

Orangeburg Times

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IN ADVANCE.

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THE partnership heretofore existing between James S. Heyward and Frank P. Beard, under the firm name of Heyward & Beard, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts due the firm must be paid to Frank P. Beard, he having purchased the entire interest in the Orangeburg TIMES, and having assumed all the liabilities of the firm.

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POETRY.

The Drunkard's Child.

BY MRS. PARKURST.

You ask me why so oft, father,
The tears roll down my cheek,
And think it strange that I should own
A grief I dare not speak;
But oh, my soul is very sad,
My brain is almost wild;
It breaks my heart, to think that I
Am called a drunkard's child.

My playmates shun me now, father,
Or pass me by with scorn,
Because my dress is ragged, and
My shoes are old and torn,
And if I heed them not, "there goes
The drunkard's girl," they cry;
Oh then, how much I wish that God
Would only let me die.

You used to love me once, father,
And we had bread to eat;
Mamma and I were warmly clad;
And life seemed very sweet.
You never spoke kindly then,
Or dealt the angry blow;
O, father dear, tis sad to think
That rum hath changed you so!

Do not be angry now, father,
Because I tell you this,
But let me feel upon my brow,
Once more thy loving kiss;
And promise me those lips no more,
With drink shall be defiled,
That from a life of want and woe,
Thou'lt save thy weeping child.

SELECTED STORY.

HETTY'S TEACHER.

BY MARY GRACE HALLIDAY.

"My patience, Hetty!" exclaimed Mrs. Green, lifting her hands from the moulding-board, as her daughter burst into the room, her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Where on earth have you been tow? I could have made a house while you have been doing that arrant!"

"Only think, mother! I've just seen the Simond girls, and they say that the academy is almost finished, and that school will commence early in September."

"Well, what of it?" retorted Mrs. Green, with a vigorous flourish of the rolling-pin.

"Do you think father will let me go?" "Go where?" inquired Mrs. Green, as she cut deftly from the edge of a pie the superfluous paste.

"Why, to the new school!" "I hope not, for the land's sake! When I was young, gals was brought up to work, an' wa'n't forever a readin' an' dreamin' away their time. Howsomever, if your father's willin' for ye to go to the 'cademy, I haint nothin' to say agin it; but I shall think it to be the foolishlest piece of business he ever did yet, and there you've got my whole mind on it."

This was about as much encouragement as Hetty expected from her mother; and pretty soon her father entered.

He was a thick-set man, about fifty, whose sinewy frame and toil-hardened hands showed that he had been accustomed to labor from his youth up. The upper part of his face betrayed the kindly feelings that really dwelt beneath his somewhat rough exterior, but there were certain lines about the mouth which indicated that he was, what his wife called "turrible sot in his way." All his hopes and desires were narrowed down to the boundaries of his farm.

It was difficult to perceive where Hetty obtained her strong thirst for knowledge. It certainly was not from either parent, neither was it called forth by anything in her home. Her father's library consisted of the Bible, almanac, "Pilgrim's Progress," "History of the American Revolution," and an odd volume of "Hume's History of England."—He took an agricultural paper, but there was little in it that she cared to read.

But in spite of these disadvantages, Hetty's hungry mind contrived to find food. There was scarcely a book in the neighborhood that she had not read, and some of them many times. She devoured everything that came in her way, histories

novels, plays, poetry, nothing came amiss.

But we will now return to farmer Green's kitchen.

Supper was ready and on the table, and very tempting it looked to Mr. Rivers, Mrs. Green's summer boarder, who had been out fishing nearly all day.

Mr. Rivers was a young man from a neighboring city, quiet and unobtrusive in his manners; saying little but that little never failing to find its way to the heart or understanding, whichever he addressed. He was a general favorite in the family. Mrs. Green liked him because he was out much of the time in the fields and woods, and not "continually under her feet, as mos' boarders was." Her husband, who had been sadly troubled by the inquisitiveness of most of their city boarders, liked him because he was a quiet, sensible fellow, "an' not forever pestering a body with silly questions."

