lina made odd mistakes she put a  
willing heart into her work, and soon  
conquered its difficulties. Surely, he  
thought, it was an easier life to be mis-  
tress of his home, with the Stanley farm  
in prospect, than to toil over stupid  
children in a district school. He had  
never seen velvet carpets and lace cur-  
tains, grand pianos, dainty silks, and  
other surroundings that had been Lina's  
from baby-hood. He had never heard  
the wonderful music the little white  
hands, all rough and scared now, could  
draw from the ivory keys of an organ  
or piano, or the clear, pure voice in  
song. It was an unknown world to  
John, where his wife's memory lingered  
as she scoured tins, strained milk and  
cooked huge dishes for the farm hands.  
He would have thought it wicked waste,  
if not positive injury, to draw from the  
bank his hard-earned savings to in-  
vest them in beautifying his plain, com-  
fortable home.

And Lina lashed her consciousness  
sharply, telling herself she was ungrate-  
ful, repining and wicked. Was not her  
John tender, true and loving? Where  
among her city friends was there a  
heart like his? Had she not known he  
was only a farmer?

And so the dear loving little woman  
toiled and slaved, undertook tasks far  
beyond her strength, worked early and  
late, until just one year after his wed-  
ding day John Reynolds, coming home  
to his tea, found lying upon the kitchen  
floor a little senseless figure, with a face  
like death, and hands that sent a chill  
to his very heart.

The doctor, hastily summoned, looked  
grave and advised perfect quiet and  
rest. A girl was hired, and John tend-  
ly nursed the invalid, but though she  
grew better she grew pale and weak.

"Take her away awhile," said the  
doctor; "try change of air. She is  
overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John, she  
does nothing but the housework for us  
two. She has no child, and our sewing  
is not much."

The doctor looked into his troubled  
face. "You are a good man, John  
Reynolds, and a strong one," he said.  
"Will you let me tell you a few plain  
truths?"

"Yes. About Lina?"  
"About Lina. You remember, do  
you not, the tiny antelope you admired  
so much in the menagerie we had here  
last summer?"

"Certainly," said John, looking more  
puzzled than ever.  
"Suppose you had bought that little  
creature and yoked it with one of your  
oxen to a cart to do the same work?"

"I'd been a fool," said John; "that  
little thing couldn't work. It was just  
made pretty to look at and to play."

"That's it, John. Now I don't think  
God ever made any woman to look  
pretty and play, but He made some for  
the rough work of this world, and some  
for the dainty places, some to draw  
men's souls to heaven by gentle loveli-  
ness. Your wife is one of the latter. If  
you were a poor man I would have held  
my tongue but you are a rich one. Give  
your wife a servant; let her have books,  
music, pretty things around her. Let  
her rest from toil, and you may keep  
her by your side. Put her back in her  
old place, and you may order her tomb-  
stone, for she will soon need it. Don't  
put your antelope beside your oxen,  
John."

"I will not! Thank you! I under-  
stand. Poor, loving, patient heart."  
"That's right! Take her now for a  
little pleasure trip, and get back her  
roses."

Lina clasped her hands when John  
asked her if she would like to spend a  
week in New York, and really seemed  
to draw in new life from the very idea.

It was delicious to see John's wide  
open eyes as he entered the parlor of  
the great city hotel, and was shown into  
the bed-room, whose beauties were quite  
as bewildering.

"The best room, he had told the land-  
lady, and Lina could not repress a cry  
of delight at the vista of a cosy sitting-  
room with a piano standing invitingly  
open.

"Oh, John!" she said, won't you go  
in there and shut the door for five  
minutes, please?"  
John obeyed, of course. John, the

thought gratefully, refused her nothing  
now.  
"How lucky I brought some of my  
old dresses!" Lina thought. "I have  
not worn them since I was a school-  
marm. Fancy Mrs. Reynolds scrubbing  
the floor in this dress!"

John rubbed his eyes and pinched  
himself as a little figure sailed into the  
sitting-room, made him a sweeping  
courtesy, and went to the piano.

Was that the little woman who had  
worn print and sun-bonets so long? The  
fair hair was fashionably dressed, and  
bands of blue velvet looped the golden  
curls. A dress of blue silk, with softest  
lace trimmings and ornaments of pearls,  
had certainly made a lady of Lina. The  
piano was yielding its most bewitching  
tones to the skilled little fingers, and  
John's bewilderment was complete,  
when a voice of exquisite sweetness,  
though not powerful, began to sing.

Only one song, full of trills and  
quavers, and then Lina rushed from the  
piano into John's arms.

