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The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1879.

No. 38.

JOB OFFICE

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

Job Printing

BROKEN HEARTS.

A DISEASE THAT IS SOMETIMES DESOLATING IN ITS EFFECTS.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartiness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets.

Couldn't Stop Her.

The gates at the passenger depots which shut out all people not having tickets for the trains were yesterday closed at the Union Depot against an elderly woman wearing spectacles and using an umbrella for a cane.

"Can't pass without a ticket," said the man at the gate as she came. "I want to see if there's anybody on that train going to Port Huron," she answered.

"Can't pass without a ticket, madam." "I've got a darter in Port Huron, I have." "Can't help it, please. My orders are very strict."

"I tell you I want to send word to my darter!" she exclaimed, adjusting her spectacles for a better view of the official. "Yes, but we can't help that, you see. Please show your ticket."

"I want this 'ere railroad to understand that I've got a darter in Port Huron, and she's got a baby four weeks old, and I'm going to send her up word in spite of all the gates in this depot."

"Please show your ticket, madam." "I tell you once more!" "Please show your ticket, madam." She gave the old umbrella a whirl and brought it down on his head with the vim of an old-fashioned log-raising, and as he staggered aside she passed him and said:

What Makes Home Happy.

If home is the kingdom of God, and the kingdom of God home may be, it is because the spirit of God is there. It is because the woman who is the queen of that home makes home the centre of her thought, her hope and her prayer.

How many bright eyes grow dim; how many cheeks grow pale; how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness!

Good News for the Girls.

We learn that a club is being formed in Beaufort by the young men to be known as the "Yum Yum Club." The object of the club will be for charitable purposes; and, judging from the young men who have already joined, the object will be successfully carried out.

The virtue of a man ought to be measured, not by his extraordinary exertions, but by his every day conduct.

Hateful.

The death of the Confederate General, J. B. Hood, removes from the domain of the perceptible another leader in the State sovereignty rebellion, and another obstacle to the Northernization of Southern society, so essential to the unification of the national character and the prosperity of the Southern section.

If anything answering the form of a man can sink lower than this miserable piece of ignoble malice, we have failed to reach it in human history. Here is a maimed soldier literally hacked in a hundred fights, one who had retired from the field forever, seeking the support of his large family as best he could, in no way interfering with public affairs, simply living the life of a good citizen, as he promised when paroled, who falls a few days after his wife, swept away by a pestilence, leaving a large family of helpless children, and this wretch in human shape, standing afar off, utters an anathema in the presence of these distressed, forlorn little children which would shock a hyena.

There is in Kaufman, Texas, a little negro girl, about five years old, bearing in many respects a striking resemblance to a logger head turtle. The nose is hardly more than an idea, while the eyes have that peculiar and unintelligible stare as if looking everywhere and seeing nothing.

A Monstrosity.

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Naughty Blue Jeans.

Several years ago the ladies of Louisville, Ky., made a present of a suit of jeans to old "Blue Jeans" Williams, of Indiana. The other day Williams attended the inauguration of the distinguished disseminator of yellow fever and small pox, who is now Governor of Kentucky, and Williams made a speech.

This is what Robert G. Ingersoll says of the women: "I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you, as a rule, women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as men. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms."

GIRLHOOD'S PERILS.

SAFE RULE FOR YOUNG LADIES IN THEIR RELATIONS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We copied yesterday, says the Rochester Herald, a brief article from an exchange, warning young ladies to beware of favoring the attentions of men who cannot, with reason, be expected to marry them.

But among the millions who stand untaught, there are scores and hundreds who fall into the mire. Delighted with their freedom, flattered and fascinated by the attentions of well-dressed and agreeably appearing men, these are gradually thrown of their guard, and in an evil hour, by false and insidious promises usually, but sometimes through the fire and recklessness caused by wine and drugs, take the fatal step which forever separates them from their consciousness of purity, and robs them of their right to rank among the chaste and honorable women of society.

The Mania for Office

Is increasing yearly—not only in our country, but throughout the State and the United States. It is a terrible disease, and when once it gets possession of a person it never "lets up" on him until the goal has been reached or death comes in mercy and claims the victim as his own.

Smallness of the World.

Dr. Motley, after three years and a half spent in a voyage of scientific exploration around the world, says the voyage left a deep impression of the smallness of the earth's surface. We live in the depths of the atmosphere as deep as the sea animals live in the depths of the sea.

With the State of California again in the hands of the Central Pacific Railroad ring, and the city of San Francisco given over to the tender mercies of Kearney's gang, with Mayor Kallouch at their head, it is not probable that the Chinese will need a second invitation "to go."

Critic's Farm.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:

I think I met you on a "day out" and you brought up at Critic's. Well, as somebody enquires through the Times for Critic, I will just say that I accidentally stumbled upon him, and to look at his crop was the next move.

But first, let me say to Santee that he did not look well for ear marks or he would have known that Critic is no other than— Let me give him one of the ear-marks. I promised to correct all errors published in your agricultural column. I must be as good as my word."

