

# The Orangeburg Times.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME VII

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NUMBER 3

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Now that the holiday season is over and everything has gone prosperous and happy; every one better off, and a bright fertile year ahead, at no period in the history of our business life have we been so thoroughly prepared to meet the wants of the trade and the requirements of the people, as we are now. We shall continue to place upon our counters from day to day, bargains in every department at

**LOWEST PRICES,** and shall always be found using our best endeavors to prevent extortions and uphold the CASH SYSTEM. Our entire stock is now offered at REDUCED PRICES.

We ask you to call and inspect our goods.

We guarantee to please as to quality and price.

Look carefully over this list of a few articles mentioned:

Gents' Hose, white, 5 and 10 c.  
" striped 12 1/2  
" solid colors 12 1/2  
" double heel & toe 12 1/2  
Ladies' hose, white, 8, 10, 12 1/2.  
" striped, 10  
" solid colors, 12 1/2  
" balbriggan, 15  
" finest quality, 25

Children's hose, colored, 5, 8, 10, 12 1/2  
Ladies' gaiters, dark colors, 30 c.  
" Berlin gloves, embroidered backs, 35  
" kid gloves, 4 buttons, "best makers, 75

Gents' backskin gloves, lined 75  
" driving " 30

Derby suiting, 10  
" figured, 12 1/2

Cashmeres, beautiful colors, 16 1/2  
Merinos, beautiful colors, 16

Flannels, red, white and blue, 25 to 35 cents.

Kubias, ery pretty, 30 c

Ladies' Hoods, new styles, 40

Looking Glasses, bureau size, \$1  
" extra large \$1.50  
" oval frame \$60 and 80 cents

Silver plated tea spoons, \$1.25  
" Table " 1.75  
" Forks " 1.75  
" Knives " 3.75

Glass Sets, handsome, 4 pieces, 50

Glass Preserve Stands, 60

Goblets, 75 ct per doz

Tumblers, 60 ct per doz

Lamps from 25 to 75 cts

Large assortment Ladies, Gents and Children's Shoes from the finest to the cheapest.

Men's and Boys' Hats, 40, 60, 75, 1.00  
1.25 to \$3

Men and Boys Caps from 25 to 50

Fancy Box Paper, Envelopes and Stationery.

Agent for the Largest Tobacco Factory in the United States, we offer bargains in this line.

Agent for Manufacturers of Soaps and Conces. Scented Lye, we defy competition.

We have the Largest and Cheapest Stock of

**BROOMS AND BASKETS**

in the Market.

Agent for the Celebrated Town Talk

**BAKING POWDERS.**

These Powders have stood the Test by the best Chemist, and pronounced PURE, when bought in cans. Prof. Mott, the Leading Chemist of the World, says the worse adulterations occur when Powders are sold loose or in bulk. Remember this and get TOWN TALK from Headquarters

Your attention is asked to the reduction in our CARPETING, put down to 25, 35, 40 cents.

Pocket Knives from 5 cts. to \$2..

Buggy Whips, 25, 50, 75 cts., \$1, \$1.25 \$2.

Yours respectfully,

C. D. KORTJOHN.

Always notice this COLUMN for CHEAP GOODS.

[Written for the Orangeburg Times.]  
**WHITE ROSES.**

BY RUTH GOODLEY.

### CHAP. II.

After a few weeks my sister recovered sufficiently to be assisted to the front porch, where she would sit and admire the white roses which embowered it. Sometimes she would press my own little Rose to her breast, with fond caresses, and wish for her a happy future.

We never mentioned her husband's name to her, and he made no attempt to see her. I had resolved in my heart that she should never return to him, and if she died, I intended to shoot him.

The improvement was only temporary. We became convinced that all our loving care could not keep her, and we saw that she was slowly sinking into the grave.

Not a murmur escaped her lips. She was the same gentle creature she had been all her life.

I had removed her from the bed to a couch near an open window, and was about to leave her, when she took my hand and said, "I want to talk to you."

