The Orangeburg News.

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THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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dec 27 1873

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june 5 1873 tf

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OFFICE COURT HOUSE SQUARE,

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nov 4

AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

AT LAW,

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

july 3

W. L. W. RILEY

TRIAL JUSTICE,

Residence in Fork of Edisto,

ALL BUSINESS ENTRUSTED will be promptly and carefully attended to.

july 28

A Night of Horror.

It was night when I arrived home. There was something so provoking in the darkness and utter quiet in which I found the premises wrapped that I determined to give a lovely surprise; but nature, appealing to me on a vital point, I dropped into the dining room with the view of refreshing myself with a bite of cold joint by way of preliminary.

Striking a light, I found that my wants had been anticipated, for there on the table lay the remains of a repast—breast of chickens, cakes, cheese and what not. Being sharp set, I pitched in, a glass of cold porter materially assisting the process of indigestion.

All at once my eye caught sight of a meerchaum upon the mantle. Now there is nothing very alarming in a meerchaum *per se*, but when the meerchaum is the property of a stranger and is found upon one's premises during his absence, it becomes invested with an importance which it could derive from no other circumstance. There is also a paper of Turkish tobacco. The fellow has a taste, at all events,' said I, and I filled and smoked, drank a bumper and cogitated.

Now Maria knows I am not in the least jealous; knows it had never entered my head to suspect her of any imprudence; but this, to say the least of it, had a very suspicious look about it, but nevertheless I drank again. Yet I protested I was not jealous. At that moment I started and sprang to my feet as if at the touch of an electric battery for on the settee in the corner lay an impudent looking hat and cane, and even a pair of gloves! To smash the hat into smithereens, to tear the gloves into fragments, to snap the cane into flinders was done in a moment. I took another bumper, and folding my arms, glared majestically around. Not that I was jealous! O! dear no!

I resumed my seat and pipe, to cogitate over of course the proceedure when I recieved another shock. My eye had alighted upon a note which had fallen under the table. It was a feminine hand 'Dear Charlie,' it ran, 'I'm so glad you've arrived. Sammy's away. Don't stand upon ceremony. We'll have such a nice time! Cold lunch and all agreable. Come over at once.'

Sammy's my name. 'Perfidious woman! ' It is thus—'

I threw it into the fire after stamping on it. I fortified myself with another glass, took off my stockings, and started up stairs. On the way I tumbled over a strange cat in the kitchen.

In my ascent I suppose I must have made some noise, for a strange dog set up a furious yell in the back area. It may be as well to prepare for contingencies, I reflected, as I re-entered the parlor with a view to possessing myself of a poker. Dark as it was, I secured the desired object, and was retreating, when I fancied somebody came in on tiptoe. Holding my breath, dodged past him, and crept up stairs like a thief; not that I was jealous but only to see what was going on. After a pause, during which I could count the beats of my heart, I tried the bedroom door. It was not locked and was dark within. A gentle snore—not a rough, exasperating, reckless thing, but more of a musical moan—came from the bed.

'She is asleep,' mused I; 'the step of a stranger's toes was the tread of a cat. Poor Maria! how could I so wrong you?' I disrobed and slipped in bed.

'Charles, how long have you been?' said a feminine voice.

Gracious goodness—it was that of a stranger! a cold perspiration broke over me as I reflected upon the horrors of my situation. The house I had purchased was one of a pair which had been built exactly alike, and coming home fatigued and sleepy direct from the cars, I must have entered my neighbors mansion instead of my own!

I pounced upon the floor.

'Excuse me, dear,' I whispered, 'I think I hear burglars.'

'What—again? I think you must be mistaken.'

I'll go and see said I, and huddling on something I groped my way to the stairs, descending them with a cold feeling all the way down my back, and crept into the basement. There I made another appalling discovery—the clothes I had put on were somebody else's and not my own!

Safe on the sidewalk I glanced up at the house from which I had escaped, thinking how should I manage to return the borrowed toggery.

And it was my house, after all!

