

The Orangeburg Times.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME VII

FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 22, 1880.

NUMBER 38

Carriage Factory.

The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to do all

Kind of Work in the above line on the shortest notice and at

Living Prices. HORSESHOEING done in the best possible manner.

I also have in full operation my **PLANING AND MOULDING MACHINES,**

And **GRIST MILL.** All work in this line done without delay and on reasonable terms.

A share of the public patronage is solicited. July 25 **H. RIGGS.**

CALL AT THE

PEOPLE'S BAKERY

Established in 1871 by the Proprietor, who is still ready and willing to fill orders in

BREAD, ROLLS, PIES, CAKES

Of all descriptions. **GUNGERS**

By the BARRIL or BOX. Also **BREAD**

For Camp-Meetings or any other kind of Meetings. Not received

Fresh Confectionaries, Fancy Goods and Notions

Which will be sold as low as any that can be bought in Orangeburg.

Thankful for the past patronage of my friends and the public I still solicit a continuance of their custom.

T. W. ALBERGOTTI, Russell Street, next door to sept 14, 1878—ly **Mr. J. P. Harley.**

NEW STORE!

Having recently moved into my New Store, I would beg leave to inform my old friends and the public generally that I have and will continue to keep on hand the

Best Paints and Oils, Lamps and Fixtures, Finest Cigars and Tobaccos, Plain and Fancy Candles,

And in fact, everything usually kept in a first class

DRUG STORE! I also occupy, with my family, the rooms over the store, and therefore will be able to put up prescriptions at any and all hours during the night. See bell on front door.

A. C. DUKES, M. D. oct 31 1879 ly

J. DEE ANDREWS,

Would respectfully inform the Citizens of Orangeburg, that he has in charge the Stock and fixtures of Z. J. King, at Wallace Cannon's Old Stand, Main Street—where he will be glad to serve his friends and the public with anything in his line of trade. Every thing fresh and pure, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. A full line of GOODS kept constantly on hand.

Born and raised in Orangeburg, I hope to receive a liberal share of the patronage of my Fellow-Citizens.

J. DEE ANDREWS, oct 21 ly

F. DeMARS, 1st gt.

MASONIC HALL, Friends and Countrymen attend!

Do not wait until you spend Every cent in places dear, Make DeMARS your Greener here! Ask him for his HAMS so nice, Running at the LOWEST PRICE! Stop and try his Flour so fine.

Cheese, and ALL things in his line! Have some BUTTER sent around— Every man should have a pound! And if you'd feel well and able, Put his MACKEREL on your Table!

Good are all things in his Store, Reason cannot ask for more! Only try his LIQUORS rare! Can't be equalled any where! Every man who knows DeMARS, Rushes for his good Segars! In his Sample Room they fly, Every time that they are dry! Some thing tells them HE'S the man!

And he always leads the van! Never yet did he retreat— Don't you know he can't be beat?

Look within his Store so grand, In his Bar-Room—near at hand; Question him and you will see— UNDER-SOLD—HE CANNOT BE!

Oh! wait not till you are wiser, Reason points to Mr. RISER, Selling tancy Drinks to all— Give him then a general call, Rest assured, DeMARS sells cheap, And the finest goods will keep, Never cease to bless your stars— Down with all—except

DeMARS.

ORANGEBURG

MARBLE WORKS,

C. MAYHEW & SON. ONE DOOR EAST OF

Dr. J. G. Wannamaker, Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of American and Italian

MARBLE WORK.

Tombs, stones, Monuments, Marble and Slate Mantels,

And all kinds of Stone Work furnished to any design.

Also **Polished Granite Work** Either Native or Foreign to order at Lowest Possible Prices.

Correspondence solicited with those in want of any work in the above line. oct 1—ly

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AT EVENING.

Upon the hills the wind is sharp and cold. The sweet young grasses wither on the wold. And we, oh Lord, have wandered from thy fold;

But evening brings us home, Among the mists we stumbled, and the flocks— Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox Watches the straggler on the scattered flocks;

But evening brings us home, The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat Their pitiful complaints—oh, rest is sweet. When evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts, Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts' Search for thy coming—when the light departs. At evening, brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star Rises to guide us. We have wandered far. Without thy lamp we know not where we are— At evening brings us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow drifts thick on. Oh, thou dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken In the waste night—our tardy footsteps quicken. At evening bring us home.

INTIMIDATION.

We publish below, an extract from a letter, we have received from an intelligent colored man, living in a densely Republican portion of our County in order to show who are the intimidators and bull-dozers. Let our Northern friends take a note.

We withhold the name of the writer for reasons that are evident.

All we would say to such men is, come out, and the Democratic party will protect you. We are able to do it, and we will do it, be the consequences what they may.

We do not intend as long as the Democratic flag waves in South Carolina that a single freeman shall be intimidated in the exercise of his rights, or the untrammelled expression of his opinions. The following is the extract:

"I long to see the day when the two races inhabiting this State be fully reconciled and live in harmony, and my party strife be done with. I, for my part, and a few other intelligent colored men, were we to take direct active part with those white men of the County, who mean to do right, would be assassinated by the ignorant mass, led by those counting themselves intelligent."

