

The Orangeburg Democrat.

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An Example to be Followed.

In one of the towns of central Iowa there resides a wealthy banker whose eldest daughter has but recently become engaged to be married.

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In order that her work may be systematic, she is allowed a certain sum of money each month with which to supply the table, and as a special inducement to the exercise of economy all that can be saved therefrom is placed in her private account for individual use.

Not long since she was heard to remark that it is really astonishing to discover the many ways of economizing possible to woman; and as an instance of her own experience, said she frequently found, for some expensive dish desired, that something else equally as wholesome and fully as palatable, could be furnished at half the cost.

The father often accompanies her to market and instructs her in the selection of vegetables, the cutting of meats, etc., showing such as are suitable for different purposes, and how to avoid wasteful and unwholesome purchases.

Does not this little sketch contain a valuable suggestion for the benefit of other parents? This young lady will gain in less than one year, at an expenditure of probably one-third the vital energy required in the school room, knowledge that will contribute a thousand fold more to the happiness of those depending upon her in the future, than any amount of school training could possibly do.

It always takes the sunshine out of a man's soul to put on his winter underclothes and then the first day turn out to be warm enough to justify a small boy in going swimming.

Story of a Woman's Devotion.

The Indianapolis Sentinel relates this: Twenty years ago there was a wedding. The bride was of good family, and she loved her husband with the characteristic devotion of a wife.

Just Sentiments.

Ex-Gov. Chamberlain, of Maine, recently delivered a speech in that State, at the dedication of a monument to the memory of Union soldiers, that is a just and fitting rebuke to the men who are laboring to keep up the war feeling in the county.

A Married Pair who Never Scold.

An ex-mayor of St. Louis asked his wife to convey some real property that he desired to sell, and she surprised and angered him by refusing. He swore that, unless she complied, he would never speak to her again, and she was still obdurate.

Niggers.

The ridiculous fancy of niggers for the word "colored" is one of the strangest phenomena of the times. You may kick a nigger from New Orleans to St. Paul and back if you only call him a "colored gentleman."

C. P. Leslie Heard From.

The Sumter Watchman publishes the following extract from a letter received by a Republican in that town from a colored man named Stuart, recently removed from that place to Kansas.

The Partner for Life.

Many a man has seen his choice for a partner in life in the humble girl far beneath him in the opinion of the world, and although love and pride might have struggled with him for a while, yet pride triumphed, and he sought one from the higher walks of life.

Death by a Cotton Gin.

On Wednesday last, while working at a cotton gin, Mr. Calhoun Huff, a young man well and favorably known throughout the lower portion of Greenville county, and son of the late Louis Huff, met with a sudden death.

Goods Are Going Up.

We have information from business houses at the North that all classes of goods have gone up from 10 to 15 per cent, on early fall prices. This is always so. As soon as cotton goes up and the business circles at the North are pretty well assured of it, goods are at once put up to take in the extra profits of the planter.

Nobility of Farming

Ex Governor Horatio Seymour, addressing the farmers at a fair in Oneida county, N. Y., the other day, said: "I am not much of a farmer, and have little right to stand before you as such; but I brought over here for exhibition some potatoes that certainly exceed my speech."

No Objection to Women.

The Harvard Lampoon publishes a speech made by Deacon Hardhead, of Podunk Farms, at a debate on female suffrage: "I dunno," said the deacon, "as there's any objection to the wimmin's runnin' the deestrict schools. But as to givin' 'em any right to make laws, both Scripture an' common sense is clean agn it."

Why is It?

Editor Orangeburg Democrat: Will the DEMOCRAT be so kind as to answer a few simple questions: Why is it that the Orangeburg Times is so mild in its sayings about Mr. George Boliver? I noticed in the last municipal election he seemed to have been a popular candidate on one side, but the Times had but little to say about it, whereas your paper came out in full blast and gave us all the desired particulars.

How Ladies Kiss

Two ladies meet. They pucker their mouths into an angular protuberance, and cocking their heads to one side, as a hen will before picking up a grain of corn, two faces, full of unpeppable resignation and inflexible devotion to duty, approximate, touch and retire.

Keep it to Yourself.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly.

A Double-Headed Woman.

Milly Christine, the double-headed woman, although not a particularly attractive person, has had five offers of marriage during her life. Count Rosbud, one of the midgets, is in love with the nightingale on account of her winning ways and accomplishments, and would marry her to-morrow if she would consent.