Resolved on an explanation, I rung the bell boldly. I heard the tip, tippety-tip of a pair of well known feet, and was at once in the arms of Mrs. Spivins.

'Why, don't you remember, Sammy's,' she said, in replying to my interrogation; 'I told you brother Charles was coming from the country with his new wife to pass a few days with us. I have given up your own bedroom.'

Well, haven't I been there and stolen Charles' clothes while he was after burglars? The note to Charlie was sufficiently explained.

I will never be jealous again.

An Invincible Hand.

HOW FIVE JACKS BEAT FOUR ACES.

During the session of the United States District Grand Jury, a witness was called before them named Scipio Choteau, a half-breed Creek Indian and negro, bright, sharp and intelligent. He was the last witness to be called before adjournment that day. After examination, some one of the Grand Jury who knew him asked him if he was the man who had four aces beaten.'

He answered, 'Yes, sah; I'se de man.'

'Will you have no objection in telling it?'

'I'se afeared it will get me into trouble; but if de Judge is willin,' appealing to the foreman, 'I will tell it.'

The Judge consented, then Scipio said:

'You see I live on the cattle trail from Texas through the Creek county to Kansas, and I was out on de road one day, and meets a gentleman ahead a big drove of cattle.

'He says 'Old man do you live in this country?'

'I says, 'Yes sah.'

'He says, 'It's a mighty poor country How do you make a livin?'

'I says, 'Sah, putty good country; we has plenty meat and bread, and I makes a good livin' a—'

'He say, 'Old man, do you ever play kerds?'

'I says, 'Yes sah; I does sometimes.'

'He says, 'Would you have any objection to play a little draw?'

'I says, 'No sah.'

'So we gets off our horses along side de road and sat down, and I pulls out the kerds. Well, in a short time I beat de gentleman out of sixty two dollars and a half, and I tought I had him; so I puts up a hand on him—for I is, do I say it myself, a mighty smart hand at kerds—and I knowed he would have tree jacks and I would hab tree aces, and in the draw I know'd he would git the other jack and I would git de oder ace. So he raises a bit, and I raises on back, till at last I put up all the money I had winned from de gemmen and all de change I had, and I know'd I had him. Well, in de draw de gent got de oder jack and I got de other ace. De gent wanted to bet, but I claimed a sight for de money, and told him I had an invincible hand dat couldn't be beat.

'He says, 'Ole man, dem is right good britches you is got on; how much did day cost?'

'I says, 'Yes, sah; dey cost me ten dollars.'

'He says, 'I puts up ten dollars agin dem'

'I says, 'Berry well, sah; but I tells you I got an invincible hand.'

'He puts up de money, and I holds up my legs and he pulls of de britches and lays dem down.

'Now, sir,' I says, 'I told you I had an invincible hand. I'se got four aces,'

'De gent says, 'Ole man, did you ever hear of five jacks beatin' fo' aces?'

'I says, 'I's heard it sah, but I's never seed it; and if you convince me ob it, de money's yourn.'

'Berry well, he says, laying down one kerd; 'ain't dat de jack ob clubs?'

'Yes sah,' I says, 'dat am de jack of clubs.'

'He lays down anoder kerd; 'ain't dat de jack ob spades?'

'Yes, sah, dat is de jack of spades.'

'He lay down an oder; 'Ain' dat de jack ob diamonds?'

'Yes, sah, dot is de jack of diamonds.

'He put down anoder and says, Ain't dat de jack of hearts?'

'I says, Yes sah, dat am de jack of hearts.'

'Dens he runs his hand in his bosom and pulls out a great long pistol and points it at me and says, 'Ain't dat jack haul?'

'I says, 'Yes, sah.'

'And he says, 'Ain't dat five jack and don't dat win de money?'

'I says, 'Yes sah, dat is Jack Haul, and dat is five jacks, and five jacks beats an invincible han'.'

'So he puts de money in his pocket and ties my britches on hind ob his saddle, and tells me to scatter—and I did.

'You see, it served me right, for I tought de man was a green Missourian when I put up de hand on him; but he was a Arkansaw chap and I finds dem mighty sharp, Judge.'

