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VOLUME 10.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

NUMBER 32

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The Cordial Balm of Syriam and Tonic Pills.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
However obscure the cause may be which contribute to render nervous debility a disease so prevalent, affecting as it does nearly one-half of our adult population, it is a melancholy fact that day by day and year by year, we witness a most frightful increase of nervous affections from the slightest neuralgia to the more grave and extreme forms of

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.
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 excess of earthy or lime sediment, indicative of waste of brain and nerve substance, frequent palpitations of the heart, loss of memory and marked irresolution of purpose, and inability to carry into effect any well-considered enterprise, or to fix the mind upon any one thing at a time. There is great sensitiveness to impress, though retained but a short time, with a flickering and fluttering condition of the mental faculties, rendering an individual what is commonly called a "whiffle-minded or fickle-minded man."

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Medicines unrivaled for their wonderful properties and remarkable cures of all Nervous Complaints. Their efficacy is equally great in the treatment and cure of Cancers, Nodes, Ulcers, Pustule, Pimples, Tetter, Fever, Sores, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Scald-head, Barbers' Itch, Scabby, Salt Rheum, Copper-Colored Blotches, Glandular Swellings, Worms and Black Spots in the Flesh, Discolorations, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth and Nose, Sore Legs, and Sores of every character, because these medicines are the very best.

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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. Scoville'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 Esdras I. Oliveros has been extended to August 1st, 1876.
By Order of the Court.
C. B. GLOVER,
Referee.
june 3 3m.

MARGARET LILY.

[Concluded.]
"Has Gomez come regularly, lately?" he asked.

Margaret shook her head: "He disappeared the day that you started, and I have never seen him since," Cranbourne looked at his broken arm; "I've seen him," said he.

The next afternoon she went again to see her wounded lover, but he had gone.

"Packed up bag and baggage just after you left yesterday, and skeddaddled this morning," said Mr. Holmes. Margaret's face paled in spite of her, but her clear, sweet voice betrayed no change.

"On the stage?" she asked.
"Yes!" said Mattie. "Oh! Margaret, I think he's an awful man; I just hate him!"

"Don't, Mattie!" she answered, with a little shudder.

As she went out a "Greaser" passed the door; she knew him, not very favorably, as a friend of Gomez.

He looked in her face, and went in an opposite direction; five minutes after she met him again.

"If you want to hear about him," pointing over his shoulder toward Mr. Holmes' house, "go up to Wainwright's to-morrow."

Then, as if to avoid questioning, he took a rapid departure.

Margaret had a peculiar and invincible dislike toward Mr. Wainwright, but his wife was one of those placid, good enough women who would live peacefully with either a saint or a demon.

Margaret would have gone, however, almost anywhere to have seen or heard from Cranbourne; perhaps a letter was the, perhaps he was there; what hopes, dreams and wishes crept through her heart, pen could hardly tell.

They breakfasted early, earlier even than usual, and Margaret shook the pillows, and made her mother's position comfortable with more than usual care; her mother had looked at her of late very wistfully, but she had asked no questions, and Cranbourne's name was hardly mentioned between them.

"Good-bye, mother dear," she said, kissing her withered cheeks, and then her lips. "I'll be back soon. I'm going up the canyon toward Wainwright's."

"Good-bye, daughter."
It was the mildest of fall weather, warm and pleasant; and Margaret's step grew lighter and her tall form straighter as she walked. She had an easy, graceful walk; those who loved her liked to watch her.

At Wainwright's, not in the house, but near it, she met Gomez.

His ill-favored face lighted at the sight of his goddess. "Me ask you to come," he said.

"What for," demanded Margaret, with a sinking heart.

Then Gomez told her, in broken English eked out with many gestures, that he had shot Cranbourne, that he had meant to kill him, and that now he was going to follow the stage, and take a surer aim at his false heart. She, who had been wronged, should be revenged.

Margaret's eye flashed with their old fire. "If you do," she said, "I will kill you. I could kill you now! How dared you tell me this? I love that man, how dared you touch him? You!"

