The Orangeburg News.

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Courtship after Marriage.

There was much more than a mere witicism in the remark of the old bachelor who had paid attentions to a maiden lady for twenty years, visiting her regularly every night, when rallied for not marrying. "If I were married I should have nobody to court, and no place to go at night." He had deeply felt the contrast between his own delicate and ethereal enjoyments, and the hard, discontented, fretted life of too many married people; and his answer was irony. He saw there was something in courtship which too often exhales and expires after marriage, leaving a cold, dull, monotonous burden where all was beauty and buoyancy before. Let us see what that something is. In court ship nothing is taken for granted. Both parties are put on their good behaviour. Love keeps itself fresh and active by constant expression in word and act. But, strange to say, the courtship usually ends with marriage. Very soon both parties yield to the sense of possession and the feeling of security robs gallantry of motive and extracts the poetry from the mind. The beautiful attentions which were so pleasing before marriage are often forgotten afterward; the gifts cease, or come only with the asking; the music dies out of the voice, everything is taken for granted, and the love that, like the silver jet of the fountain, leaps to heaven, denied its natural outlet, ceases to flow altogether. Then come dull, heavy, hard days, with two unhappinesses tied together wishing themselves apart and not always content with merely wishing. This is unnatural, and wrong.

What married life wants to give it new tone and sweetness is more of the manner as well as the spirit of the courting time. Very much of the pleasure of the courting comes from the constant attentions of the parties to each other. Their affection voices itself in all possible ways. Every sentence is edged with a compliment and spoken in tender tones. Every look is a confession. Every act is a new word in the exhaustless vocabulary of love. Kiss and caress are parenthetic clauses and gestures in the dialect of love, and gifts and sacrifices are the emphatic expressions of the spirit no language can fully articulate and no devotion declare. And it is the fact that affection confesses itself continually in look, and word, and act, making the voice musical and the fingers poetic in their touch and doing, that makes the experience so beautiful, the only Eden many women ever have on earth.

Love must have expression or it will die. It can be kept forever and blessed as the first, by giving it constant utterance in word and act. The more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble service, the stronger and more sanctifying and more blessed it will be. The house becomes home only when love drops its heavenly manna in it fresh day, and the true marriage vow is made not once for all at the altar, but by loving words and helpful service and delicate attentions to the end.—*Golden Age.*

Anecdote of Rossini.

An organ grinder can hardly be classed among musicians, and there seems to be but little opportunity for a display of skill in the monotonous round of his performances. Rossini, however, appears to have thought that no one connected in any with music ought to be wholly mechanical in its execution, and once gave an organ grinder a lesson. It is said that he came one day upon a man playing "Di Tanti Palpiti" on a hurdygurdy. The performer was astonished to hear a voice from the crowd suddenly exclaim: "Faster, faster!" "How faster?" says the organ man. "Turn the handle quicker; it is *allegro.*" "But, sir, I don't know—." "Like this; so—so," and Rossini rushed upon the organ and ground out the tune to the proper time. "Thank you, sir," said the man: "I shall remember the lesson;" and, in fact, on the next day he was heard in the same place, playing "Di Tanti Palpiti," as he had been taught. "Bravo, bravo, bravo!" exclaimed Rossini from a window, and dropped a louis d'or at the man's feet.

A post-mistress in Pennsylvania employs her husband as head clerk.

An Olden Time Pastor.

The Rev. John Hancock was pastor of the church at Lexington, Massachusetts, where the Revolutionary War broke out some twenty years after he was dead. The Rev. Theodore Parker was brought up in the parish where Mr. Hancock had spent his days, and tradition having preserved some curious incidents in his life, Mr. Parker has recorded them. One fact, thus attested, shows the moral power a good man has over his people, even in matters that do not properly belong to his office. It often happens in rural parishes, especially in newly settled countries, that disputes arise among neighboring farmers as to the boundary lines of their estates. On such occasions law-suits, bitter protracted and destructive, sometimes arise, and not seldom they are handed down from father to son. It was a practice of Mr. Hancock to settle such disputes when he could, and in a very summary way. Going to the house of one of the contending parties, he says to him:

"Joseph, I hear you quarrel with your neighbor Reed."

"Why," says Joseph, "we haven't really got our horns together."

"Ah, but I hear you are disputing about your lands. Now take your deed and plan, and come over to Reed's with me."

They go together to Reed's house, and there the begins:

"Well, Reuben, I've brought Joseph along with me to settle the quarrel between you. Get your deed and your plan."

Then he compared the two, heard the rival claims, went to the spot attended by some of the other neighbors, walked back and forth looking at the premises till he had made up his mind as to what was right, or about right, and then he would say:

"Take your axes and cut some stakes."