The above is vouched for by the foreman and several members of the Grand Jury as a fact.—every word of it.—*Fort Smith Herald.*

A Narrow Escape.

One evening, before Wichita, Kansas, had realized its hopes of securing a permanent place upon the map—so long ago, in fact, as the spring of 1871—a gentleman registered his name at the Harris House, and announced his intention of stopping a few days in order to see the country, and perhaps to buy some land in the neighborhood. After dinner he sought out the landlord, and made a special request that, as he was an Eastern man in search of experience, he might have a buffalo steak served for his breakfast next morning.

'Buffalo steak?'

'Yes. It is obtainable, isn't it? You can get it here? I'd be willing to pay for any extra trouble, you know.'

'Oh, no trouble. Fact is, I've not been able to get anything else for a week or two past. I was just going to apologize for having given it to you at dinner.'

The Eastern man looked as if he thought himself sold, but still stuck to his request, because he wanted to know how buffalo meat tasted when he was not wrestling with it under the false impression that it was Texas cow. And then, finding the landlord sociable (for no more genial host than Rouse ever made his house pleasant for his guests at his own loss,) he asked if the town was quiet and orderly.

'Oh, yes, perfectly so. You Eastern men fancy that we are overrun with desparadoes out here, but you'll find Wichita just as peaceful as a man could wish.'

At this point the conversation was brought to a close by the irruption of a party of noisy men, of whom the landlord explained to his guest, as he went to attend to them, that they were 'some of Curley Marshall's boys.'

'And who is Curley Marshall?' asked the Eastern man of a bystander as he sat down in a vacant chair.

'Curley is one of our celebrities,' was the reply. 'He is to Wichita very much what Buffalo Bill is to Abilene. Fine fellow he is, too.'

But 'the boys' approached, and the bystander incidently moved away without finishing his eulogy, while the new comers surrounded the sitter before he was fully aware of the situation; and then he thought that he would not seem in a hurry to get away. When, however, two of them began to practice broadsword parries over his head with loaded revolvers of the 'navy' pattern, he changed his mind about the order of his going, and slipped out from between them just as 'Long Dan,' growing tired of the fun, cocked his revolver, and leveling it at his friend's head, said briefly, 'Git out of this! That's the door.'

The other 'weakened' a moment and looked at Dan doubtingly.

'I mean it, by G—d! You git, or I'll plug you!'

He did 'git.'

There was laughter from the boys as Dan looked grimly triumphant and invited them into the bar-room on his 'shout.' 'Come on, stranger!' said he to the Eastern man, seeing that the latter did not start forward. But the Eastern man asked to be excused, pleading that he didn't drink.

'Don't drink? You won't drink with me? Do you mean to insult me, stranger?'

'No, sir, no—surely not. But I *never* drink.'

'Look here, stranger! I don't like a man to say that he's too good to drink with me. I'm Long Dan Cowee;' and the speaker looked dangerous.

The Eastern man thought he had better drink.

He lagged last in the crowd, however, and satisfied that his absence would not be noted, stole out of the back door and hung round behind the kitchen until 'the boys' should have gone. Presently he thought he heard them in the street, and looked round the corner of the house to see. There came a bright flash, right in his face, a report, and a handful of shot rattled against the fence near him, while with a yell 'the boys' went on down the street, discharging their revolvers in the air.

Will You go to Bed.

THE TROUBLE THAT A DRUMER FELL INTO.

THE WESTERN MODE OF GETTING MARRIED, AND HOW HE FOOLED THE LADY

At Big Creek, Arkansas, they have a peculiar custom which sometimes proves embarrassing. As there is no preacher within thirty miles, the way for marrying is by kissing across a table. Recently a New York drummer was out here. He put up at private house, and became quit intimate. One evening he was fooling around one of the girls, generally trying the extent of her sweet temper when she gave his whiskers a pull and ran. He followed. She got the table between them. When out of breath he stopped on the other side; making a wild plunge, caught her in his arms and gave a hearty kiss. She then sat down on the sofa, and they talked pleasantly for a couple of hours—he thinking it singular that she should sit up so late.

