

Orangeburg Times.

62 PER ANNUM.

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

IN ADVANCE

Vol 1. ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1872.

No. 11

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES
 Published every
WEDNESDAY,
 AT
 ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA
 BY
SEWARD & BEARD.

Subscription Rates:
 \$2 a year, in advance—\$1 for six months.
 JOB PRINTING in all its departments,
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WAS SHE FALSE?

BY FRANCIS HENSHAW BADEN.

"There goes Malomn Upton. Poor fellow! He has not yet conquered that woman that possessed him last night."

"What is the trouble with him, Charley?" asked the beautiful girl who was leaning on Charles Ashby's arm, as he escorted her proudly through the Park.

"The trouble! Nothing but his misanthropic, unamiable disposition—jealous, because the girl he admires more than any other girl in the world was the beauty of the reception last night, and of course had to accept some attentions from other gentlemen. I've not a particle of patience with him. He should have perfect confidence in the woman he seeks to win for his wife. I cannot understand such a state of feeling. I am always proud when my lady-love receives the honors she so truly deserves," said Charley, gazing fondly on his lovely companion.

"Thank you, Charley. I trust I shall ever be worthy of your confidence. But you have never been tried yet. I pity any one who feels as Malomn—"

"I do not. Foolish fellow! I've never been tried, you say. I know it love. But nothing in the world could make me jealous of any one. I have such perfect faith in you Agnes, that nothing but your own words could make me doubt you."

Agnes smiled sweetly; but shaking her pretty head, looked doubting, and said:

"Charley, you think you know yourself but indeed you have never had anything to try your feelings. You have had me always near you, with no interference ever since you first loved me. My mourning for dear father has kept me out of the gayeties of the world for two seasons. Just suppose you should ever see some handsome, worthy young man very devoted to me, and I receiving his attention, would you not then feel a little uneasy?"

"No, no. Nothing but your own words could make me doubt your love," answered Charley earnestly. And indeed he proved quite conclusively the truth of his words: for the next season Agnes again appeared in festive scenes, where she was universally admired, and Charley might more than once have found occasion to make himself miserable, if he had been like many of his friends. But he was truly a reasonable, sensible, loyal fellow, and Agnes Marvin fully appreciated his noble nature.

"Have I been sufficiently tried now, Agnes, to be permitted to repeat my declaration about jealousy?" asked Charley, after the last party of the season.

"Yes, indeed, you are a true man. You love, and trust your love," answered Agnes, placing her hand in his, which Charley gallantly carried to his lips.

"The right time and person have not turned up yet, perhaps," chimed in Agnes' brother.

"Oh, well, before another winter campaign comes, I shall have my bird in my own bow, and shall not fear her flying from me then. So, unless Mr. Wright comes forth pretty soon, he will not be in time to make me uneasy," Charley said laughingly.

"He may be found among the mountains this summer, Charley. Those retired country resorts are just the best places in the world for a flirtation. You had better follow your bird in her flight, my boy. Let me see! When do you start Agnes?"

"Mother has determined to leave quite early—the first of June, likely. She cannot stand the heat, it weakens her so much. You have promised to come in July, Charley. I hardly think there will be any one to get up a flirtation with so early in the season. Probably we shall be the only guests for a month or more."

"Well, Charley, I shall be back and forward, and I will keep you advised as to the movements. You may depend on me," said young Marvin.

"All right, Tom. Thank you," Charley laughingly said, as he moved off with Agnes to a walk.

The spring months flew rapidly by, and with the first days of summer Mrs. Marvin and Agnes sought their retreat among the mountains.

Tom escorted them; and after seeing them comfortably fixed, returned home, and reported it the "dullest place on earth."

Warily passed the time until Charley could go to his lady-love. Then the season was fully advanced, and many guests were at the Mountain House; but among them none that Charley could possibly feel the least uneasiness about. Indeed he quite regretted that there was no gentleman whose company would be at all desirable to either Agnes or her mother in his absence. However, he was soon relieved on that subject, by the arrival of an acquaintance of Mrs. Marvin's whom she introduced to Charley as her second friend, Dr. Cameron. The doctor was a remarkably handsome man of about forty, and of very charming address. He immediately became a universal favorite.

When Charley's time for leaving came, he was really glad to be able to place Agnes and her mother under the doctor's charge.