"I long to see the day when all, (both white and colored), vote one ticket, and this party strife be done away with."

"I see a few men, a remnant of the Republican party, trying to accumulate money for themselves, by giving speeches over the County, and not for the benefit of the whole people. A few sore-headed men will be led by those pernicious leaders, but not I. If I were to give the full theme of my heart, I would be called a Democrat, and be as 'Capt. John Smith.' I would be killed by night, not only captured."

"I will do all I can for the Democratic ticket, and vote for it."

MARRIAGE.

The foundation of every good government is the family. The best and most prosperous country is that which has the greatest number of happy firesides. The holiest institution among men is marriage. It has taken the race countless ages to come up to the condition of marriage. With out it there would be no civilization, no human advancement, no life worth living for. Life is a failure to any woman who has not secured the love and adoration of some good man. Life is a mockery to any man, no matter whether he be mendicant or monarch, who has not won the heart of some worthy woman. Without love and marriage, all the priceless joys of this life would be as ashes on the lips of the children of men.

"You had better be the emperor of some loving and tender heart, and she empress of yours, than to be the king of the world." The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, it matters not though he die in the ditch, a beggar, his life has been a success.

There is a heathen book which says: "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love." When the one man loves the one woman, and the one woman loves that one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in the house and sing for joy.

Fortune favors the brave—not the chicken-hearted.

ERRORS IN MARRIAGE.

Many of the errors of life admit of remedy. A loss in one business may be repaired by a gain in another; a miscalculation this year may be retrieved by special care the next; a bad partnership may be dissolved, an injury repaired, a wrong step retraced.

But an error in marriage goes to the very root and foundation of life. It has been said no man is utterly ruined until he has married a worthless wife; and so every woman has a future before her until she is chained, in a wedlock which is a padlock, to a wretched and unworthy man. The deed, once done, cannot be recalled. The wine of life is wasted, and the goblet is broken, and no tears or toils can bring back the precious draught. Let the young think of this, and let them walk carefully, in a world of snares, and take heed to their steps lest, in the most critical event of life, they go fatally astray.

But here we must guard against another error. Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage, when the mistake is only in their own behavior, since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the seeling or intemperate, or slatternly partner often has but himself or herself to blame for the misery that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake, and who make their existence a life-long misery, might, by a little self-denial, and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighter like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by.

Suppose the wife does not know quite so much as you do; well, you showed your great judgment when you thought her chief among ten thousand. Or, if your husband is not the most wonderful man in the world, it simply illustrates the wit and wisdom of the young woman who once thought he was, and could not be convinced of the contrary. So perhaps you are not so unevenly matched after all; and if one has had better opportunities since married, then of course that one should teach and cultivate, and encourage the other, and so both journey on together. But if one has grown worse and sunk lower than at the beginning, perhaps even then, patience and toil and sunshine may bring back the erring one to duty, lift up the fallen, rescue the perishing, and save the lost. How glorious for a wife to pluck her husband from the jaws of ruin and bring him safely to the heavenly home! how blessed for the husband to bring back to the gates of paradise the woman who, through weakness, had been led astray!

CHEERFUL WOMAN.

In marrying, men should seek happy women. They make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any or every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference—the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Nothing ever goes wrong with them; no trouble is too serious for them to make the best of it. Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face across its turbid tide would not awake an answering gleam? Why these joyous, tempered people don't know half the good they do! No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, no matter if your brain is full of meditations on "suffering dispensations" and your stomach with medicines, pills and tonics, just get one of those cheery face women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything that she can cure you. The long drawn line about your mouth will relax, the cloud of settled gloom will vanish—nobody knows where—and the first thing you know you are laughing. Ah! what blessings are those happy women! How often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with almost an invisible touch! No one knows, no one will ever know, until the day of judgment reveals, how much we owe to those hopeful uncomplaining, happy women.

If we owned a Republican Government with Garfield at its head, and Sam Lee in Congress, and hell, we would rent out the Government and live in hell—we would. We think we would have more peace and prosperity in the latter place. We think so. Let the Republicans get control of the county and State a second time, and you will all think so.—Marian Star.

THE AGONY OF GETTING UP.

The greatest trial in the life of a Southern farmer boy, is getting up summer mornings," remarked a gentleman as he sat with a party of friends. "When I was a boy the voice of my father calling me mornings, struck terror to the core of my heart. Just about daylight, in that hazy time of day when you can gap into listless bliss of paradise, the old gentleman would step to the foot of the stairs and call:—

"John, oh John." "Ye-es, sir."

"Get up. Broad daylight. Get up and feed the horses while your mother's getting a bite to eat. Hurry up. We must finish that corn before it rains. Are you coming?"

No answer.

"John."

"Ye-es sir!"

