ALWAYS IN ADVANCE. }

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## SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 25, 1874.

## NUMBER 12

## THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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Aven\_ed!

The old clock in the wall rang out five melodious chimes as Cora Smith softly closed the kitchen door, and ran to the little bedroom for her blue gearf. 'Five o'clock,' she said, as the last stroke died away; 'he is wondering why I don't come, and I must make haste. Madge, little Madge are you going with me to night? I am all

Little Madge, the twelve year old sister, came flying through the hall.

'Auntic says you have forgotten to get the potatoes for breakfast, and we must prepare them before you go -Never mind if he does have to wait a little for you; you've waited for him many a time. Come quickly and I will help you.'

So sweet-tempered Cora Smith un. tied the blue scart, and tripped away to the forgotten task as merrily as her little sister, albeat her heart beat like an imprisoned bird's at the delay.

The west was all aflame with the au tumn sunset ere the sisters closed the cottage door behind them, and ran down the garden path toward the stile where he was waiting-in other words, where hazel-eyed, sweet faced Cora Smith's city lover was waiting for his lady love, as she had many a night waited

Almost every evening they met there at the stile-their 'trysting place' he said just half way between her home and his boarding house. He had pro posed it, and she was nothing loth to accede-it was so pretty and romantic.

Then auntie Smith was not at all pleased with this dark eyed young stran ger, and, though, she nad not forbidden him in the house, both lovers knew she preferred 'his room to his company.' And so, always with dear little Madge at her side, she daily tripped down the path through the leafy woods to the half way 'trysting place' where she met her handson e, dark eyed lover, Neil Rowan How her heart fluttered to night as she thought of him, and the warm love light deepened and darkened the soft brown eye!

'Neil, Neil,' she said almost uncon sciously, aloud; and little Madge clasped her sister's hand closer, and looked up in her face.

'Do you love him so very much, sister Cora?'

and then she paused, suddenly, holding the hands of little Madge in a fervent grasp.

'Love him! love him, Madge! better than all the world-better than my south, my life-ay, sometimes I fear better than my hopes of heaven! And I am to be his wife, little Madge, this good man's wife, when the beautiful spring comes. I shall leave you, and auntie, and uncle to be all his. But this is our secret, little sister, and only you can share it.'

And then her hands relaxed their hold and, drawing the light scarf over her shoulders, she tripped silently on-They were almost there-nearing the edge of the wood, and the stile was but a step away. Another step forward, and then Madge held her sister

'Wait!' she whispered: 'I can see two men on the seat, Cora. We do not want to meet strangers there.

'No,' she said, drawing back in the shadow of the wood: 'it is Neil's friend, Willis Dean. We will wait until be goes, for I do not like to meet him."

Even as she spoke the figure arose, and the sound of his voice came on the twilight air distinct and clear.

'And what of this love affair, friend Neil? When is it to end, and how? Are you really in cameet, and do you

Cora Smith's hand closed upon the arm of Madge till she shrank in pain while they waited for the answer. Neil Rowan laughed softly.

'Marry hor?' he repeated 'She ust the subject of a grand flirtation and I assure you I have done the thing well But for anything turther-bah! I am go ing back to town to morrow, an I this is our last meeting; so be off, old fellow for I expect her every moment.'

Just for one moment Madge Smith's heart stood still in awful fear, for she thought Cora was dying. That white ghastly face there in the twilight, that motionless figure, those tightly looked hands, it surely was not the fair, sweet maiden of a moment before. But the spasm passed, and without a word, she arose

and glided noiselessly away and Madge followed her in silence.

Neil Rowan waited until the light had all died out of the West, and the dew lay like summer rain on the grass at his feet. His cigar was smoked down to ashes, and his lazy reverie was broken by the cry of the whip-poor-

'She isn't coming to night,' he said, mentally' 'that se certain. The schem ing auntie up yonder managed to prevent it this time. Oh, well it saved a scene. I will drop a loving farewell note and so it ends-a summar's amusement. Ha, hum!' and Neil Ro wan strolled homeward, singing, half unconsciously, 'I won't have nor, I know -I won't have her, I know-I don't care a straw who has her, I know.'

