The Orangeburg News.

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VOLUME 7. SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 29, 1873. NUMER 44

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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PUBLISHED AT

ORANGEBURG

Every Saturday Morning.

BY THE

ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

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" " Six Months..... 1.00

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Lot of FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

Jan 11

Some New Definations.

In an exchange we find the following remarkable account of what took place at the 'recent splendid exhibition of Lee High School in Greensboro,' Ga.,' when a 'class of sprouts, three feet high and in prodigious standing collars,' was called to show what its very dangerous ly precautions members knew about parsing:

GRAMMER SCHOOL EXTRAORDINARY.

Teacher—Parse man

Pupil—Man is a common noun of the feminine gender.

Teacher—What is that, sir?

Pupil—Man is a common noun, feminine gender—common 'cause he can be bought cheap; and feminine gender 'cause he's always got women on the brain: 8th person, 'cause his wife akd six children comes first; is in the objective case and governed by a woman.

Teacher—Go to your seat and put a wet cloth on your head.

Teacher—Next, parse woman.

Pupil—Woman is a female noun of the masculine gender.

Teacher—Mercy on us! what did you say, sir?

Pupil—She's a female noun of the masculine gender—masculine, 'cause she wears the breechaloons, and is determined to vote; she's compounded of cotton, whalebone, starch, smiles, sunshine and thunder-clouds—is in the first person, 'cause she is always the person speaking plural number 'cause she makes more noise than a half dozen parrots—is in the objective case and governed by the fashions.

Teacher—Sit down and rinse your mouth with prophylactic fluid.

Teacher—Next, parse boy.

Pupil—Boy is an uncommon noun of the goslin gender and female persuasion.

Teacher—Thunder and black-jacks! What's that, sir?

Pupil—Boy is an uncommon noun of the goslin gender and female persuasion; uncommon, 'cause he's hard to find now a days, goslin gender, 'cause he soon enters the threshold of gooschood; female persuasion, 'cause he's always got the heart sick about some female; first person, big Ike; singular number, 'cause there's nobody but himself; in the objective case and governed by his embryo moustache, Scheidam Schnapps, and the length of his daddy purse.

Teacher—Go home, sir, and bathe your feet in mustard.

Teacher—Parse girl.

Pupil—Girl is an angelic noun of the Grecian bend gender, and with masculine tendencies.

Teacher—Go home, sir, and tell your mother she wants you.

Teacher—Next, parse baby.

Pupil—Baby is a peculiar noun of the spoilt gender, 'cause it is allowed to put its foot in the gravy whenever it pleases; grows at a rapid rate; it is in the objective case and governed by candy and sugar plums.

Teacher—Go home, sir, and tell your mother to rock you to sleep.

Teacher—Parse matrimony.

Pupil—Matrimony is an anchient noun defunct gender.

Teacher—Hear him! You little vagabond, what do you say?

Pupil—Matrimony is of the defunct gender, 'cause its played out. Girls area s plentiful as black berries, but they've got nothing. Matrimony is compounded of the words mate and money but when there's a match now a days, it's nothing without the money. Third person, 'cause it's spoken by the girls. In the objective and governed by the sponduliks of the girls dady.

Augustus to his bride: "And now, Georgie, do explain your odd, cold treatment of me, this morning." Georgie, with offended dignity. "Augustus, I am shocked at you. When you were walking with Mr. Fitztarffrel, on the parade this morning, I heard you say, as you passed under the window, that you liked to see the beautiful little Belle in stays." Augustus with a roar of laughter: "My love, I meant Captain Clifton's yacht in the act of tacking" Oh! blissful reconciliation!

A lady who was stoning raisins left the room, leaving her small boy, forbidding his touching the fruit in her absence. "Well, Charley, did you take any raisins?" "No, mamma." "You know if you did, God saw you." "Yes, I know He did, but He won't tell!"

The Dutchman and his Frow.

'My frow vos no better as she ort to be till shust before she diet; then she was so good as before,' remarked Mr. Vanderhoard to his neighbor.

