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I am pleased to inform the citizens of Orangeburg and vicinity that I have opened a Barber Shop, over the Store of Captain Briggmann, where I am ready to serve them in my profession, which consists of Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-dressing and such other work as belongs to the tonsorial art.] sk trial. JOHN ROBINSON. may 1-3mo

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Individuality.

Aye! march to thine own music, oh! my heart. Let not thy neighbor beat the time for thee : Nor friend nor foe, whoever he may be, Make thee to halt, or quicken, or depart

From thy true self. Be bravely what thou art. What though cold scorn thy harmony ag-

And malice smite thee with envenomed dart? They are but icicles on life's broad caves; Which steady sunshine cannot fail to thaw. And in the magic crucible of Time

They may transmuted be, by Love's great law, To something pure and noble and sublime. Then beat, oh, heart. Unswerved, thy throbs

To truth be faithful; to the right be true.

CAUGHT IN HER OWN TRAP.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Ellen Lamprey and Clara Edgerton were walking slowly along a vine-embowered path in Newport. The latter was moody and thoughtful, while the former was watchful of all that transpired about her. By and by a gentleman entered the path not far in advance and approached them. Ellen saw him; but Clara did not.

"Here-let us step into this arbor. O! what beautiful flowers. See!" And thus speaking, Ellen Lamprey rather dragged than led her companion into the arbor.

The gentleman passed, and there was cloud upon his brow. Something had evidently wrought unpleasantly upon his feelings. Ellen marked the fact, and an exultant expression flashed up into her face. She had accomplished her object.

The gentleman was Wallace Parker, a young gentleman of good family, whose father had recently died intestate. The elder Parker had once been wealthy; but a financial crash had swept away his fortune, and hurried himself to the grave.-So Wallace had entered upon the practice of the Law, and was struggling hard to earn name and fame in his own right. Weary and faint from hard study, he had come down to Newport to recuperate; but he could not stay long, for he had not the means.

In happier days, when he had been prospective heir of half a million, he had often met Clara Edgerton, and had learned to love her, though no words of Baltimore rates, adding freight. Call in and love had ever been spoken. In fact, see catalogue. Work warranted. they had been almost two young then to seriously venture upon such a topic But they were older now. Wallace was four and twenty, and Clara only five years younger. And now they had met again-he under the cloud of misfortune, when she held in her own right a fortune greater than that which his father had

> Is it a wonder that a hundred men, young and old, paid especial court to Clara Edgerton? And is it a wonder that a man like Wallace Parker, should have been backward in claiming her especial notice?

Ellen Lamprey had no heart to love; but she fancied Wallace Parker; she had penetration enough to see that he was a better man than were most of those to whom the ladies of fashion paid court : and, furthermore, she saw the possibilities he would surmount, and could look forward to the bright career that he was opening before him. She was a crafty girl and calculating. She could not hope to entrap a wealthy lover who was young and handsome; so she meant to entrap Wallace Parker, if she could. She knew that there had been an intimacy between him and Clara in the other times, and she could very plainly see that their hearts yearned toward each other still, however much the young lawyer himself may have been in the dark. She had a game to play. She knew very well that Wal- less!" lace had come out into the garden in the hope of meeting Clara. She had not only prevented the meeting, but she had made it appear to the gentleman that the lady had purposely avoided him,

"I dectare!—there goes Wallace Parker, and he didn't even bonor us with a salute!" cried Ellen, after the young Parker spoke soberly."

man had passed.

Clara started and looked up and pres-

"He has no heart for anything but his profession."

"And he will not need to stick to his profession a long time before he can re- this arbor this evening I will lead Walsume his old stand in society," suggested | lace Parker this way, and he shall speak

"Yes; yes." It was all Clara answered; and she was again thoughtful.

Ellen adroitly led the conversation unil it touched upon Clara Edgerton.

"By the way, Mr. Parker, I had always thought that you and Miss Edgerton were good friends."

the gentleman in a low, hopeful tone.

ter, "until she avoided you to-day in the bitter words against Clara. But one of garden. And I should not have thoughtso much of that if she had not, when we were alone, spoken- But I had better keep my own counsel."

Wallace Parker was human, and he wished to know what Clara Edgerton had said of him. At length, with much apparent reluctance, Ellen told him.

"She said you had no heart." "What! Did Clara Edgerton say that?"

"Yes. And she said you would have to stick to your profession a long time before you could regain the position you had lost in society."

"O! I had not thought that of her! But what else could I expect? Bah! they are a cold heartless set!'

"You do not mean that Miss Edgerton is cold and heartless!"

"She is under the influence." She must be, she must be, or she would not have spoken those words."

"Well, well," said Ellen, with a light laugh, "she is very soon to be under a new influence. She goes from here to be married to Mr. Haprood."

"To Giles Hapgood?" "Yes; the banker."