Gomez drew back a little, looking troubled and doubtful but not angry; the old spell of her magical eyes was upon him, and he was wholly her slave.

If she had asked him to save the life of this man whom he hated, hated unto death, he would have done it.

"Promise me you will let him go in safety," panted she.

He nodded.

"You promise?"

"Yes."

"Then good-bye."

"Adois."

The way up had been steep and rocky; she knew of a shorter though more dangerous path through the other side of the wild canyon.

She had feared the clock at Wainwright's strike for half-past seven, as she left, and she was anxious to be at home.

"The brook must be low enough to wade through," she thought, "and it will save time."

She felt strangely, and longed to get home; she was too healthy to think of dying, but as she hurried along the dangerous path, where a loose rock or a misstep would have been fatal, she could not but think how merciful God would be if she could fall, and never open her eyes again.

She had reached the brook, taken off her shoes and stockings, and was just ready to wade in, when she heard a rumbling underneath her feet, as if a regiment of cavalry were tramping there.

"Earthquake!" she thought; she had felt many of them, and was not alarmed; she was, besides, in a dazed, wretched condition when scarcely anything would have alarmed her.

She started into the brook, although she felt the ground rocking beneath her feet, and the great boulders which lay loosely on the sides of the steep hills began to roll and jump with a dreadful noise; any one less unhappy would have realized that she could scarcely have been in a more dangerous place.

"There!" she thought, pausing half way through the water to look up around her, "it's over. I hope Mrs. Mill is with poor mother."

But it was not over; it was but the breathing spell of a couple of seconds, when the real earthquake commenced.

Margaret stood still, her bare feet slipping on the mossy stones. The strange noises, the great rocks tumbling about her, the swaying trees, bewildered and confused her; she realized her danger, but dared neither advance nor retreat.

She thought not of heaven at that awful moment; neither of the vengeance nor the infinite mercy of God; the very remembrance of her sin and the knowledge that she must answer for it seemed to have passed from her.

"My God, my God," she cried, "have mercy upon him! Father, let not your mercy fail him!"

A gr at rock above her head split and fell with a terrible crash; the earthquake lasted but forty seconds, but to Margaret it seemed hours; great cracks were opened in the earth; springs bubbled up in the bed of the creek, and the water rose rapidly; another great boulder from the cliff above her broke and fell; Margaret saw it come with a dazed terror; then—she knew no more.

The water rose in the sloping banks of the creek as high as in the depths of water, and swept down the canyon a perfect torrent, bearing earth and the branches of trees and all things before it; far, far down, below Last Chance diggings, the miners lifted out of the muddy flood, the next morning, a poor human body, all bruised and broken; Margaret's friends heard and came to look at it; the fair, rounded face was cut and bruised beyond recognition, but they knew the ring on her finger, the soft hair, the dress, and they said it must be she.

If any guessed her secret, none whispered it; if Ralph Cranbourne was remembered, when the dry earth fell above her, none spoke his name; and up above, the angels of God, seeing clearer than we, surely must have welcomed her as one worthy of the crown.

An old Indian trader, who furnishes the facts to the St. Paul Pioneer and Press rather knocks the pins from under certain stalwart stories concerning our red enemy of the plains. Sitting Bull, according to this authority, was never a West Point cadet; is not a fluent French scholar; neither is he "a brave and thoughtful son of the forest," with the genius, strategy and foresight of Napoleon, but "a full blooded Indian, and the illegitimate offspring of an Unapapa squaw. His

name in Sioux is Lame Bull, owing to a permanent lameness in his right leg. He goes dressed as plainly and as dirty as any Indian of low degree; he has a powerful appetite for whisky, and will get drunk whenever an opportunity offers."

The Candidates and the Civil Service.

[From Harper's Weekly, Aug. 26.]

