

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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VOLUME 10.

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NUMBER 29

A CARD.

Dr. J. G. WANNAMAKER is in possession of the Receipts and Prescription Books of the late Dr. E. J. Oliveros. All persons desiring to get any of the above Preparations or Renewal of Prescriptions can do so by calling on
Dr. WANNAMAKER,
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aug 21—3m

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Is characterized by a general languor or weakness of the whole organism, especially of the nervous system, obstructing and preventing the ordinary functions of nature; hence there is a disordered state of the secretions; constipation, scanty and high-colored urine, with an excessive fear of the night, and a general debility of the system. The condition of the individual, distressing as it is, may with a certainty be cured by

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Sold by all Druggists, and will be sent by express to all parts of the country by addressing the proprietor, G. EDGAR LATHROP, M. D., 143 Court Street Boston, Mass., who may be consulted free of charge either personally or by mail. Send 25 cents and get a copy of his Book on Nervous Diseases.
aug 14 1875 1y

ORANGEBURG.

In COMMON PLEAS.

Oliveros vs. Oliveros, et al.

For Sale, the Lot, and Residence on Russell Street recently erected, between Mr. Pike's and Mr. Scovill's; with the ornamental material for finishing the piazzas, &c., in handsome style. The house has French roof, three bay windows, and kitchen extension, and has eleven Rooms in all. The Lot extends back to Glover Street in the rear, has outbuildings and a fine Well of water. For further particulars, apply to Mrs. Rosa Oliveros, Executrix, or the undersigned, who will receive proposals for the purchase of the same.
The time for proof of claims against the Estate of the late Esidro I. Oliveros has been extended to August 1st, 1876.
By Order of the Court—

C. B. GLOVER,

Referee.

aug 3 1875 3m.

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sept 4 1875 1y

[Written for the Orangeburg News and Times]

Anna Laneir's Presentiment.

BY JOANNES.

Tom Carlton stood by the side of Anna Laneir, his affianced bride, with his eyes beaming down into her pure, stainless soul, through her black lustrous orbs which gleamed out from beneath long silken lashes, as she said in accents that he could never forget,—

"Tom, I feel in telling you good-bye to-night, that I shall never see you more. I have a presentiment that our dreams of future happiness are deceptive, and that our hopes are destined to premature disappointment."

Tom Carlton steered Anna in the face for a few moments, as if prompted by a desire to penetrate the cause of her seemingly groundless apprehension. He was earnest and meant to marry her at the appointed time. Could it be possible that the woman he had worshipped for four long years, should feel misgivings as to the stability of her love, as the time approached for their nuptials, and was seeking for an excuse to tell him so? Surely, he mentally reasoned, if there be any barrier in the way of our future plans, it must come from her side. If I know my heart, I am sincerely and terribly in earnest. So catching Anna and drawing her gently and perfectly moulded form close to his bosom, he said:

"Wherefore these fears of yours, my dearest love? Whence came your misgivings? Surely you do not mean, to tell me that your heart has undergone a change,—that you have ceased to love me as you should to be my wife? Speak to me, and your words have unmanned me! I love you, and if this bosom upon which your head is pillowed could be bared to you, you would find that it were a sin to treat me thus; that its every thought, aspiration and hope of the future, is linked and intertwined with your existence,—and that to inform me of a change of your heart's love would be to disclose to me a future of ineffable and blackest misery. Speak, Anna! Have you ceased to love me?"

With eyes bathed in tears, which seemed to have welled up from her very soul, Anna Laneir caught hold of her lover's hand, and giving it a warm, heart-speaking pressure, which is the best index of a woman's sincerity, addressed him between her sobs, in subdued and sorrowful tones.—

"No, Tom, I have not ceased to love you. My heart is as firmly yours as it was wont to be. If any thing, I feel more dependent upon you for my future happiness than ever before. It is this in part that adds to my present misery. Tom, don't accuse me of timidity, of weakness and irresolution when I tell you that although I love you dearly—aye, even to adoration, I, nevertheless, am firmly impressed that we shall never be other than we are to-night to each other! You may say that my fears are groundless, that I am foolish, but I solemnly declare to you that the presentiment which has taken possession of my bosom, although unwelcome, cannot be stifled, and imperiously asserts that when I bid you good-bye to-night, I shall have done so for my last time in this world. I have tried not to believe it, but the impression has forced its way against my will. Oh! Tom, what evil spirit is it that has insinuated itself between you and I? We deserve to be happy, and after four years of plighted faith, it seems hard that some heartless divinity should creep in and alter what ought to be our destiny."

