

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 9 1875.

NUMBER 31.

THE TAYLOR COTTON GIN.

ORDER IT EARLY!
Took the Silver Medal at the Orangeburg Fair in 1873. And Took the Diploma in 1874.

It is of Light Draft, Runs Rapidly and gives a Beautiful Sample. Price Below any other First Class Gin.

JOHN A. HAMILTON,
Sole Agent for

ORANGEBURG and BARNWELL.

The following gentlemen are using the gin:

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ORANGEBURG, S. C.

This HOUSE is now open for the reception of BOARDERS. GUESTS well taken care of. The TABLE amply supplied, and a HACK meeting each train at the Depot. Terms Moderate. 1875 1y

Building Material &c.

The subscriber would ask the attention of the readers of the News & Times to his Stock of

Hardware, Building Material, House Finishing and Carriage Building, and Tripping Material, &c.

Consisting in part of

Fresh Stone Lime, Hydraulic Cement, Calced Plaster, Nails, Hair, Laths, Locks, Hinges, Brads, Tacks, Window Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Paints, Oils and Brushes.

In short, the largest variety of goods to be found in any one house in the State. All goods warranted as represented, and prices guaranteed as low as the lowest for same quality of goods. All orders accompanied with Cash or satisfactory City references, will have prompt and careful attention.

JOHN C. DIAL,
Columbia, S. C.
July 10 1875 3m.

The Cordial Balm of Syricum and Tonic Pills.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

However obscure the cause may be which contribute to render nervous debility a disease so prevalent, affecting, as it does, nearly one-half of our adult population, it is a melancholy fact that day by day, and year by year, we witness a most frightful increase of nervous affections from the slightest neuralgia to the more grave and extreme forms of

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

Is characterized by a general languor or weakness of the whole organism, especially of the nervous system, obstructing and preventing the ordinary functions of nature; hence there is a disordered state of the secretions, constipation, scanty and high-colored urine, with an excess of earthy or lime sediment, indicative of waste of brain and nerve substance, frequent palpitations of the heart, loss of memory and marked irresolution of purpose, and inability to carry into action any well-defined business enterprise, or to fix the mind upon any one thing at a time. There is great sensitiveness to impress, though retained but a short time, with a flickering and fluttering condition of the mental faculties, rendering an individual what is commonly called a "whiffle-minded or fickle-minded man."

This condition of the individual, distressing as it is, may with a certainty be cured by THE CORDIAL BALM OF SYRICUM AND LOTHROP'S TONIC PILLS.

Medicines unrivaled for their wonderful properties and remarkable cures of all Nervous Complaints. Their efficacy is equally great in the treatment and cure of Cancer, Nodes, Ulcers, Pustules, Pimples, Tetter, Fever, Sores, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Scald-head, Barbers' Itch, Scoury, Salt Rheum, Copper-Colored Blotches, Glandular Swellings, Worms and Black Spots in the Flesh, Discolorations, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth and Nose, Sore Legs, and Sores of every character, because these medicines are the very best.

BLOOD MEDICINE

Ever placed before the people, and are warranted to be the most powerful Alternative ever originated by man, removing Morbid Sensibility, Depression of Spirits, Dementia and Meancholia.

Sold by all Druggists, and will be sent by express to all parts of the country by addressing the proprietor, G. EDGAR LOTHROP, M. D., 143 Court Street, Boston, Mass., who may be consulted free of charge either personally or by mail. Send 25 cents and get a copy of his Book on Nervous Diseases. aug 14 1875 1y

\$5 to \$20 Per Day at Home. Terms free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. Jan 29 1875 1y

A Pleasant Traveling Companion.

Thomas, or Tom Gardner, as he was familiarly called, was born on the river St. John, one mile above the mouth of Mactaquack stream, in the year 1798. Viewed casually, Gardner gave no evidence of unusual power, but when stripped his muscular development was tremendous, and it is affirmed that instead of the ordinary ribs, he possessed a solid bony wall on either side, and that there was no separation whatever. He stood five feet ten and a half inches, erect and full chested, and never exceeded one hundred and ninety pounds in weight.

The late Charles Long informed us that at one time he saw Gardner lift from a towboat a puncheon of corn, containing at least twelve bushels, and, swinging around, deposit it on the sand. In so doing he tore the sole off his boot. On another occasion a number of men were trying to lift a stick of timber. In all the whole crowd only one man could raise it about two inches from the skids. Gardner told four men to sit on it and then lifted it so high that the men jumped off to save themselves from the fall.