"John, my darling," she said, "hold  
me fast. Don't let me slip from you!"  
"O Lina," he groaned. "I was not  
fit to marry such a dainty bird! But I  
loved you, dear little one."

"And I love you, John, rough old  
John! Let me sing again. I am very  
happy to day, my dear husband!"  
But no wonderful trill filled the room  
now. In a clear, pure voice, full of  
expressions, Lina sang.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."  
Every word fell like hot tears on poor  
John's heart, until as the last chord  
trembled upon the air, Lina turned to  
him, stretching out her arms:

"Take me in your arms, John!"  
He took her tenderly to the room she  
had quitted so gaily, and replaced her  
finery by a white wrapper, whose lace  
trimmings looked like fair-work to his  
unaccustomed eye.

"Are you tired, love?" he asked,  
with a spasm of terror at his heart, as  
he looked at the white wasted face.

"Yes, tired, but happy, John?" and  
with a little sigh of entire content, Lina  
nestled down against the warm heart,  
whose every throb she knew was all her  
own.

Mrs. Reynolds was to experience her  
share of astonishment during her holi-  
day, and it commenced by the apparition  
of John the next day in a new suit of  
handsome clothes, that well became his  
manly figure. There was no foppery,  
but he looked a gentleman, though he  
made more than one grimace before he  
got, as he said, "well shaken into his  
store clothes."

"Put John," she cried, "the Stanley  
farm?"  
"Is sold, dear. You were right; we  
will make our home so lovely, the Stan-  
ley farm will never cost me a sigh. I  
have hired two new hands, so as to have  
a little more leisure."

Can I describe that week? What  
was new to John was old familiar  
ground to Lina. Central Park was not  
soon exhausted, and the little guide  
grew stronger and rosier every day, to  
John's thoughtful care, that provided  
plenty of pleasant excitement, but  
guarded against fatigue.

It was early in the afternoon of a  
sunny day, when a train drew up at the  
Scottsfield station, and John handed his  
wondering wife into a neat little one-  
horse carriage waiting for them.

"A new purchase, dear," he explained.  
"We are to have a drive every after-  
noon. Dr. Greyson prescribed it."  
The house stands where it had always  
stood, but somehow it has gradually  
been undergoing transformation as if  
fair hands were upon it.

The dull little sitting-room has been  
papered, carpeted, curtained, transformed  
into a cosy dining-room. The still par-  
lor is a bower of beauty, with fine  
piano, the daintiest of furniture, soft  
muslin curtains, and a carpet covered  
with bouquets of exquisite flowers; the  
bed rooms are carpeted brightly, and  
rejoice in cottage sets, and in the kitchen  
the most good natured of stout Ger-  
man girls, awaited Lina's astonished  
gaze on her return from the city, and  
fairly shed tears when she addressed her  
in her own language.

The neighbors stared and wondered.  
Comments upon John's folly and im-  
providence fell from many lips, and old  
men, shaking their heads, prophesied  
ruin for the Reynolds farm.

But John was as much astonished as  
any of them, when, after a few years,  
he found the farm yielding him a larger  
income than ever before.

"I do believe, Lina," he said one day  
to a matronly little woman, who was  
dressing a crowing baby, "that your  
flower garden last year was worth a  
thousand dollars to me."  
"John!"

"You see it was to get you the infor-  
mation about the flowers that we first  
began to take agricultural papers; there  
I found so many useful hints, that I  
began to think that I knew nothing  
about farming. One book after another  
crept into the house, and the time I  
thought would be wasted, taken from  
farm work was spent in reading. Now,  
look at the labor-saving machines I have  
bought. My orchard is going to be the  
best in the country, too."

"And my poultry yard, John! It  
was the papers and magazines that first  
gave me the idea of a model poultry  
yard. What fun we had getting it  
started!"

"Yes, indeed. That New York trip  
was the best investment I ever made,  
Lina. I saw so many things there that  
I recognized as old friends when I met  
them again in print—the threshing  
machine, the rotary harrow, the im-  
proved plows."

"It beats me, John," said his uncle  
one bright day, "where you find so much  
money for tomfoolery, newfangled and  
nonsense and fallals for Lina, and yet  
give so much in charity. I thought  
you were crazy to buy that Stanley  
farm."

"I was once, but I have something  
better now than the Stanley farm. I  
have learned how to manage my ante-  
lope."

