

SHERIDAN & SIMS, Proprietors.

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Middlepen Items. Editor Orangeburg Democrat: The refreshing showers and pleasant weather has given the "Pike" new vigor and caused him to leave his retired retreats and launch his frail craft once more on the stream of life.

The crops in this section are tolerable, notwithstanding the protracted drought. There will be about half a crop of corn, which has caused many to look at their crops with wishful eyes, and exclaim, "you may be short in the barn but none the less in the 'little brown j--' Cotton is rusting badly, but fortunately not casting off, like the Middlepen men ever sticking fast to the main stock.

Mr. Editor, a few words to old "Uncle Tom." He relates an old story that happened before I learned the art of spinning such warp, therefore I hope you will allow me the same indulgence. While out West a few years ago with some friends of mine, we concluded one day to take a hunt on the prairies, and on coming to camp that evening the crowd, there being six in number, took seats on what we supposed to be a log, to rest our weary limbs and waited for that glorious old word to be announced, supper. One of the young men remarked that our log was moving, not down, but up the hill, several hooted at the idea, and on inspection we found it to be really true, that we had through mistake taken our seat on a snake instead of a log, which we found upon examination to be some twenty-five feet long.

The following lofty sentiment found utterance in a recent speech of Hon. James B. Beck, United States Senator from Kentucky. Of Scotch extraction, he does well to say that he knows "what liberty costs," and it were well for the cause of human liberty on this continent if it had among its people more such eloquent, sturdy and consistent defenders as he who uttered this sentiment: "I came from a race that has endured more, suffered more, and struggled longer to maintain freedom than any other. I was born in sight of Adrian's wall which the all-conquering Romans had to erect to protect themselves against a race that has endured more, suffered more, and struggled longer to maintain freedom than any other.

Senators in a Pet. Really, now, great men ought to be above pouting, and yet some of them are not. Senator Bayard sulked like a spoiled child during the recent extra session of Congress, on account of what was undoubtedly bad treatment of him as Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and now Senator Thurman has his lip puckered up because of alleged ill treatment of him by Gen. Ewing's friends. Pouting on the part of these gentlemen does not increase public respect for them, and besides it is not good luck. There, for instance, is Mr. Tilden; he never pouts, and one time he was elected President of the United States.—Charlotte Observer.

The Wife. It is not infrequently that a wife mourns over the alienated affection of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which first engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow.

Engaging Manners. There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regard of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.—Taylor.

Females. Judge Lewis says: "God bless the sex! Ever foremost in the work of charity; always ministering to the sick—lingering longest at the cross—speeding earliest to the sepulchre! They never err'd but once, and if that error had been committed at a later period of the world, after 4,000 years of bright and lovely deeds, the Accusing Spirit had carried the offence to Heaven's Chancery in vain!"

The Divine Side of Life. Editor Orangeburg Democrat: While the agricultural and literary minds of our country are busied with farms and letters—giving us their matured views of these important vocations, not "avocations," and indoctrinating us in their several advancements and splendid discoveries—and while doubtless much good is accomplished, still we cannot think it well to entirely overlook the divine side of life—to ignore religion and God—as do many of them. They forget that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet farrow to men of skill;" and that, God alone "giveth the increase." In all past ages of the world's history, God has bestowed or withheld his blessing in proportion to the righteousness or wickedness of the people; and who dare say that good or evil may not now be meted out by the same fixed law of Heaven? We know that, "the idle soul shall suffer hunger;" but we also know that God "putteth down one and setteth up another," and that He "maketh poor, and maketh rich."

An Editor's Valedictory. The editor of a New York State journal on laying down his professional labors, embraces the occasion to give utterance to some sentiments which are applicable the world over among newspaper readers: "Having for nearly seven years been a weekly visitor at your homes, kindly sharing the hospitality, and, we hope, contributing somewhat to the comfort of the same, it only remains to shake hands all around, take an affectionate and heart-breaking farewell, and come no more, probably, forever. Good bye. It has been spoken over the dead lying in their coffins. It has been spoken when an ocean was to roll in between parting hearts, but it never is spoken with such pathos and anecdotes as when a country editor, with the memory of his hard grabbings and his scant comforts pressing upon him, hands his valedictory over to the compositor, puts the stop end of his faithful lead pencil in his well-worn breeches pocket, and shuffles his rheumatic legs down stairs, to go no more back forever. 'We part upon the square.' We proclaim general amnesty all round. We expire forgiving our enemies, and shall haunt those who obstinately refuse to forgive us. We are bound to be forgiven. Farmers, good-bye. You are the dorsal column of the country editor's subscription list. It could not stand erect without your help. May the time soon come when no mortgage, like a great morass in the centre of a pleasant meadow, shall obstruct your prosperity. Have you ever given us wood of scrimp pattern and highly perforated cordage? The act is forgiven. Have you ever given us butter of most unhallowed flavor? We hope, after a little, to forgive even this. There is a particular class of patrons whom every departing country editor remembers with special gratitude. It is the substantial, thoroughly steadfast, patrons—the men who are never blown out of favor with him by the light breeze of ill-wind. They are the men who cash their bills with thoroughly professional honor and promptness. We remember all such in Grotton with downright and uncompromising gratitude. We count their names with thankfulness. They are like the brick walls which hold this office above the dust that vexes the street below. Support the new management. A country newspaper needs friends, and cannot afford to have enemies. Don't get mad if something fails to suit, and stop your patronage. Don't prattle all over the village about the short comings of the editor—co operate with and encourage him. Help him to get news, and see that he has his share of your money to do business with. Don't loaf around his office and steal his time. Don't give him too much good advice. He knows more about his business, probably, than you do. Help, but don't hinder. Again, good-bye."

