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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

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IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

HANDY TO HAVE IN THE HOUSE.

A WORTHLESS HUSBAND UTILIZED BY A PRACTICAL WIFE.

There are some men who, are considered desirable as husbands, and others who are quoted as hardly worth the house room they occupy or the provender they consume.

But there is a lining of silver to even the most leaden cloud, and this struggling woman happily discovered that her man had one talent which she might turn to profitable account.

Don't think that your wife has less feeling than your sweetheart. Her relation to you is changed, not her nature.

Don't be gruff and rude at home. Had you been that sort of fellow before marriage, the probabilities are that you would be sewing on your own buttons still.

Don't make your wife feel that she is an incumbrance on you by giving her grudgingly. What she needs give as cheerfully as if it were a pleasure so to do. She will feel better and so will you.

Don't meddle in the affairs of the house under her charge. You have too much to do to be poking your nose into the kitchen than she has to walk into your place of business and give directions to your employees.

Don't leave your wife at home to nurse the children on the score of economy, while you bolt down town at night to see the show or spend a dollar on billiards.

Don't bolt your supper, and hurry off to spend evenings lounging away from your wife. Before marriage you couldn't spend evenings enough with her.

A Word to Husbands.

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Money.

Money is a queer institution. It buys provender, satisfies justice, and heals wounded honor. Everything revolves itself into cash, from stock jobbing to building churches.

Money makes the man, therefore man must make money, if he would be respected by fools; for the eye of the world looks through golden spectacles.

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Not Altogether Satisfied.

A clergyman was called upon on one occasion to officiate at a colored wedding. "We assure you, sah," said the gentlemanly darkey,

The note was at once written and dispatched; instead of being in the tenor she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no jewelry under repair).

What Those Long Nights Mean.

Ab, yes, fond youth! It may be very nice to court a girl in the far northern countries where the nights are six months long; but just think of the vast amount of peanuts and gumdrops the young man, when going to see his girl, must lug along with him in order to kill time and induce her to believe that his affection for her is as warm as ever.

A LADY'S WONDERFUL NERVE.

DEQUINY'S STORY OF "THE AVENGER" SURPASSED.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman, and one of the acknowledged leaders of fashion of Mobile, can certainly boast of the possession of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex.

Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and, besides herself in the house, there was but a single maid-servant. Instead of fainting with fear, or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miscreant was concealed, and rang for the servant.

The note was at once written and dispatched; instead of being in the tenor she had signified (on purpose for the concealed robber to overhear, for she had no jewelry under repair).

At last, however, came the prayer for relief. There was a ring at the door-bell, and she strolled carelessly into the hall and down stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success.

The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal named Clapman, but mostly known as "Two Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison.—Hartford Times.

When the Federal troops entered South Carolina at the close of the war, they took possession of a memorial shaft which the State proposed to erect to the memory of General Stonewall Jackson, and is now in possession of the War Department.

Arthur Gilman tells the following of an old lady at Concord: "Have you given electricity a trial for your complaint, madam?" asked the minister, as he took tea with the old lady.

What Next?

The Chicago Tribune publishes a letter a column long from a howling idiot moved to howl because of his fear that the Democrats may assassinate Mr. Hayes and the Vice-President—Wheeler, we think his name is—so as to obtain power. There is no fear of this. The Democrats can afford to wait for twenty-three months, especially as they hold possession of both branches of Congress.

"Oh! You Bad Boy!"

We are all very like the little boy who said he ought not to be scolded so much for being naughty, because he was not half as bad as he could be. Nothing will so help a boy who is "from fair to middling" in character to develop into an incorrigible pest as constant teasing and fretting, and the reiteration in every tone known to bad temper of the tender phrase, "Oh! you bad boy!"

Chicago's New Mayor.

Carter Harrison, the Mayor-elect of Chicago, is a native of Newport, Ky., and a grandson of President William Henry Harrison. At the beginning of the war he wrote a letter to a schoolmate, they having attended the Oxford University, Ohio, together, who had enlisted from this country in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment C. S. A.

Old Zach.

Strange as it may appear, old Zach Chandler is now a leading candidate for President. On the last night of the last session he filled himself with mean whiskey and then reared up on his hind legs and vomited all over the South and Jeff Davis. For this he been taken right up into the stalwarts' bosoms. Grant is in some respects rather a heavy load for the Radicals to bear.

The Old Slogan.

One thing this debate has plainly disclosed to the country. It is, that the next campaign will be fought exclusively on war and sectional issues. Their gonfalon is to be the bloody shirt, and their slogan a re-echo of all the damnable filth and falsehood of the dark days of the past. Garfield, Frye, and all the smaller knaves and incendiaries who have yelped the chorus to their bitter, bloody mouthings have given incontestable proof of this design. It is to be the solid North against the solid South, a square issue of hate, falsehood, evil passion and bitterest denunciation against right, reason, argument and patriotism.

