

# Orangeburg News & Times

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME 10.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 18, 1876.

NUMBER 40

## School & Kindergarten

The Exercises of the SCHOOL conducted by Rev. J. B. HASKELL and Sisters, will be resumed, at their Residence on Russell St., on Monday 4th September.

### Monthly Terms.

English Course (Primary and Intermediate), \$2.00.  
Academic Course, \$3.00  
Kindergarten, \$1.00  
German, French, Latin and Greek Extra each, 50c.

Elements of Music and Drawing with Callisthenics, will be taught Free

The undersigned is prepared to organize and teach Classes of Young Men or Ladies the usual collegiate branches, Classics Mathematics &c., as well as Stenography or Short Hand Private lessons in Instrumental music will be given when desired.

### J. BACHMAN HASKELL.

### 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,  
At his Drug Store.

aug 21—3m

## REMOVED TO THE REAR

OF

A. FISCHER'S STORE

Where I am prepared to serve the Public at the shortest notice in my line of business. Thanking the Citizens for their liberal patronage in the past, I beg a continuance of the same in the future.

MOSES M. BROWN, Barbr.

## WANTED.

Good BEEVES and SHEEP in good condition, for which full market price will be paid. Apply to

M. ALBRECHT.

may 13

## TO RENT.

The Store House on the Corner of Russell and Market Street, formerly occupied by J. W. Meade. There is no better business stand in Orangeburg. For terms apply to

T. C. ANDREWS.

Orangeburg S. C.

## NOTICE.

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

### PEDIGREE.

MAMBRINO TRUSTEE, by Mambrino Medley, the 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 Denney, by Hocking; first dam by Lady Woodford, by Sir William Woodford; he by Woodford; first dam by Bertrand.

Mambrino Trustee by George W. Oden, 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.

### THAD. C. ANDREWS

Orangeburg Livery and sale stables. P. S. Board for a few mares can be had at my stables

aug 19

## IRON MOUNTAIN MILITARY SCHOOL



### COL. ASBURY COWARD

A full corps of Professors, and a full corps of students, for the purpose of teaching the art of war, and the principles of military strategy, and the art of command.

dec 11

## JOHN O'GREN

SUCCESSOR OF

ROBERT JENNY.

Importer and Manufacturer

OF

HARNESS & SADDLES.

Has the pleasure to inform the Public that he has received a heavy stock from the North of every description what belongs to a first class Saddlery Establishment. Also wish to draw particular attention to his Stock of

LADIES RIDING SADDLES

and his assortment of

SHOES.

Prices lower than ever.

Good Saddles at \$3.50.

## The Outlaw's Daughter.

BY WM. H. BUSINELL.

"I tell you I won't!"  
"Wont? Do you know who you are talking to?"  
"Don't I? Father! And a pretty one you are. I have sold myself to the flames of hell already for your sake, and I tell you I'm not going to stain my hands with blood."

"Blood! Bah! Who wants you to?"  
"But you want me to entice him here so that you can murder him, and I won't!" and the speaker, a girl of twenty, coarse, and yet pretty of features, of dark, waving hair and flashing eyes, turned hastily away.

But the strong arm of the brutal man—one well known on the Red River as one of the most desperate—detained her, and his impious and burning words were breathed the tening in her ear.

"Look here, beauty! It wont do for you to put on airs with me. You know me, and know nothing stops me, so if you don't get that man here it will be worse for you. He has gold, and I want it."

"Rob him, then, who cares? But you don't make a fool of me to lure him to be murdered."

"Mighty good! you are getting to be, ain't you?"

"I sold myself to sin and shame. I became the mistress of a man I hated; hated as you do anything good or decent; that you might make him pay smart money. Now I am—"

Great God, it is enough to make me mad when I think of it!"

"Don't think of it then, you fool!" was the brutal reply.

"The man took my part—was kind to me once when the outcast people of the settlement would have turned me adrift at midnight in an open boat, with tied hands, and without a chance for life; and, by Heaven, I will not betray him even if I die for it!"

"So you love his baby face, miss? You a—"

"Better not let your lips call me that name! I am fast becoming desperate. So beware!"

"Go long; you're drunk, and don't know what you are talking about."

"Don't I? You think I'll play the part of that cursed thing you just called me, and so get him into your power. But if I do may I be—"

"You can talk sweet enough to him when you have a mind to."

"That's none of your business, anyhow."

"Ain't it? I'll teach, you jade! Either you do as I want you, or, by Heaven, I'll murder him first and then tie you to his carcass to rot! Do you hear?"

