

# Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM  
VOLUME 9.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 26, 1875.

NUMBER 19

## DENTISTRY

**B. F. MUCKENFUSS, Dentist**  
OF CHARLESTON, can be found at his  
OFFICE above Captain HAMIL-  
TON'S STORE, on Mar-  
ket Street

References—Drs. J. P. PATRICK, B. A.  
MUCKENFUSS, A. P. FELZER, M. D., and  
Messrs. PALZER, RODGERS & Co.

## NOTICE

TO THE  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN  
OF ORANGEBURG,

Moses M. Brown, the Barber pledges  
himself to keep up with the times in all the  
LATE IMPROVEMENTS, as his business is  
sufficient to guarantee the above. He will  
be found at his old stand, ever ready to  
serve his customers at the shortest notice.  
apl 11 30

## Nine Years' Experience

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES.**

PAINTS,  
OILS,  
BRUSHES, AND  
PATENT MEDICINES,  
TOILET ARTICLES,  
CANDLES,  
CUTLERY,  
SEGARS,  
TOBACCO, &c.

I have on hand also a supply of  
SEEDS AND ONION SETTS.

Prescriptions carefully compounded, orders  
from the country strictly attended to at the  
Poplar Drug Store of

DR. A. C. DUKES,

Jan 23 1874 1y

## Horses and Mules

AT  
BAMBERG & SLATER'S STABLES  
IN REAR OF  
J. GEO. VOSE'S STORE.

Where you will find a COMPLETE stock  
of the finest HORSES and MULES that can  
be procured from the BEST MARKETS in  
the United States.

Our prices range from \$50 to \$225. All  
sold at the shortest notice.  
If our stock on hand do not please you  
will refer you at once.  
BAMBERG & SLATER.  
dec 18 1874 6m

**NOTICE is hereby given of**  
the loss or destruction of Certificate  
of Deposit No. 331, Orangeburg Branch,  
Citizens Savings Bank of South Carolina,  
issued to the late E. J. Oliveros, deceased,  
and also of Deposit Book No. 46, of same  
Branch, in the name of the said E. J. Oli-  
veros, in trust, and that I will apply in  
three months from date for a renewal of the  
same, and for such dividends as may accrue  
thereon, to the Trustee and Committee of  
the said Bank, at Columbia, S. C.  
E. ROSA C. OLIVEROS,  
mar 6—1 am 3m Qualified Executor.

## DENTAL NOTICE

THE undersigned takes pleasure in an-  
nouncing to his many friends and patrons  
that he has permanently located at Orange-  
burg, C. H., S. C., where he will devote his  
entire time, from every Monday till Saturday  
noon to the

PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY  
in all its Departments. Perfect satisfaction  
guaranteed in all operations entrusted to his  
care. Charges very moderate.  
Office at Dr Fersner's old stand over Will-  
cock's Store.  
A. M. SNIDER, D. S.  
L. S. WOLFE.

THE  
ORANGEBURG  
HIGH SCHOOL  
IN THE  
BASEMENT OF DUKES'  
HOTEL,  
For TERMS apply to  
S. R. MELLICHAMP,  
Principal.

## FIRE INSURANCE AGENCY.

Having secured the AGENCY of the  
"City Insurance Company  
OF  
Providence, R. I."  
Capital, \$210,051.  
With that of participating Companies,  
The "Fireman's Fund," Cap-  
ital \$500,000.

And the  
"Atlantic," of New York.

I am prepared to take RISKS of any  
amount, dividing them in several 1st Class  
COMPANIES, to which I call the attention  
of property holders.

**SPECIAL RISKS**  
Taken on GIN HOUSES, MILLS and  
BARNES.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,  
Fire Insurance Agent.

A few tons of  
GUANAPE PERUVIAN GUANO.  
Also a supply of the  
MAPES STANDARD FERTILIZERS.  
J. A. HAMILTON,  
apl 3 1875 1y

[From the True Southern.]  
A Sabbath in Southland.

The perfumed languid air is faint with  
sweetness.

The golden orb slants slowly to the West,  
The softened pealing of the far-off chim-  
es, Proclaims the day of worship and of rest.

The great wide roses show their hearts of  
flame,

The hyacinth and pansy gem the sod,  
The broad magnolia from its chalice white,  
Offers sweet incense to its maker, God.

