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RESCUE FOR RESCUE.
BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.
"Some day, my dear fellow, if life and health are spared me, I will repay you for this."
"You put entirely too much upon an action that any man would have done. But between us, Martin Peter, there is the strongest possible bond of friendship and next to relationship."
"And you can soon claim even that. When you, Clark Wilbur, and my sister Ettie are married we will indeed be brothers as we have long been in heart. But about the brave deed you have done do not think I shall ever forget or look upon it in the same light manner you would have me. It was at the risk of your own life that you saved me and that too when your happy wedding day was so near."
"I wish you would speak no more of it!" and the brave man blushed at praise even more than at the mention of his love. "I tell you it was but a little thing—not more than any other would have done—than you would have done for me and I don't want you to make a mountain out of a molehill, Mart."
"You are altogether too modest, but if you won't let my lips give the praise you richly deserve, those of Ettie shall do it with interest."
"There—there! Be quiet now. You are excited and nervous. I own it was something of a danger we passed through—a trifle—but not so much as you would have me share appear. But you need rest and if you must talk about it, wait until you have recovered your strength and calmness. Go to sleep if you can. I will come and see you again after a little."
"But remember that if ever an opportunity comes, I will give my life for you as freely as you would have done yours for me."
Light as Wilbur would have made the matter appear he had in reality dared very much in saving his friend. There had been a great and sudden freshet in the river—both were engaged in fishing—the one had missed his footing and gone down between the grinding splintering whirling logs when the other had thrown himself boldly in—offered himself to the almost certainty of a horrible death, and at last dragged his bruised and nearly drowned friend to a place of safety.
Then shrieking from the applause of his class, who knew far better than any theirs could possibly do, the risk he had run he had carried Peters home.
Ettie Peters felt very proud of her lover, as she listened to her brother, while propped up with pillows in an easy chair he told her of the danger that Clark Wilbur had encountered in rescuing him from what would have been certain death.
"Clark Wilbur had been successful in stopping the words of praise of the man he could not do so with his sister. With the impulsiveness of her warm and true heart, and for a time in her excitement all the coyness of girlishd Ettie Peters threw her arms around the neck of her lover when they met, and made his many lips and bronzed cheeks tingle with her kisses. And in vain he endeavored to make light of his daring. She would none of it. If love had been transfused up the strong-armed man into an idol he now became a hero—one and the same in her eyes and heart.
"I would have done far more, Ettie," he said, "if only for your sake." But Martin said, "I have always been like brothers. He would not have hesitated had he seen me in like danger, nor would the rest."
"Hush," she replied placing her little hand over his mouth. "I will not hear you take away a single iota from the noble deed you have done. As for the rest, they are cowards," and her red lips curled scornfully. "I know it all. They stood trembling on the bank while you rushed in alone, and good heaven! if you should have perished," and her bright blue eyes filled with tears as even the thought of such a bitter calamity drifted over her mind.
"Ah Ettie, you magnify the danger on account of your love."
"I do not—do not," and she continued her praise in terms he could not resist.
"And who would have wished to have dared so. Any man would have dared very much to have been so rewarded by a beautiful girl. It was worth more

than all other worldly fame, and William was far from being proof against it.
It drew them still nearer together, broke down even the semblance or reserve that existed between them, and made their communion more sweet. But more than all, it gave to the man the opportunity to compass what he desired—an early wedding day; and when they returned to see the brother, the hour had been appointed and all of suspense was at an end in their hearts.
Love and danger had for once almost joined hands to smooth the path and hasten the time of human happiness.
It was only until the brother sufficiently recovered that the marriage should be consummated and that came fully as soon as the most ardent nature could have wished. The frame of Martin Peters was no punny one and exercise had made his muscles and nerves like iron. It would have required a much greater shock, much more severe injuries, to have confined him for any length of time and his recovery came so soon that the lovers were scarcely prepared. But there was far more of heart than fashion in their wooing and would be in their marriage and after life and upon the appointed day they breathed the vows that would bind them until death shall part.
A few months of extreme happiness passed for their moon of honey was not to be measured by the silver one of the skies, and the flowers that had wreathed the head of the bride had (figuratively) not faded nor lost their perfume, though the chilling winds of a long winter had blown over them.
With the spring came a change. Not in their lives, but in their plans for the future life—for sowing the seed that would yield a harvest for their age—or the gaining of wealth. The California fever had just broken out, and they at once determined to take advantage of it, and making their preparations were among the first to start.
Being partners in the venture and dressing in the same fashion as well as being of about the same height, and having beard, hair, and eyes of the same color, they looked very much alike—more so, even than is usual with brothers. This was so much the case as to be the subject of remark among their companions, and strangers were frequently puzzled as to their identity.
And on this hung the startling, uncommen life saving and death-seeking episode of their future.
The journey was necessarily made in company, and that company in these early days was the very reverse of select, and many were forced into companionship they would not only have been ashamed of, but have avoided at home. This many found out when too late—found that they were daily brought into association with those with whom they were not only disgusted, but stood in fear of, and bore the burden as best they might, hoping for a short journey and then a final separation.
Such knowledge came to Peters and Wilbur and both saw that they were destined to be the companions of rough men of the very worst character and whose conversation told of even far blacker deeds than those twin males with gambling upon the frontier—of deeds that had left a crimson stain where they had been enacted—deeds of robbery and murder. But even this would have caused but little uneasiness had another thing not been coupled with it. They saw, to their alarm, that envious and longing eyes were cast upon the rosy and happy face of the young wife—that she was coveted by more than one of the lawless men.
Nothing, however, could be done but to conceal their suspicions and watch them more narrowly, though determined to resent the slightest approach of insult, and confident in their ability to protect her at all hazards and firm in the belief that there was enough of good in the party to secure justice—and that hour came far sooner than they expected.
When far beyond the limits of civilization—out of reach of any party of emigrants, in the midst of a wilderness of prairie, the young husband and wife wandered away, one on foot, from the wagons, for a walk. It had already grown dusk, but the fire light was too plain to permit their getting lost, and when at a little distance, they sat down to converse, as they could not do in the crowd. Then for the first time, Ettie gave utterance to the fears that troubled her, and she told of the bold looks of some of the men; how she feared they

