

Orangeburg Times.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1872.
No. 32

PER ANNUM.

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

Vol. 1

ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1872.

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES
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AT
ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA
BY
JAMES S. HEYWARD.

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
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Orangeburg, S. C.

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Orangeburg, S. C.,
Office over store of Wm. Willecock.

ATTENTION ALL.

Persons indebted to me by open Account, Note, Bond and Mortgages or Lien, are notified that they MUST make payment by the first day of October next, or their papers will be placed in the hands of my Attorney for collection. I am in dead earnest.

FOR SALE,
At ten per cent Discount on Cost,
SIX THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND,

Situated in Orangeburg County, including the property known as the Whitmore Soap Factory, and other Lots in the Town of Orangeburg, also one valuable tract of land containing six hundred acres, situated in Aiken County. One three hundred acre tract situated in Lexington County. One tract containing one hundred and thirty acres situated on John's Island. All of which lands were bought cheap and will be sold for cash ten per cent below cost.

HAIGLER'S ACADEMY.

The exercises of this School will be resumed on the 2nd of September, and end last Friday of January, 1872.
TERMS PER MONTH:
1st Class, (Beginners,) - - - \$2.00
2d Class, - - - - - 2.50
3d Class, - - - - - 3.00
Latin and Greek, fifty cents extra per month, each.
Board, per School week, - - - \$1.50
" " month, (washing included,) 12.00
HUGO G. SHERIDAN,
Teacher.

POETRY.

Good-Night, but not Good-Bye.

We lingered at the little gate,
Beneath a dark and dewy sky,
And when at last we parted, Fate
Behind the shadows whispered, "wait;"
But she unheeding murmured, "Late,
Late, late sweetheart, 'tis growing late—
Oh, then, goodnight, but not goodbye!"

I watched her flitting up the stair
And longed to be where thought could fly;
But half way up the darkened stair
She turned and chid my lingering there;
"Even love," she cried, "must rest to bear
New buds for blooming! Only swear,
You'll not forget. Ah, do not swear,
And then goodnight, but not goodbye!"

Her voice is in my memory yet,
A still small sound that passeth by,
For who can love and then forget?
But death is sleep; and somewhere yet
Love's morn will rise and never set!
Therefore close up my coffin: let
Love rest awhile from care and fret.
Sleep well, sweetheart; I'll not forget.
Goodnight, indeed, but not goodbye.

SELECTED STORY.

HALF A CROWN.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts? No," returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large, brown eyes, shadowed by tugging curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of rustling carelessly past her, stopped instinctively. "Are you very much in want of the money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heartbroken way," said Ralph, smoothing down her hair with careless gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's half a crown for you, if that will do you any good."

He did not stop to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way muttering between his teeth. "That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next two weeks. But I don't care, though; the brown eyed object did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it if I wish that I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despondency!"

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark eyed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the street, with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled on her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale, neat looking woman, with large brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and the two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?"

"O, another! mother, see!" ejaculated the almost breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a whole half crown. Only think, mother, a whole half a crown!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his half crown gift diffused around it in the poor widow's poverty stricken home, he would have regarded still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

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The crimson window curtains were closely drawn, to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well filled grate, and the dinner table, in a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What can be it that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in the study, mamma, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the brilliant gas-light in the hall fell full on the face of an humble-looking man, in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man, and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant clerkship in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary I must think about it."

"Charles, give him the situation."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the noble-hearted husband, with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write this fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address about me, somewhere."

An hour later, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed, in the spacious nursery up stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen in twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," replied her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded. "Never forget one who was kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodgings beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich banker, Mr. Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha," he exclaimed, as he read the brief words "We shall not starve; Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the letter, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Moore stooped to recover the stray. It was a fifty-pound note, neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written, "In grateful remembrance of a half-crown piece that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters, and after many days it had returned to him.

We regret to learn the death of her homestead in Fairfield County, near the Richland line, of Mrs. Frances Powell, in the 73d year of her age. She exhibited up to a very recent period the unwonted mental and physical vigor which had characterized her long and useful life.