A few weeks after his return to his city home, Charley was accosted by an acquaintance who had just left the mountain resort, with the remark:

"Look here, Upton! You better take a trip back to the mountains, and be looking after Miss Marvin. There is a gentleman up there who is very devoted, and he seems to be consoling that lady very effectually for your absence."

Charley laughed, and said he did not feel at all uneasy. And when his informant mentioned Doctor Cameron as the dangerous person, he was quite amused. The idea of the doctor rivalling him was really absurd. He was quite old enough for Agnes' father; and really, if Charley had been of a jealous nature, he would not likely have thought one so much older than himself a very formidable rival. He had promised Agnes to come up again for a few days previous to their return, and accompany them home.

The day before he left to fulfil his promise, Tom Marvin came back; and calling on Charley, repeated the current report that "the Doctor was very much pleased with Agnes."

"You better look to him Charley. He may be a dangerous fellow for your peace of mind. He is very agreeable to both

Agnes and mother, I can see plain enough."

When Charley reached his love, she welcomed him as cordially as ever. But there was no denying the fact that the Doctor was more attentive than Charley thought necessary. Besides, one thing he soon noticed; there was something about Agnes and the Doctor that was not perfectly open and clear to Charley—something that was concealed from him. Once when he went unannounced into Mrs. Marvin's private parlor, he found the Doctor leaning over Agnes' chair, and looking very intently, if not lovingly, into her face. She blushed and turned away quickly, to welcome Charley's entrance, but in a very embarrassed manner.

Many times he had seen the Doctor call Agnes aside, and speak in an undertone to her.

Charley began to feel a little hurt, if not jealous. Besides he thought:

"If they are so much together when I am present, they surely must very well have given rise to the reports I have heard."

Still he was too proud to question or reproach Agnes; but he could not help being a little cool to her.

One day, at the dinner-table, an occurrence quite remarkable served to make Charley feel sure that Agnes was no longer true to him, if he had doubted it until then.

They were seated, the Doctor and himself, opposite Agnes, at the table. The different courses of the dinner had been removed, and they were tarrying over the dessert, when the Doctor passed to Agnes an almond, saying:

"Eat a philopena with me, Miss Agnes, please? If I am the fortunate one, I shall—"

Ere he had finished his remark, Agnes glanced from one to the other gentleman, while her face was suffused with a rosy flush, which receding, left her very pale. She arose quickly, and left the table. Doctor Cameron immediately followed. There were but few persons present at the time, and this little incident passed unnoticed, save by those interested. Mrs. Marvin looked very much annoyed, but offered no explanation.

Charley's mind was wavering between which was the better course to adopt: to go charge Agnes with deceiving him, and give her back her broken promise, or to go call the Doctor out, and demand an explanation. He had pretty well made up his mind to the latter, and was leaving the table for that purpose, when he remembered his oft-repeated declaration that, "unless from her own lips he heard that she had changed, he would not doubt her." So he determined to wait and see the result, at least a few days longer.

But that evening his doubt was a certainty. No longer need he wait; her own words told that. He had gone into the reception room, and thrown himself down on a sofa near the window. It was twilight; the lamps had not been lighted, and no one occupied the room but himself. He had been there but a short time, when he heard footsteps coming. A moment after, Mrs. Marvin and Agnes came to the room, and were about entering, when Agnes said:

"Don't go in. Let us sit out here a while, it is so pleasant."

And they seated themselves just under the window by which Charley was. Mrs. Marvin asked:

"What are you worrying about, Agnes? The loss of—"

"Hush, mamma. You may be heard," was the warning reply. "I am not worry-

ing, but I cannot get quite used to the new one yet. How strange Charley must have thought my conduct to-day!"

"Why don't you tell him, Agnes, and have it off your mind? He will know it some time."

"Of course he will, mamma. I hate so much to tell him! Do you know I really believe he is growing jealous of the Doctor; he has been very distant to me for a couple of days past. How shall I tell him?" asked Agnes in a troubled tone.

"If you do not, I shall, and end this matter. I do not suppose it is a matter of vital importance to him whether you—"

"Hush—hush—" whispered the anxious Agnes.

"True or false," continued her mother. "I wonder where Dr. Cameron is? I wish he would consent to live in town. I know he would make a fortune in a short time, he is so skillful. We must persuade him!"