'Your wife was an amiable woman and you do great injustice to her memory,' said Mr. Pluggins.

'Vel vat you know so much about mine frow?'

'I was not intimately acquainted with her, but I am sure that all her acquaintances loved her.'

'Vot right had they to love her? Maybe—'

'Maybe what?'

'Maybe you loved mine frow, too?

'Why do you speak so strangely.

'Vy you day a pig man shust like you came to our house and kissed mine frow right before her face.'

'Were you present at the time?'

'To be sure I vos.'

'Well, what didyou do?'

'I kicked him right pehind his pack.'

'Did he resent it?'

'Yaw; he broke me and te looking glass, and all the rest of the crockery in te house, 'cept the fedder ped' into smash?'

'What did you do then?'

'Then I cried murter! murter! murter! and I called for the shudge, and the shury, and the police officer and the constable to come; and he run away?

'Do you intend to charge me with taking such unwarrantable liberties with the companion of your bosom?'

'Me no scharge for it now, because she pe tead and buried.'

'I will not allow you to make such insinuations. You are an old tyrant and everybody said you was glad your wife died.'

'Everybody pe one tam liar.'

'I saw no symptoms of sorrow.'

'Me felt more worsht tan if my best cow had died.'

'Your cow! What a comparison!'

'he was a great lost a heavy lost—for she vas pig as dat (spreading out his arms,) and she weighed more than two hundred pounds.'

"Look out, old man, or you will see trouble. I doubt if your wife was ever kissed by any man after your marriage. At all events, you must apologize for what you have said of me.'

'Vat is apologise?'

'You must beg my pardon, and say you are sorry; if you do not I will enter a complaint against you and have you arrested.'

'I pe sorry, ten?'

'Sorry for what?'

'Sorry you kissed mine frow.'

'You incorrigible idiot! That is not what you must say; I never did such a thing in my life.'

'Must I say I pe sorry that you never do such a ting?'

'No you must take back what you said.'

While the Dutchman was in this dilemma, his friend, Hans Mamberger, came along, and finally succeeded in reconciling the parties, when the trio adjourned to a neighboring coffee-house.

RESTING ONE'S BONES.—"Well Missus, I's agoin to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years.

"Going to leave me, Molly? Why, where are you going?"

"Oh, I's going to get married; Iv'e worked long enough, and I's going to *rest my bones.*'

Of course Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of ills human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much suprised to see her coming, and said to her—

"Well, Molly, have you "*rested your bones?*"

"Golly, Missus—I's rested my jaw bones, and dem's all the bones I've rested.

General Custar was a listener at Duluth to a lecturer on how to save the Indians. He admitted that the lecturer's doctrines were good for the interior of a church, but insisted that a man could not practic them upon the plains and save his hair.

Humors of the Night.

Returning home last evening, we ran up against a curious looking thing, which upon examination, turned out to be a bill to recover the waste paper of the State; but as it is related to more than one subject, which was not expressed in its title—not much—we pronounced it unconstitutional, and stumbled right along over it. Turning the next corner, we came abruptly upon a caucus trying to make a corner in home interests, concocting a plan to pay all the claims not otherwise appropriated,' which were held by the members of the said caucus, or any of their poor kin. In this pool, there were all kind of premissory noses, red, white and blue, the most of which had been in soak for some time with that accommodating personage, my uncle.' Pursuing our home interests we made further acquaintance of a manufactory of bills payable, against the peace and dignity of the State, and passed it by with an omnious shadow crossing our path. Meditating upon the extraordinary course of human events, in a financial way, we paused a moment to survey a cunning, suspicious looking individual, digging away at the foot of an old tree, and upon questioning him, he said that he was digging up some old Confederate notes, say three or four hundred thousand dollars worth, which he intended to have tacked on to some bill, in case all parties are agreeable. In fact there was food for thought every now and then in the journey, and we have been thinking about all the various and intimate developments of these magnificent financiers, with some thing like an assurance that there is no royal road to fortune.—*Union-Herald.*

