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IN ADVANCE

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hour. The same gin also took the premium at
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Feb. 4, 1873

FLORENCE EMERSON OR THE YOUNG WIDOW.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

"Florence" cried Jessie Lawson bursting into her cousin's boudoir, one morning—"Florence Emerson, Harry says you are engaged to George Langford!"

"Well, cousin, if I were, have you any objections?"

"Objections! Why, Floy, he is old enough!"

"Just thirty-nine, cousin Jessie."

"Thirty-nine! and a widower with two children! But it is a mistake of Harry's; you are not really going to marry him, are you?"

"I expect so," said Florence quiet.

"Well I give you up. You, Florence Emerson, the belle of the season, with a large fortune; you, the beauty and heiress, with lovers, beaux, offers without end or number, to throw yourself away upon a poor widower with two children, and no fortune except in his profession. Oh! Floy, I thought you had more sense. What are you thinking of?"

"Why, Jessie, you are wasting your eloquence, George Langford is handsome!"

"Granted."

"Talented!"

"Granted, again."

"He loves me!"

"So do fifty others."

"And, last of all, my strongest argument, I love him!"

"Well, I suppose you will marry him in spite of my disapproval, so I wish you joy, and hope he'll never hold up Mrs. Langford first as pattern to Mrs. Langford second."

"If Mrs. Langford first was a model for me, I would follow in her footsteps."

"Well, well, there's one comfort. Willie and Edith are very pretty children, and too young to rebel at a new mamma, I believe. How old are they exactly, Floy?"

"Willie is four, Edith three."

"Keep you busy, the care of two such babies."

Florence Emerson and Jessie Lawson were cousins, and had, until Jessie's marriage been almost like sisters. Jessie, who was two years the elder, was a gay, lively blonde, vain, and pretty. Florence was a tall, stately beauty, with large dark eyes, black hair, and features like a Greek statue. She was an orphan, and as Jessie said an heiress.

George Langford was a lawyer of some standing. Handsome, talented, but grave and quiet in his manners; devotedly attached to Florence, but he was thirty-nine, and a widower! Jessie's sentiments, were echoed by all Florence's circle of friends when her engagement was known. She, so beautiful, young, talented, and wealthy! She always was different from other girls, they said. So, after a few days, the matter ceased to be discussed, and some new wonder of the fashionable world took its place.

Florence had been married just two years, when it became necessary for Mr. Langdon to go to Paris; his stay was to be very short, so he concluded not to take Florence. She was fond of home, and in return loved them fondly, and with their society, her home duties, and a promised visit to Jessie, thought the time of her husband's absence might be made to pass pleasantly. But when the hour of departure came, when his trunk stood waiting in the hall, and he came to say farewell, the whole aspect of things seemed changed. Florence felt that her dearest treasure was leaving her; all looked dark, and a vague presentiment of evil filled her soul.

"Why, Florence you are white as a corpse," cried George, in a frightened tone. "I thought you had arranged gayeties without number to occupy you while your grave old husband was away.— Cheer up, Floy; I shall be gone only a short time."

"Oh, George, I did not realize it till now. What can I do without you?"

"You will visit Jessie, take Willie and Edith into the country, and—oh, you had a whole list of pleasure arrange-

ments. The carriage is here. Good-bye, Florence."

Florence tried to speak, but the words died on her lips. She grasped his hand, and while her eyes filled with tears, and then let him go.

All her pleasures were forgotten as she watched the carriage rolling from the door, and she only remembered how lonely she would be without him; she looked back upon two years of such perfect happiness that it seemed less like reality than a pleasant dream. Long she stood at the window watching, as if she expected him to return, but the voices of the children aroused her, and she stifled her own grief and went to amuse and comfort them.— Willie thought papa was "real unkind;" not to take them; while Edith clung close to Florence, and hoped papa would be safe on the "deep water."

Jessie Lawson and Florence Langford were seated in the piazza of the pleasant country house they had hired for the season, conversing. Edith and Willie were romping with Rover on the grass, while ever and anon their clear, joyous laughter would make the ladies turn and smile.

"I forgive you now, Floy, for marrying George," said Jessie, fondly. "I think that, if he had asked me, and could have had looked into the future, I should have done as you did."

At that instant, Jessie felt a hand laid on her shoulder, and, looking up, saw her husband; his face was very grave, and his whole manner betokened that something serious had troubled him.

"Jessie," he said in a low tone, "come into the parlor; I want to speak with you."

"He is jealous," whispered Jessie to Florence as she rose to obey. "Now for a matrimonial lecture."

"Close the door Jessie," said Henry, when they entered the parlor. "I do not wish Florence to hear what I have to say now. Poor Floy! we must break it gently to her!"

"Why, Harry, what is the matter?" George.

"Yes. The Eagle, the vessel he sailed in, was wrecked, and but few escaped; a vessel going to Calcutta took a few of the passengers, but the rest were lost.— George Langford's name is among the missing!"