The farewell note came to Cora Smith the following night, but the fever bright eyes never rested on the creamy page. for ere the insane light gave place to reason again, death sealed the white eyelids. To such natures as this girl's. love is life, and the rude blow that woke her from the one bright dream of her youth, suapped the slender cord that bound her frail spirit to earth, and out of the depths of her awful grief, the kindly hand of death led her to the mountain top, where is built by the city of the New Jerusalem.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, so sped the time until eight years were counted. Eight times the grass had grown over the little grave in the lonely country graveyard, and again the October winds rustled the scarlet leaves over the narrow mound.

Wonderful changes had the eight years brought. Side by side with this grave were two brothers, and the head tones bore the names of good aunt and uncle Smith. They had rested there six years; and every summer beautiful Madge Smith came down from her city mansion and lingered in the old home week, trimming the grasses and plant ing bright flowers on the mounds. Bright, beautiful Madge Smith, the heiress of all uncle Smith's hidden wealth, the wealth he guarded so well during that toil worn, weary life.

Three years before, Malge Smith left school, to reign queen of society Beautiful, strangely beautiful, with that cold, white, high bred face, those wide, fathomless, glittering amber eyes, a figure matchless in symmetry and grace, A swift, hot color came into the girl's accomplished, polished and the heiress great wealth, no wouder that lovers old and young, knelt at Madge Smith's shrine. Strange wonder, the world said that all were scorned -not gently and with words of pity and apology, but spurned from her very feet with scoru-

ful lips and blazing eyes. 'Ah, Madge Smith was an enig ma and mystery to all who knew her. No warmer friend, no brigh ter companion did those of her own sex seek for. But never were those lips seem to smile, or those wonderful eyes to soften, in re sponse to any lover's; no glacier was more frigid than she to all men. All did I say? Nay, Dame Rumor had plenty of gossip just now. Unly a few weeks since a new rival appeared on the scene of action. Neil Rowan a merchant and millionaire, entered the list of Madge Smith's adorers-not for her wealth, surely Madame Grundy acknowledge, graciously. He had enough of his own. It was genuine love that this bluze man of society felt for beautiful Madge. And a wonderful change had come over the fair lad since his appearance. Bright before, she was brilliant now-sparkling, witty bewildering; and the world looked o. in amaze to see the flush stain her white cheek, and the bright smile that ligh ed her eyes at his approach

And did he not, recognize her, you are wondering? Nay, how should he? Sweet Cora Smith, and the summer in the country, were forgotten things with this man. He had broken half a dozen silly hearts since then, and left them all with Time, the great healer. He had flirted with society's queens, and village maidens innumerable, and he game and laid the first pure, real love of his life time at this woman's feet. So he told her, one autumn night, in the grand parlor of her stately home.

How her hands trembled and her eyes shone as she listened! 'Wait, she said. 'I will give my answer to morrow night: it is my hirth night, and I shall give an entertainment. You will come; I will see you then. He in the library at ten and you shall hear my

And the night came, and he was there waiting. He paced the room impatiently. Would she ever ceme, this gerl that was dearer than his life ? Ay' she was life to him. The world had seemed stale, flavorless, until he met her, the woman who, aloze of all her sex, had ever stirred the slumber ing passions of his heart. How bright the future seemed! He was so sure of

but in words? 'My beautiful, my queen l'he said softly. And just then he heard the light ripple of a woman's laugh; he knew it among a thousand; and her voice; she was speaking loud and clear :

her answer, had not she given it all

'There, Guardse; you must let me go now, Mr. Rowan is waiting for me in the libary. You know I am to give his answer to night.'

And the guardian's voice, speaking tenderly said . 'And that answer, I can guess it, lit

tle Madge. Your are going to marry this man and leave us all She laughed softly.