Sensible and True.

"Senator Bayard," says the New York Herald, "is coming to the Democratic front. If one state is as good as another, according to Democratic doctrine, why is not a Senator from Delaware or Rhode Island as good as a Senator from Colorado or Texas? and if Senator Bayard is a good man, why not Georgia give him her vote as readily as if he were from Illinois? This may not be politics, but it is common sense."

You'll Never Guess.

I know two eyes, two soft, brown eyes, Two eyes as sweet and dear As ever danced with gay surprise, Or melted with a tear;

Not so Much of a Shower.

As the official vote of Ohio shows, the triumph of Foster was not such a Waterloo as the Republicans hoped for and the Democrats at first conceded. The total vote for Governor is stated officially at 668,337, of which Foster, Republican, received 336,261; Ewing, Democrat, 319,132; Stewart, Prohibition, 4,145, and Platt, National, 9,129.

A Norristown Story.

An exchange tells of a man who turned gray in an hour. He slipped from the side of a canyon, and catching a protruding rock, his body was suspended in the air a thousand feet above the roaring waters of the Arkansas.

The Theological Seminary.

The condition of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Columbia has evoked a lively discussion in the Georgia Synod. An Augusta paper says "certain leading questions by Mr. Gordon, of Savannah, and Dr. Irvine, of Augusta, Ga., brought out the sad information that the funds of the Seminary had been woefully depressed by the loss of ten thousand dollars, through the failure of a bogus and bankrupt factory in Alabama, seventeen thousand dollars by the failure of a commercial house in Augusta, Ga., and very recently by the failure of a house in Charleston the Board of Trustees had lost twenty-five thousand dollars, making, in all, a loss of fifty-two thousand dollars."

"Going to the Fair."

Beautiful and bright was the big day of the Fair, and of course all wanted to go. Our kind hearted Professor gave his pupils the day and expected all would attend. The result of which was, that before night had thrown her sable curtain over our land, fathers and mothers were surrounded by pleading hopefuls. We drew a long breath and thanked kind Heaven that such things do not come often. It is really an exciting time when such things as Fairs, Camp-meetings, etc., are to take place, even in our country home. Fathers and mothers, the feeble as well as the strong, are aroused by the youngest perils of the little brood, in order that they may arrive at the Fair in due time. Early breakfast must be had, lunch baskets fixed, conveyances made ready, clothes laid out, and as the kind hearted mother is busying herself in these essential preparations, her ears assure her that she is not alone in the great hub-bub for the Fair. Coachman and nurses are warned that they will be left or are too late. Self pride is seen, heard or felt. One by one the young Americans sally forth from their apartments, all arrayed in their Sunday best, and as proud as young roosters with their first spurs; and you can judge how important they feel from the manner in which their shoe heels meet the floor. The young lassies and ladies are perplexed about this or that dress, bows, curls, puffs, etc., and as they often ask, "how do I look?" or "how does this suit you?" they remind some of that beautiful tame fowl that when the sun is bright they delight to look at their gay plumage, but to others they are as sweet as transparent pies, and as fair as fresh blown roses. All made ready now, the where-with to get into the Fair must be had, the last desire of the youthful Fair-goer. Of course each has his idea how much he must have, or what will be required to make the day a gala one. The young ladies, plished, fathers and mothers, having been worked up to a high key, may now gradually descend, and thank God that their household does not consist of a baker's dozen. Parting advices good-byes, and kisses are given from their dear mother who hopes they will spend a pleasant day, and they are off. Mother may now rest her weary and excited self, for well she knows what the night will bring. This, Mr. Editor, is a fair picture in some of our country homes when the Fair comes off. The sights, the awful or pleasing sights they will see at the fair, a recital of which each must give for themselves. Hard indeed is the parental heart which does not delight in the sweet and innocent prattle and enjoyments of their offspring. 'Tis then we forget the bustle and weary excitement of the morning, and almost regret that these pastimes do not come oftener. We are sad, then glad, we are weary, then rested, we sigh and then rejoice. Such is life. And while our thoughts delight to dwell on the fleeting enjoyments of earth, we sigh to think and are impressed with these solemn thoughts, how foolishly some make the great preparation for that fair land of everlasting rest, where pleasure never dies. A. M. R. OAK GROVE, Oct. 31st, 1879.

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