trembled at their approach, and longed for the end of the journey.
Her husband spoke sanely, and even made light of her fears, attributing the looks she spoke of to admiration. But it was well the darkness was too great for her to see his face, to notice the deep-drawn breath and set teeth. There was a volume of revenge in them, that would have made almost any man hesitate before he did ought to awaken it into action. But he wisely gave no sign of his feelings, and changing the conversation to more pleasant topics, succeeded in calming her, and they were about to return, when the action of the tethered horses called their attention to them, and hiding her remain where she was standing, he proceeded to investigate the cause of the disturbance among the animals.
Almost instantly upon his departure, his place was filled by one of the worst of the men who had evidently been watching.
"You take long walks alone in the dark," he said in a sneering tone. Looking for a lover I suppose, while your husband is fool enough to believe you are sleeping."
"Sir!" replied the alarmed woman, drawing up her slight form and clenching her little hands as if she longed for the power to strike him dead at her feet.
"Oh, please!" was the answer, accompanied with a low, coarse laugh. "I know all about your putting on airs, and there is no use in trying to play the insulated queen with me. Come, give me a kiss. No? Then by heaven I'll not take one, but many!"
"Clark, Clark!" Husband! rang out in accents of agony upon the night air, as the ruffian clasped her in his strong arms.
There was a rushing of swift feet through the prairie—the report of a pistol—the thud of a bullet—the falling of a heavy body, and Wilbur caught the form of his fainting wife, while writhing in agony; and with his heart's blood rapidly ebbing away, the insulter of innocence poured out torrents of curses with his dying breath.
Like one entirely stupefied, Clark Wilbur remained motionless—without thinking of danger, without thinking of the dark form he was straining to his heart. The icy chill of having committed murder was all absorbing—banished for the time everything else. Then he saw that the report of the pistol had called numbers from the encampment; that he was surrounded and waking from a terrible dream to a more terrible reality. He boldly avowed the act and pleaded the cause in justification.
There was no murmur of disapprobation then but when the midnight watch was set and Wilbur had taken his place as usual upon it, when the poor wife had sobbed herself to sleep he became aware that the deed he had done was not so lightly to be passed over that he was to be tried for murder!
Taken to some distance the mockery of forming a court was gone through with; a judge and jury appointed—counsel pro and con selected—a mockery bitter but shallow, for he was not in the slightest degree deceived and knew that his case was prejudged—that the majority of lawless men had and would awe and override the minority, and that his lease of life was very short.
Still, he made a desperate effort to save it, though far more for love of her who would be left a widow, than from fear of what was to come. But he might as well have talked to the wind—have pleaded to senseless stone. A show of listening, even of pity was made and that was all, though he was ably defended, defended in a manner that would have told with unprejudiced men nay, he was even given the usual chance with such frontier juries; and which in a fair trial would have gone very far toward the acquittal of the prisoner.
"If but a single one says you are innocent you will go free," said the judge.
The wretched man looked from face face in hopes of finding something to quicken mercy, but in vain and waited as one around whom the fire is already built for the hand to apply the torch—waited, but not long.
"How say you ill," was the question.
"Guilty," was the answer of every tongue.
"Then," added the Judge, "it would be mercy to have the sentence executed as soon as possible. I will lead twenty