The ripple of the murmurous waves is  
hushed,

Which, silver-crested, ride the flashing  
scaes,

But o'er it broods a holy calm as when,  
He stilled the tempest of blue Galilee.

Lord of the tempest, still each wayward  
heart,

As once thou didst that vexed and angry  
sea,

And o'er them breathe the sweetly solemn  
thought,

"This is the day that thou shalt worship  
me."

Light from the Golden City seems to fall  
Over its battlements, through its gates  
ajar,

And with the ear of faith we seem to catch,  
The music of the harpers faint and far.

Now thro' the quivering evening air, the  
sun,

Throws o'er the scene his lingering level  
rays,

And from our softened hearts arise the  
words,

"Father, we thank Thee for these Sabbath  
days."

"L'INCONNUE."

[From the New York Daily Graphic.]  
The House that Bowen Built.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—This is the  
house that Bowen built.

GRACE MEY AND PEACE.—This is  
the meal that lay in the house that  
Bowen built.

PAROXYSMAL KISS.—This is the  
mouse that hid in the meal that lay  
in the house that Bowen built.

GOSPIP.—This is the cat that  
hunted the mouse that hid in the meal  
that lay in the house that Bowen  
built.

DISSIMULATION.—This is the dog  
that worried the cat that hunted the  
mouse that hid in the meal that  
lay in the house that Bowen built.

VICKEY.—This is the cow with the  
crumpled heel that kicked till the  
dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat  
that hunted the mouse that hid in the  
meal that lay in the house that Bowen  
built.

SIEB MARMADUKE.—This is the  
swain all tattered and torn who  
soothed the cow with the crumpled  
heel that kicked till the dog was  
*aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that  
hunted the mouse that hid in the meal  
that lay in the house that Bowen  
built.

ELIZABETH.—This is the maiden all  
forlorn who jilted the man all tattered  
and torn who carried the cow with an  
angry heel that kicked till the dog  
was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat  
that hunted the mouse that hid in the  
meal that lay in the house that Bowen  
built.

II. W.—This is the priest all shaven  
and shorn who almost wished he had  
never been born when he kissed the  
maiden all forlorn who jilted the  
swain all tattered and torn who coaxed  
the cow with that lively heel that  
kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel*  
that worried the cat that hunted the  
mouse that hid in the meal that lay  
in the house that Bowen built.

Mrs. MOULTON.—This is a "Slice  
of the Judgment-Day" whose "down-  
right truthfulness" carried dismay to  
the naughty priest in the "cave of  
gloom" who "sat on the ragged edge"  
of his doom when he kissed the maid-  
en all forlorn who jilted the man all  
tattered and torn who soothed the  
cow with the vicious heel that kicked  
till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that wor-  
ried the cat that hunted the mouse  
that hid in the meal that lay in the  
house that Bowen built.

My DEAR VON MOLTKE.—This  
is the name of the Mutual Friend who  
carried the secrecy through to the end

for the sly old priest in the cave of  
gloom who kept a dangerous cup in  
his room when he kissed the maiden  
all forlorn who jilted the man all wor-  
ried and worn who coaxed the cow  
with the versatile heel that kicked till  
the dog was *aus ge spiel* that teased the  
cat that hunted the mouse that hid in  
the meal that lay in the house that  
Bowen built.

Mrs. MORSE.—This is the typical  
mother-in-law with the terrible tongue  
and flexible jaw, the eagle eye and  
avenging claw, who told of all she  
heard and saw, who indulged in  
various comments aloud, and made it  
sultry for all the crowd—for the Mut-  
ual Friend who dared to refuse to let  
her get at his budget of news; for the  
priest, who, caught in what he had  
done, said, "Mother, I wish you would  
call me son;" for the desolate  
daughter all forlorn who jilted the  
man T. T. (Tattered and Torn) who  
carried the cow with the frisky heel  
that kicked till the dog was *aus ge  
spiel* that worried the cat that hunted  
the mouse that hid in the meal that  
lay in the house that Bowen built.

THE GRAPHIC.—This is the cock that  
will crow in the morn when Justice  
blows her delinquent horn, command-  
ing all to acknowledge the corn; for  
the mother-in-law with her Hugal  
thorn; for the Mutual Friend, with  
his lofty scorn; for that Slice of the  
Day of Judgment, born to comfort  
and scare and guide and warn; for  
Bessie, who, as she has sworn, by  
Marmaduke from her bed was torn,  
and unto his screaming and sleeping  
horn; for the social priest all shaven  
and shorn who kissed the maiden all  
forlorn who jilted the swain all tattered  
and worn who soothed the cow with  
the limber heel that kicked till the  
dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the  
cat that hunted the mouse that hid in  
the meal that lay in the house that  
Bowen built.

