

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 9.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6 1875.

NUMBER 38

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**DOORS, SASHES,
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sept 25 1875

McMICHAEL HOUSE

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.
may 29 1875 1y

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

**THE STATE GRANGE FERTILIZER,
AND "THE CLIMAX."**

Two first class, pure bone, ammoniated Fertilizers, for sale by D. JENNINGS & SON and J. D. AIKEN, Agents, Charleston, S. C. The highest testimonials can be given. Please send for circular.

aug 28—3m

**The Cordial Balm of Syriam
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 sickening 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 SYRIAM 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 Cancers, Nodes, Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Pimples, Fever, Sore, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Scald-head, Barbers' Itch, Scoury Scalp, Rheum, Copper-Colored Blotches, Glandular Swellings, Worms and Black Spots in the Face, Discolorations, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth and Nose, Sore Legs, and Sore 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 Melancholia.

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

Trap to Catch a Husband.

Sunset in the tropics. Sunset on the outskirts of a Louisiana forest—stately, solemn. What a chaos of noble color, what an Eden of blossom and of odor, what royal prodigality of untrammelled life. The spot where a party of tourists had encamped themselves for the night was at the height of some three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea and a glowing sweep of lowland country—yellow maize fields, orchards, villages, and gardens—stretched away league beyond league before them.

The party which made up this encampment consisted of four men—Northerners on a tour of pleasure and observation. Three were gentlemen of wealth; but the fourth—Jerrold Gray—was a dependent nephew of one of the rich trio. His uncle had educated him, and now, at the end of his collegiate had taken him on this tour. At its conclusion Jerrold was to choose a profession, and commence single-handed the battle of life. His uncle had a number of children, so that Jerrold could not reasonably expect to inherit anything, and his independence prompted him to decline further pecuniary aid.

Leaving his companions cooking the supper, in true camp fashion, Jerrold strolled off to view the panorama that was stretched beneath the surrounding hill. As he stood listlessly leaning against a tree, he broke out into a chance song. He was really a fine singer, possessed of a highly-cultivated voice, and sang with all the abandon of prepared solitude.

He did not see the bright, black eyes that were watching him, nor the dainty ears that were listening, both of which belonged to one of the wealthiest and prettiest heiresses in Louisiana. She sat on a splendid horse, and made a picture that, had Jerrold seen it, would have eclipsed the opposite landscape upon which he was gazing. She waited there, fascinated, and trusting to the shelter of the trees until he turned and retraced his steps.

But suddenly, in the very height of his song, his glance fell on her, leaning gracefully forward upon the saddle, and regarding him with a face of mingled wonder and admiration that was so intense as to be comical, the tall bushes and branches half veiling her. Never could he forget the picture. His voice abruptly ceased; and the next instant he burst into a ringing laugh, that was so joyous, hearty, and irrepressible that it proved infectious, and catching by instinct the humor of the moment, she laughed very heartily. Then, as if frightened by such familiarity with a stranger, she suddenly became serious.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for listening," she said; "but it is so seldom we meet a human being up here on the hills, that you tempted me to listen."

Never had Jerrold looked upon a countenance that so fascinated him. The girl's dark hair and a face on which there always lived a bloom, but to which there never mounted a decided color, appeared the very embodiment of health and vitality. But it was the wonderful mobility of the features that constituted their greatest charm; their expressions were as shifting and various as the atmosphere upon an April morning. Every mood and passion they reflected changed them into another face; now they were those of a laughing Hebe, now those of a simple child.

Before Jerrold could reply to the young lady, a gentleman on horseback rode up.

"So, Bertha," he said to her, "you ran away from me." And then, seeing Jerrold Gray, he bowed politely, and added, "It isn't often these wild hills are visited by strangers."

A brief conversation ensued, ending in a visit to the temporary camp. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Fenshaw, a planter of the neighborhood, and the girl as Bertha Fenshaw, his niece.

"Do you intend to remain here to night?" he asked, as he prepared to go.

"Yes," was the reply; "we are very lazily seeking pleasure, and we encamp wherever fancy dictates."

"Then I shall insist upon receiving you at my house. You see it yonder," he said, pointing to a plantation residence dimly visible in the distant plain; "and until then, good day."

Bertha added her invitation, and uncle and niece were soon riding out of sight.

Knowing by experience the hospitality of Louisiana planters of the higher class, and certain that the invitation was intended for actual acceptance, the tourists decided upon the morrow.

On that same morrow, towards afternoon, Bertha Fenshaw sat in her room, thinking of Jerrold Gray. She had dreamed of him during the night, and she was wondering why. It was not because of a dearth of young men among the circle of her acquaintances. And all the region knew the pretty heiress. She was acquainted with all the old men and women in the country, and their numerous complaints. She was god-mother to half the babies. The young planters of all the adjoining counties were in love with her, and proposed to her at regular intervals. But Bertha was romantic. She was very happy as she was, and if she did marry, he must be more of a hero, to win her, than any she had seen.

