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The Orangeburg Democrat.

JOB OFFICE

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF

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Job Printing

Political Absorbents.

There is a greed for office all over the country—North and South, East and West—which bids fair to engulf us all, people and office-holders, in one common ruin.

The Virtuous Man.

Mortal man is made up of contradictions. Inclining always to friendship, from the want he finds in himself of friends, he not only compassionates with the sufferer, but relieves the necessities, finding in himself complacency and satisfaction, whether his turn be to receive or to confer an obligation.

Justice.

Justice has been represented by a female figure blindfolded, holding in her hand a beam and scales exactly poised. The meaning is, that in its weights and measures it neither gives a particle too much nor too little.

How Women Read Newspapers.

Somebody says that one who will watch a woman read a newspaper will get some new ideas of the characteristics of the gentle sex. She takes it up hurriedly, begins to scan it over rapidly, as though she was hunting some particular thing; but she is not.

From High Life to Low.

A good-looking young woman, well dressed and bearing an infant in her arms, with a trunk packed with fine clothing as her baggage, made her appearance at a house in Casswell County, N. C., recently, and applied for the position of cook. She was given a place, and did her duty well.

Childhood's Careless Sunny Hours.

Careless childhood's moments, Ah! how swiftly do they fly, Leaving hearts now bleeding, groaning, 'Neath the burden of a sigh.

Ohio.

If a Democrat were to receive the 137 electoral votes of the South, and then receive California, New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut and Delaware, he would have but 176 votes. It requires 186 to elect. What does this show? Ohio is gone, in all probability.

An Explanation in Order.

The Abbeville Press and Banner makes the following serious charge: "Comptroller General Hagood has been accused of raising the assessment on the lands of Abbeville County in an arbitrary and unwarranted way, which did great injustice to the people of that county.

The Mothers.

They are motherless! Oh, gently, gently, keep back those bitter words. Avert that cold, cruel stare; see you not the tearful eye? Alas! that sorrow should ever make a child's heart his home!

Angels Unaware.

Old Parson Happy was one of the old-time circuit riders, whose rough exterior and uncouth ways often obscured his true goodness of heart. One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a rude cabin near by, he knocked at the door.

A Burglar's Kiss.

Sometime ago several burglars effected an entrance to a house in Montreal. They wandered through the house, collecting all the valuable clothing they could find, rolled it up and threw it out of the window. They found their way into the bed-room, where Mr. Mernard, the man of the house, and his wife, were asleep.

Too Many Offices.

The Camden Journal makes the following complaint: "When the Radicals were in power in the State, the cry was there were too many offices, taxes were too high and the burden was too heavy to be borne.

One Way to Get Rich.

Nothing is easier than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get all you can and save all you get—to stint yourself and everybody belonging to you—to be the friend of no man and have no man for your friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment, death comes to finish the work, the body is buried in a hole, and the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?

It has been proved that the strength, care, and thought expended by the average house-wife, in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up to two inches, would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile, and raise a thousand dollar mortgage out of sight.

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An Irish Verdict.

The most original verdict was that of an Irish jury before whom a prisoner pleaded "Guilty," throwing himself on the mercy of the court. The verdict was "Not guilty." The judge, in surprise, exclaimed, "Why, he has confessed his crime!"

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It just amounts to this—either the tax payers of Abbeville in making their returns on oath swore falsely, or General Johnson Hagood is wrong. He is a bold man, and that is a bold newspaper, that would sustain the act of one man, even if he is a Comptroller-General, against the truthfulness of a whole county.

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A young lady's hat blew off Saturday morning and was run over by a broad-wheeled cart. The ribbons were somewhat soiled, but the hat is now the very latest fall shape.

The South and the Presidency.

A dispatch from Washington to the New York Times furnishes this bit of gossip in reference to the Presidency: "Senator Vance, of North Carolina, says that the general sentiment of North Carolina and of the South is unfavorable to the nomination of Tilden for the Presidency."

An Arkansas Way.

Two young men in Lonoke, Ark., procured licenses to marry the same girl on the same day. She lived four miles out of town, and was not considered a coquette. It was a case of 'first come, first served.'

A Leadville jury, last week, becoming disgusted with the "asses" admitted to themselves, as well as to the lawyers and witnesses, by the Judge, ordered the sheriff to lock the latter up for a couple of weeks, "just to take some of the style out of him," as the foreman expressed it.

All who have examined copies of newspapers printed fifty years ago have noted the dearth of local news in the columns of such papers. But when we think a moment and realize that there were no mowing machines nor steam machinery in those days, the wonder at the absence of such news ceases, and we speculate as to whether there was any encouragement in printing a newspaper fifty years ago anyway.—Rome Sentinel.

An exchange says that Paul II. Hayne, the poet, thinks of making his home in the North, saying that the South shows little appreciation of letters and gives no encouragement to the professional literary man. It has been for some weeks with Whit-tier in Ossipee, N. H., and has enjoyed the hospitality of Longfellow and others in Boston.