Involuntarily I sank on my knees beside her.

Putting her arms around my neck she said, "My dear brother, there is revenge in your heart. I see it in your eyes."

"Yes, I said, my heart is filled with it, and a day of reckoning will come, your death shall not be unrevenged."

How tenderly she pleaded that I would put all bitterness out of my heart!

I could not forgive the man whom I considered her murderer.

Had he not killed her, by breaking her heart?

When I made an effort to rise, she detained me. "I cannot let you go," she said, "until you promise to leave him to repentance and to God."

Will you refuse the last request your White Rose will ever make? I cannot die happy without your promise.

Mother came in just then, and in a tone which touched my heart she exclaimed, "Oh! mother, my brother has refused my dying request!"

No! no! I said, I will not refuse, I promise everything you wish.

"I am so happy," she said, "seal the promise with a kiss."

When I took my lips from hers, she smiled sweetly, then closed her eyes, and we knew our Rose had gone to bloom in the Paradise of God.

I placed white roses around her, in her coffin, I strewed them on her grave, and even now, a bower of white roses covers that sacred spot.

I have never heard from my sister's husband, and I have never had his name mentioned to me until she mentioned it to-night.

That man is my sister's murderer, although his crime is one which the law does not reach. You may tell him the lady he saw, and heard sing is Rose Maitland, (that was his wife's name,) and warn him to keep out of my sight. For even after the lapse of years, I was afraid to trust myself, I might possibly have forgotten my promise to the dead.

The next morning Norris told me James Cordray had left for Paris. If he had remained, I should not have stayed another day.

I heard nothing more of him, but the old hatred had revived, and I was made very uncomfortable for some time.

We continued our travels for several months and then returned home. Two years after, business called me on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. There was a terrible accident. The train was precipitated down a high embankment, and I was among the few who escaped uninjured.

The scene was frightful. The screams of the wounded and the groans of the dying were heart-rending, and the horror of the spectacle was increased by the cars taking fire. I was attracted by the cries of a man who was wedged so tightly under

the debris, that it seemed impossible to extricate him.

The flames were approaching and I was working with all my strength, when he begged me to shoot him, rather than allow him to be tortured by being burned to death.

I did not know until that moment who I was trying to rescue.

There was the man I had wished to kill years ago, but I did not for a moment think of taking his life then.

I looked on him as a suffering human being, and there was no bitterness in my heart; it was all put out as my sister had wished.

He recognized me and asked if I knew who I was trying to save.

Yes, I replied, you are James Cordray, and I will save you if possible.

After great effort, I succeeded in drawing him out, but not until my hands were burned and my clothes singed.

When I saw his mangled body, I only felt compassion for him.

I made every effort to relieve his sufferings, but he was so much injured, he died in less than an hour.

I had his remains taken to his home, and there interred. I could not place him beside my White Rose.

THE END.

WHEAT.

Editor Orangeburg Times:

Why is not wheat cultivated in Orangeburg County? Because cotton is on the brain, and farmers are ignorant of the mode of cultivation, or in other words, do not understand the plant food in right proportion, to apply to the soil in order to succeed. Critic admits, that the natural soil will not produce wheat to pay, neither will it produce cotton, or any other crop. Critic intends not only to prove to the farmers in this letter that wheat is a paying crop, but to demonstrate in the open fields, the fact.

First, to remove the erroneous notions held by farmers, that wheat is too uncertain a crop, that it will rust four out of five years. We admit this to be the case, but it can be remedied.