Had Jerrold Gray seen the pretty heiress, and known that he was the subject of her thoughts, he might have been more flattered, but scarcely more in love than he really was. Her room was arranged with all the simple taste of a well-bred girl. Her hanging book-shelves were well-filled with their row of poets, their row of useful works. The neat little writing table, with its gilt inkstand, and its pretty, costly nick-nacks, stood in the window, and above it hung the cage of her pet canary. There was a piano too, and a well-filled music-stand.

Upon all the room was the impress and evidence of womanly taste and neatness; nothing was prim, but everything was properly arranged. Above all, neither in books, pictures, music, nor on the dressing table in the adjoining room, was there the smallest sign of "fastness," that almost omnipotent drawback to the charms of the young ladies of the present day.

But none of these things interested our heroine just now, and in the middle of her reverie she heard the arrival of the tourists, and the voice of her uncle welcoming them. Hastily finishing her toilet, she went down to the sitting-room, where she found the gentlemen in conversation. Perhaps it was natural enough that the two younger members of the quintet gravitated towards each other, and were soon in an easy converse. Later, Bertha showed him the gardens, etc. The call proved so pleasant, and all were so pleased with the congenial intercourse, that the tourists complied with the planter's urgent invitation to spend a week at his house.

The week was spent agreeably to all—it was a week of elysium to Jerrold and Bertha.

"Jerrold," said George Burton, one of the party, "you are getting desperately in love with this Southern beauty."

"Yes," was the frank reply; "I love her as I had never dreamed I could love a woman."

"And does she return your sudden passion?"

"Yes, I am certain of that."

"Then you have spoken to her about it?"

"No, and shall not do so. She is rich—I am poor. I will never marry under such conditions."

The week ended, and the guests were about to bid adieu to their generous host. Bertha showed no special signs of emotion, but as Jerrold was about leaving her she said to him, "Sing to me something that will recall you to me."

He went to the piano, and without thought, the strains of Schubert's "Adieu" came into his mind. The passion of a life-time was concentrated in its melody, and Bertha, hiding

her eyes in her hand, listened, understanding his love and farewell.

They went, and time passed. The civil war broke out. Mr. Fenshaw, being a Federalist, was maliciously persecuted. His property, or such of it as was not invested in the North, was confiscated.

Three years after his first visit, Jerrold Gray was in New Orleans, a lieutenant in the Federal army. George Merton, too, was in the same regiment. When the army advanced to the neighborhood of the Fenshaw plantation, Merton proposed a visit to their former hosts; but Jerrold, for reasons, declined, and Merton decided to go alone. He found the plantation in a sad state, but its master as hospitable as ever.

"This house is like a tomb," said Mr. Fenshaw; "no more music, no more sounds of joy. That piano has not been touched for two years; the last thing played on it was the 'Adieu' of that young friend of yours. By-the-way, is he living?—have you heard of him?"

"Yes. Have you never had any suspicions about him?"

"Suspicious?"

"Yes; concerning your niece."

"Concerning Bertha—let me see. A light dawns in on me, do you know. Have I been deceived? We fear she is losing her health and spirits."

"She is in love with Jerrold Gray."

Then Merton told him all that had passed; all his scruples; all his love; his resolve never to marry a woman so far above him in fortune.

"Come," said Mr. Fenshaw, "and repeat this to Bertha."

The three were in a close consultation for an hour; and when Merton set out on his return, something of the old vivacity had returned to Bertha.

"Well," said Jerrold, when his friend returned, "have you seen them?"

"Yes."

"And is Bertha well?"

Merton looked grave.

"Yes," he said, "as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The fortunes of war have dealt hardly with her. She has lost every penny of her fortune."

Jerrold Gray's eyes sparkled.

"You do not seem saddened by the ill-luck of the girl you said you loved," said Merton.

"No," replied the young man; "because now she is on a level with me, and I can offer her my hand without loss of self-respect."

Obtaining leave of absence, Lieutenant Gray started for the Fenshaws on the following day. The uncle received him graciously—the niece with a joy that found expression in her lustrous eyes, in the warm clasp of her hand, and in the very eloquence of her silence. Before his departure he had told her his love, and her trembling lips had clung to his in a betrothal kiss.

They are married now, and happy, in spite of a piece of anti-marriage deceit on the part of the bride.

"Could you forgive me a great—a very great deception, provided it was intended to make us both happy for life?" asked Bertha, soon after the quiet wedding.

"Yes."

"Then listen to my confession. Mr. Merton deceived you when he told you that my fortune had been lost. He told me of your resolution never to marry a woman richer than yourself, and suggested the plan of inducing you to propose by representing me as penniless. I loved you so well that I couldn't refuse; and do forgive me, Jerrold."

A kiss settled it, and Jerrold laughingly acknowledged himself caught in a Trap to Catch a Husband.

What has become of the paper which Dio Lewis used to publish? Has it gone to join the caravan of shrewd souls who stuffed down the oatmeal and died?

Wendell Phillips speaks of the Venetians using paper money. Doubtless *Chello* had just received his pay in that currency when he exclaimed, "He who steals my purse steals trash!"