They were speedily cut. "Drive this stake down here, and pile some stones around it." It was done. "Now drive a stake down there and pile some stones around that." It was done as he said. Then he would pronounce his decision:

"Now Reuben and Joseph, your line runs there, and there let it run forever. That is your land, Joseph; and that is your land, Reuben, and let us have no more quarreling about this matter."

There was no appeal from this court. Substantial justice was done, litigation avoided, and good feeling restored.

The Theory of Love.

It is not quite true, philosophically, though it may be practically, that

"*All* thoughts, *all* passions, *all* delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Not quite. For instance, try anger; try hunger; try fright; try love of property; try love of power! Not quite all, dear Coleridge! But a good many of them. Love, full, complete, perfect human love, is to feel, and express, and receive the counterpart of, all the attractions which make one human being desire another; admiration, respect, friendship, enjoyment, sympathy (*i. e.*, co-enjoyment,) affection, passion. All these are unselfish. As for the selfish consciousnessess which the wonderful English minnesinger, by a noble material fallacy included in his assertion, they are comprehended, if at all, only negatively, as crime and misery are included in Christian society, to be reversed and eliminated. But without any one of these unselfish elements, love, though it may be love, is imperfect. Still more, or rather most of all, is any one of them alone an imperfect love. The old saw that "Pity is akin to Love," is just as true and no more, as that beauty is concerned with love. The beautiful object must be lovable too; the pitied object must be lovable too, before there can be a love in consequence of the beauty or of the pity. When Xerxes ejeweled the beautiful tree he showed how love for a tree is not love. Whatever love comes of pity may be felt for a dog. Of sympathy in the sense of co-suffering, of pain by reason of the pain of another, the like is true. Whatever love comes of such sympathy, may be felt by man for beast, or by man for man. It is the sympathy of co-enjoyment which is a necessary part of love. Surrender is the measure of love. This is true equally towards God and man; the truth is so deep as to be of the substructure of both loves, and it is conclusive accordingly of the criterion of unselfishness for human love.—*Old and New.*

Suggestion on Feeding and Grooming Horses.

Every cavalryman of any experience in the late war can testify, that the old theory in regard to green feed being injurious to work horses is fallacious. If the animal is unaccustomed to grass, eating too much, or hard exercise soon after eating, will certainly do harm; but if the horse is accustomed to grazing and work, no diet is so healthy.

In our cotton, peanut and tobacco country, as a general rule, the horse is expected to be a living skeleton when the crop is laid by. This is due more to the small amount of grass and hay allowed them than for lack of grain. Ask a farmer how is it his horses are so thin, and he tells you how much corn they get, not knowing or forgetting, that corn alone will, in a short time, kill the most hardy animal.

In the western part of this State a horse is allowed a small amount of grain and hay without stint. They keep fat. In Texas, Arkansas and the frontier the rule is to work all day and feed to grain, and graze all night. Their work horses keep fat. I tried this plan in Sussex in 1865 of necessity, and at the close of the year my horses had all improved. I must confess, however, there was room for it. I am satisfied from the trial that grass without stint is as beneficial as hay.

It is a sad truth that the almost universal practice with Eastern Virginia farmers to this day is, to groom the horse not only in his stable, but while he is eating. I never heard the practice questioned nor did it ever occur to me it's wrong until I read the army regulations. If any [illegible] have not abandoned this inhuman treatment, will only allow an expert barber to shampoo his hand while he is engaged in eating a good dinner, he will never subject another horse to this filthy torture.

Thieving in High Life.

"Much talk has been created here in Paris," writes a correspondent, "by what we call *une voleuse de ton*, in other words, a fashionable thief. It appears that a few days ago a lady of beauty and standing, well known to the American colony, entered the Magazine du Louvre, and not being able to express her wants in French, was directed to a saleswoman who spoke English. At the request of the customer, a large assortment of expensive lace was displayed. None being satisfactory, the lady took from her pocket a yard of d'Alencon, saying she desired to match the piece. The saleswoman, thinking it odd that she should not have properly explained her wish at first, looked with suspicion upon the affair, but having no proof was obliged to go in quest of the desired article. On her return she immediately detected the loss of a valuable piece of lace. The inspector was summoned, the lady arrested, and the missing lace found in her possession. On being further examined, it was discovered that she had not one cent, about her. The culprit was without delay taken to the commissariat, but refused to give information respecting herself, but dispatched a messenger for a gentleman well known in the highest circles of Paris. He endeavored to obtain, at any cost, her liberation, but the law would take its course."