STRONG.—"Why is it, my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always the butter side down?" "I don't know. It hadn't oughter had it? The strongest side ought to be uppermost, hadn't it, ma? and this is the strongest butter I ever seed." "Hush up; it's some of your aunt's churning." "Did she churn it? The great lazy thing!" "What, your aunt?" "No this yere butter. To make that poor old woman churn it, when it's strong enough to churn itself." "Be still, Zibi. It only wants working over." "Well, ma, if it's you, when I did it, I'd put in lots of molasses. "You good for nothing. I've ate a great deal worse in the most aristocratic New York boarding houses." "Well, people of rank ought to eat it." "Why people of rank?" "Cause it's rank butter." "You varmint you! What makes you talk so smart." "The butter has taken the skin off my tongue, mother." "Zibi, don't lie! I can't throw away the butter. It don't signify." I'll tell you, ma, what I'd do with it. Keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over and die as soon as they touch it." "Zibi, don't exaggerate, but here is twenty-five cents; go to the store and buy a pound of fresh."

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed: "Oh like! it's the very picture of him!" An old farmer only dissented—"Taint like!" Exclaimed everybody: "Just show us where it 'taint like." "Taint—no 'taint!" responded the farmer. "Don't you see, he has got his hand in his own pocket; 'twould be as like again if he had it in somebody's else."

Twelve years ago a quaint old clock belonging to a citizen of Boston, was allowed to run down and left for a long nap Eight years of silence ensued, and then the clock, of its own accord, hiccoughed out forty-six strokes and went to sleep again for four years more Then it made one solitary gurgle The clock struck one, and it strikes one it is a very peculiar proceeding

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"A servant girl was asked, "Are you converted?" She replied, "I hope so, sir." "What makes you think that you are really a child of God?" "Well, Sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be." "What is the change?" I don't know sir; but there is one thing; I always sweep under the mates now."

Do n t run in debt to the shoemaker. It is unpleasant to be unable to say your sole is your own.

Moral Tendency.

"Where is your little boy tending?" asked the good man, as he was inquiring of Mrs. Partington with regard to the proclivities of Ike, who had a hard name in the neighborhood—he meant the direction for good or ill that the boy was walking.

"Well," said the old lady, "he isn't tending anywhere yet. I thought some of putting him into a wholesome store, but some says the ringtail is the most beneficious, though he isn't old enough yet to go into a store.

"I meant morally tending," said her visitor solemnly, straightening himself up like an ax-handle.

"Yes," said she, a little confusedly, as though she didn't fully understand but didn't wish to insult him by saying she didn't, "yes, I should hope he'd tend morally, though there's a great difference in shopkeepers, and the moral tenderness in some seems a good deal less than in others, and in others a good deal more. A shopkeeper is one that you should put confidence into, but I've always noticed sometimes that the smilingest of them is the deceivingest. One told me the other day that a calico would wash like a piece of white, and it did just like it, for all the color washed out of it."

"Good morning, ma'am," said the visitor, and stalked out with a long string attached to his heel by a piece of gum that had somehow got upon the floor beneath his feet.

SHAMEFUL.—*Seldom* is the press called upon to chronicle a sadder tragedy than that which recently befell a young lady of Manchester. She was about to be married, and the wedding was close at hand, when a heartless, wicked servant girl stole her entire trousseau and vanished with the spoil. All the new dresses, including the traveling dress and the bridal bonnet; the dainty wealth of fine linen and delicate lace of which the more mysterious part of the wedding outfit was composed; all the new gloves and boots of matchless fit, vanished with the villainous servant girl. There was nothing to be done except to postpone the wedding day until a new trousseau could be provided, and to pursue with the vengence of an outraged bride and a tantalized bridegroom the sacrilegious thief.—*Guide.*

A story is told of an editor who died, went to Heaven, but was denied admittance, lest he should meet some delinquent subscribers, and bad feeling be engendered into a peaceful clime. Having to go some where, the editor next appeared in the regions of darkness, but was positively refused admittance, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily, the editor turned back to the celestial city, and was met by the watchman at the portals with a smile who said: "I was mistaken; you can enter—there is not a delinquent subscriber in Heaven."