rifles—one half with ball and the other with powder so none can tell who fires the fatal shot. Such is the frontier law."
"My wife! Oh, God my wife!" groined the prisoner the thought of her driving away all others.
"She had her brother to take care of her and we pledge our word each for himself and the others that she shall be protected as if she were our own sister and when the journey is finished enough shall be given her to provide against want for many months."
Even in their black hearts there was a shadow of pity and they endeavored to still conscience by bribes.
"How long have I to live?" was the momentous question.
"You can, if you wish; have until the change of the guard. That will be three hours hence."
"And my wife?"
"Better that you do not see her again."
"And my brother?"
"The same with regard to him. But if there is anything you wish to say, speak, and it shall be faithfully executed."
"Nothing!"
He realized how useless it would be to do so—that the show of justice and mercy was but the most hollow of pretense as he nerved himself to meet his fate with only the grain of comfort that the brother remained to look after the widowed wife, and that when he was gone the hearts that were now hard as the neither mill stone might soften towards her and her bereavement and helpless sorrow make her sacred in their eyes.
"We shall bind you here to this tree," said the Judge "and leave you. One of you men cover his eyes."
"No, never! I am a man! I have faced death before—can do so again without shrinking and must—aye will look upon my—my murderer!"
The last word produced far more impression than any other—than all the rest had done and after hastily, though firmly securing him in an upright position against the trunk of a tree he was left to his own sad thoughts—left to prepare for death—his assassins (for they were worthy of no better name) glad to get beyond hearing of his voice.
"Like wolves they will sneak up and slaughter me," he murmured. "But for that I care little. Oh, God! Ettie, my Ettie!"
For an hour all was silence around him save the rustling of the grass, the sad moaning of the night winds and now and then the distant howling of a wolf as if it already scented the soon to be shed blood, and was licking its jaws in anticipation of a banquet of human flesh! Then the rustle of a stealthy step was heard and the brother of his wife stood by his side.
"Clark," he said in low and guarded whispers, "I have come to take your place."
"You? Your are mad!" was the reply as he wrung the proffered hand.
"Yes," and as the bon was wrested he continued, "I know all. You must go and I will remain in your place. Long since I pledged my word to do so and now it shall be kept."
"Never!"
"Think of your wife."
"Don't—don't entirely unman me."
"Think of her and listen to me. I have nothing like the ties to bind me to earth that you have. Aye, think of poor Ettie."
"I have, but never shall consent to your dying in my place."
"Then we will both die! I swear it shall be so. I will remain and when the rifles are fired I will step in front of you and my body shall receive the most of the bullets."
"Great heaven! you are mad!"
"No, it is you that are so. Well as my sister loves me it is as nothing to that she bears for you. I have framed an excuse—got her away from the wagons—have selected the two most swift and powerful horses in the company—have placed a supply of provisions upon them and you can easily ride back until you meet a train and gain protection. None will ever know us apart in the darkness and here I remain, come what will."
"It must not—shall not be!"
"It must and shall! If you desire that both of us should perish and Ettie be left without any protector, obstinately remain; if not, go and may heaven bless you both."

Terrible indeed was the struggle. If his own life had been the only thing to be thought of, there was no power on earth that could have moved Wilbur. But his wife was thrown into the scale, and she almost weighed down reason and manliness and resolution. His nerves trembled as they had never done before, and his eyes were full of tears as he answered:
"You would force me to cowardice—to dishonor—to do a thing for which I shall curse myself."
"Ettie!"
"Oh! heaven that I had perished among the floating, crashing logs—that I had never been born."
"Ettie!"
"Hush, for the love of heaven!"
"Ettie!"
There was still the same answer say what he might until it became evident that but little time was left—that decision was forced upon him. He did all that man could do to change the decision of his friend—then in the very madness of agony hugged him to his heart—wring his hand and dashed away not daring to look again.
Truly the one had more than redeemed his promise—had given his life for the other.
Standing erect and in the same position that the prisoner had done, Martin Peters waited the coming of his murderers. He knew that the exchange would never be discovered—that he would be hurried into a grave if buried at all. But there was no dimness of the eyes—no shaking of limbs—no quivering of lip. He had calculated well the cost and would die as a brave man should.
"Come on! I am ready. Take certain aim," he called out as the men gathered in a body at a little distance rifle in hand. "Fire! and my innocent blood be upon your heads!"
The report and blazing of a score of rifles was the only answer and he fell headlong to the earth!
And even at that moment came the cry of "Indians!" and without waiting to bury the corpse, the assassins rushed back to the wagons to find their horses stampeded—leaving the dead to the wolves and the vultures.
Three days later Wilbur and his wife and her brother were seated together in the midst of a friendly company and a few words explained all.
"If the plan had failed, it was your only chance of escape," said the latter, "and the few friends I had in camp were fearful it would!"
"But how did you escape the bullets?" asked the sister, quivering with excitement.
"They were none in the rifles, but not even that would have saved me, had not the false cry of 'Indians!' drawn them away."
"Heaven be praised!"
"Yes," responded the husband reverently, and may it kindly keep us from ever again being put to the test of giving a life for a life!"

