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

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The Grandmother's Faded Flower.

"Oh grandmother dear, a masquerade ball!
A ball, I do declare!
I'll robe myself rich in costume of old,
In a train, and powdered hair.
And a beautiful girl of sixteen years
Kneet by her grandmother's chest;
While that stately dame, in a high-backed
chair,
Smiled at each timely jest.
"Brocades and silks, and satins antique,
Were strewn in confusion rare
Round the fair young girl, while diamond and
pearl
She wound in her bright brown hair.
"What's this? What's this?" she jestingly
cried,
Holding high a faded flower;
"Why treasure it here, my grandmother dear
With relics of bridal dower?"
"My child, it is dearer far to me
Than silk, or satin, or pearl;
For it 'minds me well of vanished hours,
Of hours when I was a girl;
"Ay, well I remember the day, 'lang syne,
When my first love, last love—gone—
Came to my side with this then fresh flower;
"Twas a beautiful spring-like morn.
"But he's gone before—yes, many a year!
Hush, Flo! the pearls are thine;
I'll meet him yet in perennial spring;
Don't crush the flower—'t's mine."
And the fair girl gazed in mute surprise
At the tear and flushing cheek;
Kissed the tear away, then her thoughts would
stray
To the ball of the coming week.
The ball is o'er—a pure white bud
Flo folds to her throbbing breast—
She has learned the power of the fading flower
She found in her grand-dame's chest.

MARRIED IN LEAP-YEAR.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.
"Five and fifty years," said Squire Dockworth, meditatively, shaking the ashes out of his pipe, "five and fifty years. A man ain't likely to be married, I guess, when he's lived satisfied with a single lot all these years."
"Stranger things have been known to happen, Uncle Dockworth," said Ferdinand Apperley, who was a graceless college boy of nineteen or thereabouts.
"Not in these here parts, I guess," opined the Squire.
"Well, but, Uncle, things are so different from what they used to be," persisted Ferdinand. "You see, there never has been a period before when Women's Rights were in the ascendant as they are now."
"I don't see as that affects my particular case," said Squire Dockworth. "I ain't a woman."
"Ah, but you don't comprehend the imminence of the danger," said Ferdinand solemnly.
"Eh?" said the Squire.
"With Miss Arimathea Jenkyns living next door, and leap-year at that," added young Apperley, mischievously enjoying his relative's growing consternation.

"But you don't s'pose—"
"I suppose nothing," interrupted Ferdinand. "I only put the case problematically, just to convince you sir, that you can't be too careful."
"Oh pahaw!" said the Squire, uneasily drawing a huge yellow silk pocket handkerchief across his brow, "you can't scare me with your college nonsense, Ferdy. A man can't be married without sayin' 'I will,' no more'n a woman."
But when he went to the village that afternoon, Ferdinand noticed that he took the way down Hollow Dam, a good eighth of a mile out of his way, sooner than pass the casements of Miss Arimathea Jenkyns' one story residence, next to his own, on the high road.
"I've made some impression on him, at all events," said Ferdy to himself, with a sparkle of merry diablerie in his eyes.
The Squire was sitting in the firelight that evening, enjoying the season between daylight and dusk, technically known as "blind man's holiday," when there sounded a soft tap on the panels of the door.
"Come in," said the Squire; and a tall form entered, clad in sober black, with a bonnet of rusty bombazine trimmed with a huge jet buckle.
"Good-evenin' t'ye, Miss Arimathea," said the Squire a little tremulously, as he recognized the bonnet and garb of his spinster neighbor. "That there colt o' mine been breaking through pickets again? I declare to gracious I've a great mind to sell him!"
"Tisn't that, Squire, thank you kindly," was the answer.
"Set down, set down!" said Mr. Dockworth. "Bless me, what a cold you've got—you're as hoarse as a crow!"
"Ahem!" said Miss Arimathea. "This weather is trying to weak lungs; but I called on business, Squire."
"I knew it was the colt," said the Squire, despairingly.
"But it ain't the colt," said Miss Jenkyns. "It's myself, Squire."
"Oh!" said the gentleman.
"I have concluded," went on his visitor, "to take advantage of the rights accorded to our sex by the year, and— and—in short, Squire—"
Mr. Dockworth moved his chair a little back, but Miss Arimathea anticipated the movement by sinking theatrically on one knee before him.
"Joshua, will you be mine?" she murmured, with what might have been either a sob or a hysteric laugh.
"I—I'd rather not," said the Squire, hitching his chair back a little further still.
"Joshua! would you break my heart?"
"I guess 'taint so brittle as all that," said the Squire uneasily.
"I love you, Joshua Dockworth—I have loved you these ten years," stammered the lady, still on her knees. "Say—oh, say you will be my own! I'm a good cook, Joshua—I'm a master hand with men's shirts, and everybody knows that a place an't a place without a woman to slick it up."
"I know," said the Squire, "but—"
Miss Arimathea rose to her feet and flung her arms about the Squire's neck.
"Joshua! Joshua! you will say Yes!"
There was a rattling at the door latch of the room beyond. The Squire grew scarlet as the possibility of Ferdinand Apperley breaking in upon his unexpected tete-a-tete occurred to his mind.
"Take your arms away," said the Squire nervously. "Please. There's a dear girl?"
"Not until you speak the word that is to seal my future bliss," persisted Miss Jenkyns, letting the rusty bonnet droop on his shoulder.

