

# The Orangeburg News.

COMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

NUMBER 32.

"Quick, there is no time to be lost; the child shall have my life-preserver, and it will float her easily. Yonder is another ship, I have been watching it for the last five minutes. It will reach us in half an hour at least. There, that I fastened securely; now little girl I am going to throw you into the water. You are not afraid?"

"No, no, but my papa!"

The father caught her frantically in his arms. "My darling Eva, you may never see your papa again, but do not fear, God will guard you, somebody will find you, and care for you. If you never see papa again, remember he is with dear mama in heaven."

"Has she no relations?" asked the stranger.

"None in this country, I am from England, and traveling for her health."

"Take that pin from your bosom, and fasten it upon her clothing."

"Heaven help you for the thought," said the father, and in a moment the square and compass was glistening on the bosom of the child. Then the stranger took her from the father's arms, saying, "I am stronger than you. She must be cast beyond the reach of those poor drowning wretches or they will rob her of her life-preserver."

The white drapery fluttered through the air, sunk below the waves, and then rising, floated lightly on the waters. James Durant turned to the stranger with a tearful eye. "May God bless and preserve you, noblest of men. But you as well as myself must now be lost."

"No, I am a good swimmer, and here is a piece of board with which you can sustain yourself until relief arrives."

The father cast another glance upon the white speck floating rapidly away, and with an inward "God preserve her," sprang into the sea, followed by the stranger but the two floated in opposite directions, and they saw each other no more.

Two hours later James Durant awoke from the sleep of death, and found himself in the cabin of a strange ship, with kind and sympathizing faces all about him. In a moment he realized all that had passed, and said eagerly, though feebly, "My child, my little Eva; is she safe?" The was no response, and a low moan escaped the father's lips.

"Courage sir," said a lady with tearful eyes, "some of the passengers were saved by another ship." The father's countenance lighted, "God grant she may be safe."

Mr. Durant recovered his usual strength in a few hours, and sought among the saved for the stranger who had proved himself so true a Masonic brother, but he was not to be found. "He must be on the other ship," said Mr. Durant to himself, and he will care for Eva."

But both ships were in port at New York on the following day, and although Mr. Durant found the stranger who had so befriended him—and who proved to be a Mr. Wadsworth, worth, from a Southern city—Eva had been seen by no one, and was given up as lost.

## CHAPTER II.

"Here, wife, is a child that has just been washed upon the beach. She is cold and stiff, but I think she is not dead. Let us have some warm flannels immediately, and tell Thomas to run for Dr. Hunt."

It was long before the quivering flashes and feeble fluttering of the heart gave token that success would crown the efforts of Eva's rescuers, but by and by the lids parted and revealed two large liquid sky-blue eyes, that wandered from face to face in a bewildered way, and then closed wearily.

"I fear she will not recover very rapidly," said the doctor. "She has a delicate constitution, and will require the best of care."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Turner, "I do not wonder she is nearly dead; but who can she be? some terrible accident must have occurred at sea."

"You had better examine her clothing," said the doctor, "perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress, and turned it over and over. The square and compass placed upon it by Mr. Durant, flashed upon the eyes of all at once. The doctor and Mr. Turner looked at each other but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not see the tears that glistened in her husband's eyes.

The doctor's fears that Eva would not recover rapidly, proved to be well-founded, days and weeks of fever succeeded her awakening to life, during which she talked incoherently of "papa," and "poor dear mama," and of "the burning ship," and of "hunger." But finally she awoke to consciousness, and asked many questions as to where she was, and how she came in that strange room, and who were those that attended her, but Dr. Hunt forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

How interested were all in the little convalescent whom the elements had cast into the little sea-board town. The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes, or such beautiful curls, while the gentleman seemed not less interested, and brought

her gifts of every thing that might please a childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child; "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I knew your name is Eva, but I want to know the rest of your name, your father's name."

"Eva Durant. Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes. Now I want you to tell me all you can remember about your father and mother." Eva's eyes filled with tears.

"O, sir, my mama died, and went to live with the angels. And I do not know where papa is, he said if I never saw him again I must know that he had gone to mama."

"Where were you when your father told you this?"

"On the ship; and oh, the fire burned me so, and papa held me in his arms until a strange man took me and tied something under my arms, and threw me into the water, and I have not seen papa since. Oh, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

"No, dear child, but perhaps we may yet find him."

