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Orangeburg County S. C.

july 26 1873

Romance in Politics.

The Columbus *State Journal* tells the story of love of some Ohio politicians, among others, of Hon. William Allen, the Democratic nominee for the Governorship of the State. In 1830 Mr. Allen was nominated for Congress by the Democrats, and Mr. McArthur, the Whig Governor, was a candidate for reelection. Mr. Allen loved the Governor's daughier, but the father broke off the match, and the lady married a Kentuckian, who died before the end of Mr. Allen's term in the House. Governor McArthur also died. Now comes what seems almost the action of a *deus ex machina*. There was an ultra-Democrat whose daughter loved and wedded a Whig, when the father had his eye upon Allen G. Thurman as an eligible husband for her. Soon he, too, slept with his fathers, the lady became a widow and married Mr. Thurman. At the wedding Mr. Allen again met Miss McArthur (now a widow). The old love returned, and they, too, became husband and wife. Here is plenty of romance for a dime novel.

"But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made you. Let them laugh. Girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he were a stranger whose antecedents were unknown to us, however propossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his profession of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him; his moral character is without reproach; he is amiable, kind hearted, and sincere, a fine scholar, with an honorable position in the college, and he makes no pretensions. You know just what he is. What more do you want?"

"But, mamma, I don't know that he loves me; he hasn't even said so."

"O, well, daughter, never mind that Generally, those who are loudest in their professions of love have least of the pure article. You can teach him by example to love you. It is far better than precept."

Leaning her head upon her mother's bosom, Sarah said, in a submissive tone:

"Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes; but, although the hour isn't half out, we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour."

At the expiration of the fifty-ninth minute they returned to the professor and papa, Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before. Then, with a firmness that astonished herself as well as parents, she extended her hand to the professor and said:

"Yes, sir; if papa consents."

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then professor Foster, with his usual calmness, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in dure time the Professor went to the clerk for his license. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of $1,250, to be void on condition that there was no legal objection to the proposed union of the two persons named. The Professor very promptly replied: "Oh, never mind the bond, Mr. Clerk; I will pay $1,100 down, and will hand you the balance in a day or two." After further explanation by the clerk, the Professor soon complied with the law and obtained his license.

At the appointed time the wedding came off in the best style of the city, and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like humming birds. As the clock struck twelve the Professor picked up his hat and started to his boarding-house. His principal attendant, surmising his intention, followed him to the front door and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board and lodge at the house of his father-in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves; that he would be furnished with a room adjacent to Sarah's room, in order that, if she happened to get thirsty, he might be near to get her a drink of fresh water.

In the morning the bride and groom were greeted with the smiles of the family, together with those of some early callers, and inquires were made if they had slept well. Both responded that they had never slept sounder in their lives, he adding, with his childlike simplicity, that he was happy to say Sarah did not call for water during the whole night. The last remark was quite a riddle to her, and she looked curious, but said nothing, no one venturing to ask him to rise and explain. He did not know it was a joke played upon him until the attendant told it as such to the company.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were the favorites in the city. Never was wife more lovely or husband more kind and devoted, but he didn't know any thing about providing for the larder, only as Sarah taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. He went immediately to the store and told the clerk he wanted to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the Professor, "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was very sorry to say they had not so much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try to make out for a few days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the clerk were not the only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for the three or four bushels afterward.

If the Professor and his wife are still living they must be well stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives, and find any errors in it, they will pardon the writer.

Our Subject Being Flies.

