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Gone.

Sweet evening comes, within the sylvan shades
I sit alone, alone;
The soft winds sigh among the drooping vines,
And sadly murmur gone!
Within their shadowy, leafy bowers, the birds
Fold up their downy wings;
But ere they sleep, murmur a mournful plaint,
As if they knew my pain!
The moonlight rests upon the dewy earth,
Whitely, and cold, and still;
I feel the damp and whiteness of the night
Around my heart, so chill!
Oh! in the stillness of this summer night,
My spirit cries to thee;
Linger not long away; my soul is sad;
My love, come back to me!
Ah! yes, I see thee, feel thy presence near,
So sweet, so sweet to me!
Thou'lt come again, before the morrow's sun
Links 'neath the distant sea!
Beyond the hills and distant, purpling plains,
Methinks I see the light
That ushers in the glorious "by and by,"
And ends our weary night.

THE TWO LOVES.

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"He is no boy, to be beguiled
By sparks of golden fire;
I will not dream a pretty child
Can mar a life's desire,
In scenes of gaudy and praise;
And cease to waste her youthful days
In self-indulgent joys."
They stood together, the bud and the
blossom! Never were more beautiful
women than Lillian St. Clair and the
"Little Lilly," as she was called. No
one would have dreamed their mother
and child, yet so they were.
The great resemblance caused them
frequently to be taken for sisters, and
well they might, for at thirty-eight the
beautiful mother looked a very few years
older than her daughter.
They were arrayed for an evening party,
given by Mrs. St. Clair's brother to Lilly,
just sixteen that night. It was impos-
sible to decide which was the more beau-
tiful; Lillian, robed in a rich white silk,
the ample folds falling gracefully around
her queenly form; her dark brown hair,
struggling to curl, was rolled in a wavy
coil and confined by a pearl comb; the
same jewels adorned her neck and arms;
or little Lilly, dressed in white too, but
of gossamer texture, which was caught up
with sprays of lilies and jasmine; a wreath
of the same on her head, and drooped
amidst her curls, that fell soft and skim-
mering to her waist.
"Come, come, mamma, we will be late,"
said Lilly, her bright face glowing with
excitement, and bright anticipations of
her first ball.
The mother's face grew sad, and a
sigh escaped her lips, as she gazed on the
happy child. Her thoughts flew swiftly
back to her own youth, when she too was
free from all care, merry and hopeful.
"How much she is like I was then, when
Paul saw me last! Should he meet Lilly,
he might almost forget the lapse of time,
and think her his Lillian. His that night,
that should have been," she said to her-
self, as she allowed the maid to fold the
wrapping closely around her, and follow-
ed the impatient little Lilly into the car-
riage. "Heaven shield her from such a
fate as mine!" murmured the mother, as,
a half-hour after, she heard the admiring
exclamations that greeted Lilly's appear-
ance. "Nay, that cannot be for her. Her
heart's affection cannot be bartered for
gold. She has enough of that. The
price of my blighted hopes has given it
to her."
In her early girlhood, while still at
school, Lillian had met, loved, and en-
gaged herself to one of the college stu-
dent's, Paul Erving. School-days over,
Lillian returned home; and soon Paul
followed, and presented himself to Mr.
Foster, Lillian's father, who immediately
gave him to understand that he would
never favor or consent to Paul's union
with his child—that he had other views
for her.
And so Lillian was bade to dismiss
the handsome Paul, and welcome her
father's friend, Morton St. Clair, a man