"What?"  
But to this day John has never ex-  
plained that riddle to his puzzled re-  
lations.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.—I wonder  
how many girls tell their mother every-  
thing? Not those "young ladies" who,  
going to and from school, smile, bow  
and exchange notes and cartes de visite  
with young men who make fun of you  
and your pictures, speaking in a way  
that would make your cheeks burn with  
shame, if you heard it. All this, most  
incredulous and romantic young ladies,  
they will do; although they gaze at your  
fresh young faces admiringly and send  
or give you charming verses or bouquet.  
No matter "what other girls may do,"  
don't you do it. School-girls flirtations  
may end disastrously, as many a foolish  
and wretched young girl could tell you.  
Your yearning for some one to love is a  
great need of woman's heart. But there  
is a time for everything. Don't let the  
blooming freshness of your heart be  
brushed off in silly flirtation. Reader,  
yourself truly intelligent. And, above  
all, tell your mother everything. "Fun"  
in your dictionary would be indiscre-  
tion in hers. It would do no harm to  
look and see. Never be ashamed to tell  
her, who should be your best friend  
and confidant, all you think and feel.  
It is very strange that so many young  
girls will tell every person before "moth-  
er" that which is most important she  
should know. It is very sad that indiffer-  
ent persons should know more about  
her fair young daughter than she her-  
self.—Fanny Fern.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.  
—Never seen lest than an article for pub-  
lication without giving the editor the  
name, for thy name oftentimes secures  
publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of  
a printing office, for he that answereth  
the rap sweareth in his sleeves and loseth  
time.

Neither do thou loaf about, ask ques-  
tions, or knock down type, or the boys  
will love thee as they do shade trees—  
when thou leavest.

Prefer thine own town paper to any  
other, and subscribe for it immediately.  
Pay for it in advance, and it shall be  
well with thee and thine.

A POSER.—"Ma, if I should die and  
go to heaven, should I wear my more  
antique dress?"

"No, my love; we can scarcely sup-  
pose that we shall wear the attire of this  
world in the next."

"Then, ma, how will the angels know  
I belonged to the best society?"

A Quaker, who had been troubled  
with rats, inquired a friend that he  
greased a thirty-foot board, filled it full  
of fish-hooks, set it up at an angle of  
forty-five degrees, and put an old cheese  
at the top. The rats went up, slid back  
and he caught thirty of them the first  
night.

## How to Put on a Corset.

At this juncture the coroner desired  
to show to the jury the course taken by  
the ball, and for this purpose produced  
the corset worn by Mrs. Buckhart at the  
time of the tragedy. "You see," said  
he—and here he drew the corset around  
his waist, with the laces in front—"the  
ball must have gone in here from be-  
hind. No that can't be, either, for the  
doctor says the ball went in front. Con-  
found it. I've got it on wrong. Ah! I  
saw this way." Here the coroner put the  
corset on up side down. "Now you see,"  
pointing to the hole in the garment,  
which rested directly over the hip, "the  
ball must have gone in here. No, that  
can't be, either, for—"

Here Mr. Mather, the handsomest  
man on the jury, broke in: "Dr. Still-  
man," said he, "you've got that corset  
on wrong." Here Dr. Stillman blushed  
like a puppy. "Well," said he, "I've  
been married twice, and I ought to  
know how to rig a corset." "Yes," said  
Mr. Mather, "but you don't. You had  
it right in the first place. The strings  
go in front, and the laces clasp them  
together in the back. Don't you know?  
I think I ought to; I have been mar-  
ried. If you doubt it, look here, (point-  
ing to the fullness in the top.) How do  
you suppose that's going to be filled up  
unless you put it on, as I suggest?"

"That," said Dr. Stillman, "why that  
goes over the hips." "No, it don't,"  
said Mr. Mather, "that fullness goes  
somewhere else—this way," and here  
Mr. Mather indicated where he thought  
the fullness ought to go.

At this a pale-faced young man with  
a voice like a robin, and a note book  
under his arm, said he thought ladies  
always clasped their corsets on the side.  
The pale-faced young man said this very  
innocently, as if he wished to convey  
the impression that he knew nothing  
whatever of the matter. The jury  
laughed the pale-faced young man to  
scorn, and one of them intimated that  
he thought the young man was not half  
so green about woman's dress as he tried  
to appear. The young man was a re-  
porter, and it is therefore probable that  
his knowledge was fully as limited as  
was apparent from his suggestion, the  
juryman to the contrary notwithstanding.

Here another juryman discovered that  
Dr. Stillman had the corset on bottom  
side up. "Doctor," said he, "put it on  
the other way."

Then the doctor put it on in reverse  
order, with the lace in front. This  
brought the bullet holes directly over the  
tails of his coat.