"Calm your fears, my deeply cherished one. A strange hallucination has come over you to-night. Your imagination is wild and is playing all sorts of pranks with you. To-morrow you will feel better, and I promise, now that you have assured me that you love me as devotedly as ever, that I shall not take the train

to-night. You must retire and take a pleasant night's rest. I will go to my hotel, where I will enter into a devout prayer to God that the unwelcome source of your trouble may be removed, and that your wonted cheerfulness of disposition, and hopefulness of the future, may be speedily restored to you. To-morrow morning I shall call for you early; be prepared, and we will spend a day in the country. It will exhilarate and strengthen you. One kiss now, and I shall bid you good-night."

"Good-night, dear Tom! You are so good to me," faltered Anna.
"Good-night, my love! May Heaven's most watchful angel hover over your couch to-night."

Tom Carlton wended his way to his room at the hotel in dreamy silence, while Anna stood motionless in the large elegantly furnished parlor where her lover had left her; and it was not until she caught a glimpse of her strange expressionless face in the mirror that she bethought herself, and retired to her room.

That the reader may understand the characters of this short sketch more perfectly, the chronicler will state that Tom Carlton was a native of Virginia, a young man tolerably prepossessing in personal appearance, and possessed of some brilliancy of mind. Anna Laneir was a resident of the "Land of Flowers," and resided with her father in—. Carlton met her shortly after the war in a neighboring State, and soon found himself a slave to her beauty and mental accomplishments. It was the old story of love at first sight. They had not been in each other's society long before theirs were—

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

Carlton made an offering of his love to Anna Laneir. The offering was accepted as an unlooked-for boon, and taken into Anna's heart in the place of her own jeweled love, which had gone out in its maidenly purity and tender simplicity to the bosom of Tom Carlton. A fair exchange was no robbery, and theirs was fair even to precision and particularity. It was thought for thought, love for love and heart for heart. Thenceforward they were to live in each other's thoughts, and study each other's comforts. Days and weeks and months were spent by these two lovers together; and when Tom Carlton was finally called home, the leaving-taking between them was full of sighs, and tears and lovers' oaths. They were engaged and were to be married as soon as Carlton could procure the old man's consent, and prepare himself for the responsibilities of a married life. He wrote to her often and earnestly, and would receive responses from her breathing undying devotion and fidelity. In the lapse of four years he found himself in a position to bring on the consummation of the grandest dream of his life—to go and tell Anna he would soon be ready to marry. He wrote to her that he would pay her a visit preparatory to the final one, when he should claim her at the marriage altar.

It was while on this visit that the scene which is described in the beginning of this sketch took place. Tom Carlton had gone on a visit to his betrothed, and was about to take leave of her when she told him of her presentiment, that they should never be husband and wife. He had been spending a week with her, and had obtained her father's consent to their marriage. Anna desired the engagement consummated at once. Carlton found himself so circumstanced that no matter how anxious he might have been to have taken his idol back with him to his native State, he could not have done so. His business prevented this course. He promised that he would return in about three months time, when he would take Anna and never quit her side. This circumstance probably helped to add to the magnitude of the presentiment of the heart that was so absolutely his. And we find him yielding

enough in his nature to promise to prolong his stay another day, and to devote that day to taking Anna in the country.

Tom Carlton woke up at his hotel at the crack of day. He had spent a most wretched night, and only hoped that the queen of his love had not been similarly worried and fatigued. Soon after breakfast he dispatched a note to Anna inquiring after her health, and if she would be able to go in the country.

Without saying anything about how she felt, her answer invited Tom to call for her as soon as he had a mind to.

