

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7, 1875.

NUMBER 25

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. FELZER, RODGERS & Co.

NOTICE

TO THE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
OF ORANGEBURG,

MRS. M. BROWN, the Barber pledges
himself to keep up with the times in all the
LATEST 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 80

Nine Years' Experience

IN
DRUGS and MEDICINES.

PAINTS,
OILS,
BRUSHES, AND
TOILET ARTICLES.
PATENT MEDICINES,
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

NOTICE.

All persons having claims against the
Estate of Peter W. Avinger, deceased, will
present the same properly attested, and all
of those indebted will make payment to
ANN AVINGER,
Executrix.

july 17 1875 4t

\$5 to \$20

Per Day at Home. Terms free.

Address
E. STINSON & CO.,
Orangeburg, S. C.

jan 25 1875 1y

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice to all interested and
concerned, that Emma Goodwin widow of
James Goodwin, intends to have her Home-
stead, for herself and her minor Children,
set off in the personal property of her late
husband in said County, thirty-one days
from the date hereof.

A. B. KNOWLTON,
Probate Judge.
O. C.

Orangeburg, C. H., July 10th 1875.

july 10 1875 1m.

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. Fenner'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

ROBERTS, L. MELLICHAMP,
Principal.

FIRE INSURANCE

AGENCY.

Having secured the AGENCY of the

"City Insurance Company

OF

Providence, R. I."

Capital, \$219,051.

With that of participating Companies,

The "Fireman's Fund," Capital

\$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

BARNs.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,
Fire Insurance Agent.

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

Only a Woman.

Only a woman shriveled and old!
The play of the winds and the prey of the
cold!

Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er bold;
Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of the music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold, on an ice-cold throne,
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread but a stone;
Under old lace their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! in the old days
Hope carolled to her the happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death shadows
are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—Nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church
door.

Those Circus Bills.

An old lady who had been out shop-
ping procured a few circus bills, and
on her return home she had one in
her hand as she came up the steps,
and she didn't say a word until after
she had wiped off her spectacles,
placed them on her nose, unfolded
the bill and read a few of the head-
lines.

She was old-fashioned in look.
There were strings to her bonnet, she
wore no bustle, her gray hair was
combed down smoothly, and there
were only a few curls in her black
alpaca dress.

Young man, don't you know the
circuses are awful liars and—
she finally inquired

The man at the table leaned on the
back of his chair and refused to ex-
press his opinion.

Well, I know it, she continued in a
positive tone, and I believe they get
worse every day. Now, see here listen
to this:

A gorgeous panorama of amazing
wonders—a gigantic combination of
astonishing acrobatic talent.

That's all right on the poster, but
have they got them? I'd like to see
one of them animals.

You're laboring under a mistake,
madam, it means a grand display of
natural curiosities, and informs the
public that the proprietor has secured
many first-class acrobats—the chaps
who stand on their heads, turn heels
over head, and cut up so many mon-
key shins.

It does, eh? she mused. Well, do
you suppose it takes a smart person to
keep over?

Well, one has to have a good deal
of training.

They do, eh? she remarked, as she
put her umbrella in the corner and
spit in her hands; I'll show you that
you are deceived! I'm an old woman,
but if I cannot—

Madam, hold on—don't do it! ex-
claimed the man behind the table,
fearing that the old woman would
turn over.

I can flop right over there and
never shake my bonnet! she said as
she rose up.

I know you can, madam, but don't.
I am here alone, and I—I don't want
you to. I'd rather you wouldn't. If
you are determined on it, I shall leave
the room.

Well, you know I can do it, and
that's enough. You may be right
about what that means, but see here—
hear this—

The highways ablaze with resplend-
ent chariots—the grandest pageant
on earth.

I've been to lots of circuses in my
time, young man, and never saw a
pageant yet. If they had one, the
door of his cage wasn't open.

You are also in error there. The
bill refers to the fact that the great
number of wagons, chariots, etc., make
a sight worth seeing as they pass along
the streets.

Oh me, she muttered as she turned
the bill over; I don't see why they
could not say so then. Now see here
—read that:

Sig. Govinoff, in his aerial flights.
Now, then, is that a boa-constrictor
or a condurango?

It is a man, madam—one of the
performers. His real name is prob-
ably Jones, but that isn't grand
enough, and so they put him down as
Sig. Govinoff. He is the man who
jumps off a rope, turns over twice, and
come down all right.

