

Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

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

IN ADVANCE

Vol 1.

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1872.

No. 9

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

Is published every
W E D N E S D A Y,
AT
ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA
BY
MEYWARD & BEARD.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
\$1 a year, in advance—\$1 for six months.
JOB PRINTING in all its departments,
neatly executed. Give us a call!

POETRY.

Lost Treasures:

Let us be patient, God has taken from us
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,
That from the fleeting things which lie around
us,
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us—all our broad pos-
sessions:

Ships, whose white sails hung wide paced dis-
tant shores;
Lands whose rich harvests smiled in the glad
sunshine;

Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far the pleasant home where gath-
ered
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth,
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,
And childhood played about in frolic mirth.

Let us be cheerful! The same sky o'er arches—
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good;
On narrow walls, and through our humbler
dwelling

God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions,
Our home is not in any pleasant spot;
Pilgrims and sinners we must journey onward,
Contented with the portion of our lot.

"Hanged Cross," &c.

HARRY ASHFIELD'S RIVAL.

BY FRANCIS MEMORAW BADEN.

"Congratulate me, Tom. I'm the
happiest fellow on earth!" exclaimed
Harry Ashfield, his face radiant with
smiles, as he accosted his friend Tom
Henly.

"I'm delighted to see you so happy,
old fellow! But tell me; what has
made you so?" said Tom.

"Why, there is but one thing that can
make a man so happy—a woman's love!
I've won the heart, the first pure love of
the sweetest girl in the world. Lilly
Haywood has promised to be mine."

"Well, you are blessed, if that is so.
For Miss Haywood is very lovely, and
I'm confident you will be very happy
with her. But I don't know about your
being the first one who has ever made an
impression on her heart," said Tom.

"I do. Why, man, she just from school.
This is her first season in society, and
I've been near her all the time. Oh, I
should not be so happy otherwise. I
could not be satisfied—in fact, I would
not want to win a heart in which love
for another had ever lived."

"Oh, that is all nonsense. I'm not so
exacting. Because a girl has loved once,
that's no reason she should not get over it,
and love all the more another. But did
you never hear Miss Haywood speak of
her very dear friend Will. Fulton?" said
Tom.

"No, never. Why, what about him?
Harry asked, a frown gathering on his
fine face.

"Oh, nothing." Tom said, a comical
smile playing about his lips.

"I know there is something. And,
Tom, I'd like to know what it is?"

"Tush, man! Now you're jealous and
uneasy without good cause. But I'll tell
you, for fear you may imagine something
really of account. Will. Fulton was a

friend, and a very dear one; of Miss Hay-
wood, when she was at school. I know
they corresponded for a long while; in-
deed, I was under the impression they
still did. I remember hearing Miss Hay-
wood tell a young lady friend that she
did not believe it would be possible for
her to love any one more than she did
Willie Fulton."

"You heard her say that? How
strange any young lady should make that
declaration so openly!" said Harry.

"Well, perhaps she did not know I was
in hearing distance. I certainly heard
her say it. But I feel quite sure, Harry,
if she has promised to be yours, she
knows now that it is possible for her to
love some one more; and you may rest
easy; she loves you truly. But, dear
me, it is nine o'clock. I'm due at the
office now. Good-morning."

The smiles were all gone from Harry's
face then, and his steps not near so light
as fifteen minutes before. Somehow the
sky did not seem so blue, or the sun to
shine so brightly, as before he met Tom.

"She should have told me of this," he
thought. Then he would try to console
himself by saying, "But she did not
know me then. Why should I worry?"

Still he could not feel so very happy as
he did. But he tried hard to seem so,
when he met Lilly that evening. Only
the night before he had won her promise
to be his; and really he felt ashamed to
let any jealous thoughts, or doubts, steal
in and cloud the first days of their en-
gagement.

A few days after the above conversa-
tion, Lilly was making a call on her
friend Kate Ralston. Lilly had confi-
ded to Kate her secret. After the usual
congratulations, kisses and tears, Kate
said:

"But oh, Lilly dear, you'll have to be
so careful. Harry is awfully jealous.
He'll not let you be even polite to any
other man, or love anybody but himself.
Perhaps your mother and father a little
bit. Now my lover is so different. Tom
Henly has such perfect confidence in me,
I could not make him jealous if I tried.
But that is not it. Confidence has noth-
ing to do with it; it is nature. I don't
suppose Harry can help it."

"If it is Harry's nature, he must try
and change it, and have perfect confidence
in me. I should be miserable, if I felt I
was being watched all the time by a
jealous eye. I'll cure him, I guess."

The next evening Harry sat beside
Lilly, holding her hand in his, when his
eye fell on a very beautiful little ring.

"Who gave you that, Lilly?" he asked.

"A friend," she answered, with a pro-
voking smile.

Quickly he drew it off, and glancing
inside, read the the inscription, "With
the love of W. F."