She was the mother of our well-known fellow-citizens, Dr. John W. Powell, and Henry Powell, and of Mrs. Samuel Beard.

Mrs. Powell was an almost life-long member of the Baptist Church, and had always illustrated by her life of energetic piety, the virtues of a true Christian lady.

A very popular, and mischievously erroneous idea prevails among talented writers that alcoholic drinks stimulate the brain and cause thought to flow easier and freer. On the contrary, it dulls the brain and stupefies the thinking faculties.

"The Old North State Forever."

There is said to be a man living in Waco, Texas, who has been married five times, and is the father of fifty legitimate children—thirteen boys by the first wife; eighteen children, boys and girls, by the second wife; ten by his third wife; six by his fourth, and three by his fifth wife. Twenty of his sons served in the Confederate army, eight of whom were killed; seven died natural deaths, and the remainder are still living.

We have the very best authority for saying that this fortunate man originally went from Shackelford Banks, N. C., and was extensively engaged in the shell business at that place.—(Raleigh News.)

DAILY DUTY.—When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done. A left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, and encouraging expression to the striving, although trifles in themselves, will do much good. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will carry you gently and happily down the stream of life to eternity. If you send one person, only one, happily through each day, that is 365 in the course of a year. And supposing you live forty years only, after you commence that course, you have made 44,600 persons happy—at all events, for a time.

WOMAN.—Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a striking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are always admired and often sought for in a woman.—(LONDON JOURNAL.)

WHAT LOVES TO A WOMAN.—What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one's always fond of her; that rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer, to one at least, than faces that are more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred in its innermost recesses above all women; she can do anything, be anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influence—brighter, kinder, stronger, and life seems but a foretaste of heaven; and all her dreams are gold.

The grandma of a little four year old had been telling her one day not to say that people lied, but rather say that they were mistaken. Her grandma, to amuse her, told her a bear story, which was a tough one to believe. When she had finished, the little girl looked up into her face and exclaimed, "Grandma, that is the biggest mistaken I ever heard."

A close-fisted old fellow in treating a friend to some liquor, poured out a very small drink. The latter taking the glass and holding it above his head, remarked very skeptically: "You say this is forty years old." "Yes," replied the host. "Then," replied our friend, "all I have to say is that it is very small for its age."

The young people of to-day are waking up to the needs of the hour, and are applying themselves with diligence. Their modes of thought and life are developing, and we often read from their pens ideas which may be said to be far in advance of their years; views expressed in a way of which older heads may well be proud.

A lady asked a gentleman how old he was. He replied, "What you do in everything." What was his age? XL.

Marriage Extraordinary

The Georgetown Times publishes the following:

We learn from unquestioned authority that Mr. John G. Fenters, of this county aged 78, has recently taken to himself in marriage a young and blushing bride of not quite fourteen years, and that such has been the effect on his venerable head, that his hair, which was silvery white, is rapidly assuming the black color of his youth. We have heard of hair growing white in a single night, but we do not know that we have ever before heard of the capillary ornament which adorns the head taking the black track, and turning from gray to black. Our informant assures us that the old gentleman has used no hair dye, and that the change is attributable entirely to the new state into which he has entered.

When the Dark Comes.

A little girl sat at twilight, in her sick mother's room, busily thinking. All day she had been full of fun and noise, and had many times worried her poor tired mother.

"Ma," said the little girl, "what do you suppose makes me get over my mischief and begin to act good just about this time every night?"

"I do not know, dear. Can you not tell?"

"Well, I guess it's because this is when the dark comes. You know I am a little afraid of that. And then, ma, I begin to think of all the naughty things I've done to grieve you, and that perhaps you might die before morning, and so I begin to act good!"

O, thought I, how many of us wait till the dark comes, in the form of sickness, or sorrow, or trouble of some kind, before we begin to seek Jesus. How much better to become Christians while we are enjoying life's bright sunshine! And then, "when the dark comes," as it will, in a measure, to all, we shall be ready to meet it without fear.

The Ethics of Out-Door Sports.