'Marry him ; No, indeed, sir! He s just the subject of a grand firtation and I assure you I have acted my part well; but for anything further-bah! But he is expecting me, so by by till I come again,' and she tripped lightly through the half open door, ere the amazed guardian could utter a sylla-

A white, ghastly, shivering figure st od by the library window.

'For God's sake, Madge Smith, tell me you were festing!' he cried, as brilliantly, glowingly | beautiful, she glided into the room.

'Not so. my friend,' she answered lightly, 'I spoke the truth. If you over heard my words, I need not repeat them. It is my sister.'

But you gave me hope; you led me on; you have given me reason to think you loved me, he cried, passion tely. It is the one love of my life! I have centered every hope and thought in you Madge Smith and for my sake, for God's sake, do not wreck my life;

She was very pale now, and her eyes were black and glistening.

'Neil Rowan,' she said, slowly. 'I have prayed for this hour for eight years, but never in my wildest dreams did I think my prayer would be so fully answered. When I saw the hue of death, the while agony on my only sis ter's cheek -when I saw her writhe in eight years ago to night, I vowed to avenge her. God being my helper. Again when I heard the thud of the earth upon her cofin, I vowed that vow God has brought it about even somer. more complete, than I has vthought. If I have given you an hour of such age ny as she suffered I am content If you could live and suffer it for countless ages, I should be better contented. My work is ended. Good night!'

Two hours afterward, the sharp re port of a pistol rang, with startling dis tinctness through the crowded draw ing room. All sprang to their feet, save Madge Smith. Perhaps hercheck paled a little -- I cannot tell; but the light of her eye never changed, her smiling lips never relaxed, as she gazed upon the blood stained corpse in the libary. Neil Rowan had taken his own life, and Cor a Smith was evenged,

A performance of educated fleas is at the present time attracting much atten tion at Berlin. At a recent exhibition. one of the most accomplished of the insects, obeying a sudden impulse of its nature, sprung from the table and took rotuge on the person of an illustrious lady. The exhibitor was in despair, as the trunnt was his best performer, and said he would be ruined unless it could be recovered. The lady good naturedly retired to an adjoining room, and, after a few minutes' absence, returned with the flea between her thumb and for finger. The exhibitor took it eagerly. gave one look at it, and then, with visi ble embarressment, said; 'Your High ness will pardon us, but this is not the right flea.

Good grows stronger and evil weaker every time we overcome in temptation. Spotted Tail oan speak only tw

words in English, and one of those he would probably spell with a small 'g.' Let all spinisters be happy; they are never without two good beaux at least, provided they use them well-their is not for us to describe.

A Springfield Love Story.

About fifteen years ago a young wo man living in her home in Monson, be came possessed with the desire to go West and teach school. In the town of Anamoso, Iowa, she found her voca tion, and by and by a husband. He was the youngest and indulged son of a An Attempt to Drown Predestiwealthy widow. The happy couple set out early on the matrimonial sea, both being only about nineteen years of age. When our heroine wrote to her father in Monson of her plans, he went on to Iowa for a few months' visit, and being pleased with his daughter's prospects, built and furnished a house for her The mother of the young husband gave him a fine farm, well stocked and equiped, and no young couple ever started in life with brighter prospects.

In a short time, however, bad specu lations and mismanagement had strip ped her husband of all his property. His pride was terribly mortified by this turn of affairs, and in sudden despera tion he left his home, his wife and in fant daughter, and enlisted in one of the first regiments which was raised to put down the rebellion. His family received a few letters from him and then came an unbroken silenee. In vain they wrote to him, and then to his officers and comrades. He was reported among the missing. The wife or widow-she knew not which-at length returned to her Morton home, and after ward came to this city and entered the employ of Tinkham & Comproving her self capable and efficient in the millen ery department.

