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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1879.

No. 11.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

DR. GRAHAM'S COURTSHIP.

HOW A LOUISVILLE SCIENTIST MET HIS FATE IN ARKANSAS.

Dr. Graham having passed a very creditable examination before the medical board, was commissioned an assistant surgeon in the United States army in 18—, and ordered to report for duty to the commanding officer at Fort McKavett, Texas.

On his arrival at St. Louis he shipped the greater part of his baggage by way of the river, and taking only what he could carry on horseback, started on his journey.

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it was no use. When the Judge started for town, Dr. Graham was sitting beside him.

"I always, young man, give Nell her own way; so it is all right; you need not say a word."

"But I've got to go on to-day." The Judge turned his eyes toward him.

The doctor taking in the situation, said promptly, all hope being gone, "No, sir."

"That's right. I will fix everything for you; give you that black team of mine, and a light wagon to carry your wife's things."

"Yes, sir," answered Graham, faintly. But on the Judge turning toward him, he said "Yes, sir, certainly."

"After you get fixed at your post I will come down and pay you a visit. I have been thinking about selling out and moving to Texas for some time; it's getting crowded here and things are a moving as slow as lasses in the winter time."

Things were arranged as the old Judge said. The marriage took place and the army received an addition to its ladies in the person of the Arkansas judge's daughter, and Dr. Graham has never regretted the obduracy of his father-in-law or the unsophisticatedness of his wife.

Family Affection.

We can imagine no condition that carries with it such a promise of joy as the farmer in the autumn; with his cribs full, with every preparation made for the winter, with the prospect of three months of comfort and rest, three months of fireside and content, three months of family and home, three months of pure, solid comfort.

Do not huddle together in a little room overheated, with every window fastened down. Do not live in this poisoned air, and then when one of your children dies, put a piece in your paper commencing with, "Whereas, it hath pleased Providence to remove from our midst—"

Have plenty of air and plenty of warmth. Let your children sleep. Do not drag them from their beds in the darkness of night. Treat them with infinite kindness. There is no happiness in a house not filled with love; where a man hates the wife, or the wife the husband; where children fear their parents, or where parents dislike their children.

Give It to 'Em in Latin.

It is an oft-spoken whim of the cynics—and possibly something more—that the doctors give their prescriptions in Latin, so as to afford ignorant patients the benefit of a little imagination.

"Mr. Speaker, there was a man in South Kingston about twenty years ago who was a perfect nuisance, and nobody knew how to get rid of him.

One day he was hoeing corn, and he saw the sheriff coming with a paper, and asked what it was. Now if he had said it was a writ, what would he have cared? But he told him it was *capias satisfaciendum*, and the man dropped his hoe and ran, and had never been heard of since."

CHARLES PEACE HANGED.

CLAIMING TO THE LAST A MURDER FOR WHICH ANOTHER MAN SUFFERS.

LONDON, Feb. 26.—Charles Peace, the notorious burglar and murderer, was executed at Leeds yesterday. He died in the odor of sanctity, forgiving all his enemies. Some days before his execution he confessed that he was the murderer of a Manchester policeman at Whallegrange in 1879, for which crime a man named Habron was sentenced to death.

The story of Peace's career would fill a volume and has already filled a great many columns of the English newspapers. He conducted his profession as a burglar alone. Settling down in one town after another, he led an apparently sober and quiet life, spending the days playing religious tunes on a violin or some other musical instrument or carving wooden saints and giving an impression that he was a man of independent means.

During the Confederate war, one Jim was attached to Rosser's cavalry, in Stuart's command. Jim was noted for his strong antipathy to shot and shell, and a peculiar way he had of avoiding too close communication with the same; but at last all his plans failed to keep him out of the "row," and he, with his companions, was detailed to support a battery that composed a portion of the rear-guard.

Too Hot for Him.

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He placed himself in every position his genius could invent, but the "hiss" of the bullet taunted him still. At last, in despair, he called to the commanding officer, "Lieutenant, let's fall back!" "I cannot do it, Jim!" shouted the officer. "Well, I'll be drafted if we don't get cleaned if we stay here!"

Confederate Money Wanted.

We copy the following from an exchange, as of interest to those holding the notes in question: "Confederate money issued in 1861 is eagerly sought after by 'curiosity' hunters; notes issued at Montgomery, Ala., of the denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000 being the rarest. A set of these notes in good condition will readily sell for \$100 in gold. Next in value are notes engraved by the Southern Bank Note Company, in 1861. One of these—a twenty-dollar note—with an engraving representing a female riding a deer, is worth its face value in gold. Some of the issues of 1862 are worth something; but after that year the issue of Confederate States money is scarcely worth preserving."

Read This, Young Ladies.

We heard a very pretty incident the other day, which we cannot help relating. A young lady from the South, it seems, was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful at San Francisco.

It had not existed more than six months, however, when, by an unfortunate investment he lost the entire "heap." This event came upon him, should be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow as he is, he sits down and writes the lady every particular of the unhappy turn which has taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the fact produced a change in her feelings toward him, she is released from every promise she has ever made him.

As years passed, champagne and wakeful nights told on the woman, and, inch by inch, her beauty and power slipped from her grasp. Her wine-flushed face became less alluring and those who were once all galled and ever ready and jealous to dance attendance at her shrine, sought more attractive prey.

A dozen doors of less famous bagnios stood invitingly open to the once famous attraction. Her diamonds and silks were gone—faded away with her beauty, as did her friends.

Close of a Sinful Life.

THE DEGRADED DAUGHTER OF PHILADELPHIA MILLIONAIRE DIES A WRETCHED DEATH. A Pittsburg correspondent writes: Annie Dawson, emaciated, diseased and silt-covered, dropped dead at Claremont station this forenoon when being removed from the cars to the work-house.