old enough to be her grandfather, as her
future husband. Lillian protested against
it; and meeting clandestinely her lover,
vowed to be true to him. And so Paul
went away to travel, confident in her con-
stancy. But it was the old story. Her
father was dreadfully embarrassed, and
Eillian could and must save him by her
marriage. Scarcely six months had
passed, after parting from his love, when
Paul read the announcement of her mar-
riage. They had never met since. Lillian
knew nothing of him. For two years she
had been a widow. During that time
many had sought her love, but none re-
ceived encouragement; for the beautiful
widow, although she knew not that he
still lived, watched and waited for the
coming of her girlhood's love.
Little Lilly, wearied with much danc-
ing, was resting in the conservatory, and
awaiting the return of her partner, who
had gone in quest of an ice. Glancing
up, she saw, standing quite near, gazing
earnestly on her, the handsomest man,
she thought, she had ever seen. Not one
of the fashionable gallants that thronged
her uncle's rooms, but a noble looking
man, grave and earnest, who immediately
inspired Lilly with esteem and confidence;
and before he had spoken one word to
her, she felt as if she had known him long
and well.
"Is it possible I find you thus changed,
Lilly? I almost forget the years that
have passed, the wrong and sorrow with
them, when I see you looking just as the
last time we met," said the stranger in a
low, sweet voice, holding out his hands to
clasp hers.
Lilly was surprised and bewildered by
the familiar address, but she placed her
hands in his; and just then Lilly's uncle
entered, and said:
"Ah! so you have found our little one,
Paul. Is she not wonderfully like her
mother? You might almost forget time,
and think Lillian before you. Come, she
is waiting to see you!"
And then Lilly and Paul Erving both
knew that the bud had been mistaken for
the blossom; but there was no explana-
tion then. The return of the gentleman
with the ice concluded the little scene
and as Paul Erving followed his friend,
he said:
"I shall see you again soon, Miss St.
Clair." And added in a low tone. "We
have both some explanations to offer, I
think."
Lilly returned with her partner to the
dancing saloon, but there was no longer
any enjoyment for here there. Her mind
was filled with thoughts of the handsome
stranger. She watched eagerly the en-
trance for his return. The pretty, flatter-
ing little speeches that reached her ear
from the many admirers that gathered
around were no longer pleasant; in fact,
quite annoying. She wanted again to
hear those deeply sweet tones that she
had heard only for a moment, yet would
be remembered for ever, she thought.
Yes, little Lilly was very much pleased
with Paul Erving, her mother's first love;
but Lilly knew nothing of his former re-
lation to her parent, and was wishing
then that Paul would return to her. As
the time passed on and he came not, she
began to grow jealous of her mother, and
would much sooner have been away by
herself, to reach his looks and words,
than to be surrounded by a set of fops,
as she then thought the young men near
her.
A little while longer, which seemed an
age to Lilly; and she saw him advancing.
With the familiarity of an old friend he
came forward, took her hand, placed it
within his arm, and led her off for a
promenade; and then he told her of his
being a very old friend of her mother's,
and how much she was like the Lillian
he knew twenty years before, and con-
cluded by asking, "And you—did you
not mistake me for some one else?"
"No, I have never seen any one like
you," she answered.
"But you smiled, and welcomed me as
if a friend," he said.
"I did, I knew not why," she an-
swered; and then, looking up into his
eyes with the truthfulness and candor of
a child not yet taught the duplicity of