It is not so easy telling why Hetty liked him. Perhaps it was the smile, that made his far from regular features look almost handsome, or it might have been the small library he brought with him, and to which he gave her free access, to her undisguised delight.

After supper Hetty assisted her mother in clearing the table and washing the dishes. Then Tom came in with the foaming milk-pails, and Mrs. Green bore them away to the milkroom, leaving Hetty alone with her father.

Mr. Green was in his favorite seat by the open door, smoking; and Hetty could see, by the expression of pteid enjoyment that was stealing over his face, that it was the most favorable opportunity for broaching the subject of which her heart was full. So she took her chair and drew it close to his.

Mr. Green was a man of few words, and not very demonstrative in manner, so he merely patted the head and pinched the rosy cheek that was laid against his shoulder, and smoked on in silence.

"School is going to commence in the academy, in September, father."

"So I heard," said the old man, shifting one leg uneasily from over the other, for he surmised what was coming.

"Can I go?" "Mr. Green seemed to be in no hurry about replying; he was deliberate in all his movements, and puffed away at his pipe in silence, though evidently revolving the subject in his mind.

"Father, dear father, do say that I may."

"No, Hetty; I've been thinkin' the matter over, and I've decided that it ain't best. You mustn't think, daughter, that it's cause I grudge ye the time or expense, tho' neither time nor money was given us to throw away foolishly. But that ain't the pint. It seems to me that the more you go to school, the more you want to go, that there's no end to't. I always thought that you went to the district school longer than there was any need on; but you was bewitched to go, so I said nothin' to hinder ye. When you said you wasn't goin' no more, cause ye knew more'n the teachers did, I thought to besure, you'd be satisfied; but you wasn't. When that dandy-looking chap went around givin' nothin' would do but he must come here. But I couldn't see that you was a bit more contented when ye got through than ye was afore."

"But, father, I haven't learned hardly anything yet, only just enough to find out how little I know."

"Then I should say that it was high time you stopped going to school, if that all you've learnt," responded the literal, matter-of-fact farmer, as he arose from his seat—"Leastways, I've made up my mind on one pint—an' you know that it aint easily turned—that if you want any better eddication than you've got' you'll have to 'arn it."

Hetty came out upon the portico and leaned her head against one of the pillars. It was growing dusk, and her eyes were so blinded by tears that she did not perceive Mr. Rivers, who was standing near by, mending his fishing-tackle, and who had been an unwilling listener to what had passed between Hetty and her father. His dark, expressive eyes were full of

sympathy and compassion, as they rested upon that bowed head.

"Miss Hetty."

Hetty started, dashing the tears from her flushed cheeks, for she felt half-ashamed that he should find her thus.

"I am sorry for your disappointment—no one could sympathize more with your laudable desire to obtain an education than I do. But you must remember the old saying, 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' I'm far from considering your case beyond remedy. How should you like me for your teacher, in lieu of a better?"

"You, Mr. Rivers?"

"Yes! I've been thinking, for some time, that I ought to review the English branches, and it will be much pleasanter to do so with a companion. So, if you are agreed, I will send for my books to-morrow."

"Are you really in earnest, Mr. Rivers?" "Certainly I am," replied Mr. Rivers, looking down smilingly into the sparkling eyes that were lifted to his. "But I warn you not to expect an easy time of it I shall be a severe master, I assure you."

The next night the books came, to Hetty's great delight. They looked suspiciously new, which did not escape her notice, though she refrained from making any comment upon it.

Mr. Rivers was nearly as good as his word—he was a strict, if not severe, master, never allowing his pupil to pass over a subject or lesson until it was thoroughly learned and understood.

And Hetty's ambition and progress more than equalled his expectation. Indeed, he was obliged to check the former, often insisting on her closing her books for the day, in the face of her earnest entreaties to be allowed to go on.