"Curse him!" bitterly exclaimed Charley, and a little scream from Agnes following the words which had escaped the lips of the sorely tried man, told him that, having exposed his presence, it was the best time and place to charge the false girl with perfidy.

In a moment more he was facing her. With compressed lips and flashing eyes, he stood gazing on her.

"Why, Charley! Heavens! how you frightened me! What is the matter with you?" asked Agnes, really trembling, as she beheld the strange appearance of her lover.

"From your own lips I have heard all. Of the old and the new, the true and false. Oh, girl! And I have had such perfect faith in you! Here, take back your ring!" And turning, he walked off a few steps; when Mrs. Marvin, recovering her surprise, followed quickly after him, drew him into her own parlor, closed the door, and said:

"Now, my boy, what do you mean? Ah, I know this has all come out of Agnes not telling you the truth at once. Well, well, I must do it now. You know—"

"I know, Madam, that the woman I believed true is false!"

"No, no! Agnes false? Never, my boy. It is her—O dear! I wish she would come and tell you herself!"

"No matter, Madam. I have heard already your words and hers while sitting under the window."

"No, no! Indeed you misunderstood. Agnes is not false—only one of her teeth!"

Just at that moment Agnes came in, and in words scarcely intelligible for the merry laugh that was continually rippling forth, she told him she had broken out of her front teeth, which, having been filled, was very frail; that Doctor Cameron was a dentist, and had replaced it with a new one; that he was fixing it that morning when he came in and found the Doctor leaning over her chair. And that day, at the dinner-table, while eating the almond, she had knocked out and nearly swallowed the false one. That was the secret of all that had given him so much uneasiness.

"I really was very much worried about telling you, Charley. I did not know but you would feel bad that your lady-love had a false tooth!" continued Agnes.

"A false tooth make me feel bad! No, not if every tooth in your head was false, so that your heart is true, and you are my own love still," said Charley, catching her in his arms.

"And you doubted me, Charley! How

could you, after all your declarations against jealousy, too!"

"When a man is tried as I have been, and has heard his love telling of the old and new, true and false, he may be well excused for thinking she was talking of the love and lover, and not of a tooth," answered Charley, looking a little embarrassed.

"Now you, will have a little more patience with Malomn Upton, in a word, you will have a sympathizing heart for envious men—eh, Charley?" asked Agnes playfully.

"I don't know about that. But I will always say, after this, that a person does not know how he will act until the time of trial comes, and counsel that we shall never censure the weakness of another until our own strength has been well proved."

TIPS.

A Watch Word—Tick.

A Nod Fellow—Morpheus.

To relieve a Cold in the Head.—Blow the organ.

Somebody says that every cord of wood given to the poor is re-recorded above.

"Out of sight, out of mind," as the wag said when he saw a blind lunatic.

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

On week days you buy your music by the sheet. On Sundays you have it by the choir.

Pen makers are a bad lot. They make people steel pens, and then they say they do write.

The young lady singer, who thought she could make her voice clearer by straining it, made a great mistake.

Narrow Souls.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A hen-pecked husband, who had married his wife because she was handsome, declared that "a thing of beauty was a jaw forever."

CRUMBS.—Sixty quarts of strawberries, from Charleston, S. C., were selling on Wednesday, in New York, at two dollars and fifty cents per quart. These are the first of the season.

NEATNESS.

In its essence and purely for its own sake: says Hall's Journal of Health, neatness is found in few. Many a man is neat for appearance sake; there is an instinctive feeling that there is power in it. When a man consults a physician or a lawyer for the first time, or comes to rent a house or borrow money, he will come in his best dress; a lady will call in her carriage. A man who means business and honesty comes as he is, just as you will find him in his store, his shop, his counting-house. The most accomplished gamblers dress well; the most enterprising swindlers are faultlessly clothed; but countless multitudes are but whitewashed sepulchres. Many don't care as long as it will not be seen. Washington Allston the great artist, the accomplished gentleman suddenly left his friend standing at the door of a splendid Boston mansion as they were about entering for a party, because he just remembered that he had a hole in his stocking. It could not be seen or known, but the very knowledge of its existence made him feel that he was less a man than he ought to be; gave him a feeling of inferiority.

When you see a neat, tidy, cleanly, cheerful dwelling there you will find a joyous loving happy family.