He is, eh? Well, if he's got an idea
that he's the smartest man alive I
want to disappoint him. I never did
try to turn over twice, but I'll do it
right here and now, or break my
neck! Take those things off'n that
table!

Stay, madam—don't. I wouldn't
have you to try it for \$50.

Just once!

For heaven's sake, madam, get
down off'n this table—here—here's a
dollar if you won't try it!

I don't want your money and I
won't try it if you're so scared; but I
don't want no circus going around
talking about aryal flights and de-
ceiving the people!

She sat down, the young man wiped
the sweat off his brow, and presently
she remarked:

And here's another thing right
here:

A sparkling asterisk flashing across
the field of the cloth of gold. Mons.
Gomerique in his great delineations
of human character.

I'd like to know who he is.

Madam, that is a man—a man who
delineates character.

How?

Why, he makes up faces—ex-
presses joy, sorrow, joy, &c.

Tr. Joes, eh! Well, what's that to
blow about? Make up faces—see
here.

And she shut her eyes, run out her
tongue, and looked like the bottom of
a brass kettle which had been kicked
in by a mule.

They are humbugs, sir, she said, as
she drew her tongue in, and d'ye
s'pose I'd pay fifty cents to go to one
of them.

They are quite entertaining as a
general thing.

They are, eh! Entertaining, eh!
Well, if I can't do more entertaining
in five minutes than a circus can in
all day I'll leave my bonnet up here!
Here, hold on to this chair!

Madam, I earnestly hope that you
are not going to perform any tricks.

I ain't, eh! You just hold on to the
legs of this chair.

I can't, madam—I wouldn't do it
for all the diamond rings in Syracuse!
Go away, madam do go home! I'm
in an awful hurry!

Well, I won't then, but when I say
circuses are humbugs, I can prove it.
I don't keer two cents for their big
words, their panoplies, pageants,
asterisks, giraffes, aryls, georgouses
and orang-outangs, I can beat 'em
all holler myself.

She took off her spectacles, picked
up her umbrella, and left.

Some ladies, in Marion, S. C.,
formed themselves into a society the
other day, known as the "Sisters of
Economy." Each member took an
oath on a copy of Webster's unabrid-
ged dictionary, that she would never
henceforward forever wear apparel
that cost over 28 cents per yard. The
other day a rich bachelor came up
from Charleston, on the morning train,
and that evening the president and
eight of the sisters were seen on the
streets, decked out in summer robes
that cost their papas three dollars and
a half per yard.

"A Missonri judge has decided that
a mother has no legal right to trash
her daughter after the girl has passed
her eighteenth birthday." That judge
is quite right. When a girl reaches
her eighteenth year the legal right to
trash her becomes dormant, and re-
mains so until she marries, when it
revives and reverts to her husband.
[See Blackstone on the Legal Thrash-
ing of Girls.]

It Was Sam.

The other day a tall, thin woman
from over the river hunted around
Vicksburg until she found Corover
Blessing, whose retiring disposition
and prompt attention to business are
certain to make him famous all over
the state within the coming year, and
when she was certain of her man she
inquired:

"Business ain't driving now, is it?"
"Well nothing to brag of, I get a
floater or a nigger now and then, but
it isn't anything like old times."

She heaved a sigh and continued:
"Sam is missing."

"Sam, Sam," he repeated.

"Yes, my old man, it's nigh on to
two weeks since he started to cross
the river about six miles above here,
and I'm getting anxious. I thought
I'd drop down and see if you remem-
bered of having sot on such a man."

"Aout twelve weeks ago—less see?
I believe I did pull in a floater some
ten or eleven weeks since."

"Was he a tall man?"
"Yes, I think he was."

"Have a long nose and brick-color-
ed hair?"
"Yes—I remember now."

"Cow hide shoes and a yaller coat
on?"
"Yes—I got that very man."

"He riz to the surface and was pulled
in here, sot on according to law,
and duly buried."

"He was, madam. And do you be-
lieve that the body was that of your
missing husband?"

"I know it! He could drive mules
or paddle a dug-out with any man in
Louisiana, but he couldn't swim worth
a cent. His canoe flopped over, he
went under, and that's the reason he
wasn't here."

And do you want the body exhumed
so as to make sure?"