In half an hour's time our lovers were being drawn by a spanking team along a picturesque and shady road. Nature wore her brightest exterior, which contrasted strangely with the listless pre-occupied look of Anna.

"Don't you feel better and more cheerful this morning, Anna," inquired Tom. "You were troubled last night, and it made me miserable. I want you to forget what transpired then, and, throwing off your melancholy, to enjoy to day in thinking of of the near future when we shall be united to be parted only by death."

Anna, to satisfy her lover, said she felt very cheerful, and was much obliged to him for the interest he manifested in her happiness.

This assurance cheered up Tom and he devoted himself to the discussion of such subjects as he thought best calculated to entertain his companion. The whole day was spent in roaming about through the country, except when they stopped for dinner at the house of one of Anna's acquaintances.

Several times, and the doubts and fears that beset it recounted and laughed at by Carlton.

But whenever the subject of the departure of Anna's lover came up, a cloudy foreboding would come over her face, and her eyes would involuntarily say to Tom—"I can't help it. I feel that these are the closing hours of my happiness."

As the sun was kissing its good-bye to the tree tops from its far off place in the West, Tom and Anna drew up to the residence of the father of the latter, where they alighted and sat down to give an account of their day's ride to the family.

Anna was called at two or three times by her sister, who accused her of selfishness in taking Tom and keeping him off all day; she should have allowed him to the company of the whole family during the last hours of his visit.

This sally was meant in good part by Anna's devoted sister, but no one but herself knew what a thrill of pain it sent to her heart. It was not known but to the two lovers themselves that Anna was wedded to the belief that she was then spending her last day in the society of the man she loved better than her own life, else this unnecessary pang would have been spared her wretched heart.

The evening past, night found Tom Carlton and Anna Laneir on the eve of bidding each other good-bye for the second time.

The latter had that same troubled look, that worried foreboding expression, which characterized her features the night before.

"If it must be, I can't avoid it," cried Anna, as she fell upon the neck of her lover. "But Tom, I shall bid you good-bye now forever! Don't ridicule my fears. I feel that they are too true."

Tom caught Anna in his arms and struggled with all his eloquence to quiet and allay her grief; but she was not to be comforted.

And now the time had positively arrived for him to go, and her sorrow was ten fold greater. She clung to him with all the devotion that it was possible for her to manifest, without disturbing the other inmates of the house, who had previously taken their leave of Anna's lover.

But the good-bye had to be utter-

ed, the parting kiss had to be given, the tearful hand-shaking had to take place, for Tom Carlton was compelled to start home that night.

Anna was so weak from grief that she could not stand up. Tom quickly supported her to a sofa, where he reluctantly tore himself from all that seemed dear to him in this life. He pressed her trembling hand to his lips; once more,—kissed the burning tears which trickled down her alabaster face in one more agonizing moment, and in a minute was GONE!

Gone from the woman he had met and wooed four years previously; from the presence of her he had loved through long, weary years; from one he had sworn to be faithful to through all time, and to make happy by devoting his life to her service.

Anna remained in dreamy unconsciousness upon the sofa where Tom had lain her, with all the tenderness of a mother, until aroused by her sister, who came down stairs to ascertain what kept her so long. She took her sister's arm, with whom she walked in silence to her room. She did not feel like talking, and begged that she should be spared any questioning.

Tom took the train, and in a short time was wending his way in the direction of his own home. It would be doing him an injustice to say that he did not feel deeply for Anna. He loved her, but comforted himself with the self-assurance that he would soon return to her, and make her forget forever all traces of sorrow for his sake. He attributed Anna's conduct to deep and earnest love, which, if it had not caused her so much pain, he would have welcomed as an omen that there was a prosperous and happy life in store for him.

"These lips are mute, these eyes are dry, but in my breast and in my brain, Awake the prongs that pass not by. The thought that never shall sleep again, My soul nor deigns nor dares complain, Though grief and passion there rebel; I only know we loved in vain— I only feel— Farewell! Farewell!"