He says: "I have this class of lands (poor sandy) to contend with." This has misled some. Critic's place is A No. 1, with only a few sandy knolls on which he is experimenting.

Soon, however, the elongated face assumed its usual proportions as we went by amber cane, black top, red top, &c., through the rows of cotton. So many cotton seed and straw, so many cotton seed and salt, so many of this, and so many of that. Don't you see the difference here? Don't you see the difference there!

Peas on the left of us, Peas on the right of us, Peas in front of us, Peas every where.

Except on a sandy knoll; here Critic failed, and he has been administering a medicine to Mr. Dukes that in this instance he didn't take himself.

The orchard—the tree in the corner, "the Curtis," fill your pockets. A few trees were suggestive of the coming Fair, and a Tantalus cup to loitering juveniles.

Poor and Proud.

Young men out of business are sometimes sadly hampered by pride. Many young men who go West take more pride than money, and bring back all the pride and no money at all.

As he sat upon the steps, on Sunday evening, he claimed the right to a kiss for every shooting star. She at first demurred, as became a modest maiden, but finally yielded.

The Washington Post says: "The South will raise this year about five million bales of cotton, two hundred thousand hogheads of sugar, and nearly six hundred million pounds of tobacco. This will be a half million more bales of cotton, twice as much sugar, and twelve million more pounds of tobacco than she ever raised before."

A man seldom improves who has no better model than himself.

On the Birthday of a Friend.

To-day, some eighteen years ago, A little flower sprang from earth; 'Twas frail, and bright and pure as snow, And spreading gladness from its birth.

Perhaps, it could not peer in grace, Those wondrous flowers of beauty rare; Or, nestling in its humble place, Be seen by those who passed it there;

Accept my verse, dearest friend; Be soft for these their measures flow; Be still a modest, gentle flower, Content to humbly live and grow;

More than Two Bales to the Acre.

Several times during the last four years we have taken occasion to call attention to the new process of cotton planting so successfully pursued by J. J. Crump, of this county.

At the usual season he plants with a view to having three stalks to a hill, and piles the clay from the bottom of the pits as deep over their tops as the supply will admit of, with a view to keeping down the grass, and then cultivates with hand and hoe, never allowing a plow to be used.

The preparation is made in December in order to subdue the fiery qualities of the fertilizer, and the holes when prepared will make at least three crops without changing their contents—the second crop generally being the best, and the first and third being about the same.

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GEN. HOOD'S CHILDREN.

"BEQUEATHED TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SOUTH."

On Tuesday we learned that Gen. J. B. Hood had his life insured for \$50,000, and this amount would come to his children at once. Desiring to be perfectly assured upon this point, and feeling that if the report were true, there was no use collecting funds for the children, we telegraphed to the New Orleans Picayune for precise information as to their condition.

"NEW ORLEANS, September 2.—General Hood left absolutely nothing. The benevolent association, the army of Northern Virginia and other parties here are at work preparing to raise a fund for the support of the children. With his dying breath he bequeathed his children to the soldiers of the South."

"And with his dying breath he bequeathed his children to the soldiers of the South!" The strong man turned in the agonies of death towards his helpless little ones, his great heart almost broken over their bereavement. His life was spent, and they were to be left penniless and alone. There was not even a mother, to whose tender care he could consign them. Their bereavement was absolute. There was no strong and helpful government to which he could appeal, for his sword had been drawn and his blood spilled in a failing cause.

And shall this precious legacy be disregarded? Poor man! he gave his sword to his country. He gave the flower of his life to its service. He gave a leg to Georgia. He gave an arm to Virginia. And now, dying in honorable poverty, he gives to his old soldiers all that he has left—his children! Will not his soldiers be proud of this trust? Will not their hearts grow tender over the care of their little ones? Shall the old hero who died, trusting his darlings to his best and only friends, have his trust betrayed? Never! These children are the children of the South and the old soldiers will take care of them.

Now, there will be five thousand soldiers, or the sons of soldiers, who will read this article to-day. Let every man who reads it sit down and send something to the fund. One dollar from each man will be enough! That will make a liberal fund. Then let every man who was a soldier—let every man whose heart went out to the soldiers—let every man who loves the brave or pities the helpless—send at least one dollar to the fund for General Hood's children! Send at once. Let every man respond! The Georgia fund must reach \$10,000!—Atlanta Constitution.

Of course the Administration is "gratified" with the result of the California election. We do not consider it within the range of probability that anything will happen this fall that will not "gratify" the de facto President. We fully expect him to weep tears of joy when Ewing's election to the governorship of Ohio is announced on the 15th of next month.

Don't live in hope with your arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulder to the wheel that propels them to wealth and happiness. Cut this out and carry it about with you in your vest pocket, ye who idle in saloons or at the corners of the streets.

An exchange says: "Kerosene will make tea kettles shine as bright as new." "Yes," remarked another paper, "kerosene will do wonders; it will make a house shine so it can be seen for miles but it is terribly destructive to paint."

The numerical disproportion between the sexes is becoming greater every year. It is thought the census of 1880 will be so remarkable in this respect as to dishearten most single women under thirty.