As for Hetty, she was like one introduced into a new and delightful world; for the first time she seemed to live. Even more than her lessons, she enjoyed the lonely rambles she took with her teacher after they were over.

Mr. Rivers was one of those rare men who have the faculty of conveying instruction in familiar conversation, without any apparent design or effort. As varied as were his acquirements, he was better read in the "Book of Nature" than in any other. And Hetty was surprised to learn, as she did from his lips, how much there was to interest and instruct in objects so familiar to her from her earliest recollection, as to be considered hardly worthy of notice.

At first Mrs. Green looked far from approvingly upon this arrangement; but a little judicious management, on the part of Mr. Rivers, soon set matters right. Then again she was too shrewd, in matters pertaining to her pecuniary interest, to risk offending a boarder so profitable as Mr. Rivers. So, with the sage reflection, "that if he was a mind to throw his time and money away, it was none of her business," she turned her attention to affairs, in her estimation, of far more importance.

Hetty was careful to give her mother no just cause for complaint. She was up early in the morning—performing the duties assigned her with a celerity that wrung from Mrs. Green the commendation, "that if she would only work so all the time, what a heap she'd be to her?"

Contrary to his intentions, when he came, Mr. Rivers remained through all the pleasant autumn days, until the sharp north wind, that whistled through the leafless trees, heralded the approach of winter—scarcely acknowledging to himself how dear had become the task that he had undertaken from the most disinterested motives. But one day there came a letter, summoning him away so suddenly that Hetty had scarcely time to realize the nature and extent of her loss, when he was gone.

A few days after, Mr. Malthy, the principal of the academy, called upon Hetty, offering her the situation of teacher in the "primary department" of his school. The salary was small, but she had ample time and opportunity to prosecute her studies in higher branches, and it was very gladly accepted.

It was not until some weeks after, that Hetty learned that she owed this opportunity to the kindly offices of Mr. Rivers, who was a personal friend of Mr. Maltby.

Mr. Rivers had told Hetty that he would write to her, exacting a promise from her that she would reply. In the course of a fortnight the eagerly-expected letter came. This was the commencement of a pleasant correspondence of some months.

There was nothing approaching to sentiment in Mr. Rivers' letters—he invariably addressed her as "My Dear Pupil;" but there was not a line in them but what showed the deep interest he took in her welfare and improvement. He not only marked out a course of reading for her, but sent her, from time to time, such of the new books that appeared, as he thought would be useful and interesting.

As for Hetty, she wrote to him as she would to a friend, older and wiser than herself, whose goodness and many acts of kindness had called forth the gratitude and reverence of her sympathetic, enthusiastic nature.

Hetty was very successful in her school not only showing a peculiar fitness for her vocation, but making progress in her own studies; so, at the close of the year, one of the teachers leaving, she was offered her place, together with a salary that far exceeded her most ambitious hopes.

There are some persons whose minds are open to but one consideration: What will it pay, in mere dollars and cents? To test this, every mental and physical effort is subjected, to be decided, or approved, as it obtains, or fails to obtain, what they consider to be "the one thing needful." And even Mr. and Mrs. Green began to acknowledge that there was some good to be obtained from books, when they found that the daughter, whose "bookishness" they had so lamented, could earn more in one month than their broad-shouldered, hardfisted son in three, and who, certainly, had occasioned them no uneasiness in that respect.

With Hetty's increased salary came the opportunity for the fulfilment of a purpose that had often in her thoughts. She knew nothing of Mr. Rivers' outward circumstances, but had inferred him to be far from wealthy. So, in her next letter, she delicately hinted her ability and desire to repay the obligations, under which he had placed her, "so far as money would allow her to do so."