Oh, how his heart was rent with jealous
pangs then!

There was no longer a doubt of the
truth of Tom Henly's words.

"I wish you would send this ring back
to the donor, Lilly. I don't think you
should want to keep it now."

"Indeed I shall not, Harry. How
very unreasonable for you to ask such a
thing!" Lilly said. Taking the ring
from him, she returned it to her finger.

"Who is W. F. Lilly?" Harry asked,
with a very decided expression of anger
on his face.

"An old and dear friend, Harry."
"A first love, I suppose, and one who
probably shares your heart with me even
now," Harry answered, getting up and
striding up and down the floor.

Harry when you asked me to be yours,
told me you loved me, and received my
assurance of a returned love, you should
have felt sure that I was not deceiving
you. If another possessed my heart, I
could not have told you it was yours,"
Lilly said gravely.

"Then why do you wish to wear Will.
Fulton's ring?" Harry said angrily.

A look of equal surprise and inquiry
flashed on her lover's, and then asked:
"Are you so jealous that you would
not have me bear any regard—"

"You may call it what you choose,
Lilly. I think it is your duty to acqui-
esce in my wishes; at least, in not con-
tinuing to wear the ring of a former
lover!"

Lilly's eyes changed their look of
anxiety to one of real merriment then,
and she said, after a few moments:

"Well, Harry, I'll promise this much
—not to wear Willie's ring until you give
me permission; but I cannot send it back.
In return, you shall promise to have no
more fits of jealousy. You must have
perfect confidence in me, or we can never
be happy. You must feel sure that I
love you, or else we had better part now,
than in after days."

Harry begged for forgiveness, and
promised all Lilly wished; and so, for the
time, all clouds were chased away.

Weeks passed on, nothing taking place
to mar the happiness of Harry until, one
evening, Lilly's father came in, and hand-
ing her a letter, said:

"Here, Lilly, this is from your old friend
Willie, I think. Back from Europe, I
suppose."

A glad smile broke over Lilly's face, a
dark frown over Harry's.

Closely he watched her unmistakable
look of pleasure as she read the closely
written pages. At length she had finish-
ed, and turning to Harry, was about to
say something, when his angry face caused
her to stop suddenly, and with a look of
real anxiety, to ask:

"What is the matter, Harry?"

Up he started, as once before, and
paced with angry strides the floor. At
length, stopping before her, he said:

"Will you allow me to read your
friend's letter?"

"No, Harry, I cannot. I would not
ask such a thing from you. I will read
you much of it, however."

"Thank you, Miss Haywood. I saw the
concluding line, which, no doubt, is the
tenor of the whole. And the woman who
can receive with pleasure a letter ending,
'Ever your own,' from any other than
the one to whom she is betrothed, is un-
worthy the love and confidence of any
man. I wish you much happiness, and
at the same time give you my full per-
mission to return to your finger the ring
belonging to the writer of that letter.
The reminder of my own folly you can
just cast into the fire." And before Lilly
could recover from her surprise, the hall
door closed on his retiring steps.

Well, if he is not the most jealous per-
son I ever did see! What shall I do?
Write and explain, and try to make him
less miserable? No; I'll let him take his
own course. I fear I should never be
happy if we should be united," Lilly
said, wiping the tears from her eyes.

The next day he came not, as she hoped.

And after several days had passed, she
heard that he had left town—gone with-
out a word of parting.

The establishment in which Harry was
a clerk wanted some one to travel on
business connected with the firm. So
Harry was asked if he would like to go.
And willingly he agreed.

"I'll banish her from my heart," he said.
"And this change will help me."

Tom Henly learned through Kate Ral-
ston of the trouble between Lilly and
her lover, and feeling a little uneasy

about the part he had had in the matter,
having first told Harry about Willie
Fulton, he went to see Lilly, and explain-
ed to her the first cause of Harry's
jealousy.

"It all comes of my miserable habit of
getting up a joke, never thinking of the
consequences," said Tom dolefully.

"Never mind. He deserves to suffer
for his want of confidence. Do not move
a step in the matter. Wait until his re-
turn to his senses," said Lilly.

Harry, miserable enough, went travel-
ling from city to city until he reached
P—, where he met one of his own
schoolmates, who immediately fastened
upon him, and regardless of all excuses,
carried him to his own home.

That night a party of merry girls were
in the parlors, and Harry, in an adjoin-
ing room, just finishing his toilet, heard
the hated name, "Willie Fulton." When
his friend came to accompany and intro-
duce him to the young ladies, much to
his surprise, Harry asked to be excused.

Amazed, the young man insisted on
knowing the reason of the strange con-
duct, when Harry answered:

"There is a person in there that I de-
test, and do not wish to meet."

"Who?" inquired his friend, in sur-
prise.

"That fellow Fulton!" replied Harry.

