

Orangeburg Times.

\$2 PER ANNUM,

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

IN ADVANCE

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HAVING permanently located in the town, would respectfully solicit the patronage of the citizens. Every effort will be used to give satisfaction. June 18, 1873

COTTON GINS. THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR the celebrated Prize-Medal Taylor Gin, of which he has sold 25 in this county.

RUBBER BELTING furnished at Agent's prices. J. A. HAMILTON, July 10, 1873

TO THE PUBLIC. THE undersigned, having assumed the General Agency of the SOUTHERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY for the State of South Carolina, beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened their office on Main street, in the city of Columbia, where they will be pleased at all times to meet their friends, and give such information as may be desired, and to write life policies on the most approved plans, as well as at the lowest stock rates.

POETRY.

HER BURDEN.

Day after day she bore it, not repining— Day after day she sought the narrow way, From morn till night, from a night till morning shining, She loitered not, nor went from it astray, But once, at last, her heart within her burning, Thus made the moan unto the silent stars— My fetters bind me—is the no returning, And shall I never break my prison bars? Sad heart, be patient for a little longer; Who knows what may not be in store for you? Brave heart! beat for a time a little stronger— Still hope—still wait—still steadfast be and true. There came a time, before the sweet white drawing, Ere yet the starry night let fall her crown, When in that hour betwixt the night and morning, She, being weary, laid her burden down.

NOTHING BUT CLARET.

MRS. NELLIE AMES.

"It never hurt me!" There was defiance and decision in the tone of Walter Uxbridge, Esq., as he looked into the handsome, motherly face on the opposite side of the dining table. "No, Walter, I don't think it ever did; in fact, I am positive it never did; but then, my dear, there are very few of us in this world who can do exactly as we please. Don't you know what St. Paul says about putting stumbling blocks in our brother's way?" "Don't quote St. Paul, for goodness sake. What don't he say. A sensible conservative one minute, recommending a little wine for the stomach's sake, and the next an out and out tectotaler forbidding meat and fish as well as strong drink." "But you know, well enough, what he means, whatever he has said. You are only talking that way to tease me. St. Paul thought it proper for a man who was master of his own spirit, to take a little wine if he needed it; but not to do this in a place where he could influence others weaker than he, or where it would be likely to hurt another's feelings." "That is, he approved of drinking behind the door; something I shall never be guilty of, Mary, all the world is welcome to know what I do, and comment on my doings if it sees fit. This claret is excellent. I never heard of any body getting drunk on claret, did you?" "I have no fear of Frank, that I know of," said Mr. Uxbridge thoughtfully. "Perhaps it is Mildred, then," interrupted her husband. "No, nor Mildred!" "Strange that you should have no fears of your daughter becoming a drunkard," interrupted Mr. Uxbridge again. The irony of this remark had not the effect intended; for the lady went on thoughtfully, almost as if she had not heard. "No, nor Mildred, although intemperance is not unknown among women—" "Well, then, who in the world are you worrying about?" broke in the gentleman again. "You feel confident that Frank is beyond temptation, and there isn't any one else as I can see. Perhaps you are afraid that I shall lose my equilibrium some time!" and Mr. Uxbridge dropped another piece of ice in his glass, and surveyed the ruby liquid with the expression of an amateur. "It is no especial credit to you that you are not a drunkard," continued the wife in a firmer tone. "Strong drink does not tempt you in every way, save in an epicurean sort of a fashion, that leads you to desire all good things, wine, no more than others. You do not drink to excess for the best of reasons, your appetite does not lead you so far, if it did, you would be like other drunkards. The question seems to be now, have we no duties outside of our own especial family? Oughtn't we to be as particular in regard to our neighbor's children as our own. To love our neighbor as ourself, requires great watchfulness, because it isn't so easy. I don't believe, Walter, that it is right to have wine on our dinner table, or to offer it to our friends, unless we are morally sure it can do no harm. I am very much stirred up on this subject." "I should think so," laughed Mr. Uxbridge, with most imperturbable good

