

# Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM, GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME."

IN ADVANCE

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## THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

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### "FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud The thunders roar above me. See, I stand Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand, And through the gloom Lead softly home Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight Sees ghastly visions. Tears, a spectral band, Encompass me. O, Father! take my hand, And from night's horrors lead me on. Lead up to light Thy child!

The way is long, Father! and my soul Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal! While yet I journey through this weary land, Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand; Quickly and straight Lead to heaven's gate Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn And fainting spirit rise to that blest land Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand; And, reaching down Lead to the crown Thy child!

### THE ANSWER.

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was one Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son. My well-beloved, for him bear thine; and stand With him at last; and, from thy Father's hand, Thy cross laid down, Receive a crown. My child!

[Selected.]

## JUST IN TIME.

"I am so tired of it all!" said Addie Cliffgrove.

The little wooden clock on the mantle had just struck eight; the fire in the cylinder stove glowed with a red, comfortable reflection.

Mrs. Cliffgrove had gone down to issue orders to the kitchen department, relative to the morrow's breakfast, and Addie was all alone with a pile of inviolated household linen, a package of un-mended stockings, and a work-basket well supplied with all the necessary implements of needle craft.

And this was to be the occupation of her elegant leisure.

Alas, poor Addie! She was a pretty girl; rather below than above the medium height, with big blue eyes, of the soft color you see in the "flowing blue" china of our grandmother's days, sunny brown hair, streaked here and there with reddish gold, and a round face, where red lips and dimples and shy roses made up a distracting confusion to the eye masculine.

And her hands were white and soft, and her waist slight and trim, and she wore a number two and a half shoe, and altogether would have been phrased a beauty, had she only been fortunate enough to live in Fifth Avenue, instead of being the daughter of Mrs. Cliffgrove, who "took boarders," and was oftentimes

sorely troubled to make both ends meet.

Four little brothers and three little sisters to make and mend for, to wash the faces and brush the locks of, and see duly packed off for school every day—dressed, three winter-old-bonnets, and gloves so shabby that she was fain to hold her hands folded within her shawl whenever she went out, and a treadmill round of daily labor more wearisome than the constant dropping, which is said to wear the hardest stone away—this was the epitome of Addie's life, and, for a girl of eighteen, there is no denying that it was very hard.

And Addie wondered, sometimes, if the blessed gates of relief would never open to her faltering footsteps!

To be sure, there was John Torrey, who had the little hall bedroom in the third story back, and was a clerk in Messrs. Cash and Bullion's banking establishment—John Torrey, with the clear hazel eyes, and the merry ringing voice, who had told her only yesterday that he loved her, and would fain make her his wife! But John Torrey was not rich, and had only his salary to depend upon, and Addie had always dreamed that her pretty face might win her a more important prize in the matrimonial lottery than a mere banker's clerk!

Yet she liked him a little too, or she had thought she did, before Mr. Carew came to the boarding-house and engaged her mother's handsomest room.

And Mr. Carew had taken her to the theatre, and sent her bouquets, and given her a present of a turquoise brooch, the prettiest thing she had ever seen.

Of course he was very rich, for he wore diamonds and superfine broadcloth, and talked about his country seat on the Hudson, and his yacht and his racehorses, until Addie's simple eyes were dilated with surprise and amazement.

Alas for poor John Torrey! his heart would have sunk into the soles of his boots, had he but known how slender were his chances, compared with those of his dashing rival!

But ignorance is bliss, at least so says the old proverb, and Mr. Torrey's face was as bright as ever when he came into the little parlor where Addie sat darning tablecloths.

"It rains pretty hard, eh?" said John, rubbing his hands before the fire. "No church lecture for us to-night!"

Addie bit her lip. "I was not thinking of going to church, even if it didn't rain. Mr. Carew asked me to go to the opera."

"Mr. Carew, eh?" said John, somewhat lugubriously. "Seems to me you and Mr. Carew are getting to be pretty good friends!"

"Yes, we are," said Addie, with a toss of her pretty little head.