## The Man-Eating Tree.

Dr. Jay writes from Madagascar to  
the South Australian Register: If  
you can imagine a pineapple, eight  
feet high and thick in proportion,  
resting upon its base, and denuded of  
leaves, you will have a good idea of  
the trunk of the tree, which, however,  
was not the color of an anana, but a  
dark, dingy, brown, and apparently  
as hard as iron. From the apex of  
this frustrated cone (at least two feet  
in diameter) eight huge leaves sheer  
to the ground, like doors swung back  
on their hinges. These leaves, which  
were joined at the top of the tree at  
regular intervals, were about eleven  
or twelve feet long, and shaped very  
much like the leaves of an American  
agave or century plant. They are  
two feet through in their thickest  
point and three feet wide, tapering to  
a sharp point that looked like a cow's  
horn, very convex on the outer (but  
now under surface) and on the under  
(now upper) surface slightly concave.  
This concave face was thickly set  
with strong thorny hooks like those upon  
the head of the teazel. The leaves,  
hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead-  
green in color, and in appearance the  
massive strength of oak fibre. The  
apex of the cone was a round, white,  
concave figure, like a smaller plate  
set within a larger one. This was not  
a flower, but a receptacle, and there  
exuded it into a clear treacly liquid  
honey, sweet, and possessed of violent  
intoxicating and soporific properties.  
From underneath the rim (so to  
speak) of the undermost plate a series  
of long, hairy, green tendrils stretch-  
ed out in every direction toward the  
horizon. These were seven or eight  
feet long, and tapered from four inches  
to a half inch in diameter, yet they  
stretched out stiffly as iron rods.  
Above these (from between the upper  
and under cup) six white, almost  
transparent pulpi reared themselves  
toward the sky, twirling and twisting  
with a marvellous incessant motion,  
yet constantly reaching upward. Thin  
as reeds, and frail as quills, apparent-  
ly, were yet five or six feet tall, and  
were so constantly and vigorously in

motion, with such a subtle, sinuous,  
silent, throbbing against the air, with  
their suggestions of serpents slayed,  
yet dancing on their tails. My obser-  
vations on this occasion were suddenly  
interrupted by the natives, who had  
been shrieking around the tree with  
their shrill voices, and chanting what  
Heudrick told me were propitiatory  
hymns to the great tree devil.

With still wilder shrieks and chants  
they now surrounded one of the women  
and urged her with points of their  
javelins until slowly, and with despair-  
ing face, she climbed up the stalk of  
the tree and stood on the summit of  
the cone, the pulpi swirling all about  
her. "Tsik!" "Tsik!" (Drink! drink!)  
cried the men. Stopping, she drank  
of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising  
instantly again, with wild frenzy in  
her face and convulsive cords in her  
limbs. But she did not jump down,  
as she seemed intend to do. Oh, no!  
The atrocious cannibal tree, that had  
been so inert and dead, came to sud-  
den savage life. The slender delicate  
pulpi with the fury of starved serpents,  
quivered a moment over her head,  
then, as if instinct with demoniac in-  
telligence, fastened upon her in sud-  
den coils round and round her neck  
and arms, and while her awful  
screams and yet more awful laughter  
rose wildly to be instantly strangled  
down again into a gurgling moan, the  
tendrils, one after another, like great  
green serpents, with brutal energy and  
infernal rapidity, rose, contracted  
themselves, and wrapped her about in  
folds after folds, ever tightening with  
cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of  
anacondas fastening upon their prey.  
It was the barbarity of the Laocoon  
without its beauty—this strange hor-  
rible murder, and how the great  
leaves rose slowly and stiffly, like the  
arms of a derrick, erected themselves  
in the air, approached one another,  
and closed about the dead and  
hampered victim with the silent force  
of a hydraulic press and the ruthless  
purpose of a thumbscrew. A moment  
more, and while I could see the bases  
of these great leaves pressing more  
tightly toward each other from their  
interstices, there trickled down the  
stalk of the tree great streams of the  
viscid honey-like fluid, mingled hor-  
ribly with the blood and oozing viscera  
of the victim. At sight of this the  
savage hordes around me, yelling  
madly bounded forward, crowded to  
the tree, clasped it, and with cups,  
leaves, hands and tongues, each one  
obtained enough of the liquid to send  
him mad and frantic.