And this was all that Eva's new friend could discover. It was plain she had come from the ship that had been burned a few weeks before, that she had been cast upon the sea and had floated to the shore, but where was her father! had he been saved, and was he searching for his child? Every possible effort was now made to find him. The circumstances of the case, with the statement of the child, were published fully in the newspapers of the neighboring cities, but the grief-stricken father believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became settled in the minds of Eva's protectors, that he had perished. But the little one still prattled of her "papa," and said he would come by and by, and those who believed differently would not pain her by contradiction.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing was regarded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren, to care for his child. So it came to pass, that Eva became, as it were, the especial charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 93. Mr. Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W—, requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the brethren, in lodge assembly, declared by vote, that Eva should be reared, educated and protected by the Lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in brother Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by and Eva became a healthy, joyous child, fitting like a sunbeam here and there, and every where meeting the warmest of welcome. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone, always bidding the Tyler "take good care of Pa Turner, and send him home early."

## CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife, and the loss of his child, passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country of the world, seeking, amid scenes of natural beauty and grandeur, as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest that could never be found. Once more he turned his steps toward America, and sought his Masonic friend, Mr. Wadsworth. Finding that gentleman about setting out with his family on a journey to the Atlantic coast, Mr. Durant accepted the urgent invitation to accompany them. To Saratoga and Niagara, then to New York, where, leaving the ladies, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery, and the quiet hospitality that greeted them, more than the crowded hotels and fashionable style of the popular watering places. Fancy, and the kind hand of Providence, at length led them to the little town of B—, and the second evening after their arrival, they visited the Masonic Lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these brethren from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the Lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren, I have traveled much and long, I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and every where is Masonry substantially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, and I remain but a short time in any one town or country, but my name is recorded in an English Lodge. I love my English brethren, for they first brought me 'from darkness to light,' and I love English soil, for with it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love America also, for here have I found the warmest of welcome, the kindest of brethren: And, too, my only child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shores of your beautiful village."

"Six years have passed since this dear friend and brother robbed himself of his life-preserver,

or that my little Eva might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that heaven would send her relief. But she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to speak further he seated himself and covered his face with his hands.

Glances of surprise and pleasure were cast from one to another, among the brethren of Hiram Lodge. No one spoke, however, but all eyes turned upon the Master, Mr. Turner. For a moment he seemed reflecting, then taking a slip of paper from the Secretary, he wrote:

"Mrs. Turner, do not allow Eva to retire until I return home, tell her I am going to bring a strange gentleman who wishes to see her." And calling to the Junior Deacon, Mr. Turner gave him the note, saying in a low voice, "Take this to Mrs. Turner, immediately."

"Why Eva," said Mrs. Turner, when she had read the message, "you are going to have company. A strange gentleman is at the lodge-room who wishes to see you. Who can it be?"

Eva looked perplexed and thoughtful, suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eyes lighted, and clapping her little hands she sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh, it must be papa! no one else could wish to see me, no one in the world," and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's intention she had passed the threshold and was sitting through the moonlight toward the lodge-room. The Tyler looked amazed when Eva burst into the ante-room, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing with joy and excitement.

"Do not stop me, I am going in," she exclaimed. But the inner door was fastened, and the impatient Eva nearly cried with vexation. "Wait a moment," said the Tyler, who having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child, "wait a moment, and will I send your request to Mr. Turner. He will come out and see you."

"I shall not wait, I do not want to see Mr. Turner; I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed Tyler to himself, but calling out the Deacon he bade him say that Eva was there and determined to get into the lodge-room. The Deacon went to the East and delivered his message in a low tone, and a moment after moved "that the craft be called from labor to refreshment." "Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the Tyler to let her come."

And Eva did come, or rather bound into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the centre of the room, and stood beside the altar; and half poised upon one tiny foot, she scanned rapidly the faces of all. Her eager eyes soon detected the strangers who were seated beside each other, and for a moment she seemed irresolute, then darting forward with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, "Oh, papa," my dear papa, you have come at last, you were not burned in the ship." We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of a fond father, and will allow them also to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the brethren of Hiram Lodge, were caused by sympathy with the happiness of their little charge, or grief that they should lose one whom all had learned to love so well.

## VARIOUS.

### How a Wool Hat is Made.

Most of our readers often inquire "What is the process of making hats." To satisfy in a measure, this oft repeated wonder on the part of the wondering, we propose to give in detail the *modus operandi* of making wool felt hats, in doing which, we shall commence at the first operation performed in Danbury.