"Why, George Fulton is one of the best
fellows I know."

"'Tis not him, but the other, Willie
Fulton. Look here, Charley, I'll tell you
just the whole story in a few words; and
then, if you say go meet my rival, all
right—I'll do it."

So poor Harry told his story, not feel-
ing well pleased that, during the narra-
tion of which, his friend Charley seemed
a deal more amused than sympathizing.

At the conclusion Harry asked:
"Now do you want me to go in?"

"Indeed I do, and claim the fulfillment
of your promise to do. Come! I insist;
or I'll go bring Will and the girls in
here," said Charley.

Harry suffered himself to be drawn
into the parlor, where he was presented
to half a dozen beautiful girls, George
Fulton, and two other young gentlemen.
From the piano came sounds of soft
music, accompanied by one of the sweetest
voices Harry had ever heard. Soon after
his entrance the song was ended, and the
singer turned, when Charley introduced
Mr. Ashfield to Miss Willie Fulton.

I think Harry would have fallen to
the floor, so completely was he bewild-
ered, had not the strong arm of Charley
supported him.

Willie knew the story of Harry's
jealousy, having only the day before re-
ceived a long letter from Lilly, telling of
the way Willie's name had deceived him
and made him so miserable.

Almost as much surprised as Harry was
Willie, to meet the lover of her dearest
friend. However, quickly recovering
herself, she soon placed Harry very much
at ease, and in half an hour they were
talking of Lilly; and before the evening
was over, Harry had confided to Willie
his trouble, and begged her intercession
to win for him Lilly's forgiveness.

Lilly sat, a few evenings after, feeling
very sad, wondering and wavering.
Would Harry come back? Or should
she write and tell him the truth? Just
then, in the dim twilight, she beheld,
standing in the door, the object of her
thoughts.

He started toward her, and then hesi-
tating, asked:

"Dare I come, Lilly? May I come?
Oh, I have had a severe lesson, and suf-
fered enough. Do forgive, and take me
back!"

"Harry, my heart pleads with you, yet
I fear to listen to either," Lilly said, put-
ting up her hands, as if to keep him back.

"Lilly, darling I shall never doubt
again," he said.

"What has banished your doubts,
Harry?" Lilly asked.

"An acquaintance with my supposed
rival."

"Yes, Lilly, here I am, to plead with and
for him," Willie said, coming forward,
and stopping any further remonstrance
or chidings from Lilly by almost smother-
ing her with kisses, and then going on
to say:

"After all, Lilly, you cannot wonder
so much at Harry's misgiving. What
with my name, so very misguiding, and
other circumstances, I think I might
have felt just as he did."

"Particularly if one whom you thought
your friend applied the match to fuel al-
ready for the burning," said Tom Henly,
entering the room just then, and hearing
Willie's plea for poor Harry, concluded
it with his own.

"Am I forgiven, Lilly?"

"Yes, Harry, and fully acquitted. In
the future we shall have neither conceal-
ments nor doubts," Lilly answered, smil-
ing, and happy again.

"Or loves with deceiving names,"
Willie added, with a merry glance to-
ward Harry, who was too happy then
not to join a laugh even at his own ex-
pense.

DEMOCRATIC POLICY.—Mr. Belmont,
Chairman of the National Democratic
Committee, went to Washington last week
and held a consultation with the Demo-
cratic members of Congress upon the pol-
icy of the party with regard to the presi-
dential election. Upon a comparison of
views it was the unanimous opinion that
the Democracy should under all circum-
stances preserve their party organization
intact; that they should hold aloof from
the Cincinnati Convention of Conserva-
tive Republicans; and that it would be
best to defer all action with regard to a
National Convention until the Conserva-
tive Republicans shall have taken their
position and shown their hand. This ap-
pears to us to be the proper course under
existing circumstances.—Savannah Re-
publican.

A gentleman was describing to Dou-
glas Jerrold the story of his courtship and
marriage—how his wife had been brought
up in a convent and was on the point of
taking the veil when his presence burst
upon her enraptured sight and she ac-
cepted him as her husband. Jerrold lis-
tened to the end of the story, and then
quietly remarked, "She simply thought
you better than nun."

I know of no greater compliment that
can be paid to a man or a woman than
to say they are pleasant to have in the
house. There are many very clever,
good people who stay in our houses, and
still we hear the doors close up-
on them, and their footsteps die away,
without one particle of sadness or regret.
They are not disagreeable people—very
far from it; but they radiate no sunshine,
no life.

A little girl in New York recently
celebrated her fourth birthday by attend-
ing Sabbath-School. When the recita-
tions of the class were finished, the teach-
er asked her if she could repeat some little
verse she had learned. She promptly re-
plied that she could, and astonished the
class by the following:

"Mary had a little lamb
She laid it on the shelf;
Every time it wagged its tail,
You know how 'tis yourself."