## The Hackman in Court.

"Your name is—is—what?", asked  
the Court.  
"Davey, sir—George Davey."  
"And you work at—what?"  
"Drive hack."  
"Ah—ha!" smiled his Honor, ac-  
quiring sudden interest; "this is worth  
twenty dollars to me. You are one  
of those men who stand on the edge  
of the walk at the depots and shout  
"Hax!" at people."

"I have to git passengers, sir."  
"Don't sass me back, Mr. Davey—I  
know all about you! Only the other  
day, as I returned from a Mayday  
party in the country, there were one  
million five hundred and sixty-five  
thousand three hundred and ninety-  
two of you on the curb stone, and  
every one of you yelled "Hax!" at me.  
One seized my satchel, another  
grabbed at my coat, and another  
pulled me backward by the coat tails.  
I believe you are that man!"  
"Deed, sir, I ain't."

"Well, it's barely possible that I am  
mistaken, but here's a charge that you  
were lying on the walk drunk."

"I wasn't, sir; I was sitting up along-  
side a house."

"That's too fine a point to argue.  
Were you drunk?"

Only sprung, sir; only a little  
sprung."

"That's just as bad in the sight of  
the law, and I ought to fine you  
\$700."

"Grashus? but I could never pay  
that!"

"No; my object would be to keep  
you in prison all your days!"

"Oh, let up on a feller," pleaded the  
prisoner. "This is the first time, and  
it shall be the last. I've a large fam-  
ily, sir, and they need my wages to  
get their bread."

His Honor took a long time to  
think, and then replied:

"It is wrong to let you off. The  
citizens will condemn me, and the  
newspapers will blow at me, but I be-  
lieve I'll give you a show— You may  
go, but I shall keep watch of you.  
You must mend your ways right off.  
Instead of yelling "Hax!" at a man,  
do you smile, and softly whisper: "sir,  
can I have the pleasure of conveying  
you to some designated point?" Promise  
me this?"

The prisoner promised, and was al-  
lowed to disappear, limping sadly with  
a sore heel.

## An Exciting Contest.

Last winter two of my neighbors,  
Mr. Miller and Mr. Grant, lost their  
wives upon the same day, and both of  
the funerals took place three days af-  
terward, the interments being made at  
the cemetery about the same hour.  
As the two funeral parties were com-  
ing out of the burying ground, Miller  
met Grant, and clasping each other's  
hand they indulged in a sympathetic  
squeeze, and the following conversa-  
tion ensued:

Miller.—"I'm sorry for you, it's an  
unspeakable loss isn't it?"

Grant.—"Awful! She was the best  
woman that ever lived."

Miller.—"She was indeed. I never  
met her equal. She was a good wife  
to me."

Grant.—"I was referring to my  
wife. There couldn't be two best you  
know."

Miller.—"Yes, I know. I know  
well enough that your wife couldn't  
hold a candle to mine."

Grant.—"She couldn't, hey?  
Couldn't hold a candle. Why she  
could dance all round Mrs. Miller  
every day in the week including Sun-  
days, and not half try! She was an  
unmitigated ange! take her any way  
you would."

Miller.—"Oh, she was, was she?  
Well I don't want to be personal but  
if I owned a cross-eyed angel with red  
hair and no tee h, and as bony as an  
omnibus horse, I'd kill her if she  
didn't die of her own accord. Dance!  
How could a woman dance that had  
feet like candle boxes, and lame at  
that?"

Grant.—"Better be cross-eyed than  
wear the kind of a red nose that your  
wife flourished around this commu-  
nity. I bet it'll burn a hole through  
the coffin lid. And you pretend  
you're sorry she's stepped out! But  
you can't impose on me! I know  
you're so glad you can hardly hold  
in. She was the chuckle-headedest  
woman that ever disgraced a grave-  
yard; that's what she was."

Miller.—"If you abuse my wife, I'll  
knock the head off of you."

Grant.—"I'd like to see you try it."

Then the two disconsolate widowers  
engaged in a hand-to-hand combat,  
and after fighting awhile in the snow  
the mourners pulled them apart just  
as Mr. Miller was about to insist upon  
his wife's virtues by biting off Mr.  
Grant's nose.