Flies — considered individually, the subject is small, but it is very numerous In fact, of all small creatures not absolutely vicious, the common fly is the most vexatious. Misquitoes bite—they must to get their living; bees sting—to defend themselves; cockroaches run away when you attack them—they are afraid but flies nibble upon you in an aggravating manner, never getting enough, and nothing will drive them away; they return with fierce persistency after cruel and constant rebuffs. You commence to read your newspaper in a comfortable arm chair, or to write for the sake of friendship, fame, or daily dread, at your desk. In the middle of the first sentence soft foot-steps begin to tickle the top of your left ear. You shake your head emphatically, without lifting your pen. The intruder flies off a few inches, and re alights on the back of your hand. Another shake, and again he settles on the top of your head and begins to promenade up and down the parting of your hair. You give your head a vigorous slap, never by any chance hitting the fly. He is equally content to crawl over your fore head, and you meekly brush him away, hoping that gentle measures may prove effectual. He tries your right ear, and with calm resolution you wave him away. The creature sees his advantage and audaciously alights on your nose. Resolved to keep your temper, you think you will let him take his own time to leave, hoping it will be soon, and forever. He pecks with gentle but restless presistence, and you write vigorously, resolute not to be disturbed by trifles. Suddenly down goes your pen, making an ugly blot on the fair sheet, and you employ both hands in giving your nasal organ a good rubbing. Patience, as in a moment, is exhausted. You meditate murder; you plan it deliberately—murder in the first degree. You lean back in your chair, and set yourself as a tray. The bait is good; the expected victim approaches; you wait breathlessly; your hands falls with a blow that makes your cheek tingle—but you look up to see him securely fluttering above your head, ready to try again. You will be more cautious and give your mind to the business. You take your handkerchief, double it judiciously, and hold it ready to descend with swift vengence. The fellow is on your left hand—such a little creature to disturb your equanimity? Slowly, slowly, and you will get him! With sudden and tremendous force you pounce upon him—and he sails away unharmed! You feel most uncomfortably irritated—conquored by an insignificant fly! And you reflect (while brushing away the swarm which by this time, have come to see what is the matter) upon poisons, medicated fly papers, and all the cunning devices advertised for enticing flies into the house with malicious intent. Shall you provide the neighborhood (of flies) with deadly food or submit to be nibbled alive? That is the question. And you fall into a mental discussion concerning the comparative annoyence of dead and of living in the midst of which you drop into what would be a comfortable doze except for the audacious return of the identical fly you have been fighting, which lights on the tip of your nose, and you awake feeling absolutely cross.

Laughter as Medicine.

A short time since two individuals were lying in one room, very sick, one with brain fever, and the other with an aggravated case of the mumps. They were so low that watchers were needed every night, and it was thought doubtful if the one sick with fever would recover. A gentleman was engaged to watch over night, his duty being to wake the nurse whenever it became necessary to administer medicine. In the course of the night both watcher and nurse fell asleep. The man with the mumps lay watching the clock, and saw that it was time to give the fever patient his potion. He was unable to speak aloud, or to move any portion of his body, except his arms, but seizing a pillow, he managed to strike the watcher in the face with it.

Thus suddenly awakened, the watcher sprang from his seat, falling to the floor, and awakened both the nurse and the fever patient. The incident struck the sick men as very ludicrous, and they laughed heartily at it for some fifteen or twenty minutes. When the doctor came in the morning, he found his patients vastly improved; said he never knew so sudden a turn for the better; and now both are up and well. Who says laughter is not the best of medicines?

And this reminds the writer of an other case. A gentleman was suffering from an ulceration in the throat, which at length became so swollen that his life was despaired of. His household came to his bedside to bid him farewell. Each individual shook hands with the dying man, and then went away weeping Last of all came a pet ape, and, shaking the man's hand, went away also with his hands over its eyes. It was so ludicrous a sight that the patient was forced to laugh, and laughed so heartily that the ulcer broke, and his life was saved.

A Danbury Funeral.

The day Mr. Ruby across the way was to be buried, Mrs. Moriaty told her daughter Clarinda that she guessed she would attend, as she wasn't feeling very well, and a ride would do her good. She knew there would be several covered carriages furnished at the expense of the family, and she was equally confident it could be so managed that she would occupy a portion of one of them. She was among the first at the house, and occupied a prominent position. As the other friends arrived she took occasion to recall reminiscenses of the late Ruby that brought tears to their eyes, and when the services were over, as the first coach drove up for its load, the distress of Mrs. Moriaty at the death of Mr. Ruby was so marked as to excite the liveliest sympathy. Then the second coach came up. Mrs. Moriaty had got down to the gate by this time, and as the door of the second coach was opened, and a call made for the occupants. It seemed extremely doubtful if she could hold up another instant. She leaned against the post, and stared into the coach, and over its rich upholstering, and said the late Ruby seemed more like a son to her than a neighbor. Where upon the usher looked appropriately sad and called up the third and last coach. This had yellow cushions and pink straps, and Mrs. Moriaty didn't hesitate to protest that in the death of Mr. Ruby the community had met a loss it was not possible to recover from and she would follow him to his last resting place if she had to do it on her knees, and would feel grateful for the opportunity. Then the third and last coach filled and drove off to take its place in the line, and Mrs. Moriaty dried her tears, choked back the sorrow of her heart with one mighty gulp, and strode into her own house, shutting the front door without the aid of the knob. She told Clarinda that it was the scaliest affair she ever went to, and had it not been for the body there would have been no funeral at all.