"Are you coming?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Who could get up at such a time? Who could break a spell born of heaven? Another stretch. The refreshing air comes through the window. How delightful! A winking struggle between consciousness and delightful oblivion. A gentle doze. I dream that I am up. I go out to the stable and begin putting the gear upon my horse. In tying the lame string I lift the horse from the ground. He goes up in the air, and taking hold of the harnessing, I float with the animal out of the door and around the lot."

"Get out of this bed, sir," and my father grabs me.

"I-I thought I was up. I'll get up."

"Get right up here," and he hands my pants. I take hold of them. My eyes are so heavy that I can't see. I feel strange. I seem to be coming from the spring with a bucket of water."

"Put on them breeches, I tell you. Well, if he hasn't gone to sleep trying to put on his clothes!"

"Finally, I put on the pants and reach for the jacket. 'Hurry up,' says the old gentleman as he went down. I pull on one sock and make my head against the bed post. I lose all presence of mind. Again I doze."

"Whack, whack, whack."

"I'm up. Oh, doggon it, I'm up. I won't look any more. 'Oh, enough!'"

"Come on this minute sir!"

"Everything is clear, I'm wide awake. I hear the steaming tea in the as I pass the kitchen door, and even whistle as I cut out for the horses. I suppose that nearly every Southern boy whose parents were not wealthy has gone through a similar experience."

WORK AND LIVE.

Man was put into the world to work and cannot find true happiness in remaining idle. So long as a man has vitality to spare upon work it must be used or it will become a source of grievous, harassing discontent. The man will not know what to do with himself; and when he has reached such a point as that he is unconsciously digging a grave for himself and fashioning his own coffin. Life needs a steady channel to run in—regular habits of work and of sleep. It needs a steady, stimulating aim—a tendency toward something. An aimless life cannot be happy or for a long period healthy. Even if a man has achieved wealth sufficient for his needs, he frequently makes an error in retiring from business. A greater shock can hardly befall a man who has been active than that which he experiences when, having relinquished his pursuits he finds unused time and unused vitality hanging upon his idle hands and mind. The current of his life is thus thrown into eddies or settled into a sluggish pool, and he begins to die. When the fund of vitality sinks so low that he can follow no labor without such a draft upon his forces that sleep cannot restore them, then it will be soon enough to stop work.

On the Barnwell railroad, a young man put his head out of the car window to kiss his girl goodbye, when the train went ahead so rapidly that he kissed an aged African female at the next station. This is supposed to be the fastest time ever made on a railway train.—Aiken Journal and Review.

When a man wants to make his enemy unhappy he poisons his enemy's dog, but a woman chooses a very different way to make her enemy unhappy. She buys some new clothes that her enemy can't afford, and sits in front of her enemy at church.—Aiken Journal and Review.

Let your business be known throughout the country by advertising in the TIMES, and your business places will be crowded from daylight until dark with customers.

A MIRACLE OF HONESTY.

At a party one evening, several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing; a reverend gentleman was appointed judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill with a receipt attached to it. A buzz in the room that this could not be outdone; when a second proved that he had just arrested his tailor for money lent him.

"The palm is his," was a general cry, when a third put in his claim.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the acts of my predecessors, for I have just returned to the owner three lead pencils and two umbrellas that were left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator. "This is the very acme of honesty, it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any one capable. The prize—"

"Hold," cried another, "I have done still more than that."

"I have been taking my paper for twenty years and always paid for it in advance."

He took the prize.

THE THIN PARTITION BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

When we walk near the powerful machinery we know that one single misstep and those mighty engines would tear us to pieces with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a rail car, and there is nothing but half an inch flange to hold us upon the track. So, when we are in a ship at sea, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on sea or land the partition that divides us from eternity is something thinner than an oak plank or half an inch of iron flange. The machinery of life and death are within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a piece of paper, and, if that thin partition were ruptured, it would be just the same to us as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as we will to widen this space, no man can at any time go farther from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

\$12 WORTH OF READING MATTER FOR \$1.

"Our Home and Fireside Magazine," in twelve months, contains as much reading matter as six books of the order that sell in the market for two dollars each, and the variety of contents is such that all readers are entertained, pleased, and benefited. In addition to all this, remember, that each subscriber receives, free of all expense, twelve beautiful chromos, that are not surpassed as works of art by those found at the picture stores at high prices; and furthermore, we wish to call your particular attention to another, and very important feature of "Our Home and Fireside Magazine." Each number contains a very fine and beautiful engraving. The following is the charming chromos presented to each subscriber of "Our Home and Fireside Magazine": The beautiful chromo, entitled the Evening Song, the Holy Family, Little Daisy, Bible Stories, General George Washington, Lady Washington, Calla Lilies, Water Lilies, Wild Roses, Moss Roses, Double Royal Roses, Morning Glories.

W. P. Spencer is authorized agent to receive subscription for "Our Home and Fireside Magazine."

WATCHES AND JEWELRY FOR SALE AT Moderate Prices.

I am selling my **Old Stock**

LOW DOWN

To make room for Fall Goods.

New and Latest Styles just received.

ALSO

A full stock of

Landreth's Garden Seeds

On hand. Now is the time to plant for Summer use. Call at once.

W. F. Robinson.