Mr. McKean has frequently known him in lifting to break boom poles six inches thick. He has known him also with one hand to lift, by the rung of a chair, the chair itself and a man weighing nearly two hundred pounds. Once when attempting to lift a very heavy man he wrenched the rung entirely from the chair.

Gardner was at one time possessed of a balky horse with which he exercised great patience, but when patience ceased to be a virtue he would fell him to the ground with his clenched fist, striking him behind the ear. It is related of Gardner's sister that on one occasion a famous wrestler traveled all the way from Miramichi to Tom's home in order to "try a fall with him." Tom was absent, but the sister looking contemptuously upon the intruder, declared she would throw him herself, and, suiting the action to the word, in a fair trial threw him fairly three times in succession. The stranger's experience with the sister was sufficient; he never sought a future interview with the brother.

The greatest feat which Gardner was ever known to perform was on one of the wharves in St. John. Mr. McKean saw him lift and carry an anchor weighing 1,200 pounds, numbers of other witnesses standing by, some of whom are yet alive. Frequently he has seen him carrying a barrel of pork under each arm, and once he saw him shoulder a barrel of pork while standing in an ordinary brandy box.

When about forty years of age Gardner removed to the United States, and never returned to his native province. It is commonly reported and believed that he met with a sad adventure on board a Mississippi steamer. A heavy bell was on board as a portion of the freight, and the captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make more room on deck. While captain and passengers were at dinner, Tom, in presence of the crew, to their utter amazement, lifted the bell and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the captain returned he asked how that had been accomplished, when Gardner laughingly remarked that he carried it there, the former gave him the lie, and as the word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face.

This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow; but one buffet was sufficient. The captain never spoke again, killed dead on the instant. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since.

A Brooklyn sick girl cleared space around thirteen ears of green corn at one meal the other day, and picking the fragments from between her teeth with a hair-pin observed: "If ever I could get well enough to eat much I think I could live on corn."

We should every night call ourselves to account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day? what passion opposed? what temptation resisted? what virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift. — Seneca.

A Pleasant Traveling Companion.

An Eastern paper relates the following good story: A gentleman who recently passed over the old Central railroad, from Rochester to Syracuse, relates an amusing incident that came under his observation before reaching Auburn. An officer was on the train, having in charge two convicts destined for Auburn prison. The hands of the convicts were free, and they sat opposite one another with irons on their ankles, the officer occupying the seat with one of them. Presently a gentleman, whose hook-nose, old-fashioned silk hat, and generally steady appearance indicated inquisitiveness, came along and took the vacant seat beside the convict, not noticing the irons. The convict was an intelligent fellow and eyed his fellow passenger closely. Presently the passenger said: "Pretty slow train, this." Convict—"I suppose it is rather slow when one is in a hurry." Stranger—"Yes; are you going down the road far?" Convict—"No, sir; I stop off at Auburn." Stranger—"Ah! Do you live there?" Convict—"I have not formerly." Stranger—"But you think of taking up your residence there, do you?" Convict—"I am thinking seriously of it, yes, sir." Stranger—"What business are you in, if I may ask?" Convict—"I expect to be in the employ of the State." The stranger saw the irons and the sell about the same time, and ejaculated, "Oh! ah, yes, I see," and went into the next car.

A farmer who lives about five miles west of Fairbault, Minn., named Samuel Johnson, was going along the road Saturday last when suddenly a little whirlwind, which I described a circle apparently not more than three feet in diameter, appeared in the road in front of him. It took up the dust pretty lively and buzzed like a swarm of bees, but Mr. Johnson kept on his way toward it, thinking it had no great amount of power. In fact he did not think it worth his while to step one side and let it whirl past, but kept straight on and met it square in the road. When they came together the whirlwind seemed to drop everything else and took hold of Mr. Johnson, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Mr. Johnson had lost his hat and his shirt and was pitched about twenty feet into the gutter, feeling as though he had been shocked by a battery. Mr. Johnson will never fool with a whirlwind again.

A GREAT GUN.—The Fraser 81-ton gun made at Woolwich Arsenal, England, is the latest sensation in modern arms manufacture. The gun is a modification of the Armstrong coil system. It is 27 feet long, bore 24 feet in length, primary calibre 144 inches, afterwards to be made 16 inches. Two hundred and forty pounds of powder are consumed at a charge—the largest charge ever fired from a cannon—and projectiles of about 1,258 pounds. The muzzle velocity ranged from about 1,400 feet per second to 1,550. It is supposed that the new gun would probably carry a half-ton shot seven or eight miles; but though there are already guns which can carry five or six miles, something over two miles is the maximum for practical purposes.