humor. "You women are strange creatures. After going along easy for a number of years, all of a sudden you fly off on a tangent, get your backs up, quarrel with your bread and butter, abuse the bridge that has carried you safe over, and stir up things generally. You'd make jolly rulers, you would! Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; that's just it exactly—" "Oh, mamma," interrupted a sweet voice just at this moment; and a young lady entered, followed by a gentleman evidently very much at home. "Oh, mamma, Harry and I have had such a delightful ride. The horses acted splendidly, and do you believe, Harry couldn't keep up with me to save his life;" and Miss Mildred, the skitt of her long riding habit gracefully disposed on her arm, her bright face flushed with excitement, hurried to her room to prepare for dinner. "Don't wait for Mildred, Harry," said Mrs. Oxbridge, "it will take her some minutes to change her dress. You must be hungry after your ride." "As a shark," laughingly responded the visitor, as he took his seat at the host's right hand. "Here's some excellent claret," said Mr. Uxbridge, passing the bottle. The light faded from his wife's face as she waited to see what reply their visitor would make. Very deliberately the young man transferred some pieces of ice to his glass; then, as if he had weighed the matter thoroughly, and decided not to touch it, said: "No, I guess not. If Mrs. Uxbridge will give me a cup of coffee, I think I should like it better. I am sufficiently warm now without any more heating." "But man alive, claret is cooling. There's nothing in the world that will cool a man off so quick." Mrs. Uxbridge passed the coffee, and tried to change the subject. No use. Mine host was in the minority, and that would never do. His wife was against him, his prospective son in law disagreed with him, and Walter Uxbridge, Esq. felt himself quite insulted. Just then Mildred entered, and seated herself opposite her lover. "Have a little claret, Mildred?" inquired papa, bottle in hand, ready to fill her glass. "Just a little bit," she replied. "Claret makes one feel so comfortably cool. Aren't you taking any, Harry? Help him, papa, I have a toast to offer." Mr. Uxbridge obeyed with alacrity. Mildred raised her glass gracefully, and said, as her lover followed her example. "Here's to the health of Harry Carleton, Esq. May he never mount a worse horse than the one he rode to-day, and may he at last conquer all fear of the noble animal, and learn to keep pace with his companion." "A hearty laugh followed, in which all joined but Mrs. Uxbridge. She hid her face behind the coffee urn, and did her best to keep from breaking down. Why should she feel so sick at heart about so trifling a matter as the drinking of a little claret? she asked herself. Why did she shudder and grow cold as she lifted her eyes to the radiant face of her daughter? The visitor drained his glass, and his host promptly refilled it. Mildred sipped a little of hers. Wine evidently had no charm for this light-hearted, brilliant young lady. The next day Mrs. Uxbridge tried to make her daughter understand how keenly she felt on this subject of wine, the drinking, and how miserable occurrences of the previous evening had made her. "I thought something was the matter, mother," Mildred replied, "but you need have no fears about Harry. He never touched liquor of any kind. He told me so himself. Claret is so simple, you know; scarcely more than lemonade. If it had been anything else, I should not have thought of offering it, of course." That evening Mildred waited in vain for her lover. "Where do you think he is mother?" she asked, returning from the widow for the dozenth time. "He never disappointed me before. We shall be too late for the first act, even if he should come this minute;" and Mildred removed her gloves and her tasteful opera hat, and prepared to spend the remainder of the evening at home. The next day passed, and the