Significance of the Fingers.

Each finger, and the mount at the base of it, is named from a planet. In the normal hand the second finger is the longest, the third the next longest, the first nearly as long as the third, and much longer than the fourth, or little finger. Jupiter is the first finger. If it be long and not ill-shapen, and if the mount at its base be well developed, it indicates a noble and lofty character, and a religious minded person. If dis proportionately long, it will mean different things according to the type of hand in which it may be found, or according to the type of that particular finger; in the first type, an over-long first finger would denote an inclination to the fantastic or the exaggerated in religious matters; or it might, perhaps, mean religious madness; or, if other signs in the hand favored this view, it could be taken to denote pride. Pride is a form of worship—the cult of self. In the second type of hand, the excessive development of Jupiter might mean ambition, or, if it were in a hand that was eminently unselfish, it would stand for a something puritanical in manners and morals—a too great severity. In the third type, a very long first finger would probably signify vanity. The second finger is Saturn. If too prominent it announces melancholy, or misanthropy, or downright cruelty, according to the type of hand; but if the finger be within due proportion, this sadness may take the form of pity for others, or it may mean a becoming gravity. The third finger is Apollo, and belongs to the arts. In a "pointed" hand Apollo will give poetry and music (composition;) in a "square" hand, painting, sculpture, (here art leaves the domain of the purely contemplative; it becomes partly active from the combination of manual skill with what is only imaginative;) and in a "spade shaped" hand Apollo will give histrionic power, an aptitude for acting, or a love of theatrical amusements. On the stage arts is joined in the closest manner to motion. The fourth finger is Mercury. If well proportioned it promises a scientific turn of mind, resourcefulness, and diplomacy—tact. The thumb is Venus. Chirognomony and palmistry agree in almost all particulars about the thumb. In both systems it is treated as the most importans part of the hand. The upper joint, that with the nail, stands for the will; the second division, the reasoning faculties; the base, the animal instincts.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

How Meats or Men May be Kept Cool.

Capt. Warren, famous though his "Cooker," has tried his hand at the transportation of meat by the refrigerating process; and the English papers give his apparatus great favor. Two patents, based upon a process of Captain Warren, have been tried and failed. The apparatus of Captain Warren consists of a small steam engine, to which is attached a second cylinder for condensing ether vapor. The cold produced by the expansion of the condensed ether is utilized by being communicated to brine contained in pipes around which the ether circulates. The brine thus cooled is used in its turn to freeze water or to cool air, the water being contained in reservoirs immersed in a vessel of cold brine, and the air conveyed in pipes, which wind backwards and forwards in such a vessel. The ether being in a closed apparatus, is scarcely at all wasted, and little more than its first cost is taken into account. In experiments made, the air in a room, after being withdrawn at a temperature of 62 degrees, was almost immediately returned into it at 45 degrees; while, as this process continued, the temperature of the room was rapidly reduced and easily brought to the freezing point. Capt. Warren claims that the temperature of any limited space can thus be kept to almost any required degree; and he proposes to apply the method to the construction of cold chambers on board of ships, to be used for storing fresh provisions, or in case of merchant ships, for perishable freight. He proposes also to cool railway carriages in hot climates, to provide cool vans for the conveyance of dead meat and other provisions in India, to cool the air admitted to hospital wards in hot climates, and to provide an unlimited supply of pure ice at almost nominal cost.

How to Cure Dyspepsia.

Alden Gobble, a lover of misrule, was dyspeptic, and suffered great uneasiness after eating. So he goes to the great Dr. Abernethy for advice.

'What is the matter with you?' asks the doctor.

'Why, I presume I have got the dyspepsia.'

'Ah!' said the doctor, 'I see: a Yankee who has swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.'

'I am an American citizen,' said Alden, with great dignity; 'I am secretary of our legation to the Court of St. James.'

'Then,' says Abernethy, 'you will soon get rid of your dyspepsia.'

'Don't see the inference,' said Alden; 'it ain't natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill because he is called * * * to fill an important office.'

'But I tell you it does follow. for in the company you'll keep yon'll have to eat like a Christain. I never saw a Yankee who didn't bolt his food like a boa constrictor. How can you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect nor time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on your carpet instead of your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly! You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cars—as full as it will hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a hayfork; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsia! pooh! It's beastly guzzling, you mean. I tell you what, Mr, Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.'

An Adroit Fraud.