Every cord of wood given to the poor is recorded above.

Lazyness is a good deal like money—the more a man has of it the more he wants.

No author can be as moral as his works, as no preacher is as pious as his sermons.—[Richter.

Count Chambord signs his letters "Henri," which induced Muggins to say that a man who can spell Henry no better than that isn't fit to be emperor.

A dandy is a chap who would be a lady if he could, but as he can't, does all he can to show the world he is not a man.

In the dictionary of trade, which fate has reserved for embarrassed manhood, there is no such word as "fail." It is suspension.

For "shutin at his nabor," a citizen of Gwinnett county; Ga., was recently sentenced by a justice of the peace to "everlastin' banishment from the honorable county of Gwinnett."

It is stated that the settlers of Oregon and California are preparing a vast number of claims against the government for supplies on account of the Modoc war.

A lady of the shoddy aristocracy at St. Joe found, on returning from a walk, some call cards on her table. She called a servant in great haste, saying: "John, John, take these and run quick; them ladies is forget their ticket.

Five Bales to the Acre.

Mr. T. C. Warthen, a thrifty planter living near Sandersville, Ga., has managed to raise five bales of cotton to the acre, and thus explains how he did it. "The soil is sandy, with clay subsoil. Has been in cultivation for sixty or eighty years, I suppose. About half of the acre was an old dung-hill, the other half very poor before manuring. The guano I used was Kettlewell's A. A., or Phospho-Peruvian, 1,400 pounds; raw pine straw from the wood, 60 ox-cart loads; green cotton seed, 60 bushels; stable manure, well rotted, 400 bushels. The pine straw, cotton seed and stable manure I hauled out in Januaay, and strewed broadcast over the land, then turned under with a two-horse plough, breaking eight inches deep. Then with a sixteen inch scooter run in the two-horse furrow, breaking from five to seven inches; in the whole thirteen to fifteen inches deep. I then followed in the scooter furrow with the guano or subsoil furrow, so on, till completed. In February I repeated the breaking in the same manner, leaving off manuring. In March, the same again, breaking each time crosswise, or in opposite direction. In April, I harrowed the land twice, to level the soil and destroy the young vegetation. Then I checked off my rows three feet each way, with a small bulltongue plough, and on the 13th day of May I planted my cotton seed in the hill, six or eight seed, dropped by hand and covered with the foot; the seed when covered being on a level. The seed were the "Cluster Cotton" variety. I purchased them from David Dickson, Esq., Oxford, Georgia, to whom I must confess I am indebted for my success, to a certain extent. The seed, I am confident, were half the battle. The cotton was thined to one stalk to the hill in June, with exception of the outside rows, in which I left two stalks. Then I ploughed with twenty-four-inch sweep "Dickson's," shallow, one furrow to the row, and about eight days afterward I repeated the same, running one furrow to the row, just scraping the earth enough to destroy the young weeds and grass. Did not use a hoe in it, in order to avoid sinking the cotton, in fact, had no use for any, as the cotton grew so fast the shade thereof prevented all vegetation from growing underneath."

Victims of the Plauge.

The Memphis Appeal says: 'Nearly two thousand of the citizens of Memphis have passed away from earth since the yellow fever began its death work in September last. Think of this army of nearly two thousand men and women, varied here and there with little children, sent to their long account. They were strong in health and full of life and hope seven weeks ago. They might have been saved. The homes that have been darkened by their deaths and the hearts that still ache for the never returning light of their smiles and the sweetness of their love, might still be bright and happy with their living presence. The widows and orphans that mourn for them, as only the poor can mourn that have been cast upon the charity of strangers and the short-lived benevolence of a world too busy to remember them to-morrow, might have had their natural protectors to-day winning for them their bread. A fearful responsibility rests somewhere.