Many newspapers have published the passage of Gov. Hayes's letter that treats of the reform of the civil service side by side with that of Mr. Tilden's. It is the best way of showing the real position of each candidate. Gov. Hayes speaks in the tone of clear perception and profound conviction, like a man of courage expecting quietly to face the contest which his declaration invokes; Gov. Tilden, in the vague and evasive tone of one who knows that the public opinion, which he wishes to propitiate, demands the reform, while the party upon which he must chiefly rely for election despises and flouts it. There is, moreover, an essential and radical difference. Gov. Hayes believes sincerely and has long believed in civil service reform. His views are not assumed for the purposes of this canvass. In his inaugural address as governor of Ohio, in July, 1870, Gen. Hayes said, alluding to partisan patronage as the basis of the civil service,—

"The evils of this system in State affairs are perhaps of some moment compared with those which prevail under the same system in the transaction of the business of the national government. But at no distant day they are likely to become serious even in the administration of State affairs. A radical reform in the civil service of the general government has been proposed. The introduction of this reform will be attended with some difficulties. But in revising our State Constitution, if this object is kept constantly in view, there is little reason to doubt that it can be successfully accomplished."

Again, in 1872, in a public speech as a candidate for Congress, with no more expectation of a nomination for the presidency than the reader of these lines, Gen. Hayes, after a vigorous description of the evils of the present practice, said:—

"The system is a bad one. It destroys the independence of the separate departments of the government, and it degrades the civil service. It ought to be abolished. We ought to have a reform of the system of appointments to the civil service, thorough, radical, and complete."

These are the words of a practical and experienced public man, who has sincere convictions and purposes upon the subject. Gov. Tilden, so far as has ever appeared, has no opinions or convictions upon it whatever, except that public officers should not be thieves and knaves. He has grown old in the school of "the spoils." He has never, to our knowledge, said a word in favor of a reform of the spoils system, or of a non-partisan service, which is the substance of reform, and in his official acts he has conformed strictly to the practice which it is the object of a thorough reform to destroy. He would undoubtedly have honest men in office, but that is not a reform of the civil service system.

In his letter of acceptance Gov. Tilden says that there are two evils in our civil service: one is the prevalent idea that it exists, not for the benefit of the people, but for that of the office-holders; and the other, the organization of the office-holding class into a band of political mercenaries. The first step in reform he states to be the elevation of the standard of election, and the second a conscientious exercise of the power of removal. After these we may abolish unnecessary offices, and then proceed to the careful organization of a better system. But no reform will be complete until the President is disqualified for re-election. Gov. Tilden sneers at "self-imposed restrictions by candidates or incumbents," meaning the declaration of Gov. Hayes that he should not be a candidate for re-election. The difference between them upon this point is that Gov. Hayes is honorably engaged

ed by his own word not to seek a re-election, thereby disposing of all personal motives to thwart reform, while Gov. Tilden is not. He leaves open his chance of a second term, and consequently all the personal inducements to perpetuate the present system. He merely does what the great corrupter of the civil service, Andrew Jackson, did. In each of his first three messages to Congress, Jackson urgently recommended, like Gov. Tilden, a constitutional limitation of the presidency to one term. In his fourth message Jackson omitted the recommendation, for he had already been re-elected for a second term, having zealously prostituted the executive patronage to that end during all his first term.

The two evils which Gov. Tilden mentions as infesting our civil service are merely symptoms directly due to the present purely partisan system of appointments. There can be no reform without correcting this system, and that Gov. Tilden does not propose to do! He says that the first step is the elevation of the standard of selection; that is to say, only the honest and competent must be appointed. Is there anybody who says anything else? Does anybody demand the selection of the dishonest and incompetent? Every rogue now in office has been appointed by those who insist, with Gov. Tilden, that only the honest and competent shall be selected. The difficulty is in the very position that Gov. Tilden assumes, namely, the appointment of the incompetent and unfaithful by those who insist that only the honest and fit shall be selected. The vital question of reform is not whether, but how, the standard shall be elevated; and upon that point Gov. Tilden has nothing to say. His second step is faithful exercise of the authority to remove for misconduct. That is, of course, desirable, but it is something that depends entirely upon the personal character of the appointing officer, and it is a power which, as Gov. Tilden's great party leader, Andrew Jackson, showed, is liable to the most monstrous abuse. Indeed, it has been proved by experience to be a power too liable to abuse to be tolerated in any system which does not guard most carefully against its illicit exercise. There are many intelligent and sincere friends of reform who think that the most important step of all is the strict regulation of the arbitrary power which Gov. Tilden would leave untouched, with a prayerful hope that it would be properly exercised.