To Hetty's great relief, Mr. Rivers replied indicated no offence at this proposition; but it was somewhat ambiguous. He owned "that he had looked forward to a certain compensation; but of its nature and extent he would say nothing until he saw her, as he hoped to do in a few weeks at her own home. Possibly it might be more than she would feel able or willing to give."

Hetty puzzled her brain a good deal over these words. There was no question as to her willingness, she thought, and that it might not exceed her ability, she began to economize in every possible way.

Owing to various untoward circumstances, it was spring before Mr. Rivers redeemed his promise.

It was eighteen months since they parted, and Mr. Rivers was both surprised and delighted at the change that they had wrought. The pretty, intelligent girl had ripened into the lovely and accomplished woman; but it did not take him long to ascertain that to him, at least she was the same frank, warm-hearted Hetty of old.

"Now about the compensation you spoke of," said Mr. Rivers, after a long conversation, touching matters of "interest to them both."

"I have saved nearly the whole of my salary. I only wish it was more."

"But I'm not in need of money. It is not your salary that I want, Hetty."

Hetty raised her eyes inquiringly to Mr. Rivers' face; but there was something there that made them suddenly droop, and the voice slightly unsteady, that said: "What then?"

"You."

The blood suddenly receded, from the face, and then rushed back, crimsoning even the temples; but the tones were clear and unflattering that replied:

"All that I am, all that I hope to be, I owe to you; let it be so then."

Still Mr. Rivers hesitated, he was too generous to take advantage of what might be merely the grateful impulse of the moment.

"Does your heart go with it? Oh Hetty, raise your eyes to mine, and answer me."

Hetty raised her clear, truthful eyes serenely to her lover's face.

"My whole heart."

And so it came to pass that Mr. Maltby lost his teacher. Loud were the lamentations amongst Hetty's scholars. When Mr. Rivers passed through the room where they sat many glances of indignation were directed towards the audacious man who had come to rob them of their dear teacher.

But they were somewhat mollified by the liberal present bestowed upon them by Mr. Rivers on the day of his marriage, which occurred just two weeks from the above conversation.

And this was how Hetty paid for her schooling.

Origin of Tinted Paper.

More novelties are the result of accident than is generally supposed. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. William East, an English paper-maker, once upon a time set his men to work, and went away on business. While the men were at dinner Mrs. East accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. Alarmed at the occurrence, she determined to say nothing about it. Great was the astonishment of the workmen when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, and great the anger of Mr. East when he returned and found that a whole vat of pulp had been spoiled. After giving the paper made from it, a warehouse room for four years, Mr. East sent it up to his agent in London to be sold "for what it would fetch." "For what it will fetch!" said the agent, "misunderstanding the meaning; well, it certainly is a novelty, but he must not expect too much." So he sold the whole at a considerable advance upon the market price, and wrote to the mills for as much more as he could get. The surprise of Mr. East may be imagined. He hastened to tell his wife, who found courage to confess her share in the fortunate accident, and to claim a reward, which she received in the shape of a new cloak. Mr. East kept his secret, and for a short time supplied the market with the novel tint, until the demand far exceeded the supply, and other makers, discovering the means used, competed with him.

HOW TO SPEND EVENINGS.—When Amos Lawrence first came to Boston, he boarded with a large number of young men who were clerks, like himself, or learning a trade. He was eager to acquire knowledge and to form good habits which might fit him to become a successful merchant. He tried hard to persuade other young men to spend their evenings at home reading, and other ways for mutual improvement. But most of them declined, saying that they worked through the day and needed recreation. They preferred to go to places of amusement or concerts, balls and theatres.

Mr. Lawrence, in later life, when giving good advice to one of his sons, referred to the history of these young men. They had every one become bankrupt in fortune, and most of them had also been wrecked in character. Those who spent the evenings at home, had prospered and lived useful lives, some of them attained high distinction. He said to another friend: "It is on account of much leisure that so many fine youths are ruined in this town."

A State Temperance Convention will be held at Waxahatchie, Texas, August 20th.