At last she said, 'Don't you think it's about time went to bed?'

'I guess you are right' he remarked: let's go.'

She lit a candle, and he was about to do the same, when she said, 'I reckon one's enough. One candle will light two folks to bed.'

Undoubtedly it would when those two people occupied the same room. But your candle will not illuminate my chamber.'

Ain't we going to occupy the same room? Ain't we married?'

'Ain't we what?' shouted the gentleman.

'Married! Didn't you kiss me across the table? That married us.'

A cold sweat spread over the drummer. He knew that if he said he wasn't married to her she would make an outcry, and then her loving and much to bacco consuming father would arise in his wrath and carve him into cutlets, and her brothers would down their shot guns and empty the contents into him. He must be strategic. He must put her off. So he said.

'Fairest of your sex, permit me to remark that I did not know that kissing across the table constituted a marriage ceremony; but I am content. I have never seen one who so completely filled my ideal of a beautiful, sweet, loving, and modest woman. However, I would never think of holding you to this marriage until I had asked the permission of your father to pay my addresses to you. To morrow, at dinner when the entire family are present, I will propose your fair hand.'

This satisfied the lady, and bestowing upon him a fervent kiss, she went to her room and he to his. He packed his carpet-bag, took off his boots, and made tracks for the nearest railroad station; He didn't feel entirely safe until he reached St. Louis; He hasn't informed his wife of this little adventure. He's afraid she might write out to Arkansas for the facts in the case, and then he might get arrested for bigamy: Women sometimes won't listen to reason, you know;

A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth He asked where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the last sermon.

"And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?"

"Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you will look at this web on the grass, you will see as fast as ever I put the water on it the sun dries it all up, and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter.

One of Beau Hickman's Tricks.

Beau once made a raid on the Baltimore restaurants. He determined to dine well that day, or know the reason why. He walked into Guy's saloon and asked for the proprietor.

'Sir,' said he, 'I want the best dinner you can give me.'

'All right, sir,' said Mr. Guy; 'walk in here,' showing him into a neat little private room.

The Beau ate and drank of the best, and just after he had finished his cup of *cafe noir* and had lit his cabana, a servant entered with a folded paper on a silver waiter, which he gravely handed to the Beau.

'What is this?' inquired the Beau.

'De bill, sah,' said the waiter.

'Bill; I don't want any bill. Ask the proprietor to come here.'

The proprietor came in bowing and smiling, he hoped there was nothing wrong, and that his guest had liked his dinner.

'I liked the dinner well enough, and the wine,' said Beau Hickman, 'but I want to know what this means.'

'That's the bill, sir,' said the proprietor.

'Well, I never pay and bills. I am Beau Hickman. I don't pay anybody Besides you have no right to charge me for this dinner. I asked you for the best dinner you could *give* me.'

'Well, Beau, you have rung in on me and got the better of me fairly. Now I'll not only forgive you for this trick, but I'll give you $25 if you will play this trick on the St. Clair, on the other side of the way.'

The next day the Beau fared sumptuously at the St. Clair, and the scene was re-enacted. The bill was presented and the proprietor wound up with, 'Beau, I'll give you $50 if you will play this off on Guy.'

'My dear sir,' said the Beau, 'why didn't I call here first? Guy has paid me $25 to play it on you.'

A professor of Cornell University recently published a number of hints as to 'What to do in case of accident.' One of these was as follows: 'If you choke, get down on all fours and cough.' One of our neighbors—Woodward—read this, and determined to remember it. Day before yesterday he was eating his dinner alone, and he choked upon a piece of beef. Instantly he got down on all fours and began to cough. Just then, Mrs. Woodward came in, and the impression made upon her by Woodward's extraordinary attitude and his barking was that he had suddenly been attacked with hydrophobia. So she first seized the pitcher of water, and took it from the room. Then she sent one of the girls up stairs for the mattress, which was thrown over Woodward, while Mrs. Woodward and the family sat on it and held him down. The madder he got the more alarmed was Mrs. Woodward; and the more he swore and foamed at his mouth, the more she insisted on the hired girl giving an extra turn of the clothes line around his leg and tying him to the stove. When the doctor came, he pulled Woodward's arm from under the mattress and bled him, and put flyblisters on his feet, and promised to come round in the evening and shave his scalp so as to relieve his brain. When the doctor called that night, Woodward had a prize-fight with him in the parlor, and after sending the medical man up to the bath-room to wash the blood from his nose and cool his eye, Woodward went out to hunt for the Cornell professor. There will be pain and anguish in that institution of learning when Woodward arrives. He means war to the knife.