The Wife.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart. The absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress and cheerless home, the forbidding scowl and deserted hearth—these, and other nameless neglects, without a crime among them, have harrowed to the quick the heart's core of many a man, and planted there, beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. O, may we man, before that sight arrives, dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awaken and keep alive the promises she so kindly gave. And though she may be injured—not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetting wife—a happy allusion to the hour of peaceful love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past—and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms and bid her live, as she had hoped, her years of matchless bliss, loved, loving and content—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

Stokes' Other Coat.

Our good friend Stokes, of the Union Times, apologizes for the omission of a certain communication by saying that "he found it, when too late, in the pocket of a coat which he had laid aside for a time." This implies the possession of two coats, and a decree of prosperity unusual among editors in the interior. If Stokes is indeed so fortunate as to own two coats he should not make boast of it, now that nearly all of the country quill-drivers are in the reverse condition; if but a boast, it is calculated to mislead the press into the belief that he is riding on the top wave of prosperity. The Press Association soon to convene should appoint a committee, with power to call for persons and papers, and the other coat, and get a true bill in regard to the matter.—Newberry Herald.

Senator Hampton's Wound.

One or two fragments of bone have been removed from Senator Hampton's wound during the past week. As was hopefully anticipated by his physicians, nature is now performing the work of ejecting that portion which has proved a source of irritation for so many weeks, and it is only necessary now to aid her efforts to remove the slight extent of removing the fragments as they are presented. A second amputation will not be required, as has been so widely and erroneously rumored and the Senator's complete recovery may now be speedily looked for.—News and Courier.

WAS MRS. SURRATT MURDERED?

GENERAL SLOCUM ON THE CRUEL FATE OF MRS. SURRATT.

General H. W. Slocum, one of the most distinguished brigade, division, corps and grand division commanders of the war on the Federal side, recently delivered a lecture in Brooklyn on events of the great struggle, during the course of which he expressed the opinion, always held by the Union, that Mrs. Surratt was a murdered woman. The Rochester Union reports that part of his speech as follows:

"I am going to speak to you one word about the execution of Mrs. Surratt at the close of the war. I think some good lessons can be learned from the story of her trial and death. I believe any people situated as we were ought to be cautioned against placing implicit confidence in evidence given at a time of high excitement. I could stand here to-night and relate to you fifty incidents that would serve to caution every body against taking evidence against others when the people were in a state of intense excitement. There never was a day, there never was an hour, if that I did not believe Mrs. Surratt was an innocent woman as there is in this hall. She was the keeper of a boarding house in Washington. She boarded Wilkes Booth, and she had a son, John H. Surratt. Wilkes Booth was guilty of shooting Mr. Lincoln, and this poor woman was brought to trial in connection with Wilkes Booth, and through the excitement of the times her neck was brought to the halter. Her daughter, a young lady 18 or 19 years of age, on the morning of the execution, went to the President's room, and begged permission to say a few words to him on behalf of her mother, and a United States Senator from our own State, who acted as door-tender, repulsed her, saying, 'No, no, you cannot go in.' Worse than that, a meaner than that, the poor girl three or four years afterward married a clerk in the Treasury Department. No charges were against him, but because this clerk had married a daughter of Mrs. Surratt he was dismissed. Let us brag of our achievements, but at the same time let us learn to look at our faults and errors squarely in the face, and acknowledge them when we have cause to.

"The murder of Mrs. Surratt would be the most cruel and cowardly act ever committed in any civilized country. It is a curious and suggestive fact, that all who were chiefly responsible for the execution of that innocent woman have felt the unseen hand of the Great Avenger. Stanton, Secretary of War, who was, perhaps, the worst of the number, committed suicide in a fit of remorse, although the fact was sought to be concealed. Preston King, the Senator from New York, who repulsed Annie Surratt from the President's door, in like manner ended his own life by deliberate jumping from a ferry boat in mid of the North River, at New York, and drowning himself. Andrew Johnson, who signed the death warrant, and despotically suspended the writ of habeas corpus that had been granted by the court, was stricken suddenly with death upon his return to the Senate after he had left the Presidency. Judge Advocate Holt, who conducted the prosecution, long ago, disappeared from public view, and whether dead or alive nobody knows and nobody cares. And John A. Bingham, who assisted Holt, was driven from Congress in disgrace as one of the Credit Mobilier bribe-takers, and sought refuge in Japan, where he now is.

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The "Belles" call a great many people to church.