"And worth a million!" added Ellen significantly. And new triumph was in the sparkle of her eye when she saw Wallace Parker's lip curl with derision, and saw scorn and contempt in his every

During the forenoon of the following day Ellen Lamprey observed Clara Edgerton and Giles Hapgood, out in one of the foot-paths, walking very cosily, arm in-arm, and apparently engaged in very earnest conversation. She hunted up Wallace Parker and brought him out on the balcony that he might see it. He did see it, and his look plainly showed that he was unhappy; and Ellen Lamprey fancied that he looked to her for sympathy; that his heart was warming toward her as it shrank from love of Clara. She determined to lose no time.

During the afternoon of that same day Ellen drew Clara out into the garden, and after a light run of by-play she carefully introduced the subject of Wallace Parker.

"He will not remain here much longer," she said; "and for one I am glad of it. 1 can endure almost anything better than treachery."

"Treachery !- and on the part of Wallace Parker?"

"Yes." "What do you mean, Ellen ?"

"Since it has come to this, Clara, I will speak plainly. I accepted Mr. Parker's proffered arm upon the verandah last evening. We spoke of you. I had supposed that you were on the most friendly terms; but judge of my surprise, when he announced to me, in direct and unqualified terms, that you were cold and heart-

"Did Wallace Parker say that?" The voice was startled and quivering.

"Yes; and I expostulated. But he persisted. He said that you were throwof influences."

"O, Ellen, I cannot believe that Mr.

She would make a bold move.

"My dear Clara," she said, "in order speak of you, suppose you hear him for yourself? If you will take your seat in

as he pleases in your hearing." At first Clara Edgerton refused to listen to the proposition; but after a time That evening Ellen Lamprey met she surrendered. She did really wish to Wallace Parker upon the verandah, and know if Wallace Parker disliked her. he offered her his arm. He could do no The blow would be a cruel one; but she less, seeing that she had sought his side. had better know the truth, even at the worst. So she finally said that she would be in the arbor at nine o'clock.

Ellen Lamprey had no doubt of her felt sure, if she could lead him to the "I had thought so," resumed the plot- garden, that she could draw from him wrenched from her without her knowl-

That evening, sauntering out upon the driveway after tea, he met Giles Hapgood, and the banker was muttering and cursing to himself.

"Eh! Hapgood? what on earth is the matter? Stocks down?"

"Down flat!" returned Hapgood, ral-

"Have you lost heavily?"

"I have lost heavily, and for all time." "I am sorry."

Presently the banker looked up with grim smile.

quite so bad as that. I funcied this afternoon, that I had lost my heart; but I guess I shall find it again. You can keep a secret?"

"The secret of a friend is with me a sacred trust."

"Then, my boy, I'li tell you frankly-Clara Edgerton has refused my hand!" "Refused you?"

"Ave; and that isn't the worst of it. When I asked her why she had allowed me to bask in the sunlight of her smiles, she fell to weeping, and begged of me to forgive her. She said she had sought protection under my care as she would have sought it at the hands of a father! Egad! think of it! What a cut, ch?"

"But she was honest."

"So she was, my boy. She clung to me--taking shelter under my gray hairs-so she might escape the persecution of at- cases, a suit for breach of promise of tention from the hundred-and-one fulsome flatterers that hovered around her. Buffalo courts. From the evidence, it This afternoon I could have cursed her; appears that the parties both live in or ity, while I have come really to honor been a frequent visitor for about two and respect the pure-hearted girl who years and a half at the house of the plainin Giles Hapgood."

The approach of another party intershortly afterward returned to the house, where Ellen Lamprey met him upon the but he from some unaccountable cause, piazza. He would have avoided her, but a few months age, suddenly discovered she took his arm, and claimed him as her that he loved another young lady better, prisoner; and by and by she led him to the garden. Little dreamed she, as she prepared for the attack, what he had heard within the hour.

When they had entered upon the flower flanked avenue Ellen spoke of Clara Edgerton. She spoke at first sympathizdemnatory.

marriage with Mr. Hapgood, at the same harsh judgment of himself.

stopped for her companion's reply. She felt sure it would be a bitter one.

Wallace Parker took her hand, and heard her words; but they had not so ing yourself away under the very worst words which he had that evening heard the cellar doors in a country town, and from the lips of Giles Hapgood.

A brilliant idea struck the plotter. to an understanding at once. I am will- is the sweet infection of love as a thirsty ing to believe that you are mistaken. told me what she had-"

"O! Mr. Parker in mercy's name!"

"What Clara had said of me, I was uisunderstood her.'