An Eloquent Utterance. The following lofty sentiment found utterance in a recent speech of Hon. James B. Beck, United States Senator from Kentucky. Of Scotch extraction, he does well to say that he knows "what liberty costs," and it were well for the cause of human liberty on this continent if it had among its people more such eloquent, sturdy and consistent defenders as he who uttered this sentiment: "I came from a race that has endured more, suffered more, and struggled longer to maintain freedom than any other. I was born in sight of Adrian's wall which the all-conquering Romans had to erect to protect themselves against a race that has endured more, suffered more, and struggled longer to maintain freedom than any other.

How She Keeps her Husband at Home. Wives who have difficulty in keeping their husbands at home at night should profit by the plans a Chicago wife adopted. The Chicago Tribune says that a young wife of that city who is anxious to keep her husband at home of evenings flatters him about the exquisitely dainty proportions of his feet, and induces him to wear boots about two sizes too small for him. He is on his feet all day long in town, and when he comes home at night, she has a soft chair and a pair of loose, cool slippers for him, and by the time he, with great drops of agony pearly on his brow, has got off his boots, he comes to the conclusion that there is no place like home after all, and has no desire to go down town to lodge or sit up with a sick friend.

A Husband's Fatal Mistake. At Port Huron, Mich., a terrible accident occurred, the victim being Mrs. Adam Helmer, who, with her husband, resides at Union and Tenth Streets. At eleven o'clock in the night Mrs. Helmer was awakened by the noise of burglars in the house. Mr. Helmer told his wife to keep quiet. He then seized an army musket lying in the bedroom and went to another part of the house on a search for the intruders. Meanwhile, his wife arose and went to a different part of the house. When the husband returned he thought he saw an intruder in the closet and fired, but to his most sorrowful surprise found the intruder to be his wife. The whole charge from the musket entered Mrs. Helmer's right side, causing a fatal wound. When Mr. Helmer discovered his mistake he fell to the floor in a fainting fit. On recovering, he picked up his wounded wife, and carried her to her chamber and summoned physicians.

Friends. People who have warm friends are healthier and happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stone. Money can buy many things good and evil. All the wealth in the world could not buy a friend or pay you for the loss of one. "I have wanted only one thing to make me happy," Haslitt writes, "but wanting that, have wanted everything, and again, my heart shut up in a prison of rude clay, has never found, nor will it find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one push away another; or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it provoked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.

A Georgia Girl's Love. A romantic marriage took place at Marietta, Ga., recently. Mr. Huntley, of Lagrange, and Miss Richardson, of Marietta, had been betrothed for a long time. Through the opposition of her parents, it is said, she broke their engagement and engaged herself to a Marietta gentleman. She was to have married that night, the trossau and all being ready. Huntley, hearing of the approaching wedding went to Marietta and pleaded his old cause. She would not yield, and he had gone to the depot to leave, when a note was handed him. This stated that she had repented and would marry him. He remained over, eloped with her to Atlanta and married there. All the parties stand high in society. The affair created much excitement.

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Is It Safe? Is it safe to tamper with intoxicating liquor, when so many have been destroyed by it? Is it safe to learn to use tobacco, and thus become a cringing slave to a filthy, expensive, poisonous, and debasing habit? Is it safe to frequent the dance hall, theatre, &c., in view of the evil associations and corrupting influences of these places? Is it safe to profane God's name, when He will not hold them guiltless that do it? Is it safe to gamble, when so many have been made penniless and ruined by engaging in it? Is it safe to reject the Bible, when the evidence that it is God's word is so conclusive? Is it safe to neglect seeking Christ, when it is absolutely certain that those who reject Him will be lost? Is it safe to desecrate the Sabbath, in view of the special command to keep it holy? Is it safe to always sin those things that tend to sin; and it is always dangerous to neglect those things that have a good tendency.

The Crops. Editor Orangeburg Democrat: Allow me a small space in your valuable paper to give your many readers a brief sketch of the crops in general of my neighborhood. The corn crops in this part of the county have been seriously injured by the severe drought of seven or eight weeks, which will cut off the yield of this great stand-by fully one-half. The cotton crops though seriously checked in growth seems to be well fruited, and we are looking forward to a very good average yield of this fleecy staple. We have rust in spots of some of our fields but don't think it will result in any serious damage. Young corn planted in stubble grounds looks well and is growing finely. The pea and potato crops bid fair to yield well. Cotton is commencing to open rapidly and farmers will soon be making preparations to harvest for market. I think we all should put in heavy crops of small grain the coming winter to help supply our scanty cribs. G. W. B. St. MATTHEWS, S. C.

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