One of the funniest duels on record was that in which Sainte Beuve was engaged. It began to rain slightly after he had taken up his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with the left hand while holding his pistol in his right. The expostulations of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It is all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching a cold in my head." There is a droll story about Perpignan a literary Bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former having fired and contrived to miss, the other, taking deliberate aim, said to his antagonists: "Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are thinking?" "I'm thinking that if I were in your place I would not fire," said Perpignan; and he owed his life to his presence of mind.

A Competent Juror Under the Law.

An exchange gives the following:

Questions alternately by the Court, the States Attorney, and the defense, as usually answered by 'an intelligent juror.'

'Are you opposed to capital punishment?'

'Oh, yes—yes, sir.'

'If you were on a jury, then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?'

'Yes, sir—yes I would.'

'Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?'

'Yes sir!'

'Your mind, then, is made?'

'Oh, no—no it ain't.'

'Have you any bias for or against the prisoner.'

'Yes, I think I have.'

'Are you prejudiced?'

'Oh no, not a bit.'

'Have you ever heard of this case?'

'I think I have.'

'Would you decide, if on the jury according to the evidence of mere rumor.'

'Mere rumor.'

'Perhaps you don't understand; would you decide according to evidence.'

'Evidence.'

'If it was in your power to do so would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?'

'Let it stand.'

The Court. 'Would you let it stand or change it?,

'Change it.'

'Now which would you do?'

'Don't know Sir.'

'Are you a free holder?'

'Yes sir, oh yes.'

'Do you own a house and land, our rent?'

'Neither—I'm a boarder.'

'Have you formed [illegible]

'No sir.'

'Have you expressed an opinion?'

'Think I have.'

The Court: 'Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on any subject.'

Farm, Garden and Household.

HINTS FOR WINTER.

Give pigs a warm nest and plenty of straw.

Feed horses according to the work they do.

Early rising is good; getting at your work early is better.

Remember that the more work a man does the more he can do.

Clean up the premises and make everything tidy for winter.

Make your hennery tight and warm, and fed poultry warm food.

Sows that are destined to breed next April should be coupled this month.

Thinking is harder work than chopping, and much more remunerative.

Better hire an extra man than devote your whole time to mere routine work.

Shelter saves food. I sometimes does more than that. It saves the life of the animal.

Breeding ewes and store sheep will winter well on good straw and half a pound of corn daily.

Chaffing hay and straw add nothing to their nutritive value, and makes them more convenient for feeding.

When feeding hay it is a bad practice to let the horse stand with a rack ful of hay before him all the time.

The busiest man is the man of most leisure. The indolent man has never time to do anything he does not wish to do.

Machinery does not do away with the necessity for labor; it merely changes its character. It demands brain rather than muscle.

Animals require daily care. Make them comfortable. Feed regularly and liberally, and see that they have a constant supply of fresh water.

Give sheep grain. One pound of corn per head per day for Merinos is an average allowance. The large breeds may be fed 1½ lb each per day.

A good boy can frequently be obtained in the winter for little more than his board. It is poor economy for a farmer to spend several hours every day in doing work which such a boy can do nearly or quite as well as he can.

A Wife at Auction.

About a week ago a widow named Gathner, living in Sixth Ward, met a male acquaintance on Gatroit street, and complained to him that she was out of flour and wood, and almost discouraged. He told her she ought to marry again, and she said she could not find a husband. 'I'll sell you at auction,' he continued, 'and we'll put in a proviso that the highest bidder shall court you for a week in order that you may know him.' The woman laughingly consented, and the man mounted a box and began crying out. A crowd assembled, and he stated the facts in the case, saying that he had know her for years, knew her to be industrious and of good character, and then he opened the sale. Bidding was lively, and everybody was in good humor. In the crowd an old bachelor named Peter D. Joslyn, boarding on Maple street, and he was the only one who took the joke as a real fact. He jumped the bidding from 43c to $5, and then raised it to $8. The auctioneer cried 'last call' on that figure, and the widow was 'knocked down.' Joslyn handed her the money, agreed to the previse, and then treated the whole crowd, none of whom had a thought that a marriage would take place. One did, however, take place yesterday morning, after the terms of the proviso had been faithfully carried out. And while it is quite certain that Joslyn's had found a good helpmate, the bride groom's friend's say that he is sober, steady, good tempered, and well off.

Merciful Justice.