Now, Mr. Editor, farmers are mistaken about the cause of rust in wheat. They attribute it to climatic influences, which we will refute, by bringing up Mr. Charley Culler and William J. Snider, who made the one 25, the other 29 bushels per acre. Climate had the same effect on their wheat as the man who made a complete failure. We know that wheat is cultivated in the torrid and frigid zone successfully, and why not in the temperate? We must look to some other cause for rust. What is the principal cause of rust in wheat? I answer, a want of lime in our soil. I would not have farmers believe that lime is all the plant needs. As I have often repeated, to cultivate any crop successfully, we must understand its habits, and the plant food in proper proportions, that it needs. M. Ville, the Frenchman, has proven, that large crops of wheat can be taken off the land year after year, when, lime, potash, phosphate of lime, and ammonia exist in the soil in good proportion. Dr. Ravenel, with the cow pea and ash element, furnishes these elements of plant food to the soil. He has brought the coast lands up to thirty bushels of wheat per acre. This is proof enough to satisfy us that your lands, which are physically superior to the coast lands, will remunerate us handsomely in wheat. Another fact should be remembered in planting wheat, that it is a deep-rooted plant and should not be planted in lands in which the sub-soil contains stagnant waters. The coast lands are underdrained. The secret of success depends considerably on the variety of seed selected. We should select the variety from a hot and not from a cold climate, which has been the custom, and is one of the causes of our failure to successfully cultivate wheat in this County.

CRITIC.

**BEECHER ON CHURCH MEMBERSHIP.**

There are multitudes of people who have joined the church and that is about all that they think necessary to make them Christians. They regard the church as a sort of railway train, and having got on board, the engine must do the rest. Some try to get a place in a first-class parlor car; others are content to go second or third-class; but, having got upon the train and put themselves in charge of the conductor, they think that they have done enough—all that is required of them. But professors of religion are not always possessors of religion, and a man may be in the Church and not have one of those qualities which constitute a Christian, and he may have all of those qualities and not belong to any church. I have known churches where those who conducted them were so devoid of religion that a conscientious man ought not to have gone into them. Still, most men are helped a great deal by joining a church. A man outside of a church trying to live a Christian life, is like a pear tree out on the high-way—the wheels rub it, the boys rob it and the hogs gnaw its bark and it bears very few pears, but that tree if planted in a garden and cared for properly would yield abundantly. Still, joining a Church does not make a man a Christian. A man may be active in good works and yet no Christian; he may be efflorescent and emotive—it only shows that he has an emotive nature, but it is no proof of Christianity. Persons that overflow with feeling are not better than others, although they may be more useful. A man may be conscientious and just and always try to do right, but that is not the whole of religion; it is too angular, too cruel.

Young saints are the devil's toad-stools, they come up in a night and are gone in a night, for it is a work of time to become the possessor of saintly qualities, and this ought to be an encouragement to you that are discouraged because you are not perfect. No one ever was. Christ did not say, "Come to me perfect," but, "Come to me and learn." Conversion is very much like courting, and a Christian life is very much like living after marriage. There is much in learning how to live together and no man ever learned how to live with another without giving a great deal and taking a great deal.

### THE WIFE.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she finds some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived there would have been no hoarding all up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off—the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wives have generally much more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady.—Ruskin.

Boxing, the manly art, is a sort of hand to mouth way of getting a living.

**4,487 POUNDS OF SEED COTTON YIELDS 1,740 POUNDS OF LINT.**

Editor Orangeburg Times:

I hauled to Dr. Donald R. Barton's gin 4,487 pounds of seed cotton, which yielded me after the toll was paid, four bales of cotton, weighing 435 pounds each. This I think is the best turnout of lint to the seed ever made in the County. The Dr has a steam gin, on the junction of the Holman and the 96 Roads where this turnout was made. Who can beat this? Don't all speak at once! I think this will cause a revolution among gin men, to secure the best gins.

FARMER.

### GOOD ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

The following, from an exchange, is true to the letter: The most unfortunate day in the career of any young man is the day on which he fancies there is some better way to make money than to earn it; for from that feeling spring the many extravagant and visionary plans which are indulged in for the purpose of gaining a livelihood without labor. When a young man becomes thoroughly infected with this feeling, he is ready to adopt any means for the accomplishment of his objects, and, if he is foiled in his efforts, upon the crest of the wave which has already mounted, and in full view, is the temptation to crimes, to shield him from the disgrace which he thinks must inevitably follow in the wake of defeat. To those he yields, and the first he realizes he finds himself the violator of the law, and a criminal in the eye of the community, and the inmate of a prison, waiting trial, all brought about for the want of a little manly firmness in the outset of life to prompt him to choose an avocation where the penny earned would bring with it its sure reward.

### THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.

In the life of the good man there is an Indian summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf; when the mind of the good man, still vigorous, relaxes its labors, and the memories of a well spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and, dwells peacefully and happily upon the bright spring and summer which await within the gates of paradise forevermore.—Presbyterian Banner.

### TIT FOR TAT.

Here is an amusing bit of ecclesiastical tit for tat. Two young men were chums and intimate friends in college. One became a Baptist minister, the other an Episcopalian. They did not meet again for years. When they did it was in the pulpit of the Baptist, for whom the Episcopalian preached to the great satisfaction of the congregation. Sermon over, the two divines ducked their heads behind the breast-work of the preaching desk and held the following colloquy: "Fine sermon, Tom; much obliged. Sorry I can't repay your kindness for preaching by asking you to stay to communion. Can't though, you know, because you have never been baptized." "Oh, don't concern yourself about that, Jim. I couldn't receive the communion at your hands, as you have never been ordained."

The grand affair of the inauguration of Garfield takes place this week.

The Louisiana planters who have substituted Italian for negro labor are reported as quite enthusiastic over the result of the change. The first batch of these emigrants reached New Orleans just before Christmas, and were sent to several plantations north of the city. They learn readily, and seem willing and able to do a full day's work for the pay offered them. There is a question as to whether they will be able to withstand the climate of Louisiana, and until they have been there a year that question will remain undecided. Heretofore the Italians have gone chiefly to the South American republics where the climate is quite like that of Southern Italy.

The News and Courier very properly goes for the Board of Agriculture for refusing to give the press an account of their proceedings last week. It says, the Board is supported by the people, and they have a right to know what is going on. No account has been given of how the \$10,000 appropriated for immigration is to be used, nor who is elected Superintendent of Immigration. We only hope that if the Board has acted unwisely in excluding the press, it will not act unwisely in so important matter as immigration. Let every dollar appropriated for this cause be put where it will tell.

A good deal is being said pro and con, in reference to allowing members of the Cabinet to participate in the debates in Congress, without the power to vote. It is difficult to see what harm could result from the granting of such a privilege. The custom prevails in all European Parliaments—Cabinet Ministers may be able, at times, to impart some very useful information to Congress, and if they cannot vote upon any measure they will have no greater power than at present.

We coincide with the views of the Palmetto Yeoman, that the editorials of the press should be more varied and not so continually devoted to politics.

It seems to be the opinion of some people that papers should be devoted to nothing else but politics. We think it would be a little refreshing and quite an improvement to see editorials written on other subjects. There is too much politics in the land. A rest from it would be a benefit and a pleasure.

Ex-Mayor Cooper is mentioned as the Democratic candidate for representative in Congress in place of Fernando Wood, deceased. John Hardy, who has run twice as an independent candidate against Mr. Wood, and shown a great deal of strength, is almost sure to be again a candidate. Who will be his Democratic and Republican opponents is not yet certainly known.

Speaking of the rest of the Sabbath, the Omaha Herald says: "It is only the recluse and fanatic who sees impiety in harmless delight. In the social current which ripples in the sunshine of laughing hearts there is more religion than in a world full of clouded brows and groaning spirits."

Rev. Willis offered the Lord's Prayer in the Senate. When he had finished Doolin leaned over to Hammond and remarked: "He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard the same ideas expressed in Eureka at a funeral over two years ago."

"Why don't men swear when they are alone?" asks Mr. Talmage. "Did Dr. Talmage ever lay around a fence corner and see a lone farmer pick up a bumble bee? What did the farmer say?"

Lexington, Ga., is just beginning to put on airs because Gen Winfield Scott passed through that town on his way to the Indian war and spent the night there.

The banana ripens in Florida during every month of the year.