"Was he put down to stay?"
"He was well buried, madam."

"Well, its 'bout as well, to let him
stay there. He's probably fell away
so that I wouldn't know him, and I
don't feel like having my nerves
strung up."

"Well, I'm very sorry for you, mad-
am. If I could have identified the
body, I would have sent you word
right away."

"It's all right. I've felt it in my
bones for more'n two months that I
was a widdler, and th' shock don't
stagger me like it would at first. I'm
sorry, for Sam was kind."

"But he ought a knowed better,
when he couldn't swim. I told him
and told him and told him, and that
day I told him again, and he hollered
back, 'shut-up!'"

"He did?"
"Yes, he did, and now he's under
the sile and I'm here! I'm 'bleeged,
Mr. —; I know where he is now,
and when I wake up in the night I
shan't worry so much. Is there any-
thing to pay?"

"No—nothing."

"Well, I'll go home feeling better.
It's kinder hard to have the old man
go under that way, but I s'pose the
Lord knows best. The Bible says we
cometh up to be cut down, and I sup-
pose that means drowning as well as
shooting."

And she felt to see if her spectacle
case was all safe, and started for home.

"Got any medicine," asked a boy,
entering a drug store the other day.
"Yes, lots of it. What do you want?"
inquired the clerk. "Oh, it don't
make any difference, so that it's some-
thing lively. Dad is fearful bad."

"What ails him?" asked the clerk.
"Dunno," said the boy; "but he's run
down orful. He just sits around the
stove all day and mopes; he hasn't
walloped mother since Christmas. I
guess he's g'ing to die!"

A few days since a scedy person ap-
plied to a wealthy citizen for help, and
received the small sum of five cents.
The giver remarked as he handed
him the pittance: "Take it, you are
welcome; our cars are always open to
the distressed." "That may be," re-
plied the recipient, "but never before
in my life have I seen so small an
opening for such large ears."

The Cat-o'-nine-tails.

The Auckland Herald furnishes
some interesting information respect-
ing the manner in which punishment
is meted out to convicts in New Zea-
land. A visitor to the prison de-
scribes the executioner as a powerful
fellow, stripped to his shirt, which was
rolled up on his arms and displayed an
extraordinary mass of sinew and
strenth. Beside him was a box in
which were ranged the instruments
of punishment—the "cat-o'-nine-tails."

The first of the victims to suffer pun-
ishment was a middle-aged, hard-fea-
tured fellow, who on being led through
an iron gate, was ordered by the exe-
cutioner to strip. Divesting himself of
his clothes he was led to the triangles
and the straps passed round his wrists,
ankles and waist; it was impossible to
move. The executioner took up one of
the heaviest "cats," passed his fingers
through the nine tails of the whip and
then brought it down upon the cul-
prit's back. There was a shriek of
agony, and in livid blue lines the flesh
stood out upon the poor wretch's
shoulders. "One!" cried the warden,
and again the cat swung high up in
the air to descend a second time. The
deep blue lines turned red, the blood
oozed through a dozen different cuts
and the skin began to peel in strips
along his back. Shriek after shriek
rent the air. The sight was sickening.
As each blow was dealt the prisoner
writhed in agony, and when the lash
fell for the last time and the straps
were loosened that held him he turned
away, faint, weak, scarcely recog-
nizable as a human being, marked
and disgraced for life. Two other
prisoners were then led out and the
terrible performance repeated.

Wrong Kind of a Shirt.

It was a respectable looking col-
ored man who brought his washing
home.

"Your wife is a good washerwoman,
isn't she?" said the young bachelor to
the polite and obsequious man.

"Yaas, sir, she commonly always
give satisfaction," replied the husband
of the hundred.

"Well," resumed the young bache-
lor in his blandest and most insinuat-
ing manner, "You can tell your wife
that I esteem her very highly as one
possessing many womanly and Christ-
ian virtues, a domestic gem and house-
hold ornament, a social luminary and
moral beacon, an exemplary Christian,
a gentle loving wife, a washerwoman
among ten thousand, and altogether
lovely, but there's one objection."

"What's dat, sar?" inquired the
smiling African, who had been show-
ing two rows of spotless ivory and a
cavernous opening of the head, while
his wife was being so extravagantly
eulogized.

"What's dat, boss?"