At the end of four or five years she revisited her husband's friends in Iowa, and soon married a gentleman there. having first for the sake of certainty obtained a divorce from her long lost husband, although really supposing her self a widow. In a few months after this marriage this second husband died. and the lady again returned to her New England home (twice widowed, as she supposed) and soon was in her old place at Tinkham's.

Some months ago -and this is one of the strangest incidents in this eventful history-she dreamed that a back called at her boarding place and took her to the Massaoit House, where she met her missing husband to whom she was again united in marriage. The dream, of course, made a deep impression on her nothing came of it, she regarded it more and more as 'only a dream.' But one day, last fall, a letter reached the post office in Anamosa, directed to her. Some one who knew her caused it to be dir ected to this city. It so happened that she was absent on a visit at the time and after remaining in the Springfield postoffice awhile it was returned to I wa. Her friends there then enclosed it in another envelope and sent it here again, and it finally reached her as she was at her work in Tinkham's store. On opening it she nearly fainted. It

was from her first husband, from whom or of whom not a lisp had been heard by his friends for thirteen years It stated that he was in the wilds of Texas following the hazadous life of a ranchero He had left home with the determina tion of never returning till he mide good his shattered fortunes. Several times he had so far redeemed his vow that he was on the point of seeking his family and friends, when some turn of the wheel of fortune had dashed him back to poverty. At length the fickle goodness had favored him and he was living, whether she was the mother of another man's fimily, and a host of other questions asked, she histened to

but all failed, by reason of hostile Indians, faithless carries, etc , of reach ing their destination. But the our assuring him that his wife was still his own and telling where she could be found, was enough. Some time afterward a stranger in

quired one afternoon at the Massasoit House if there was such a firm as Tink ham & Co., in the city. Being assured on this point, he called a hackman and told him to drive to their store and was not at the store, and the hack driver was directed to her boarding place, where he found her, and-the dream was proved true! The meeting

The next evening there was a wed quorters are poor,

ding at the house of a prominent clergy man of this city, and the bride was a woman who was then married the third time, yet had but two husbands, and by their side stood a blooming Miss of fourteen to witness the marriage of her legitimate father and mother .- Spring

About thirty years ago, there lived

in Beaufort County, of this State, an

eccentric and shrewed old Baptist preacher, whose name was John Youmans, and whom many of our older readers in Barnwell, Beaufort and Colleton Counties will remember. In the section of the country where Father Toumans lived and preached, there lived an old Methodist preacher, and one of the best of men Father McF., between whom and Father Toumans there was the best good will and Christian fellow ship. Of course, they differed about baptism and some other matters, but their doctrine about which they differed most was predestination, which Father Toumans preached in almost every ser mon, and against which Father McF., waged an unceasing war It chanced that one cold Sunday morning, as they were going in opposite directions to their appointments, they met on a bridge over a pretty bold creek, where immediately the battle was opened by a shot from Father McF., 'Good morn ing, brother Tonmans; how is predesti nation this cold, frosty morning?' 'Oh,' said Father Toumans, as strong as ever. It thrives in winter's cold, and in summer's heat.' And now a thought courred to Father McF., that proved to be an unfortunate one for him and his cause. 'De you say brother Toumans, that it is predestinated that I am not to jump into this creek this morning?' 'Yes brother McF., I do say that it is predestinated that you are not to junp into this creek this morn ing, and you can't do it.' These words were hardly out of brother Toumans' mouth, when Father McF., was off his horse, and jumped into the water up to his neck. 'Now,' said he shouting triumphantly to Father Toumans, 'where s your predestination? You said it was predestinated I was not to jump into this creek, and I have done it. Your predestination is drowned forever.' No' said Father Toumans, 'it is not drowned, I was only mistaken. It is not for poor, ignorant creatures to know the decrees of God, until they have come to pass. Now I know that it was predestinated that you were to jump into this creek this morning, for no man would have done such a thing if it had not been predestinated.' With his anti predestination ardor considerably cooled by the wetting, Father McF., went on his way wet and cold, while Father Toumans was doubtless rejoiced that he had been able to save his beloved doc trine from a watery grave. - Working