An amusing story is told of Gov. Bagley, of Michigan, who is a good Sabbatarian. He was lately in Detroit on Sunday, and, passing a billiard hall with some friends, heard the balls clicking as if it were a week day. He politely inquired of the proprietor if he made a practice of keeping his hall open on Sunday, and was astonished when the man replied: "No, Governor, not as a general thing; but if your party would like to play a quiet game, I guess I can fix it for you."

We should every night call ourselves to account: What infirmity have I mastered to-day? what passion opposed? what temptation resisted? what virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift. — Seneca.

"Vot You Lives on, Anyways."

A citizen of Toledo, in the ordinary current of business, became possessor of the note of a German saloon keeper. The note becoming due, he took it to the party and presented it for payment. The man was not prepared to liquidate his obligation, and asked for an extension of time. This being granted, and the conditions settled properly, he was turning to leave, when the German said: "Shoost vait you leedle whites, unt I gifs you ein glass goot peers."

"No, I thank you, I don't drink beer," was the reply.

"Vell den, I gifs you veeskees that is petter as so mooch."

"No, thank you, I don't drink whisky."

"Sho! den, I know how I fix you; I haf goot vines—jerking down a bottle with a flourish."

Again the quiet "No, thank you, I don't drink wine."

"Vot! you don't trinks noddings; vell, I gifs you ein good shegar!"

Once more, "No, thank you, I don't smoke."

"Mein Gott," exclaimed the Dutchman, throwing up both hands, "no peers, no veeskees, no vines, no do-bacco, no noddings—vot you live on, anyways—botatoes, eh?"

The voyage of Captain Boyton across the English Channel showed that the shipwrecked mariner need not fear death from drowning, provided he has the life-saving dress. The voyage of Webb does much better. It shows that the mariner can dispense with the dress if he will provide himself with an attendant skiff from which he can procure regular rations of brandy, coffee, and cod-liver oil.

Rosie Cotterman, aged ten, a little German girl of Bloomington, Illinois, bravely stood in the way of an infuriated cow till she had put four or five smaller children over a fence. Her clothing was almost all ripped from her, and she was badly bruised; but the Mayor and police force, as they descended from the lamp posts and telegraph poles, were loud in praise of her courage.

The Mayor of Wilmington, N. C., has hit upon a novel method of ridding the city of thieves. He has notified the police that if the robberies that are of such frequent occurrence there are not abated by the 1st of October, he will discharge every man on the force. A good idea.

A young man living in Lafayette, Ind., is humility personified. The other day he asked a young lady if he might be allowed the privilege of going home with her, and was indignantly refused; upon which he inquired very humbly if she would permit him to sit on the fence and see her go by.

Out West they tell a story of dog which was greatly interested in music. He attended a singing school, and was subsequently found in the backyard with a music book in front of him, beating time with his tail on a tin pan and howling "Old Hundred."

"What is your verdict, gentlemen of the jury?" asked a Montgomery justice, as the jury entered. "Well, boss," said the intelligent foreman squirting a stream of tobacco over the clerk's head, "the defendant looked sorter o' guilty, and so we've found him guilty."

A Satisfied Woman.

A Pennsylvania woman writes as follows to the New-York Tribune: "How glorious to be a woman—the mother of men; to understand one's prerogatives, and be able to seize them without noise; to have a husband who counts you in value above rubies, and whose heart doth safely trust in you; to have as a heaven-appointed task the moulding of the hearts and consciences of sons and daughters; to feel that by God's grace you will be able to do it; to know that you have no womanly endeavor untried to found the principles of your children upon the pattern of the rock that is higher than us all. Six sons have I—two of them men; four daughters are mine—two just budding into womanhood; they are my companions, yet, my unwitting instructors in the law of uprightness. Do I have to seek for an affinity? Not I. Am I lonesome? Never. Do I sigh for the infinite? I have it!"

A Boston murderer, in poor health, wants his execution delayed.

Who was the wisest man? Know-er. What did he know? He knew enough to go in out of the rain.

The circulating story that Charles Nordhoff fell into a geyser in the Yellowstone Valley is a regular guy, sir.