Harry had forgotten the open window, and was startled to see Florence now standing in front of it. She was cold and pale as marble, her hands were tightly clenched, her teeth set, and her whole frame rigid and motionless. Harry sprang to her side, and took her hand to lead her in. The touch broke her stupor, and, with a slight shudder, she fell fainting to the ground.

For weeks, Florence Langford lay between life and death; fever and delirium succeeded her death like trance, and her life was despaired of. A strong constitution, however, triumphed, and she recovered; but oh, how altered! The pale, thin face, seen now under a close widow's cap, was so wan and sad, that few would have recognized the once blooming Florence.

Her sole comfort, now, seemed to lie in the children, his children. She would hardly allow them out of her sight, and her whole time was spent in instructing and amusing them.

Florence Langford had been a widow just one year. It was a bright summer's day, and she sat in the same little parlor where she had first heard of her husband's loss. Willie and Edith were seated on the floor beside her, blowing soap-bubbles. Florence sat watching their innocent delight as the sun shone on the pretty globes, and reflected prismatic colors in them, and then her thoughts flew back over the last three years, sadder and sadder grew the pale face, until Willie noticed it, and leaving his play, went softly to her side; Edith knelt beside him, with her face laid caressingly against Florence's hand.

"Tell us about papa," whispered Willie.

"When is papa coming back?" asked Edith. "He stays so long."

"Hush, Edith," said Willie. "Papa can never come back, he is dead."

But Edith shook her head. "She had always maintained that, as papa went away in a carriage, and said he would

come back, and bring them pretty toys from Paris, he could not be dead."

Florence drew Edith upon her lap, and, throwing her arm round Willie the three talked about papa for an hour; how much longer they would have remained in that position I cannot tell. Jessie interrupted them; her whole face was beaming with joy.

"Floy!" she whispered, kneeling on the stool at her cousin's feet, and untying her cap, "take this off for a minute."

"Why, Jessie?" asked Florence, suffering her to remove it.

"Because it is stiff and unbecoming," said Jessie, who was loosening Floy's hair, and twisting it over her fingers into old curls. "You must never wear it again."

"Dear Jessie, give it back to me. I shall always wear it."

"But I say you shall never put on again Dear Florence, a widow's cap is needless now!"

"Jessie," cried Florence, starting up, and looking eagerly into her cousin's face, while she trembled violently, "what do you mean?"

"Can you bear the best of news, Floy?" said Jessie, softly. "George!"

Jessie in answer, threw open the door and said, gayly: "Come in," and in another moment, Florence was in her husband's arms, and the two children were looking in a kind of joyful astonishment at their father.

All was soon explained. George Langford had been among the passengers taken to Calcutta, and had from some mistake of the reporters, been put in the list of the missing. Cold and exposure had brought on an attack of brain fever, and he had been very ill. As soon as he was able, he had started for home, but the voyage had taken several months; and after reaching England, he was detained some days before starting for America. He was there at last, and a happier party never met than the one that evening at Oak Lodge, Mr. Lawson's country seat.

A Gallant Soldier.

The Edgefield Advertiser gives the following incident of the late war. It was a noble acknowledgement by a gallant soldier of his appreciation of the bravery of a minister of the gospel.

"During Longstreet's campaign in Tennessee, while a portion of his army was under a fearful fire of shells from the enemy at Campbells Station, a private soldier, within a few feet of the Colonel of his regiment, had both his legs torn off. The regiment was not fighting but waiting orders. The wounded man was lifted a couple of yards in the rear, to die. Another private now marched down the line under a hail of missiles, and said to the commanding officer, 'Colonel, may I have a few moments of prayer with that dying man?' The Colonel said, 'Are you a clergyman?' The private answered, 'I am.' 'Then,' said the Colonel, do as you desire.' And the man of God knelt and prayed with and for the dying man five or ten minutes, without moving or swaying his body seemingly totally unconscious of a storm of shot and shell, which, the Colonel tells us, he never saw surpassed in fury. In a few days the praying private was announced in field orders as Chaplain of the regiment—'promoted' for gallantry and piety on the field.' The regiment was the Hampton Legion. The Colonel was Gary. The private soldier was the Rev. W. M. Thomas, now pastor of the Methodist Churches of our circuit.

The Teaching of Grammar not Allowed.

"I have been sending my darter Nancy to school, and last Friday I went over to the school to see how she was getting along, and I see things I didn't like by no means. The school-master was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of edycation, and, as I think, improper. I set awhile in the school house, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nuthin' but the foolishist kind of talk; the ridiculst word she said was 'I love.' I looked right at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'Thou lovest, and he loves.' And I recon you never heered such rigmarole in your life—love, love, love and nuthin' but love. She sed one time, 'I

did love. Ses I, 'Who did you love? The skollars' laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and sed; 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skool mاستر said he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacified me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got was and was every word. She sed, I might, could or would love. I stopped her again and said I reckon I would see about, and told her to walk out of that house. The skool-master tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I nokt him down, and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hede larn my darter grammer. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon tharl be no more grammer teachin' in these parts soon."