"Quick!" grasped our hero; "there's some one coming."
"Say Yes, then, dearest Joshua."
The footsteps drew nearer. They paused almost at the door.
"Yes?" gasped the Squire, breaking into a clammy perspiration all over—"yes, yes. Only go."
Miss Arimathea Jenkyns only paused for a parting pressure of her lips to her ancient lover's brow, and hurried away with subdued rustling of sombre draperies; while on the other side of the door, the threatening sound of footsteps passed by without any one entering.
"Thank goodness for that!" said Mr. Dockworth to himself. "If that young rascal Ferdy had happened in just then—But what, what have I done? Engaged myself to marry that old maid! I, at five and fifty years of age! I'd better go into a lunatic asylum at once. What will Ferdinand say? I wonder if I couldn't go to China or California or Japan, or some of those far away places! Or, perhaps, it might be better to swear her over to keep the peace, or—"
And Squire Dockworth smote his two hands despairingly on the bald spot on the top of his head, as he reflected on the futility of any remedy short of matrimony for this ailment of leap-year.
Yet as he mused on past, present and future, he could not help thinking that many a man had found a worse help-meet after all than Miss Arimathea Jenkyns. She was not young to be sure, but then neither was he. She was fair, fresh and pretty; she was very handy at a wedding or funeral; she comprehended perfectly the exigencies of the needle; and she was just the element that he needed; to brighten up the solitary old farm house.
"It ain't a bad idea," said the Squire to himself; "but I wish she hadn't been the one to propose it. Very likely I'd ha' thought of it myself, if she'd gin me time. However, leap-year is leap-year, and I don't suppose we ought to blame the women for takin' whatever advantages the law allows 'em. I won't say nothin' to Ferdy, but I'll just drop over there in the course of the morning."
Mr. Dockworth was as good as his word. Miss Arimathea Jenkyns' breakfast dishes were hardly washed up, the next day, when he walked in.
How pretty she looked, like a full blossomed cabbage-rose, or a dahlia, or any other nature bloom, in the neat black gingham gown and white bib apron she wore, standing in front of the kitchen sink. Not a gray hair in her abundant brown hair tresses—not a crow's foot at the corner of her eyes.
"Well, Squire," said Miss Jenkyns, with nonchalance, as she wrung out her dishcloth and hung it on a nail at the corner of the dresser.
"I've come to talk that there little matter over with you."
"What little matter?"
"Why, about our being married."
Miss Jenkyns paused with the bib-apron half untied, and stared at the Squire with wondering blue eyes.
"My sakes alive!" she ejaculated, "who's talking about being married? Nobody has asked me yet, and if they did, I'm not by any means certain that I should say Yes."
"But they've asked me," said the Squire beamingly.
"Who has?"
"Why, you—haven't you?"
"Joshua Dockworth, are you crazy?" demanded Miss Jenkyns with dignity; "I asked you?"
"Yes; last night. Don't you remember?"

"Last night! Why, widow Percy took t'a here, and spent the evening, and I never went across my own threshold. And if I had, it isn't likely that I should go philandering over to your house to ask you to marry me, I guess?"
"Well, then," said the Squire, "look here. It's a trick of that rascal Ferdinand—one of his college games."
"That's probable enough," said Miss Jenkyns, who looked prettier than ever, with reddened cheeks and shining eyes.
The Squire's countenance fell; he was more disappointed than he cared to own.
"Look here, Arimathea," said he. "Don't you s'pose—"
"Yes," said Miss Jenkyns, laughing and coloring, "I do suppose—that is, you wished it very much."
"Well, I do," said the Squire. "And I'll tell you what—we'll be even with Ferdinand Apperley yet."
And when the young collegian heard that his chances of an inheritance from his rich bachelor uncle were to be diminished by the marriage of that elderly relative, he stared in dismay.
"You are really going to be married, uncle?" gasped he.
"Really and surely."
And what on earth has put it into your head?"
"Leap year, I think," said the Squire, with a sober twinkle in his eyes, which revealed to Ferdinand that the uncle had detected his trick.

The Broken Saw.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without and in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.
It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you; because, if you do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try; the wages were good, and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age; nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.
"And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw. "Mr. Jones never makes any allowances," said the other boy; "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He darnt tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, when Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."
"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was 'fraid; Mr. Jones has such a temper." "I think he'd better owned just at once," said Sam. "I suspect you'll find it easier to preach than practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him," and soon turned on his heel and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.
The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-

house, walked out into the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones; she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not. "Oh, my, God," said Sam, falling upon his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right."
I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you 'fore you saw it in the morning."
"I should think morning soon enough to tell of your carelessness. Why do you come down to-night?"
"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off I might be tempted to tell a lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it, I tried to be careful."
Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot; then stretching out his hand, "Shake hands; I'll trust you, Sam. That's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."
Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks that justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board" he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how this is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind and faithful master.
DEPTH TO PLANT SEED.—The proper depth to plant seed is a question of considerable importance and one which, like many other similar questions relating to plant's growth, cannot receive a definite answer that would be of general or universal application. In dry sandy soil, situated in dry climates, a deeper covering will be required, than would be judicious where both soil and climate indicate the reverse of these conditions. For instance, it has been shown that peas continue longer in bearing condition on sandy soils, when sown at a depth of six inches than they do when placed near the surface, and it is said that the Indians upon the table lands of the Colorado plant corn 10 or 12 inches below the surface with the best results; but if planted with only one or two inches of covering, the crop fails. Seeds also vary in their ability to penetrate depths of soil in germinating. Leguminous seeds, and some of the largest seeding graminee, can be planted deeper than those of a lighter character. It has been given as a general rule that all seeds germinate most speedily when covered with a depth of soil equal to their own thickness, and where the constant presence of sufficient moisture for germination can be maintained. This rule is, perhaps, as nearly correct as any that can be given.