The Captain's Geese.

An old whaling captain, who had spent the whole prime of his life on the ocean with but indifferent success, having scraped together a few thousand dollars, retired from the sea, moved into the country with his family, and bought a small farm. One of his neighbors said to him after he settled on the farm; "Capt. K., you've got a nice pond on your place, and you ought to have a good large flock of geese. It's a grand place to keep 'em, and they'll be profitable to you."

"Yes, I think they will," said the captain, "I've got some nice ones to sell ye," continued the kind neighbor. "You come over and pick 'em out yourself."

So the captain selected a suitable number, making his choice as he would among a school of whales when 'brought to,' or as a boy would from a basket of apples. In the Spring following he happened to be visiting at the farm of another neighbor, and among other things inspected the geese, making comparison in his mind highly favorable to his own judgment.

"Don't think your birds are so handsome as mine," he remarked. "Do you have any eggs yet?" "Oh, yes; they have been laying freely for this month or more."

"Well, I don't know how 'tis," said Capt. K. "I've got the hardest-flock that I've seen anywhere this season—picked 'em out one by one from my neighbor Jones's flock, and I feed 'em high, too. But not an egg have they laid yet. I only wish you would come over and see 'em. Perhaps you can give an idea how to manage 'em." His friend did come over and see 'em' the next day, and, as soon as he could speak for laughter, he enlightened the ancient mariner as to the cause of the non-productiveness by informing him that they were—all ganders!

GLOSSED SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork, and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of gum water stirred in a pint of starch, made in the usual way, will give to lawns, white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them, after they have been washed.

A very fashionable Danbury lady tried to mount the step in front of Merrill's grocery, a few days ago, but her pull-back prevented her. Several times she repeated the attempt, but without success, while an anxious populace looked on. What do you suppose she did then? Retreated? Oh, no. She just turned around, and went up the steps backward, as easy as could be.

No young lady is so honest that she will refuse to hook a dress.

"You look as fine as a hired girl," is now about the greatest compliment that can be paid a young lady in the rural districts.

Every hired man in St. Louis is named Jones, Brown, Johnson or Smith, while the balance answer to the name of "hello, there!"

A Kentucky editor tells another that if his head were as red as his nose he would remind one of a bow-legged carrot surmounted by a cock de.

Mrs. Croft attended a Troy funeral and wept so loudly and so bitterly that a policeman searched her and found five stolen tidies in her pockets.

An Illinois cow fell down a well four weeks ago, and she still continues to walk around in a circle and to look at her hind feet from a close standpoint.

A three-year old boy asked his mother to let him have his building bricks to play with; but she told her darling that it was Sunday, and therefore not proper for him to have them. "But, mamma, I'll build a church," He got the bricks.

Respect old age. If you have a maiden aunt thirty-three years old, and she is passing herself off for a girl of twenty, there is no excuse for you to expose her. The more you respect her age and keep still about it, the more she will respect you.

Three months ago the Montana papers would have stated that a horse dealer had been invited to a hempen-necktie soiree; now they say that the citizens have put a pull-back cravat on him.

Dialogue on Court street: "Kate, I understand you have accepted a situation as governess. Rather than that I would marry a widower with six children." "Yes, Sophie, so would I, but where is the widower?"

Sister Peking was asked if she was going to celebrate her fifth marriage anniversary by the festival of a wedding. She tartly replied: "No, that would be unnecessary, as I married a 'stick,' and he has done nothing but raise cane ever since."

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH 10 CENTS?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody 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 GREGG'S AUGUST FLOWERS 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.

NOW IS THE TIME

For you to buy your

Drugs, Medicines,
Toilet Articles,
Paints, Oils,
Brushes, &c.

Also a Fine Assortment of
Cutlery, Segars,
Tobacco and Pipes.

All of which will be sold CHEAP for cash at the

OLD DRUG STORE

OF
ORANGEBURG,

BY
DR. A. C. DUKES.

REMOVED TO THE REAR

OF
A. FISCHER'S STORE

Where I am prepared to serve the Public at the shortest notice in my line of business. Thanking the Citizens for their liberal patronage in the past, I beg a continuance of the same in the future.

MOSES M. BROWN, Barber.

NOTICE

**OFFICE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
ORANGEBURG COUNTY.**

Orangeburg, S. C., September 14th 1875.

Sealed Proposals will be received at this Office, for the Repairing of Horse Range Bridge. Also for the Repairing of the three Bridges over Providence Swamp, within thirty days from this date.

By Order of the Board,
GEO. BOLIVER,
Clerk of Board of Co., Com'rs
Orangeburg County.

sept 25 1875 5t

GEO. S. SHIRER,

Commission Merchant,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, FINE WINES, &c.

Agent for Barton's Planter, Avery's Plows, and all kinds of Agricultural Implements.

At New Brick Store next to Duke's Drug Store.
sept 25—6m

DENTISTRY.

**OPERATIVE
AND MECHANICAL.**

BY
A. M. Snider. T. J. Calvert

Office open at all times.