the world, said, "Can any one help doing
so?"
Paul Erving was pleased with the
beautiful girl's confidence, and she was
never so happy as when leaning on his
arm and listening to the wonderful things
he told her of his travels.
But the time for parting came, and
when Paul Erving placed Lilly and her
mother in their carriage, he said:
"I shall call to-morrow."
There was but little conversation on
their way home, for both mother and
child were thinking of Paul. Lilly
dreamed of him, of course, and watched
eagerly for his coming the next day.
And when every day or evening found
him with them, the beautiful mother
grew more beautiful, and seemed very
happy; while her child, her merry-
hearted, laughing Lilly, became so pale
and quiet.
Lillian saw the change in her child,
yet never dreamed the cause. The
thought of her merry little Lilly
loving Paul, a grave, quiet man, old man,
old enough for her father, never entered
her mind. Very uneasy about her,
Lillian forgot her own joy, and earnestly
watched for the cause of the change.
Then, like a flash of lightning, the knowl-
edge came to Lillian, so sudden that she
almost sank beneath it. Both loved
Paul; one must suffer. And he—might
he not have learned to love the beau-
tiful young girl? As yet he had not
spoken of love to her. Were the past
weeks of happiness only a passing dream?
Must she return again to the old life of
weary loneliness?
Lilly's happiness must be secured, if
possible. How should she act, to ac-
complish that?
While the mother was pondering over
what to do, Lilly had decided. She
knew well how dear Paul Erving was to
her mother, and from her uncle she had
heard how they were separated in their
youth. While near the object of her
love, she could not resist seeing him,
whenever the opportunity offered, and
every hour spent with him served to make
Lilly love him the more. So she would
go away even though Paul loved her,
which she sometimes thought he did, and
leave her mother to win the love she was
willing to resign to secure happiness for
her. Ah, Lilly, you may yet know a
love you would not resign to any one.
Lilly pleaded to be allowed to visit
some cousins in a distant city. Again
hope and peace entered the mother's
heart. She might be mistaken, for surely
Lilly would not be anxious to leave,
if she loved Paul. So little Lilly, with
a sad heart, went among her relatives, a
set of as merry girls as were ever found.
Every day brought some new engage-
ment of pleasure; every evening a party
or concert, so Lilly had no chance to in-
dulge in gloomy reveries.
Weeks grew into months before Lillian
welcomed her child home again. In the
mean time Paul had again sought her
hand. But she could not answer him until
Lilly came back.
Earnestly, eagerly she looked into
her child's eyes, to read, if possible, her
heart. Lilly saw the anxious, inquiring
gaze, and knew well of what her mother
was thinking; so clasping her arms lov-
ingly around her, she asked:
"Mamma, when are you going to give
me the right to love Mr. Erving as
much as I choose?"
For a moment Lillian's heart almost
ceased to pulsate, and in a trembling
voice she asked:
"Lilly, do you love Paul Erving?"
"Indeed I do, mamma: almost as
much as I do you. And I wish you
would give me the right to call him
papa."
With a silent prayer of thankfulness
Lillian pressed her child to her heart,
and then there was perfect confidence be-
tween them: and Lilly said:
"Now, mamma, you will give him his
answer, and we will be happy again."
"Tell me, Lilly, what taught you the
mistake you had made with regard to
your affection for Paul?"
"Mamma, I have been trying to tell
you;" and then, hiding her face on her

mother's bosom, she whispered, "An-
other love, mamma, so different; one I
can never resign, except with life. My
thoughts are all of him; night or day,
I'm always dreaming of him."
"Why, Lilly, my child, who is he that
has taught you to love thus?"
"Oh! mamma, you will think it so
strange, I scarcely can tell. I have
never spoken one word to him, and can-
not say I know his name. I will tell you
about it. He is a young officer. My
cousins and I very frequently visited the
dress parades at the "Point." There I
saw him. There was something about
him which reminded me of Mr. Erving;
but he is very young—about twenty, I
think. Mamma, I believe I began to
love him right away. I could have
found out his name, but I would not en-
quire; I was fearful the girls would sus-
pect me. Often I saw him, and soon no-
ticed that he watched for my coming,
and a smile of recognition and satisfac-
tion would always greet me. Yet he
never sought an introduction. We had
met this way for three weeks, and then
he was ordered suddenly off. The day
he left I received an exquisite bouquet.
The girls puzzled their brains to find
from where it came. My heart told me
directly, and I stole with it to my room;
hunted among the sweet flowers, sweeter
still for the dear little note I found hid-
den there. You can read it, mamma."
And Lilly took from her bosom the
treasured little messenger, and her
mother read:
"I am suddenly ordered off. I could
no longer resist, and have sought an in-
troduction. I should have been with
you to-night. Fate is against me. If
I live, I shall find and tell you what
you must suspect. Your sweet smile will
cheer many a weary hour, and be a talis-
man to guard me from evil. I will come
worthy to look into your pure eyes, and
speak my dearest hope."
"Faithfully, E. E."
There had been a look of doubt and un-
easiness on Lillian's face as her child re-
vealed her love, but after she had read
the note it wore away, and she said:
"I think he is a good man, Lilly; I
like his note."
"And you will like him, mamma. I
am so happy! I know he will return,
and I know all will be well."
"And you know not his name, my
child?"
"No, mamma, I suppose he thought I
did, as I could, so he only signed his in-
itials."
Lillian was again promised to Paul.
A few days previous to their wedding, he
said:
"Lillian, I wish to bring to-night a
young friend, and present him to you;
and if Lilly has no objection, I think we
will have him attend her the day you
will make me happy."
Lillian smiled approval, and Lilly said
she could tell better after seeing the
young gentleman.
They were sitting waiting the coming
of Paul and his friend. Lilly was whil-
ing away the time at the piano. A little
stir caused Lillian to look and see her
lover, standing in the door. Answering
his gesture, she followed him into the
library, and was scarce seated when she
heard a cry of surprise and joy from
Lilly.
Seated beside her, clasping her hand,
Paul Erving told Lillian that, a few
months after the news of her marriage,
he had yielded to the persuasion of his
mother, and wedded a distant cousin, a
frail little creature, who only lived long
enough to place in his arms their boy,
for whose birth her young life was paid
—that he had delayed telling her this at
first; why, he know not. Afterward, a
letter from his son, received while Lilly
was visiting her friends, determined him
to give them a surprise that he hoped
would be an agreeable one; and Paul
concluded by saying:
"He is with her now, renewing his ac-
quaintance. They have met before."
"Do you mean to say—" and Lillian
hesitated.
"Yes, Lillian; that my boy is as des-
perately in love with your child, as his