Ellen Lamprey trembled like an aspen and could not speak. Her companion continued:

"Never, while I can help it, shall the bright vision of Clara Edgerton, as a success. She had so far won upon Par- pure and blessed spirit of light, be wres- and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart ker, that he was ready at any time to ted from me. As God is my judge, I seems stretched clear across my bosom, "I trust we are friends still," returned wait upon her at her bidding, and she believe her to be incapable of deceit. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel But, if she has faults, I do not wish to horse powdered with gold; and the brass know them. I took her image into my pins skewered through your waterfall fill soul years ago, and I wish to hold it me with unbounded awe. Your foreher most potent weapons was to be there enshrined in purity. Had not dire head is smoother than the elbow of an misfortune come upon me I would dare old coat. Your eyes are glorious to beto go to her, and ask her if she despised hold. In their liquid depths I see feme; but now-now-'

"She can speak without the asking!" sounded a voice from the arch of the ar. When their fire hit me upon my manly bor. "O! Wallace-how blind you have been !-- how blind ! And all these years as a load of bird-shot through a rotten I have had no heart, no love, that was apple. Your nose is from a chunk of not yours!"

Wallace Parker, and rested her head. upon his bosom; while Ellen Lamprey, almost bereft of sense, shrank away to to the house, her steps tottering and un-"It isn't money, Parker. O, no, not certain, like unto the steps of one who wild harp's strain, or the blest of the was drunken with much wine.

port. She could not bear to witness the happiness of the pair she had sought to part for ever asunder, nor did she care to remain after the story of the ridiculous manner in which she had got caught

In the joyous event which legitimately grew out from all this, Giles Hapgood did himself infinite credit and honor. He demanded and received the privilege of acting as groomsman at the wedding.

LOVE.

ITS TRUE ESSENCE.

marriage, was recently tried before the with three children. It seems to have and verified this belief a short time since branch; and in coming years, when the by marrying that other lady. The follow- shadows grow from the hills and the ing is one of the tender epistles sent by philosophical frog sings his cheerful eventhe loving swain to his first love, and by ing hymns, you, happy in another's love, her given to the court:

MY DEAR M .- Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a ingly and lovingly, then pityingly, and churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable then she gradually verged upon the con- joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like span-The arbor was not far distant, and she ish needles through a pair of tow linen must make the final stroke. This she trousers. As a gosling swimmeth in a did by speaking of Clara's approaching mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than time adroitly working in a repetition of the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter the story she had before told of the lady's than the eyes of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and, borne The arbor was reached, and Ellen on their invisible wings your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it. like a pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfeclooked down into her face. He had tions I was bewildered, and my brain aging 1 lb. of butter to 20 lbs. of milk .-whirled around like a bumble bee under much place in his mind as had other a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery "Miss Lamprey," he said, slowly, and accents of your voice. My tongue refusalmost sternly, "you and I had best come ed to wag, and in sil mt adoration I drank withdrawn to shake hands.

man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey At all events, I will never believe that punch. Since the light of your face fell that you may know exactly how he can Miss Edgerton could willingly or inten- upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I tionally speak ill of me until I can hear could raise myself up by my boot straps and judge for myself. When you first to the top of the church-steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises front But Mr. Parker did not heed the inter- her saffron colored couch; when the jay bird pipes his tuneful lay in the appletres by the spring house; when the chantigrieved; bu I am sure you must have clear's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pig arises from his bed and grunteth, and goeth for his morning refreshments; when the drows y beetle wheels its droning flight at sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; gions of little cupids bathing like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, Parian marble, and your mouth is puck-And Clara Edgerton, advancing from ered with sweetness. Nectar lingers on the sheltering bower, gave her hand to your lips like honey on a bears paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of their parent's nests, Your laugh rings in my ears like the stray lamb on the bleak hill-side. The On the very next morning, without dimples on your cheeks are like bowers her breakfast, Ellen Lamprey left New- in beds of roses or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to thy presence, and pour out the burning eloquence of love, as thrifty housewives pour out het coffee. Away from you J. am as melancholy as a sick rat. Somein her own trap should have leaked out. times I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. . Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows nibble at my spirits; and my soul is pierced with doubts like an old cheese is bored with skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song bird One of those peculiarly interesting hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee. You are fairer than a speekled pullet, sweeter than Yankee but now I can only curse my own stupid- near Onondaga; that the defendant had doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a topknot plumage on the head of a muscovy duck. You are was willing to place so much confidence tiff,-a widow nearly 30 years of age, sweetened toddy altogether. If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside been the opinion of the friends of the of my soul, and me to win your affection, rupted the conversation, and Wallace plaintiff (and no doubt she thought so her- I shall be as happy as a wood pecker on selt) that the defendant would marry her; a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away from a flourishing vine of life and untimely

> upon the last resting place of Yours affectionately

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with \$500 damage.

come and drop a tear and catch a cold

men. The highest trustworthy produce of milk on record, is that of a cow, which for 8 consecutive years produced 9720 gallons, or at the rate of 1210 gallons per annum. In one year she was milked 328 days and gave 1230 gallons, which made 540 pounds of butter, or at the rate of 1 lb. of butter to 227 lbs. of milk. This beats the Vt. cow of 1866, reported to have produced 504 lbs. of butter, aver-[Extract from Secretary Klippert's Report to Ohio Board of Agriculture.

"Excuse my gloves," is an unnecessary apology, for the gloves should not be