"Addie," said Mr. Torrey, after a moment's silence, which he employed in twirling the spoolstand round and round. "Well?"

"Have you thought anything more of what I said to you last night—about—about being my wife, you know?"

"Yes," said Addie, coloring, and sewing on very intently. "Of course I have thought of it?"

"And what have you decided?"

"That we hadn't better think any more of it, John."

Honest John's countenance fell. "Addie, you're not in earnest?"

"Yes, John, I am."

"But, Addie—I love you; I can't be happy without you. And—it may seem conceited—but I always thought you liked me."

"So I did, John; but liking isn't loving, you know; and the more I think of it,

the more I am assured that we are not adapted to one another. Of course, if you are disappointed, I am sorry; but I can't help it!"

John had risen up, pale and troubled, with a pleading light in his eyes.

"Hear me, Addie," he said. "I cannot let this matter be decided so. It is a question of life and death to me, whatever it may be to you. Before this Carew came—but I won't speak of him," he burst forth, with an evident effort at self-control, "except that I am firmly convinced he is not the sort of man to make a good husband to any woman—but you liked me well enough then. Addie, take twenty-four hours more to consider it well before you pronounce your decision."

"It will be of no use," she said, in a low voice; "and, John, if you think to advance your cause by abusing a rival, you are sadly mistaken, that's all."

"But you will wait one day more, for my sake, Addie?" he urged.

"If you insist upon it; but the delay will be useless," she said, coldly.

"Because, Addie, a thing like this that involves the happiness of two life-times ought not to be decided upon too rashly," he went on; "and perhaps— But I won't say more now, Addie. Shall I leave you?"

"I would rather be alone," she answered, briefly; and Mr. Torrey rose quietly, and went slowly away.

Would Mr. Carew come now? He had told her that morning, when the steady down-pouring of the rain seemed to forbid the fulfilment of their opera engagement, that he would spend the evening with her, reading a volume of new poems aloud, and so Addie had counted the hours that he would come, in her restless eagerness.

For John! how little thought she gave to him and the bitterness of his disappointment! how much to Mr. Carew, with his dark eyes and his command of language!

"He is so handsome!" she thought, "and he has so much style; and then—then he loves me so much! If he had not, he never would have pressed my hand as he did last night, when he was speaking of the loneliness of his heart, and its yearnings for congenial companionship."

The current of Addie's dulcet meditations was here interrupted by Bridget's voice.

"Miss Addie, please the mistress has gone to market to see about the chops for breakfast as was ordered to be brought, and the blend-rin' tafe of a butcher left behind."

Addie shuddered a little at the abrupt change of mental temperature. "An' ther's a lady here anxious to see her—and perhaps yes would do as well."

"Ask her to come up," said Addie, sighing, as the golden pinnacles of dreamland vanished in the dull gray atmosphere of daily life. "I dare say it's some one about the big extension room."

And she rose and drew a chair towards the fire, as a tall, slender figure entered, with shawl and wrappings all dripping with rain, and a long crape veil thrown back from a face that was very pretty, though thin and quite colorless.

In her hand she carried a small black leather travelling bag; and she entered with the free, graceful air of one well accustomed to society.

"You are Mrs. Cliffgrove?" she asked, as her eyes fell on the figure by the stove.

"I am Miss Cliffgrove."

"I have called specially to see Mr. Carew, but the servant tells me he has not yet come in. In the meantime, I should like to ask you a few questions."

She sat down quietly, and Addie

vaguely wondered what was coming next.

"Has he been here long?"

"Mr. Carew, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"For about four weeks, I believe," said Addie.

"Has he paid his bills?"

Addie crimsoned.

"Not yet."

"I thought so. Nor will he."

"Madam," said Addie, spiritedly, "you have no right—"

"Yes, child, I have," broke out the lady, impatiently, "the best right in the world—the right of one whom, thorough-paced villain and imposter though he is, he has cheated and wronged most cruelly of all. I am his wife!"

"His wife!" involuntarily repeated Addie.