father was with her mother, twenty
years ago."
Leading her back to the drawing-
room, he presented his son, Lieut. Erving.
And Lilly, her young face glowing with
love and happiness, exclaimed:
"Is it not strange, mamma? Not that
you and I should have similar tastes?"
she added archly, "but that, after a great
tangling up of our life-thread, it should
all come out smoothly; and, I trust, will
wind so until the end shall come," she
said, an expression of sweet thoughtfulness
and gravity stealing over her
features.
"Yes, love, and I think you may add,
without any twist."
Turning to Paul, Lillian noticed a
shade of reproach in his eye, and she
whispered:
"Viewing our children's happiness, can
you for one moment regret the past?"
A few days more, after Edward Er-
ving had saluted his new mother, she prom-
ised him in another year Lilly should
be his. And when time winged his
flight, and brought to the young lovers
the day that made them happy, Lillian
blessed her children and said:
"Deeply, to-night, I feel that "all
things are for the best, and wisely or-
dered." How dark may be the path,
how long! how dark the sky, I know
too well! but the end will come; the
light will at last shine forth, revealing
the blessed truth. The love I sacrificed
on the altar of filial duty, to secure peace
and comfort to my aged parents, was not
lost; it has been given back to me!"
[From The Banner.]
Gorge of the Yellowstone River.
Away in the far western country is a
great river called the Yellowstone. I
often feel a curiosity about names, and
wonder how they come to be given.
Don't you? I cannot tell you how this
name came to be given, but I can tell
you something else very curious about it.
I presume it began at a common stream
running along where it found a crevice in
the rocks, and making its bed every year
wider and deeper. Little by little the
rocks yielded and crumbled, and as the
river has quite a slope, its waters came
with great force, especially at times when
it was swollen by heavy rains and thaws.
There is a terrible power in water when
it comes dashing against the shore, tearing
down even huge rocks, and breaking in
pieces the stoutest ships.
In the course of ages, the Yellowstone
River has worn for itself a channel most
frightful to see. For fifty miles it flows
through a gorge which varies from one
thousand to five thousand feet in depth.
At one point in the mountain, the guides
say it is a mile in depth, and the great
river, on looking down, seems only like a
silver ribbon, and the fall and cascades
which it makes seem only like ripples on
its surface. Even the stoutest-nerved,
when he comes to the brink of this awful
chasm, shrinks back appalled. He can
not be induced again to approach it ex-
cept by crawling to the verge, and barely
gazing over. There is something so awful
in the stillness of that dizzy height!
No wing of bird, nor leafy shrub or
flower to cheer it. Not even the roar of
the waters can be heard above, and no
one can reach the brink.
Imagine a little boat entering the
chasm where the walls are low, and heed-
lessly drifting on until it was hopelessly
enclined by the current. Imagine its oc-
cupant awakening to a sense of his con-
dition, only to find those dreary walls
towering hopelessly, awfully over his
head. No use to call for help in that
solitude. If by a frantic effort he could
stay the boat by some jutting crag or
massive boulder, he has only prolonged
a little his doomed life. He will either
be dashed to pieces in the wild cataracts,
or perish of famine on the rocks.
Yet this is not half as fearful as it is
to be drawn into the current of the ter-
rible river of Intemperance. Many are
sailing down it, on to the fearful rapids,
into the heart of the burning mountain,
whose walls can only be scaled by a mir-
acle of mercy. Warn them at the outset.
Snatch them from such a fearful fate if
you can, and they will bless you forever.