"I don't think," said Mr. Mather,  
"that the bullet went in there, Doctor."  
"No, I don't think it did," was the  
reply. Confound it, it's mighty funny  
—six married men in this room, and  
not one that knows how to put on a  
woman's corset.

"I TAKE IT ALL DE SAME.—An  
honest, thrifty well-to-do German in a  
Connecticut city, applied to a wealthy  
landlord, who rents a great many houses.  
"The house is to let, certainly," said  
the owner, "and upon inquiry, I find  
you to be responsible and a suitable man  
for a tenant; you shall have it."

"Vera good, Mr. H—, you makes  
just as many questions as you mind. I  
takes the house when you gets ready."

Two days afterwards, the house owner  
called upon the German. "Well,"  
he said, "I've inquired pretty generally  
concerning your character and means,  
and as everybody speaks of you as an  
honest, respectable man, of abundant  
property, you can have the house."

"Well, den," said Hans, "I takes de  
house. And I wants to tell you I've  
asked all about you among de peoples,  
and dey say that you is de meaneast land-  
lord in de town; but I takes de house  
all de same."

A little boy who loved to waltz his  
evenings in stores and listen to the im-  
proving conversation of the elders while  
helping himself to sugar, was told the  
other night that hereafter he must stay  
at home. "I wish I was a man," he  
said. "And what would you do if you  
were a man?" asked his mother. "I  
would get married, and I'd go to the  
stores every evening." A very obedient  
boy.

A wise man gives this advice, which  
is always timely; Pay your little out-  
standing earthly bills, and don't romance  
about falling dues of Heaven.

## ASK THE OLD WOMAN.—A gentle- man travelling out West relates the fol- lowing incident:

Riding horseback just at night  
through the woods in Saginaw County,  
Michigan, I came into the middle of a  
clearing, in the middle of which stood  
a log house, its owner sitting in the door  
smoking his pipe. Stopping my horse  
before him, the following conversation  
ensued:

"Good evening, sir," said I.  
"Good evening."  
"Can I get a glass of milk from you  
to drink?"

"Well, I don't know. Ask the old  
woman!"  
By this time his wife was standing by  
his side.

"Oh, yes," said she, "of course you  
can."  
"While drinking it I asked, WHERE  
WERE YOU GOING TO HAVE A  
STORM?"

"Well I really don't know. Ask the  
old woman—she knows."  
"I guess we shall get on right a way,"  
said the wife.

Again I asked.  
"How much land have you got  
here?"

"Well, I don't know! Ask the old  
woman—she can tell."  
"About 19 acres," said she, again  
answering.

Just then a troop of children came  
running and shouting around the corner  
of the shanty.  
"All these your children?" said I.  
"Don't know. Ask the old woman—  
she knows best."

I didn't wait to hear the reply, but  
drew rein and left immediately.

GOOD FEELINGS.—We know a bluff  
old fellow who sometimes hits the nail  
on the head more aptly than philoso-  
phers. He once heard a man praised  
for "good feelings." Everybody joined  
and said the man was possessed of ex-  
cellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old  
genius.  
"He is possessed of the most bene-  
volent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old  
fellow, again.  
By this time the company thought it  
necessary to show some of his favorite  
doings. They began to cast about in  
their mind; but the old man still shout-  
ed, "What has he done?" They owned  
they could not name anything in particu-  
lar.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "you say  
that he is a man that has good feelings.  
Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that  
there are people in this world who get a  
good name simply on account of their  
feelings. You can't tell me one gener-  
ous action they ever performed in their  
lives; but they can look and talk most  
benevolently. I know a man in this  
town that you would all call a surly,  
rough and unamiable man, and yet he  
has done more acts of kindness in this  
county than all of you put together.  
You may judge people's actions by their  
feelings, but I judge people's feelings by  
their actions."

TWO CAUSES AND ONE EFFECT.—  
When Doctor Dodge, an eccentric phy-  
sician, was lecturing in the States on the  
evils of tea and coffee, he happened to  
meet at the breakfast table a young son  
of Erin of the better class. Conversa-  
tion turned upon the Doctor's favorite  
subject, and he addressed our friend as  
follows:

"Well," said the doctor, "if I convince  
you that they are injurious to your  
health will you abstain from their  
use?"

"Sure I will, sir."  
"How often do you use tea and cof-  
fee?"

"Morning and night, sir."  
"Well," said the doctor, "do you ever  
experience a slight dizziness of the brain  
on going to bed?"

"I do—indeed I do," replied the son  
of Erin.

"And a sharp pain through the tem-  
ples in the morning?"