next, and still no tidings from the absent lover. Mr. Uxbridge called at his home and discovered that he had not been seen by any of his relatives since the day he went horseback riding with Mildred. It lacked one day of a week when the young lady received the following note: "DEAR MILDRED: I was taken very ill the night I left your house. Stopped at the 5th Ave. Hotel, and have been here ever since, most of the time unconscious. Am very much better, and shall see you to-morrow." He came looking very ill, and Mrs. Uxbridge took him right into her heart, and nursed him like one of her children. During the time that intervened between this and the marriage, only a little more than three months, Mildred had several times been called upon to wonder at the strange absences of her lover. His excuse was illness on each occasion, and his haggard face and woe-begone appearance generally, testified to its worth. Mr. Uxbridge feared the young man would become a confirmed invalid; Mrs. Uxbridge was filled with gloomy forebodings, and Mildred, bereft of her usual light-heartedness, prepared for the wedding. "Sometimes I think Walter," said the anxious mother one evening just before the wedding, "or rather fear that Harry dissipates at these times he is away. He will not consent to see our physician; declares there is nothing especially the matter, and still I can't see that he improves in the least. I am free to confess that my confidence is shaken, and I desire very much that this marriage shall be postponed until I come to a more thorough understanding of the case." "If all the women were like you wife, this world would be a purgatory," responded Mr. Uxbridge, with his usual coarse, good-natured laugh. "You torment yourself," he continued, "and you try to torment me. If you had your way, Mildred would be an old maid, I should live on bread and butter, and weak tea, and when my friends came to see me, they would be treated to a glass of water and a temperance lecture. Now you've mounted a new Pegasus, and I suppose you'll ride him till he is played out, and then hunt up something else. Let the young folks alone, and don't bother your head any more." Thus repulsed, Mrs. Uxbridge knew not what to do. She dared not whisper a word of her dreadful suspicion to her daughter, and there was no way of possessing herself of the information she stood so much in need of. With a heart almost paralyzed, she watched the progress of events. Inexorable old Time brought the wedding day at last, and with grief unutterable, the fond mother parted with her daughter for her wedding trip. Mr. Uxbridge superintended the wine department, and champagne had sparkled in fair hands, and far lips had pledged the newly-wedded pair in numberless toasts. Harry Carleton touched not, tasted not. "Now, my son," said Mr. Uxbridge with great impressment, passing him a glass of wine with his own hands, "Here's to you and yours, yours and mine! drink, man," as the young gentleman made no motion to touch his lips to the scintillating beverage. "You will please excuse me," stammered the new-made husband with a painful blush. "You know I am not very well, and champagne does not agree with me." "All right," replied Mr. Uxbridge. "You and my wife will do to go together; but I'm not sure but two temperance advocates in one family will be too much for me." The wedding journey came to an end, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carleton went to house-keeping in their own pleasant home, and for awhile everything went on smoothly, and the heart of the mother grew light. Six months of delightful companionship, prompt attendance to business, and then the cloud descended. The young husband remained away from home for days at a time, without giving the least excuse. To his wife's tearful entreaties to know the cause of his absences, he turned a deaf ear. "It wouldn't do you any good to know where I have been," he replied, almost brutally on one occasion, after had implored for his confidence. "But, Harry, I can't endure it," sob-

bed the poor little wife. "I am worried almost to death when you stay away so."

"And you think you would like it better if I should come home at these times?" "Oh, Harry, how can you ask such a question? of course I should." "Very well, then; I promise never to remain away again," and he was as good as his word. "A month after that, a bleared, disfigured man crept into the handsome home of the Carletons. "Oh, Harry, what is the matter?" groaned poor Mildred, as her husband staggered to a seat. "Drunk," he answered, with a demoniac laugh. "You needn't be afraid of me. I shan't hurt you," as the poor child drew away, "and before I get so bad I can't talk, I have something to say to you. I never could drink liquor; never could touch it without just such consequences as these. It is a hereditary curse. I had not touched a drop of anything for five years until that night at your father's house, when you pledged me in claret, and I didn't know how to refuse. I have never been myself since." And he was never himself again. A few months more, and the unhappy soul was released from the curse of inheritance, and Mildred Carleton was a drunkard's widow.

How the Indians Disposed of One of Their Unfortunate Women.