What shall it profit a man though he dances with every girl at the picnic and his wife finds it out the next day?

A Virginia widow refused to marry a bald-headed man, though he was a millionaire. She explained: "We'd have a family fight sometime, and he has no hair to catch hold of."

They say that hicoughs can be cured by catching the hicougher by the throat and hanging on until his eyes stand out like the face of an eight-day clock.

"Ma," said a small boy, approaching his mother and exhibiting unmistakable symptoms of severe pain in the bowels, "do green apples grow in heaven?"

A Milwaukee man made three attempts to blow his brains out, and then his wife told him: "Don't try it again, John; you haven't got any." He goes about now saying that he owes his life to that woman.

Student—"Well, professor, I have just discovered what I was cut out for." Professor—"Well, what is it?" Student—"For loafing." Professor—"The man that did the cutting understood his business."

Stronger than iron when iron is being strong. Stronger than beauty when beauty is being flashing. Stronger than lightning when oak trees are crashing— Is gold, gold, gold— Beautiful gold!

The Pittsburgh post-office recently received a package containing two scalps, two arrow heads, and a little bell. The postmaster is frightened and would like to know what it means.

A lady correspondent, who assumed to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "O, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender genial side of your boy's nature." Mothers often do—with an old shoe.

"I comprehend now," said John Henry as his wife's four-story trunk went up stairs on an Irishman's shoulder, "why porter and stout are synonymous terms." And then he walked into the bar-room and took some synonymous.

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and a body complains of some disease during their life. When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, &c., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggist DR. A. C. DUKES, and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two doses will relieve you.

DR. A. C. DUKES,
HOW TO CURE FEVER AND AGUE.

If any person suffering with FEVER AND AGUE, Intermittent or Bilious Fever will call at the Drug Store of DR. A. C. DUKES, and get a Bottle of AGUE CONQUEROR; their immediate cure is certain, and the chills will not come back during that season. It contains no Quinine, Arsenic or other Poisons, and after taking one-half bottle you will feel better in health than you have felt perhaps for years. It entirely cleanses the whole system, purifies the liver and other secretory organs. Price \$1.00 per bottle try it. Ask your Druggist about others who have used it.

DR. A. C. DUKES,
JOHN O'GREN,
SUCCESSOR OF
ROBERT JENNY,
Importer and Manufacturer
OF
SADDLES
AND
HARNESSES.

Call and buy your goods, as now is the time to buy cheap for cash, the prices being reduced to a very low figure. Have your Harness and Saddles repaired now while I have time to do it at once.

Call and see for yourself next door to Mr. C. D. Kortjohn, Russell Street.

JUST FROM NEW YORK.
"WIZO?"
ARTHUR H. LEWIN
DERMATOLOGIST AND PRACTICAL
HAIR CUTTER.

Respectfully announces to the Citizens of Orangeburg, that he has permanently located himself in this place, and requests a share of their patronage.

Call at No. 3 Law Range, opposite Post Office. sep 4 1875 1y

THE
STATE ORANGE FERTILIZER,
AND "THE CLIMAX."
Two first class, pure bone, ammoniated Fertilizers, for sale by D. JENNINGS & SON and J. D. ATKES, Agents, Charleston, S. C. The highest testimonials can be given. Please send for circular. aug 28—3m

A CARD.
Dr. J. G. WANNAMAKER & Co., beg to inform the public that they are better prepared to fill Orders than ever before. The Orangeburg Drug Store shall at all hours be provided with competent persons for filling Orders with dispatch, so from now henceforward the people of Orangeburg need not be placed in a dilemma to know where to find a Druggist. We also express our grateful thanks to the public for the magnanimous support given us, and with strictest attention to business—hope to ever maintain their confidence.

Dr. J. G. WANNAMAKER & Co.
aug 21—3m

Notice of Dissolution.
There having been a dissolution by mutual consent, of the Copartnership heretofore existing at this place under the firm name of W. P. DUKES & Bro. All parties indebted to the late firm, are hereby notified that the Books of the firm are in the hands of W. P. DUKES at the old stand, and all parties are requested to make prompt payment to him, as the business has to be closed.

Rowes Pump S. C., June 28th 1875.
W. P. DUKES,
T. C. DUKES.
July 3 1875 3m

DENTISTRY.
OPERATIVE
AND MECHANICAL.
BY
A. M. Snider. T. J. Calvert.
Office open at all times.