[*Max Adeler.*

"Some years ago," said Old Hank, "I took a bed bug to an iron foundry, and dropped it in the ladle where the melted iron was, and had run into the skillet. Well, my old woman used that skillet pretty steady for the last six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash, and what do you think, gentlemen, that ore insect just walked out of his hole where he'd been lying like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his roost up stairs! But by George, gentlemen, he looked mighty pale!"

What is the difference between a farmer and a bottle of whiskey? One husbands the corn and the other corns the husbands.

Rather Pointed.

Mr. Reese, the well known street preacher, was accosted by a would be wag, the other day, with the following question:

'Do you believe what the Bible says about the prodigal son and the fatted calf?'

'Certainly I do.'

'Well, sir, can you tell me whether the calf that was killed was a male or a female?'

'Yes, it was a female.'

'How do you know that?'

'Why, because,' said Reese, looking the chap in the face, 'I see the male is still alive.'

NOT TO BE SOLD.—Bishop George would never have his portrait taken. 'If I were to,' said he, 'I would be engraved and hung in some good brother's parlor, and by-and-by the good brother would fail in business or die, and his effects would be put up for public sale, and the volume auctioneer would come across me in a pile of household trumpery, and, as he hold me suspended by thumb and forefinger, he would cry, 'Now, gentlemen, here's your chance! your only chance! perhaps your last chance to buy a bishop! How much am I bid for a bishop? Twelve and a half cents for a bishop! Only a York shilling for a Methodist bishop! Do I hear any more? Going! going! gone! Only twelve and a half cents—dog cheap—for a Methodist bishop!'

A New Hampshire clergyman, spending the summer for the sake of his health on Star Island, volunteered to preach in an unoccupied church during his stay. The church was accordingly opened, many watered to their religious sense through the season. But he did not learn how highly his efforts were appreciated until his departure, when his magnanimous listeners sent him a bill for the use of the church.

When a lovely woman stoops to office holding, she may be suspected the same as any other public servant. Miss Belle Murray, who has been acting as deputy clerk of the Circuit Court of McLean County, Ill., is charged with embezzlement, and her trial is in progress at Bloomington.

The gate of a faste age—investigate.

Evasion from truth is affiliation with falsehood.

The greatest bet that was ever made—the Alphabet.

A man of honor respect his word as he does his bond.

'You can't do that again,' said the pig to the boy who cut his tail off.

The cheapest of lawyers—keeping one's own council.

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a pin, the other for stealing a needle.

Questionable—when a man marries a poetess, does he take her for better or for verse?

It is apparent that a great many children get on the wrong track because the switch has been misplaced.

A Chicago clergyman preached a sermon in a billard saloon last Sunday. He made nineteen points.

One thing, said an old toper, was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whiskey one gets nowadays.

It is said that two Iowa lovers will sit up half the night with only one chair in the room, but that's easily explained to any one who has been there.

'Mono-poets' is the new name for persons who write but one bit of a verse and then die. This isn't the kind of a poet that sends pieces to the papers.

When women war 'gainst rum and beer, and close for aye each drinking place; then shall the salty, silent tear roll sadly down each lunch fiend's face.

It is said that a belle of our city gets but three hours' sleep per day during the fashionable season. An exchange think it is enough for her intellect.

A man was boasting that he had been married for twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who know him say he didn't dare to.

The latest zoological curiosity is reported from Richmond, Va—a dog with two tails! One of them, however, was an ox tail, and the dog carried it in his mouth.