"She puts all the starch in my socks,
and uno in my shirts; she washes or
irons all the buttons off and for-gets to
replace them; exchanges my clothes
for those of some other patron, and if
you'll look at this (holding up a gar-
ment,) you'll see how inconvenient it
would be to wear either pantaloons,
cuffs or collars with such a shirt as
she sometimes sends me. It may be
that she cuts off the arms and collar
to make the tail longer, but I can't
see what the deuce she should want to
ruffle the edges for."

The darkey looked a little disgusted
as he wrapped the garment up to take
it home, but only said: "Idea sending
a man dat kin' o' shirt!"—Vicksburg
Herald.

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irish
woman a quantity of butter, the lumps
of which, intended for pounds, he
weighed in the balance and found
wanting. "Shure it's your own fault if
they are light," said Biddy, in reply
to the complaints of the buyer, "it's
your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with
a pound of your own soap, I bought
here myself that I weighed them
with?" The shopkeeper had nothing
more to say on that subject.

Micawber, always waiting for some
thing to turn up, never thought of a
paw.

Items.

Costly lumber—Summer board.
Stage whippers—"Pass up the fare."
Washerwomen always know just
where to draw the line.

The Sentinel, pathetically signs,
"Tis sweet to wait, but oh how bitter,
To wait for a girl and then not get 'er."

Wou't somebody shoot the man who
called Sheridan's wedding a piece of
Philagree work?

Paper callers is the latest synonym
for interviewers. It is believed that
this appellation will crush out the
industry.

The Vassar girls say the West
Pointers may be very well with the
bayonet, but they are awful slow in
coming to the point.

It is one of the curiosities of natural
history that a horse enjoys his food
most when he hasn't a bit in his
mouth.

So Spinner, after handling hun-
dreds of millions, comes out ahead.
Frame that bill, General, and hang it
up for your posterity to be proud of.
—Mail.

A tourist who was asked in what
part of Switzerland he felt the heat
most, replied, "When I was going to
Berne."

A farmer in Chariton found a way
to make a balky horse go. He took
him to a strange town and put him up
at auction. He went for \$85.—Brins-
wick.

A Cincinnati tramp advertizes for a
"partner, to learn the business, and
do the Western country during the
fall season."

A proposition to introduce ladies
as railroad conductors is favored.
The proposition would always be behind.

A lively lady remarked: "I notice
that these 'women's rights' people are
invariably men's lefts." Mr. Dickens
used to repeat this with admiration.

A new candy is called "Centennial
Kisses." But young ladies prefer the
other kind, given by young men who
have not yet celebrated one-quarter of
a centennial.

Just think of it! It costs one mil-
lion two hundred and fifty thousand
five hundred and eighty-seven dollars
and ten cents to keep the women of
this country in imported corsets for
one year. What a waste!—Exchange.

"Dar!" de great git-up-in de mora-
in' day done come!" said an aged
colored brother, the other night, when
the lightning struck a church at
Vicksburg, Miss., filled with colored
people.

Here is an extract from a letter writ-
ten to her lover by a Montgomery, Ala.,
girl: "For your sake, darling, I have
quit using chewing gum; would you
have quit gum for me? I would not
have quit gum for any other person in
the whole world."

They were seated at a late dinner
when the door bell rung and the ser-
vant handed a card to Lavender's
wife. "Why-good gracious, it's our
minister, and I've been eating onions!"
she exclaimed. "Never mind," said
Lavender, you needn't kiss him to-
day.

"I wouldn't make sluices of my
eyes," said an intemperate husband to
his weeping wife. "No, sir, you prefer
making a sluice of you mouth."

A throng of youth and beauty glide
Amid the festive scene,
The dancers close, and side by side
Upon each other lean.
But one fair maid, the queen of all,
Hath on her brow a frown,
She feels her pride will have a fall,
Her back hair's coming down.

At a party, recently, a sentimental
young lady strolled with a gentleman,
on whom she had her eye, into the
conservatory. Looking up pensively
into his face, she said, with tears in
her voice, "Ah, no one loves me, Mr.
Barnes! "Some one does!" "Yes?"
said the lady, dropping her head and
pressing her arm ever so little. "Yes,
Miss Nellie," said the wretch, "God
loves you."

A Bethel man, on going to his
stove to kindle a fire, one day last
week, found comfortably coiled inside,
a large, flat-headed adder.