WHO FEARS LABOR STRIES?—We know a gentleman of the County, a man well advanced in years, and a master of a grange, who has, with the aid of another white man, also advanced in years, tended, the present year, forty three acres in corn, rice and potatoes inclusive. He purchased some chemical ingredients and manipulated his own manure, thereby effecting an immense saving in its cost. His crop is looking finely, and will yield probably ten bales of cotton, with an abundance of the staff of life to carry him through next year. If this isn't an illustration of the homely adage, "Luck's a fool, but pluck's a hero," we don't know what is.—*Clarendon Press.*

A cowardly fellow having kicked a newsboy for pestering him to buy an evening paper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman," and then shouted, in the hearing of all bystanders, "It's no use to try him, Jim—he can't read."

The debt of this State is placed at $15,851.637. 22. Of this amount there is about $5,595,000 included in the conversion bonds, which are dead without redemption, so to speak, by the action of the Legislature. But whether the bondholders will accept the forty-cents-on-the-dollar bill, or whether they will seek to enforce the Morton-Bliss decision is not yet settled. The main question seems to be to strike that middle course, which will give the bondholder some chance to enter the fold. Our Democratic friends may be relied on to vote all the time for a scaling of the debt to the verge of repudiation, and it is not wonderful to find them on the side of any such measure.

However, the Legislature in its wisdom will, we are satisfied, settle on some course satisfactory to all parties before this coming session closes.—*Union-Herald.*

The news of discovery of a rich gold mine near Kittitass, W. T., on the Pacific coast, exciting as it first seemed, fades into insignificance before the fat streak of luck which somebody struck a few days ago on the opposite side of the continent—up among the Blueneses of New Brunswick, where piratical treasure, in the shape of East India Spanish gold coins (probably Kidd's treasure,) rolled out plentifully from a bank near the sea. The finders keep their names secret, and there is an air of privacy about the whole matter which constrains us to request that nothing should be said about it where it will get "out 'round," and entice panic stricken speculaters away from their native land.

Russia, so far from being backward in the race of progress, is taking the lead of other continental countries in respects. The Paris *American Register* says that a slow but silent revolution is gradually transforming the Empire into a liberal and progressive State. The abolition of serfdom by the present Emperor, the establishment of trial by jury and a thorough reform of the judicial code, have completely changed the face of the country. The *Register* points to several incidents which have occurred recently as an evidence of the great changes that are taking place in the character and ideas of both Government and people.

The Philadelphia centennial committee on plans have awarded the four great prizes for designs for the building as follows: Collins and Autenreith, $4,000; Samuel Sloan, $3,00; McArthur & Wilson, $2,000; H. A. & J. P. Sims, $1,000. All are of Philadelphia. The committee acknowledge their indebtedness to the pavilion plan sent in by Messrs. Vaux & Bradford, of New York, which, however, did not comply with the conditions of competition for the prizes. The building is to be of iron and brick, 2,040 feet long, least width 680 feet, width at centre and ends 952 feet.

The Boston tailors have adopted a horrible expedient. They threaten to publish the names of those "beats" who buy clothes and won't pay for them. If all the cities and all the traders of the country would adopt some means compelling men to pay their honest debts, and spend no money but that which actually belonged to them, panics would only be heard of by cable.

A New York paper thinks that the Americans live up to or above their income as a general thing. Hence, a great deal of the present distress. Nine out of every ten since the war have acquired their means rapidly, and, therefore, spend them just as rapidly. Few have slowly accumlated. Fewer still are "laying by something for a rainy day."

A Texas editor proposes to place all the banks in the country in the middle of the Attakapas prairies and then blow them up with gunpowder. He is of the opinion that he can regulate the finances of the country by this action in a satisfactory manner. His proposition is about as sensible as the average of those submitted by the country press.

The Milwaukee papers are talking about an unsuccessful merchant who went from Wisconsin to Illinois. They say the last state of that man was worse than the first.

The bats are so thick at Yorktown, Va, that evening church services are interrupted by the minister dodging.