## Bill Malone.

In these stagnant times people  
should be grateful for anything that  
will provoke a smile. Two old color-  
ed ladies met recently in a grocery  
store in Columbia, and, while making  
their purchases, of course "talked  
church."

"Well," said one, "Brother Goldin  
has lost his house." "Why, how he  
lose it?" asked the other.

"Well, you know he borrowed  
money outen that 'society, whatever  
you call it, that lends money (build-  
ing and loan suggested a bystander);  
that's it. Well, he got tie money  
outen him, and failed to pay it back,  
you know, so you see this—what's  
his name? (building and loan again  
suggested)—comes down hot on  
Brother Go ding, and takes the place  
bodaciously from him."

Up to this portion of the narrative

the countenance of the listening sister  
had been expressive only of a polite  
interest and mournful christian  
sympathy in the misfortunes of Broth-  
er Goldin; but when the speaker went  
on to say: "And now Brother Goldin  
wants we members of the church to  
fling in and pay the debt for him," a  
fearful change came over that intelli-  
gent face—her eyes flashed fire.

"He do," she cried emphatically,  
placing her hands upon her hips, and  
striking a determined attitude, "he  
do, does he? Well, I can jist tell you  
one thing: I yearns all I git, and ef  
Bill Malone never gits paid for that  
house tell he gits it outen Marider,  
he'll never git it while his head's hot."  
Whose Bill Malone, I'd like to know,"  
she continued, lashing herself into a  
fury, "that he can't wait for his money  
as well as other people? He's some  
hereticle old orbeliever, or he  
wouldn't be so hard down on a mem-  
ber of the church; but he'll brile for  
it hereafter, that's one comfort." And  
gathering up her bundles—not in her  
indignation forgetting one—she tossed  
her head and marched out of the store.  
When last heard from she was still  
abusing 'old Bill Malone.'

## How to Calculate Interest and What it Will do.

The following rules are so simple  
and so true according to all business  
usage, that every banker, broker,  
merchant or clerk should post them  
up for reference. There being no  
such thing as a fraction in it, there is  
scarcely any liability to error or mis-  
take. By no other arithmetical pro-  
cess can the desired information be  
obtained by so few figures:

Six per cent—Multiply any given  
number of dollars by the number of  
days of interest desired, separate the  
right hand figure and divide by six;  
the result is the true interest on such  
number of days at six per cent.

Eight per cent—Multiply any given  
amount for the number of days upon  
which it is desired to ascertain the  
interest, and divide by forty-five, and  
the result will be the interest of such  
sum for the time required, at eight  
per cent.

What it will do. If a mechanic or  
clerk saves only 24 cents a day, from  
the time he is twenty-one until he is  
threescore and ten, the aggregate,  
with interest, will amount to \$2,900;  
and a daily saving of 97 cents reaches  
the important sum of \$59,000. A six-  
pence saved daily will provide a sum  
of \$7,000—sufficient to purchase a  
good farm.

There are few employers who can-  
not save daily, by abstaining from the  
use of cigars, tobacco, liquor, etc.,  
twice or ten times the amount of the  
six cent piece. Every person should  
provide for old age, and the man in  
business who can save a dollar a day  
will eventually find himself possessed  
of over \$100,000.

It isn't so very late—only a quarter  
of twelve. "How dare you sit there  
and tell that lie? I was awake when  
you came in, and looked at my watch  
—it was three o'clock. Well, isn't  
three a quarter of twelve."

## LIKENESSES.

The subscriber has secured rooms over J.  
A. Hamilton's store where he is prepared to  
paint LIKENESSES IN OIL, either from  
life, or from Photographs, the pictures  
painted to be from Cabinet to Life size.

He is also prepared to take PHOTO-  
GRAPHS and FERREOTYPES card size.

W. H. COUTANT,  
June 12 1875 1m

## W. H. GIRARDEAU

### TRIAL JUSTICE.

APPOINTED 10th June 1875

Business attended to promptly.  
June 12 1875 1m

## Note Lost.

A NOTE drawn by Jno. D. Keitt for One  
Hundred and Thirty-Seven DOLLARS  
endorsed by A. J. & E. M. Jackson. All  
persons are warned against trading for said  
NOTE. A liberal reward will be paid for  
same if delivered to

A. J. JACKSON,  
June 12 1875 3t