It is a matter of history, every one is aware, that the penal laws of some of the Indian tribes surpass in rigor and severity those of civilized nations, and the penalties inflicted by the breaking of these edicts, which have been handed down for centuries, are of a singularly cruel and fearful nature. One of the most stringent of these decrees is in reference to the chastity of their females, death being the punishment if at any time one is known to have broken the law. Job Vatures, an old mountaineer and trapper, gives a Nevada paper the following particulars of one of these fiendish acts of cruelty lately perpetrated by a band of Indians near Fish Spring Valley: For two weeks prior to the occurrence of the events about to be narrated, the Indians had been building signal fires on the elevated portions of the mountains for miles around the surrounding country. As it was their regular hunting season, much surprise was manifested as the lights appeared night after night, calling the absent portions of the tribe to the general rendezvous. On questioning some of their number, they were, contrary to their usual manner, reticent on the subject, and only replied to questions put to them concerning the unusual occurrence that "white man no sabe." Vatures, however, who speaks the language like a native, heard enough to satisfy himself that a rite was about to be performed which was of rare occurrence, and on questioning a half-bred who frequently accompanied him on his hunting excursions, he learned that a young woman, a member of one of the tribes in that country, who had abandoned her people a year or so since to live with a white man, had returned, bringing with her a babe about three months old. Here was the same old, old story, so common with us now-a-days. After a short spell of happiness and pleasure, he who had brought her to her ruin became tired of his victim and abandoned her to her fate. She like thousands of others placed in the same circumstances, sought refuge at her home and among her people, hoping to find a shelter for herself and child; but with the terrible penalty of the law she had broken before her, and with the indisputable evidence of her guilt in her arms, we wonder at her hardihood in placing herself in the power of those whose she must have known would show her no mercy. Nothing that she could offer in palliation of her offense would be received by those who only knew that their sacred law had been broken. Having heard that the terrible decree would be carried out on a certain night, the trapper secreted himself in a position where he could obtain an unobstructed view of all they would do, and he arrived none too soon, for already the preliminaries had been

arranged, and around a stake driven in the ground the warrior braves were marching in a circle to the solemn, mournful music being played upon the native instruments of the band. Prominent among them was the chief, who had not as yet taken an active part in the proceedings; and as the solemn circle passed him, each of the braves would let fly an arrow from his bow at some imaginary enemy.

After the dance of death was finished, the chief, by a gesture, gave some order to a brave in waiting, and from a circular tent emerged the woman of the tribe, surrounding the victim who was to be sacrificed to offended justice. With the exception of a light covering around her waist, she was utterly devoid of clothing, and seemed unconscious as to the terrible death awaiting her. Her babe, which was carried by one of the women, uttered the most piteous cries, trying to attract the attention of its mother; but she was not allowed to touch her infant, and with a look such as only a fond mother can bestow she gave one earnest, passionate glance at her offspring, and walked bravely on to meet her death.

No time was lost; the "medicine man" quickly bound her to the stake; brush and faggots were placed around her, so thick as to render her invisible to the fiends, who were now rendering the air with shouts and cries. The pyre was lighted, and the flames seemed possessed of hellish joy as they enveloped the form of the woman. Thickly the smoke curled spitefully around her, yet not a murmur, not a groan escaped her lips. She appeared a statue, meeting her fate with that wonderful stoicism and bravery which characterize her race.

The fire, which at first thrust out its fiery darts at intervals, was now a sheet of flame, soon burned down, leaving nothing but the charred bones of her who, but a few moments since, was a living human being; and her executioners, who had, in their untutored minds, satisfied the wrath of the Great Spirit, and removed the stigma on the tribe, silently departed from the scene of their horrible act, and separated to again seek their homes, leaving our watcher alone with the dead victim, who, as soon as he was assured of his safety, departed from the place; such was the impression left on his mind that he bid farewell to that portion of the country forever.

Some young men in Green Bay presented a preacher with a horse and received his heartfelt thanks. Two days after the presentation the horse was taken away by the farmer from whom it had been stolen.

A gentleman going up Sixth avenue, New York, met a laborer, to whom he said, "Will you tell me if I am half way to Central Park?" "Faith, an' I will," was the reply, "if you tell me where you started from."

A Savannah paper says a negro was buried alive in a well recently. His friends dug down to him in about four hours, and found him alive and well. He said that he never wanted to sneeze so bad in his life, but was afraid he would jar down some more dirt.

An epicure in Vermont writes to his local newspaper, that having indulged freely in the eating of frogs, his hands are now covered with what his doctor calls "tumorous enlargements of the vascular papillae and indurations of the surrounding epidermis"—that is, warts.

A guardian of the peace in New York made his first essay, as a "mounted policeman," one day recently, by grasping the horse's tail and attempting to climb up that way. The surgeon subsequently remarked that no horse ever had a finer opportunity, or took advantage of it with such infinite scorn of the consequences.

A housekeeper, writing of poor servants, says that if women would study housekeeping as their husbands study law, medicine, and book-keeping, there would be much less complaint of bad servants.

A. Schonman, of Milwaukee, worked hard for four years, did well, and then sent over the seas for his Katrina. When she arrived she died from excessive joy.