Her history is one of the saddest romances. Her deserted home in Philadelphia is that of one of the wealthy iron manufacturers there, for she was the daughter of the well-known Edward Y. Dawson. Fifteen years ago Annie Dawson, then a young woman of 20, deserted her home and friends in the City of Brotherly Love, and in company with a fastidious gentleman, came here to lead a life of shame.

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He Wanted Her Insured.

A good-natured looking young man of twenty-five, accompanied by a modest appearing young woman of about the same age, evidently his wife and just made so, yesterday called upon a Griswald street insurance agent to see about insuring her life.

Favoritism.

A correspondent of the News and Courier, writing from Blackville, has this to say: "I think I know that it is high time in South Carolina, where we cry so much for civil service reform, that some other qualification than favoritism should be required when an office is to be filled, either by appointment or election.

"Not a cent less'n a million!" exclaimed the husband. "If she ain't worth that she ain't worth nothing, and I can't chalk up for a million we'll go."

Sufferings at Sea.

DREADFUL EXPERIENCE OF TWO SAILORS WHO WERE SHIPWRECKED. A recent special dispatch from Falmouth, England, says that Chief Officer Foot and Charles Cosman, seaman, the only survivors of the American schooner Estella, of Portland, Maine, bound from Yarmouth for the Island of Antigan, West Indies, with a general cargo, were landed there. They commenced their voyage on the 28th of December. After leaving port they experienced terrific weather, the wind being very high, and lay to for three days, waiting for the fury of the storm to subside.

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A Sorry Spectacle.

The Congress of the United States protracted its session throughout the last Lord's day, drinking whisky outside and talking and hammering away within, just the same as if that God who rules over earth's senates and in the armies of heaven had not issued this solemn mandate, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

What a pity our national law-givers had not made better use of their time previously by refusing to adjourn for a ten days' holiday at Christmas, and wasting besides many precious hours in buncombe speeches and frivolous sparring; in the very teeth, too, of the knowledge that hundreds of important bills must be acted upon before the 4th of March.

We are not advised how many Christian men there are on the rolls of Congress, but only wish if there had been a sufficient number to break the quorum all such had retired, leaving everything in statu quo.

The President could then have summoned an extra session on the 5th instant, for the completion forthwith of the unfinished business of the country.

Would not this have been preferable to such a palpable violation of God's commands by the rulers of the nation?

What a damaging example has been set to all lesser tribunals and individuals upon the proper observance of the Sabbath!

If the Bible be true, and Jehovah, though a just is also a jealous God, no people can hope to prosper who thus in high places trample under foot and despise His pronounced and sacred ordinances.—Macon Telegraph and Messenger.

The Baltimore American got up a very pretty story of the way in which the dusky Mrs. Bruce was being lionized by Washington society.

But comes ruthless truth-tellers to say the article is a pure invention, that none of the Cabinet ladies or Senators' wives had called on the beautiful octoroon, and that they don't intend to. Bruce seems to be a very quiet, well-behaved fellow, and it is a pity that Radical correspondents will not suffer him to remain in the obscurity he seeks, and which he so creditably adorns.

"You know," said Rice, "how the negro likes 'possum." Two darkies were riding from a field after a hard day's ploughing. They began to talk about the things good to eat.

"Not a cent less'n a million!" exclaimed the husband. "If she ain't worth that she ain't worth nothing, and I can't chalk up for a million we'll go."

And go they did, stopping neither for argument or good wishes.

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They commenced their voyage on the 28th of December. After leaving port they experienced terrific weather, the wind being very high, and lay to for three days, waiting for the fury of the storm to subside. On January 5, during the early morning hours, a heavy sea capsized the vessel. Of the crew of five men Cosman only was on deck, the other four being below. Capt. Hursey and Chief Officer Foot and the cook came on deck as she turned over. The survivors then succeeded in getting on the side of the vessel, the cook fell off exhausted after three hours. The captain succumbed to the exposure and fatigue after holding on until after 8 o'clock in the morning. The vessel finally, by the action of the waves and being full of water, righted herself. Foot and Cosman managed, with great difficulty, to make their way once more to the vessel's deck. They had planks on the windless and water barrels, which served as their bed and resting place for three days, expecting every moment that the vessel would sink beneath them. On the fourth day a barrel of apples floated from the fore hold, which they succeeded in capturing. The apples were saturated with salt, and caused the poor fellows most intense thirst. They also obtained a box of salt mackerel, which they greedily devoured. One day before they were rescued a barrel of flour floated out from the hold, and they made dough of a portion of its contents, but a heavy sea springing up, a wave washed it away. On January 19th, while the wind was piercingly cold, and the sun was going down, the wreck and the unhappy men as they were floating on were seen by the Spanish brig Dorotea, which bore down upon them. Soon they came alongside and rescued the survivors, who were hoping for death to come to their relief. When the Spaniards took them off they had seven apples left. They were in such an emaciated condition that they had to be lifted from the plank bed, to which they had tied themselves to prevent being washed off.

Old Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters; it is pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the gentle hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them, in after years is like a resurrection of one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected, twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former life in a mirror much more congenial to her tastes than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The widow, indeed, derives a most sweet and solemn consolation from letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land from which there comes no message, and where she hopes, one day, to join him. No photograph can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of Heaven, as the epistolary out-pourings of that love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of the features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them, forgive and forget them.

The mother of Ida Lewis, who has saved so many lives from drowning, has resigned from the keepership of Lime Rock lighthouse, in Newport harbor, and her daughter has been appointed to the vacancy, with a salary of \$750, which is \$250 more than was paid her mother. Mrs. Lewis is growing old, and to show some appreciation for her daughter's services, she was induced to resign in order that the latter might be her successor.