A WORD FOR THE WIFE.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandize, or his farm; fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he only knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labors will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for months of darkness, no sympathizing partner is prepared.

"Killed by kindness" is a phrase which has just been luridly illustrated by statistics in England. Who would have believed, save upon the authority of the great Dr. Lankester, the London coroner, that not less than 3,000 tender infants are annually smothered to death by their mothers who fall asleep in bed while nursing their tender pledges? Unfortunately, mothers involuntarily kill their children in a great many other ways—by absurd indulgence in diet, by foolish exposure in dressing, and through utter ignorance of the laws of the human system. The only wonder is that the race, or at least the so-called civilized portion of it, was not long ago exterminated. Babies are called tender—it strikes us that they are remarkably tough.

The Newark Gazette says: "A friend of ours, who suffered horrible pains from neuralgia, hearing of a noted physician in Germany who invariably cured the disease, crossed the ocean, and visited Germany for treatment. He was permanently cured after a short sojourn, and the doctor freely gave him the simple remedy used, which was nothing but a poultice and tea made from our common field thistle. The leaves are macerated and used on the parts afflicted, as a poultice, while a small quantity of the leaves are boiled down to the proportion of a quart to a pint, and a small wine-glass of the decoction drank before each meal. Our friend says he has never known it to fail of giving relief, while in almost every case it has effected a cure."

PATENT RIGHTS.

Some of the lesser States of the German Empire have abolished the system of issuing exclusive right to inventors for the use of their patents for a term of years, on the ground that its effect was to take from the pockets of the people, without benefiting skilled artisans or the laboring classes, large sums of money. In other words, it is held that the patent system extorts money from the many for the benefit of the few. The Washington Republican states that a similar scheme for the adoption of our patent system has been talked of, and will probably be presented at the next Congress.

No wonder the country editor said he was puzzled in looking at ladies hair to know which was switch.

The joy of the dumb was always un-speakable.

Who got the first corner in corn?—Joseph.

A disagreeable vocation—Pro vocation.

BREVITIES.

Robert E. Lee Jr., son of the late Confederate Chief, is likely to be the next nominee of the Democratic party for Governor of Virginia.

Paul H. Hayne, Esq., the Southern poet is residing at present at Copps Hill on the Georgia C. R. R.

A farmer in Oglethorpe County Georgia, made on two acres, four bales of cotton, the seed sold for \$120.

The details of appropriation to run the government of the United States, amount to \$195,310,835.

"More Grape; Captain Bragg." Two Raleigh editors, and a surgeon, felt that place to settle a difference of opinion at Fort Mills, S. C. An ounce of lead will probably move the scales to the debit of one or the other.

It is estimated that there are sixty-five thousand burglars, highwaymen, confidential operators, and counterfeiters in New York.

In Essex St. New York, an old adept has been engaged for two years in teaching children how to steal professionally.

The new republic of Spain gets on badly with its freedom. It is so hampered that it appeals to surrounding nations to help it, and can well exclaim "Save me from my friends."

Commodore Vanderbilt of New York has given \$500,000 to endow the university of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

A Texas paper says, that a library which Forney presented to a town in that State, was sold, and the proceeds invested in sixteen duck guns, and a barrel of shot. Moral "teach young ideas to shoot."

The county seat of Barnwell by popular vote, will be removed from Blackville to Barnwell. The election was hotly contested, and we congratulate Barnwell on the recovery of its rights.

The St. Louis Postoffice (a government job) is to be built of Stone to be brought from Maine. Wouldn't Missouri stone do quite as well?

Professor Agassiz after pointing out over one hundred specific differences between the negro, and the white man, in their bmal and nervous system, says; that "in his bones, muscles, nerves and fibres, the chimpanzee has not much further to progress to become a white man, than has the negro."

The country is flooded with circulars of gift lotteries, confidential letters, and \$5 sewing machines. We warn every one against all such notices.

The Charleston Courier which has been published for seventy years was sold at auction, on the 3d inst.

A cotton fraud to the extent of \$12,000 has been discovered in Charleston, a Mr. Wm. Meade is the prime agent.

The Treasurer at Washington will purchase half a million of bonds April 9th, and sell half million of gold.

The new coinage will change the silver dollar piece. The mint at Charlotte, N. C. is returned as an assay office.

The republic of Spain is a scene of internal butchery. Fighting is continuous among the Carlists, Federalists and Internationalists.

The clamor for office at Washington is unparalleled: President Grant is bewildered with the "honest applicants."

The great rowing match between the Cambridge and Oxford Students came off on the Thames on the 29th of March. The Cambridge crew were the winners. business was suspended in London to witness the race.

A single orange grove in Florida yielded the owner, a net profit of over \$10,000 last year.

Col. Wm. Hollister who drove his sheep from Ohio to Southern California, over twenty years ago, has amassed a fortune from wool raising of \$3,000,000.

The first train from Charlotte, N. C. to Spartanburg, S. C., ran through on Monday last.

It is hard but a good law of fate, that, as every evil, so excessive power wears itself out.

How to make a slow horse fast—Don't feed him.