It is an old idea that games are an index to the age which plays them. Buckle argues that Druidism was not the terrible faith it was said to have been, because its ceremonies largely consisted of dances, songs, and out-door sports. It is noteworthy that our amusements to-day are nearly all of a sedentary and intellectual nature, instead of being active and physical. Skating is no more, and croquet drags out a sickly existence. Rowing and riding and walking have never had a strong hold on the popular mind. Instead of all these, we find only games intended to test the intellect; to teach history or morality, to produce quickness of repartee and thought. While this is gratifying as a sign of greatly needed intellectual progress, it is mournful as an indication of physical decay. In America a strong mind in a strong body is an anomaly.

Compulsory Education.

Many of the greatest thinkers advocate compulsory education. Prussia has long made it obligatory upon her people to educate their children; with what result? A nation of intelligent men, able to cope with any difficulty. Now we see that some of the States of our own land are considering the subject. The Connecticut Legislature has taken up the matter, being impelled to it by the fact that there are 16,000 children in that State between the ages of four and sixteen who do not attend school at all—a state of affairs which certainly should be remedied.

"How wonderful," exclaims some unknown philosopher, "are the laws governing human existence. Were it not for light-lacing, all civilized countries would be overrun with volent."

A Crestline citizen shot the stuffing out of his wife's back hair, which was calmly reposing on the window sill, and which he took for a cat.

Judge Graham

Delivered a speech at the Court House on the 31st ultimo, in which he assailed the character of J. B. Moses, Jr., candidate for Governor, denouncing him as the incarnation of everything mean and untrustworthy, and as a man whom it would not do to trust with an empty treasury. His \$11,000 stealage from the armed force fund, and his fraudulent issue of pay certificates, were fully exposed and desecrated upon.

Now comes a prominent Republican, and a member of the State Executive Committee of the Moses party, and tells us that Judge Graham will take all this back in a few days, otherwise he will find himself in the clutches of the law charged with bribery and corruption. He states that Moses has in his possession a letter written to him by Judge Graham last winter, offering him one hundred thousand dollars to put a certain bill in reference to the State of South Carolina through the Legislature. If this is so, the Judge hadn't ought to be flinging mud at Moses.

Republicans of South Carolina, Regulars and Bolters, can't you trot out one honest man?—CHRISTIAN REPORTER.

Remarkable Operation in Dentistry.

A friend, says the Columbia Carolinian, informs us of a very unusual operation lately performed by that distinguished Dentist, Dr. Patrick, of Charleston. In extracting a tooth for a patient, it became necessary, by the overlapping of a small tooth, to remove it, and both teeth were accordingly drawn. The sound tooth was then thoroughly cleaned, some of the rough parts of the roots removed and the tooth replaced in its original position, and our informant states has formally adhered in its socket and is as comfortable and apparently as healthy after several weeks as any other tooth.

Why Animals Need Salt.

Prof. James H. Johnson, of Scotland, says that half the "salt" matter of the blood (75 per cent) consists of common salt, and as this is partly dissolved every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body is sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda (one of the ingredients of salt) as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Hence the supply of salt, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion nor the cartilages to be built up again as fast as they naturally waste. It is better to place salt where the stock can have free access to it than to give it occasionally in small quantities. They will help themselves to what they need, if allowed to do so at pleasure; otherwise, when they become salt hungry, they may take more than is wholesome.

One of our friends belonging to a choir in a neighboring village had his hair cut by a generous barber on Saturday. Sunday he sang for a solo, "Cover my defenseless head," and blushed like a lobster in doing it.

The Sioux are very observant. One of Spotted Tail's followers, who speaks a little English, seeing one of the servant girls of the hotel take off her chignon, exclaimed: "How! White woman raise her own scalp. Indian no good here."

"Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?" "Oh, it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, abhors a vacuum."

The wool clip of the United States this year is estimated at about 11,000,000 pounds. This country also uses about 100,000,000 pounds of imported wool every year.

Suspicion is an idle and treacherous associate; he will keep you awake all night when none are stirring.