The widow Crepin was a washerwoman at Vanves (Department of the Seine). Her husband had died during the Commune; she had but one child left of ten, a boy six years of age. These [illegible] vous depressions. She was constantly in dread of losing her employment, and, indeed, having been seized with illness, ran into debt, and, at length, was told by her landlord, to whom she owed three quarters, rent, that she must leave her lodging. She then resolved to put an end to her own life and that of her child and, having dressed herself and the little boy in their best clothes, lighted two braziers of charcoal, lay down with the child and awaited death. The little fellow died in the middle of the night, but the mother could not die. When she found that she was alone in the world, she lit more charcoal and now felt confident of approaching release; but hour after hour passed by, and she still lived. She kept the neighbors away on the plea of illness for thirty six hours after the child's death, and then, worn out by the horror of her position, let them in, and showed them the corpse of her son. The unhappy woman was tried for the murder of the child, but the jury were so overcome with pity for her sufferings, that, forgetful of their *raison d'etre*, they acquitted her, in absolute disregard of the potent fact that she had taken her son's life. This verdict is described by a French journal as "merciful justice."

The Hartford *Times* tells a curious story of a flock of crows in that vicinity who recently lost their way in a fog. They lost their bearings at a point directly above the South Green, in Hartford. For a good while they hovered there, coming low down circling and diving aimlessly about, like a blindfold person in "blind man's bluff," and keeping up a hoarse cawing and general racket beyond description. It was plain enough that of the entire company each individual crow was not only puzzled and bothered, but highly indignant, and inclined to utter "cuss words" in his frantic attempts to be heard above the general din, and tell the others which way to go. Once or twice the whole flock swept down to a distance of not more than one hundred feet above the street. Finally, after going around for many times they sailed away in a southerly direction evidently having got some clue to the way out of the fog, or desperately resolved to go somewhere till they could see daylight.

Wanted—A boy whe can spear cockroaches. We want him, and we must have him. None but experts, however, need apply, as our cockroaches are sly, devilish sly.

Going Down With The Ship.

"That descent into the depths of the sea with the sinking ship," says a passenger on board the Ville du Havre, "was an awful experience, and one that fell to the lot of more than three-fourths of those who were saved. I was standing by the side of the vessel, certain that she was rapidly going down and that there was no hope for being saved. I would not have given ten cents for my chance of life. If anybody had been on the point of discharging a revolver to blow one's brains out, I could not have felt more certain of death. We went down with the ship. I do not believe anybody, however well he might have been able to swim, could have helped doing that. She made an awful vortex in the water. It seemed to carry all of us along with her. Nothing could have saved you except holding firmly by some piece of wreck or a life belt; and most of those on board, I am sure, never even came on deck. I can not say whether the ship heeled over or not when below the water, but she seemed to me to sink straight.'

Rools for Playen Onto a Organ in Meeting.

When the preacher comes in and neals down in the pool-pit, pool out all the stoppers. That's wot the stoppers is for.

When a him is gave out to be sung, play over the whole toon before singin, but be sure to play it so they can't tell whether it's that toon or some other toon. It will amoose the people to gess.

When you play the interlule, sum times pull all the stoppers out, and sum times pull them all in. The stoppers is made to pull out and in.

Play from the interloods into the tune without lettin them [illegible] loods faster or slower than the toon. This will keep it from being the same time as the toon.

If the preacher gives out 5 virces, play 4. Too many virces is teejus.

Doorin the sermon go out of the church and cum back in time for the next toon. This will show you don't mean to be hard on the preacher by having tew many listenin too him at wons't.

It was at the second battle of Bull Run a cannon ball took off a poor soldier's leg.

"Carry me to the rear," he cried to a tall Yankee companion who had been fighting by his side.

The Yankee caught the wounded soldier up and as he was about to put him across his shoulder another cannon ball carried away the poor fellow's head. The Yankee, however in the confusion did not notice this, but proceeded towards the rear.

"What are you carrying that thing for," cried an officer.

"Thing," returned the Yankee. "It's a man with his leg shot off."

"Why, he hasn't any head!" cried the officer.

The Yankee looked at his load and for the first time saw that what the officer said was true. Throwing down the body he thundered out:

"Confound him! he told me it was his leg!"

The *Review* says: "A Peoria letter-carrier after walking nine miles and delivering the same letter to one hundred and thirty seven men, none of whom would receive it, sat down on a fire-plug and wept because Pocahontas was such a fool as to catch the old man's war club.

The Boston *Globe* thinks it is unkind to ridicule those items in the papers about centennarians. It says that it is no easy thing to become a centennarian, and it knows several who have failed, one, particularly, who has been at it 97 years and has not succeeded.

An editor, who has been soliciting "short articles" from the subscribers of his paper, lately received a baby's undergarment, somewhat dilapidated, but short enough, doubtless, to meet all requirements.

The Newark, N. J., engravers have decided to form a protective union.

Cash on delivery is the custom adopted by popular lecturers.