Gov. Tilden's treatment of this subject by its evasions and omissions shows conclusively, to our apprehension, that he is not himself in favor of a real reform of the system, and that he is perfectly aware that he would be dropped by his party if he declared for it. There is nothing in what he says to prevent, in case of his election, as clean a partisan sweep of the offices as that which Jackson made and which his party will demand. All that he says is, in substance, that there ought to be good men in the high offices, and that they ought to appoint good men in the lower, and remove bad men. The Democratic clerk of Mr. Morrison's who named his child for the assassin of Mr. Lincoln, and the Democratic door-keeper of the House, Fitzhugh, would cordially agree that Gov. Tilden treats the subject of civil service reform like a statesman of the sound Jacksonian school; but every man who has seriously studied the subject will see at once that he has dexterously trifled with one of the gravest questions of the time. And again the sincere words of Gov. Hayes upon the subject ring out in manly and inspiring contrast. Gov. Hayes knows that among his supporters there is a powerful and swiftly increasing body that demands reform upon the principles he proclaims. Gov. Tilden knows no such body among his supporters, and he therefore carefully announces no principles whatever. He knows, as every in-

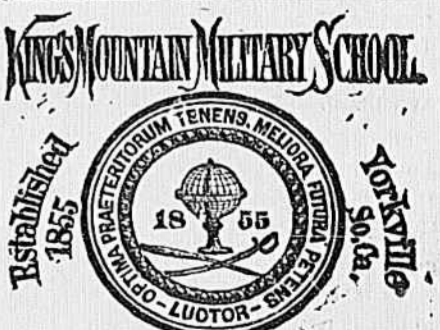
telligent man in the country knows, that with his partisans "reform of the civil service" means turning out Republicans and turning in Democrats; and that is the "administrative reform" to which a Tilden administration would introduce us.

The Battles with the Sioux.

The loss of life in the two battles with the Sioux, great as it has been, is not by any means the greatest we may have to count. The effect upon the Indians themselves is far more dangerous; not only on the Sioux nation elated with their victories, but on all the tribes in the vicinity of the field of operations. Already we are told that the Indians at the Berthold agency are becoming restive. We have seen the Crows leave General Crook because the fight with their hereditary enemies was not a victory. When they learn, as they soon will, of the destruction of Custer, the defeat of Reno and the retreat of Terry and Gibbons to the Yellowstone, even they may doubt whether success may not lie in a war on the pale faces rather than upon their red enemies. The Crows are just as savage as the Sioux; the Mandans and Gros Ventres have very bad records, and if they are led to believe that the power of the white man is on the wane, the frontier settlements are likely to suffer in a degree we can only fancy now by multiplying by hundreds the stories of raping, torture and murder which have come to us from time to time from the sparsely settled lands of the far West. An alarming point in connection with the recent battles is the reported appearance of several white desperadoes directing the attacks of the Sioux. Outlaws and criminals of the worst stamp, which even the border towns, with their large numbers of desperado characters, have been too hot to hold, they are just in the position to do most damage, not merely from their superior knowledge of the tactics of the soldiers, but from the effect their crying down of the strength of the whites would have on Indians wavering between reservation beef and blankets and the prospect of a scalping party on a large scale. They can tell the young "bucks" that Red Cloud and Spotted Tail and the chiefs who have been East and touched the strength of civilization are liars bribed with a few presents. It will be some time before another advance can be made, but when our troops do move the conditions of a sweeping victory should be assured. Therefore, we say that merely "enough" troops should not be the motto of the future.
—New York Herald.

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