Girls, Stockings.

Girls love their stockings better than any article of dress, though they are the least appreciated. Sitting in their own rooms they will discuss them for hours. We have noticed also that there is a sense of elevation and calm superiority in wearing a fine unbleached Balbriggan that nothing else can give; this seems the greater from the fact that no one is any the wiser, it partakes of the attitude of stern devotion to principle and bears proportionate fruit. A dainty stocking above a trim slipper induces real repose of soul, and hails the charms of croquet in the secret consciousness of striped stockings.
But a girl's devotion to her stockings is dearly earned. Thou shalt not wear holes in your stockings, is one of the ten commandments of girlhood. What recollections are there of weary afternoons made tolerable only by the promise in the far away future of a good husband—promise made by maiden aunts, deerepit uncles, and fond grandmothers. A good husband—that is the straw held under the feminine nose from tender youth while life holds out a hope. Possibly it was not conveyed in so many words but conveyed rather in thrilling histories of the accidents that befel girls who sewed up the holes, who patched them with muslin, and over white paper, and a heart-rending account of the beautiful Miss Pluttergibbit who mended her

black silk stockings with court-plaster that unluckily peeled off before her lover's eyes, and he being a highly respectable young man broke the engagement in consequence. And this was contrasted with the plain but industrious Jane Higgins, who darned hers so thoroughly there was none of the original material left, who one fortunate day she caught her foot in a crack, when the impassible and wealthy Alonzo Magnuison ran to her relief, saw the darned stockings and proposed on the spot. The teaching is inferential, but none the less potent; so the girls darned their stockings.
That is, all except the frivolous creatures who held the future at a distance with their strong grasp on the present, and whose only response was, "I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking—The prettiest girl in the room."
How that stroke of fancy put to flight a whole brood of disagreeable fact! The poet chose his partner because she was fresh and blooming, which she could not be if she darned and sewed, and doubtless he viewed that blessed hole, revealing her white ankle, with a poet's rapturous eye.
Then why should the pleasant spring days be spent in darning? Why, darn the stockings? The sun is warm on the hill, the wind is breathing through the trees and the violets are hidden among the roots. Come, for He danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking—The prettiest girl in the room.
There is a habit peculiar to walkers, which *Punch*, some years ago, touched upon satirically, but which seems to have survived the jester's ridicule. It is that custom of stopping friends in the streets, to whom we have nothing whatever to communicate, but whom we embarrass for no other purpose than simply to show our friendship. Jones meets his friend Smith, whom he has met on nearly the same locality but a few hours before.
During that interval, it is highly probable that no event of any importance to Smith, nor indeed to Jones, which by a friendly construction Jones could imagine Smith to be interested in, as occurred, or is likely to occur. Yet both gentlemen stop and shake hands earnestly. "Well, how goes it?" remarks Smith, with a vague hope that something may have happened. "So, so?" "How are you knocking them?" replies the eloquent Jones, feeling intuitively the deep vacancy of his friend answering to his own.
A pause ensues, in which both gentlemen regard each other with an imbecile smile and a long pressure of the hand. Smith draws a long breath and looks up the street; Jones sighs heavily and gazes down the street. Another pause, in which both gentlemen disengage their respective hands and glance anxiously around for some conventional avenue of escape. Finally Smith (with a sudden assumption of having forgotten an important engagement) ejaculates, "Well, I must be off"—a remark instantly echoed by the voluble Jones, and these gentlemen separate, only to repeat their miserable formula the next day.
In the above example I have compassionately shortened the usual leave-taking, which, in skillful hands, may be protracted to a length which I shudder to recall. I have sometimes, when an active participant in these atrocious transactions, lingered in the hope of saying something paternal to my friend (feeling that he, too, was groping in the mazy labyrinth of his mind for a similar expression), until I have felt that we ought to have been separated by a policeman. It is astonishing how far the most wretched joke will go in these emergencies, and how it will, as it were, convulsively detach the two collaring particles.
I have laughed (albeit hysterically) at some witicism under cover of which I have escaped, that five minutes afterward I could not perceive a single grain of humor in it. I would advise any person who may fall into this pitiable strait that, next to getting in the way of a passing dray, and being forcibly disconnected, a joke is the most efficacious. A foreign phrase often may be tried with success. I have sometimes known an *excevro* pronounced "*ex-revoer*" to have the effect (as it ought) of averting friends.—*Bret Hart.*
What is the difference between an accepted and rejected lover? One kisses his misses, the other misses his kisses.