As soon as Tom Carlton arrived home he wrote a letter full of assurance and love to Anna. He watched patiently for an answer. Finally it came, but it was not such an epistle as he expected. True it was couched in the language of a faithful and loving heart, but it contained unmistakable signs of the fact that Anna still cherished her presentiment. She persisted that she was fully satisfied that the end of her happiness had come, and it should be her duty to make a Christian endeavor to become resigned to her fate. She would remain unalterably fixed in her devotion to Tom, but her fate, she believed, had decreed that she should never be his wife.

But—
"This was taught her by the dove,
To die and know no second love."

Tom replied in an earnest appeal to her to dispel the gloom that surrounded her; to remove her thoughts from all melancholy subjects, and to dwell more on the future and happy time in store for them.

But, alas, for Tom's own faith. As a faithful chronicler, it is the duty of the writer to record the fact that he had not returned to his home many weeks before he was partially willing to accept as true Anna's hated presentiment. As she predicted, she had told him good-bye her last time in this world; for he soon became engaged to another lady, with whom he shortly afterwards contracted matrimony.

Anna received the news with resignation, remarking that while she had made up her mind that Tom would never be her husband, still she had never thought that he would be guilty of such base deception. She is to day single and clings to the memory of her youthful love as a heritage which, although painful, she is not content to resign.

Over Tom Carlton's part in this strange sketch, let the mantle of charity be drawn. It may be, that unlike Anna, he would fain forget it if he could.

But who will say that woman's presentiments are always idle?

The Hudson Republican prints the following as a scene from real life: Husband at ten table passing over his plate for the third time: "Another plate of these luscious berries, my dear, and put another spoonful of sugar on them; those last were barely sweet enough." Later as he was starting for "down street," the wife says: "Don't forget to bring home some more sugar to-night." "What! is that sugar I got night before last all gone?" "Yes, my dear, it's strawberry time, you know." "Well, I'm glad the sour things are almost gone."

A SELF-MARRIED COUPLE INDICTED.—Mr. Leo Hunter and Miss Mattie Strickland, daughter of a former member of Congress from Michigan, have been indicted by the grand jury of Dakota county. The question will doubtless be determined whether their mutual agreement, in the presence of witnesses, to live together as husband and wife, is anything less than a convenient arrangement for adulterous intercourse.

ST. MATTHEWS ACADEMY.

The exercises of this School will be resumed on the first Monday in September next.

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Latin, Greek &c., 50 cents extra each.
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Instrumental Music..... 4.00
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Vocal Music will be taught FREE to the Classes in Instrumental Music.

For further information apply to
STILES R. MELLICHAMP,
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FOR CASH.

A Bargain can be made by any one who has the means of purchasing now. The Subscribers are authorized to sell for Twenty-Five Hundred Dollars, that very desirable Residence fronting on Court House Square, and owned by Mr. C. Whittemore. Another year must increase the value of Real Estate so located, that such a bargain cannot be then made. The property is under lease for some months.

ALSO

The Plantation of C. Whittemore, on the old Charleston Road, about five Miles from Orangeburg on Court House, can be bought for \$2500 Cash or on time (as to all but \$1000) for a larger sum which can be learned on application to

HUTSON & HUTSON,
Orangeburg, C. H., S. C., August, 12, 1876.
aug 12 1f

DENTISTRY.

DR. B. F. MUCKENFUSS

Dentist Rooms over Store of Mr. Geo. H. Cornellson's.
Fees Charges Reasonable.

NOTICE.

The fast trotting thorough-bred Stallion MAMBRINO TRUSTEE will stand for the Fall season at my stables.

PRIZE.
MAMBRINO TRUSTEE, by Mambrino Medley, he by Old Mambrino Chief; Mambrino Medley's first dam by Young Medley, a fine race mare, second dam by Stanley; third dam by Trustee; fourth dam by Speculator.

Mambrino Trustee's first dam Jenny Deane, by Hobeau; first dam by Lady Woodford, by Sir William Woodford; he by Woodford; first dam by Bertrand.

Mambrino Trustee was bred by George W. Ogden, Wrights Station, Kentucky Central Rail Road, Bourbon County, Kentucky. He is five years old, and has not had much handling but what had showed splendid action. He trotted on the Columbia track last fall at the rate of 2:45.

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