We take the load of wool as it comes from the cars, and follow it to its destination at the factory, and then proceed with it through all the phases of labor it is subjected to, until it comes out a handsome hat, gracing the head of the young man we have just passed. While this load, containing several hundred pounds of wool, is going to the factory of E. Sturdevant, about one mile from the village, we will take an opportunity to make a few observations about it, which may not be uninteresting to our readers. We notice that some of the bales are longer than others, extending over the sides of the wagon, which we wager contain American pulled wool, while those other bales neatly bound with iron hoops, and pressed together not unlike baled hay, hail, undoubtedly, from the Cape of Good Hope or Australia; and a dirty lot of stuff it is, too, as will be seen when they unbalance it. We have reached the factory, and passed with the wool to the basement. Here we encounter the superintendent who kindly promises to help us

in our search after a knowledge of hats. With an eye to business, he takes up a handful of the greasy, dirty wool, reeking with the flavor of a ship hold, and applying it to his nose, exclaims with an air of inexplicable satisfaction, "that smells old," and thus we learn that age is a desirable quality. We see the wool passed to the washer, and watch him while he souses armful of it, into a vat of hot suds. Then he takes it out, and puts it into another vat of cold water, where by the motion of the liquid, as it rushes into the vat, the wool tests and tumbles, until the greasy and dirty mass of Australian clay and wool combined, becomes nearly as white as snow, and what a waste. Of every three pounds thus washed, only one pound is saved: two pounds is dirt shipped from Australia, several thousand miles, for no earthly use but to be washed out, and floated down Still River. By the side of the wool tub, is a crate waiting to receive the wool.

Into this it is now placed, and passed up to the very top story, where it is thinly spread and frequently shaken up, until it is dry. From here it is taken to the picking room, where it undergoes a thorough picking, by being run under a cylinder filled with steel fingers or pickers, which cleverly separate the knots and twists which may have remained in the material since it was pulled from the dead sheep in Australia. Remember, this is pulled wool, requiring the daily slaughter of thousands of the innocents, to supply the demand for what our forefathers called "pug hats."

While speculating upon the probable cheapness of mutton in Australia, the wool is removed to another apartment called the carding room, where it undergoes another process, that of being transformed into the finest fleecy down. It is a noisy room. The machinery makes a whirling, buzzing sound as it rapidly takes in the material fed to it. There is a feed table at one end of the forming machine, and here a boy stands to spread out the wool, and give it in proper quantities to the jaws of iron and steel. You see it disappear; you see the whirling of the workers and strippers, but you know nothing more of the wool, until you pass to the opposite end of the machine and then you behold it winding out in a fine gossamer web, more airy and more wonderful than the finest web you may have seen spun in the grass on an Autumn morning. You watch with considerable interest a mere lad, as he guides this delicate sheet over a large cone. Over its surface the web winds its way; lapping here and changing there as the huge cone rolls over and over, and vibrates to and fro, in order to receive the delicate mass in equal proportion on every side until the surface is completely enclosed with layers of it, when the lad quickly severs the link, at the base of the double cone. One half of the material is then slipped over one end of the cone, and then, in a twinkling, he slips the remaining half over the other end, even while the web is commencing to wind anew for the formation of the layer to the next two hats. The hats thus formed are laid into a scale, and the exact balance justifies his judgment. It requires considerable precision in the operator. Every style of hat requires a certain weight, and this must be uniform. The weight varies from three to five ounces, according to the quality of hat. Our wool has now assumed a soft downy form. It is so frail and delicate, that the touch of a novice would mar its beauty and impair its usefulness; and yet how seemingly careless the workmen handle it, as they pile up the hats twelve deep—just the dozen—and from this time they keep other company; a dozen together, by the hundreds and thousands of dozens. How rapidly these hats in embryo come from the machines. One after another they follow in pairs in rapid succession, at the rate of fifteen to twenty dozen per day, from each machine, or from one hundred to one hundred and twenty dozen daily, from the factory. The next operation we witness is that of hardening or bastening. To do this a piece of cotton cloth, similar shape to an apron, is placed inside the hat, and acts as a preventive to the two sides adhering to each other. Then it is placed under a board called a "jigger," which is pressed down upon the hat body. To this board is given a very rapid short motion, by the application of machinery, by which motion the material is felted together, until it is brought to the consistency of coarse flannel, still preserving the conical form it assumed at the forming machine, with a surface of two or three feet. What a singular looking thing for a hat, is the exclamation of the sight seer. Place it upon your head, and the things falls droopingly downwards, beyond your shoulders and almost to your finger ends. Cut off the top of it, to allow your head and shoulders to pass clear through, and it falls down so as to encase you like a skirt, with the same form. The next operation is to reduce that conical shaped blanket to a size for a hat or jockey. This is done in another room, where it goes through a felting and fulling process. The hats are placed in a vat of liquid, and are subject to a