Some nine years ago, Solomon Bacon, a well known merchant in London, received a letter from his correspondent in Hamburg, which grieved and troubled him. It stated that the writer had been defrauded by his nephew, son of a widowed sister, of £10,000, and had fled to London with the money. There was a reluctance to make the matter public, and Mr. Bacon was desired to keep silence; 'but,' the letter went on to say, 'if you would invite John to dinner, and when alone tax him with the crime he might perhaps refund the money. Should he do so, you may give him £500.' The London merchant found the young German, took him home, and when the ladies had withdrawn from the dinner table he acquainted his visitor with his knowledge of the fraud. Alarm was depicted on the countenance of his guest.

'You will not make this public, Mr. Bacon?' he asked.

'Not if you return me the money now and here.'

'But I lost £1,000 last night at Crockford's, and have not the power.'

'Well,' said the merchant, 'return me then £9,000, and though I a little exceed my instructions, I will nevertheless give you back £500.

'My uncle is very good,' remarked the young man. and he forthwith handed from his pocketbook nine £1,000 notes to his host.

'I cannot change one of these, said Mr. Bacon; 'will not my check do as well?'

'Quite,' replied the German; and having received the £500 check, hastily left.

The following morning Mr. Bacon went to his banker to pay in the notes, and found to his surprise that they were all counterfeits. His next inquiry was after his check; but that was already cashed. He then telegraphed to his Hamburg correspondent, and learned that he was profoundly ignorant about the whole affair. It was as adroit a fraud as ever plotted.

How His Name was spelt.

A story is told by the Boston *Transcript* at the expense of a distinguished theological professor at Andover, Mass., whose usually retentive memory is occasionally a little treacherous on proper names. While visiting a neighboring city some time since, as he stood up on the depot platform, waiting for a train, a gentleman stepped up, accosted the professor, shook hands warmly and began numerous inquiries in regard to members of his family and the good friends living in A———. The professor was puzzled; the face of his cordial friend was quite familiar, and he was evidently no stranger to himself or family, but to recall his name was beyond any effort of memory. The professor joined in a lively conversation, disliking to make the awkward inquiry, and hoping for some chance word to reveal the name of his friend but it came not, and as the conversation went on the ignorance became more and more embarrassing. At last a happy thought came to the professor; he would get it without asking. So, with an indifferent air he asked, "Let me see, I forget how to spell your name." But, alas for the expedient! With a curious smile his friend replied, "Well, usually I spell it J-o-n-e-s."

Trading Out.

The French papers have a most diverting account of the shopping experiences of a lady named Anna Deslions. One day at the Hotel des Ventes she took a fancy to a landscape by Carat. which, as she happened to be in funds, she bought for 22,000 francs. Her friends told her the picture was not worth the money, and though not exactly of that opinion herself, she was frightened into selling it for 16,000 francs, with which she bought a diamond bracelet. Thereupon her acquaintance said she had been robbed and that many of the supposed gems were but paste. The evening the bracelets was exchanged for a pair of ear rings, at a loss of 3,000 francs. When returning from the jeweler's she saw a miniature *chalet* in the window of a toy-shop, and was forthwith overcome by a violent desire to take a trip to Switzerland. Eight days later the ear rings followed the bracelet, and with the 11,000 francs resulting from their sale she purchased a *chalet* at Interachen. A clock played the quadrille from *Orphee*. "Vive Paris!" the lady cried; there is no place like Paris!" The *chalet* was sold for 5,000 francs, with which she purchased some bronzes, supposed to be antique, but worth some 300 francs a price they fetched when sold at the Hotel des Ventes fifteen months after.

Inexpensive Happiness.

The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house, in the sweet incense of whose fires were no costly things. But the mother was the creator of a home her relation with her children was the most beautiful that I had ever seen; even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do a good work for souls by the atmosphere that this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key note of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rose bud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard house work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the story that she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She always has been, and always will be, my ideal of a mother, wife, and home maker.

If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargement of wider culture hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it is, it is the best I have ever seen.

Now is the Time.

To improve a stagnant business, the best remedy or stimulant is to ADVERTISE. This is necessary in the peculiar state of business, when people are consulting the newspapers as their household gods, conveying the only true and reliable source of information on passing events, especially now, in the fluctuation of trade. Indeed, so true is this that just now no man much less any woman, starts out to spend a $5 greenback without holding a council of economy at or after breakfast with the last issue of the payer spread for reference, to ascertain where the greatest likelihood exists of getting value received and 25 per cent. addition for panic rates. Advertise! Let the people know what you have, and at what moderate prices you are selling, and the response will be found at once.