### Refining Influences.

Placea young girl under the care of a sind-hearted, graceful woman, and she, inconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough going, straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances and actions always impress. As you influence them rich again. Whether his wife was not by arbitrary rules, nor by stern example alone, but in a thousand other ways that speak through leautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow, Teach your children, then, to love the Other letters were written by both ; beautiful. If you are able, give them a corner in the garden for flower; allow then to have their favorite trees; teach them to wander in the prettiest wood lets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with stern, 'Time to work!' but with the enthusiastic, 'See the beautiful sunrise!' Buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their room in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege bring Mrs. - to the ho.el. She and they will make your home pleasant and beautiful.

> According to the best estimates there are nearly 100,000 obildren in

A Man Sees His Own Skeleton.

Col. Teel, of Twiggs County, Go., went to Macon, found one bale of cotton with his factor, which he thought he had sold three mouths ago and spent the money, had it turned into cash, and felt so happy that he got on a drunk-in deed, he got so drunk that he had to be carried to a friend's room, and was so drunk that it took a good many friends to take him there. When the doctor who had occupied that room last year moved out, he left a complete human skeleton standing in one corner, wired together, and full length. When Col. Teel was laid on his side on the bed the skeleton was laid alongside and facing him. After sleeping three hours, he opened his eyes and saw the grinning teeth, the socketless eye-holes, the bald head, the breast and arm bones and ribs of the horrid looking figure. What! am I dead ? Is this my spirit in the coffin looking at its old tenement ? Must I move? must I stir? Good heavens? Is there no one to tell me what to do? Oh, my? I will fly, if it kills! But I am dead now! But I can't be any

### Courting in Church.

worse off!' And with that he leaped

upon the floor and out the window.

fortunately lawling upon the balcony.

where he met two or three of his friends

and stood treat for all most willingly.

A young gentleman, happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not being suitable for a formal declaration, the

case suggested the following plan : He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible opened, with a pin sticking in the following text:

Second Existle, John, verse 6th-And now I beseech of thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commanderent unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning that we love one another.' She returned it pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse 10th.

.Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book pointing to the

thirteeuth verse of the third Epistle of 'Having many things to write unto

you, I trust shortly to come unto you and speak face to face, that our joy may

From the above interview a marriage took place the ensuing week.

The 27th of March was the auniver sary of the bloodiest tragedy in Ameri can history. On that day, thirty eight years ago, Colonel James W. Fannia and 445 men were shot to death by the Mexicans, under Urca, in the fort at Goliad, Texas. A week before, Fannia and his force, being surrounded by the enemy and at the mercy of their artille ry, surrendered and were taken to Goliad Major Ward, whom Fannin had sent with 100 men to escort some Irsh families, was also captured, and the Americans were massacred together on a Sunday moraing. And yet Santa Anna, the blooly butcher, was after wards allowed to visit the United States

RAILROAD MATTERS .- The South 'arolina Railroad Company's carnings for the year 1873 amounted to \$,491, 115.89, and the expenditures for oper ating and maintaining the road were 3914.550.57. The ratio of expenses to errnings for the two past years vary only 24 100 per cent. 294,784 tons of freight have been transported within the year. The locomotives have traveled 897.530 miles. The average charge per on for freight was \$4.14, and the average expense of moving thesame was \$2.35 per ton. A reduction of \$33,381. 93 has been effected in the bonds and bills payable.

There was a charitable sewing party n New York the other evening, and during the affair the father of one of the young ladies present appeared on the scene unexpectedly. He was so much gratified at the cleverness exhibited by his daughter with her needle that he then and there resolved that he would never pay another dressmater's bill. That young lady has now a strong pro judice against 'sewing parties,' and says New York city, of whom nearly three she was an idiot ever to attend such and