"Ah, I see," nodded the strange guest; "he has been palming himself off on you as a single man. It is his style. He lives a gay life, while I, down in the country, am suffering for the bare necessities of life. But, in so far as I can, I will not see people deceived and deluded by his arts. If, as I suppose, your mother is one who depends for her daily bread upon her daily income, let her get rid of him at once. He is not one who pays his debts, and the widow and the fatherless seem to be his natural prey."

Addie sat pale, and, as it were, paralysed.

This, then, was her hero of romance—her chevalier "without fear and without reproach."

Yet, perhaps there was some cruel mistake, some spiteful, even venomous slander.

She would not believe it until—

Even as this reflection eddied vaguely through her mind, the door opened, and Mr. Carew himself entered, with the light, jaunty step that was customary with him.

He stopped short, turning of a livid pallor as he saw the pale woman in black.

"Augustus!" she greeted him, composedly.

"Flora!" he gasped. "I—I did not expect to see you here."

"No, I knew you did not," she said, bitterly. "You thought you had effectually concealed your whereabouts from me; but a neglected wife has keener vision than one is apt to suppose. Will you not introduce me formally to your pretty young friend?"

"Certainly—oh, of course," said Mr. Carew, growing red and pale with mortification, yet striving to assume an easy manner. "Miss Cliffgrove, this is—my wife!"

And Addie's look of contempt was perhaps the keenest mortification of all that Augustus Carew had yet experienced.

Mr. and Mrs. Carew went home the next day, the former promising to send a remittance to Mrs. Cliffgrove per mail, which remittance, it may be unnecessary to state, never arrived.

Addie became John Torrey's promised wife.

For John's loving heart was very wise in its tenderness, and he never spoke Mr. Carew's name again.

And Addie is very happy in her quiet home, and always thinks with pitying kindness of Augustus Carew's pale wife.

Probably there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the body that does not feel some wavelet from the great convulsion produced by hearty laughter, shaking the central man.

The South Carolina Railroad will commence vigorously in the repair of the Laurens Branch at a very early day.

### The King's Mistake.

A number of politicians, all of whom were seeking office under the government, were seated under a tavern porch, when an old toper named Joel D., a person who was very loquacious when sober, but exactly the opposite when sober, said that he would tell them a story.

They told him to fire away, whereupon he spoke as follows: "A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher upon whose judgement he always depended. Now it happened one day that the king took it into his head to go hunting, and summoned his nobles, and making the necessary preparations he summoned the philosopher and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and they started.

While journeying along, they met a countryman mounted on a jackass.

"He advised them to return, for," said he, "it will certainly rain. They smiled contemptuously upon him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a shower coming up drenched them to the skin. When they had returned to the place, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you. He told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not. The king then gave him his walking papers and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how you knew it would rain." "I didn't know," said the rustic; "my jackass told me so."

"And how, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king. "By pricking up his ears, your Majesty," said the rustic.

"The king sent the rustic away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him—the jackass—in the office the philosopher filled.

"And here," observed Joel, looking very wise, "is where the king made a great mistake." "How so?" inquired the auditors. "Why ever since that time," said Joel, with a grin on his phiz, "every jackass wants office."

THE LOCAL PAPER.—A local newspaper is a traveling agent, taking its weekly rounds to the families of all its customers. No matter whether times are good or dull, no matter whether trade is brisk or otherwise, no business man can afford to take down his sign, nor withdraw the pleasing influence of a weekly chat with his customers through the newspaper. For a business man to stop advertising would be equivalent to saying, "I have stopped business, and ask no favors of the people."

I never saw a Frenchman laugh. They smile, they grin, they shrug up their shoulders. They dance, they cry "Ha!" and "Ciel!" but they never give themselves up to boisterous, unlimited laughter.

Men and statues that are admired in an elevated station have a very different effect on us when we approach them: the first appear less than we imagined them, the last larger.

Every heart has secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oft-times we call a man cold when he is only sad.

A locomotive consumes, on the average, forty-five gallons of water for every mile it runs.

These two lines look very solemn, Arc just put here to fill this column.