boating process by two great sledge hammers

of wood, which alternately rise and fall. After this performance the hats are opened and unfolded, and undergo a close examination to see if the felting is progressing successfully. As he opens the almy flimsy bodies, we perceive that they have become greatly reduced in size, although retaining their conical shape. A beautiful process is this felting. By the action of motion, heat and water, each fibre is brought closely together, and so firmly knitted that they will not part, until the wear and usage of its future owner crumple them to pieces. Hour after hour does this felting and fulling process continue, until the bodies are so small that you can but comfortably draw them over your head. All the time performing this contradiction of terms, "growing smaller." We pass to another room, where around a set of planks fastened together in an octagonal form, with a kettle of boiling water in the centre, stand a group of workmen, who take the felted hats, and dipping them into the water, stretch and pull them over blocks of wood, neatly turned to the exact size and shape required for the hat when completed. This process is called "boating" by hatters, but lookers on find more satisfaction in calling it "boating." It certainly requires some service to enable these workmen to dip their hands so frequently in the boiling fluid. The next place we visit is the drying room, where the hats are thrown into a kettle of liquid, and colored black. Hats of a lighter shade are generally died in the wool. After this is done, the hats are again blocked, and then taken to the drying room. When dry they are assorted into dozens of different sizes and qualities, the assorter being directed by peculiar notches cut in the edge of the hat, at a former stage of the work. From the drying room we follow the hats to the finishing department where they receive the polishing touches. The hats are for a third time drawn over a block, and a hot iron dexterously applied to its surface, the heat taking out the wrinkles in the crown, flattening the brim, and giving the hat shape and comeliness. It is then slipped upon a revolving spindle, performing several thousand revolutions per minute, while is applied to the surface of the hats a piece of very fine emery paper, which gives the hats a beautiful velvety appearance. The hats are now ready for the finishing touches, which are given them in the trimming room, where girls are employed. In this department are employed both hand and machine work. Here the linings are put into the hats, and the band and binding put on, and also the ornaments, if any are used. The "trimming room" is better known, and to it more pleasant memories are attached, than to any other department in the manufacture of hats. We pass here long enough to remark, that some of our wealthiest ladies were once hat trimmers. Our final stopping place is the packing room, where the hats, separately enclosed in paper boxes are laid away by dozens in wooden cases, and are now ready for shipment to market.

Thus have we closely followed the steadily advancing fortunes of our new acquaintance, the Wool, and seen it emerge from slay and grease into a handsome and useful addition to the comfort of man.—Danbury (Conn.) Times.

### A Catechism for the Times.

- First class stand up.
- Q. Where on the map is New Africa?
  - A. In North America.
  - Q. What is the capital?
  - A. Washington.
  - Q. Where is the United States?
  - A. Rubbed out.
  - Q. Who rubbed it out?
  - A. The Fortieth Congress.
  - Q. Do they allow white men to vote?
  - A. In some parts of the country.
  - Q. Have they any naturalisation laws?
  - A. They have.
  - Q. To whom do they apply?
  - A. Simply to white men.
  - Q. Who is the strongest man?
  - A. Sambo.
  - Q. Who is the most far-seeing man?
  - A. Ben Butler.
  - Why so?
  - A. Because he saw silver spoons all the way from New Orleans to Lowell.

Kellogg, one of the carpet-bag senators from Louisiana, sends his constituents bad news. In a recent letter from Washington, he writes that "the Radical ticket has a very slim chance of success," and that "the Northern people are more enthusiastic for Seymour and Blair than they have been in any previous canvass for the nominees of any party."

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.  
**FRANCIS P. BLAIR.**  
OF MISSOURI.

### STATE ELECTORAL TICKET.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE:  
GENERAL J. D. KENNEDY,  
OF KERSHAW.  
COLONEL J. P. THOMAS,  
OF RICHLAND.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:  
COLONEL R. F. GRAHAM,  
OF MARION.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:  
GENERAL B. H. RUTLEDGE,  
OF CHARLESTON.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:  
COLONEL A. C. HASKRILL,  
OF ABBEVILLE.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT:  
COLONEL E. C. McLUCKIE,  
OF CHESTER.

### SELECTED STORY.

#### EVA DURANT.

BY MRS. ADELE HAZLETT.

#### CHAPTER I.

Faster and faster spread the flames, and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery sheet. Men and women rushed madly over the sides to meet a quicker but less painful death. The boats, with one exception, had been overloaded and capsized. There were hasty prayers, and death-bowed vulture-like over his victims, some clung desperately to the vessel's side, some supported themselves in the water by articles snatched hastily from the ship, and with which they had leaped wildly into the sea. The captain sang out through his trumpet, "Take heart and sustain yourselves as long as possible. A ship is coming to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms. His eye swept the horizon in search of the ship to which the captain had alluded. He discovered it at length, but it was at least four miles away. The flames had nearly reached him. Before the ship could arrive, they must be burned to death, or, if he sprang, as others had, down into the water, both he and the child would be drowned, for he was not a swimmer.

The little arms were twined about his neck, the pale cheek rested confidently against his own, but the brave little girl did not tremble. "Oh, my God, is there no help?" cried the despairing father, as the flames swept nearer, and he felt that his present position could be held but little longer.

"Here, give the child to me and I will save her," and turning quickly, Mr. Durant stood face to face with a stranger who held a life-preserver in his hand.