"Better not tempt me too far! I never did a good deed before in my life—since you in the very days of my childhood trained me to crime; and by the God above, I'll not be driven from it now!"

How strange hat she, a sin-sold one, should couple with and enforce by an oath a deed upon which angels would look lovingly? Ah—when womanhood blisters and pollutes her lips by taking God's holy name in vain, how deep, damning, never to be repented of must be the depths into which she has fallen!"

Passing from the house, Dick Everts, the outlaw, hastened to the bank, jumped into a boat, and pulled down the river. A short distance brought him to a cabin, where, securing his boat, he entered, finding three rough men—outcasts, counterfeiters, murderers, like himself—busily engaged in the purely Western game of euchre.

"Well, Dick," was the salutation he received from one of the number, "how about your daughter?"

"No daughter of mine! Bad as I am I could never bring myself to act so like a devil to my own flesh and blood!"

"Well, don't get too pious. But about the gal?"

"She won't do it, that's all."

"Then that game is played out!"  
"Not yet—the mix!"  
"But she'll blow us."  
"If she gets a chance, which I'll take good she don't. One of you must watch this young sprig she has fallen in love with, and I'll—what in Satan's name is that?"

A ringing, cherry laugh burst upon their ears as they sprang to the door, and saw the supposed daughter of Everts paddling across the stream in one boat—canoe, or "dug-out" rather—and towing another, thus completely cutting off all chance of their following.

"Ha! ha!" she shouted, "I'll be stool pigeon for you! Follow me if you can! Catch me if you can!" and leaping to the opposite bank, made the slender boats fast, and disappeared in the woods.

"By—I she's got us, and will peach!" shouted Everts. "I wish I had stuck a knife in her heart!" and throwing aside his hunting shirt he leaped into the rapid stream and swam across, followed by the others, in the hope of yet overtaking the girl and stopping her mission.

"Mr. Malcolm—Edward Malcolm!" shouted the brave and almost exhausted girl, as she burst into the room where the young man (Malcolm had lately wandered into the settlement, and had the reputation of being rich) sat, and then in breathless accents, related her story, not even sparing herself the shame of the proposal by which she was to entice him to destruction.

"To the boat, quick!" he commanded, as soon as he comprehended her meaning.

"It is too late!" she replied, as she saw her father and his companions nearing the house. "But, by Heaven, I'll foil them yet! Do as I wish you—make believe you love me, and are going with me home, and I will save you. It is your only chance for life."

Was she not simply acting a part in order to lure him better to betray him? Had not her fear been assumed in order to lure him more certainly into the net? Though he spoke not, yet his eyes revealed this, and throwing herself at his feet, she clasped his knees, and in the very agony of despair, sobbed forth—

"Strike me dead or trust me! Oh, God, that I should have earned this! Come, come with me! My father is coming; an instant pause will be fatal! Come, for the love of Heaven, Come!"

"I will trust you! My blood be upon your soul if you prove false!"

"Come!" she repeated, throwing open the door, and leading him forth in full sight and hearing of the men who were lurking in the bushes.

"Come, Edward, father has gone away from home, and we will be all alone to-night."

"But suppose he should come and catch me there?" replied the man, assuming reluctance.

"I took good care he shouldn't. See I took both boats, I'll bring you back early—come."

"Will you kiss me then?"  
"Yes!" and she did so with rather more willingness than would have appeared proper in refined eyes, for, as it was, the outlaw was completely deceived, and followed them in silence. But the cunning girl had again secured both boats and so rendered his journey home a long one, as the banks were almost impassable.

An hour after midnight he and his accursed companions again crept to his cabin. Peering within the window, he saw the girl and her lover lying side by side on the rude bed, deeply locked in slumber. With a fiendish smile he called his comrades' attention to the number of empty bottles on the table.

"Both dead drunk," he whispered. "Spare the girl, for she proved true after all; but kill the whelp like any other wolf."

Pulling the string of latch, which was the only fastening, he opened the door, entered, and was closely followed by the others. Knife in hand, they crawled forward, and all to-

gether struck at the very heart of their destined victim. Could human life survive an instant after blows struck by keen-edged steel in the hands of strong and desperate men? If so, then vain is bullet or sabre stroke.

From a darkened corner of the room came the flash of pistols and the whizzing of death-freighted lead. Bang, bang! and two of the ruffians fell, trembling, gasping in dissolution.

"Betrayed! She devil!" And the outlaw Everts fired full at her he called daughter, when the weapon of the man whom she had ventured all to save—for whose sake she had planned the figures upon the couch—brought a third to the floor.

"By—I you shall not escape me. You first!" fairly screamed Everts, as he sprang upon Malcolm, and struck a full blow at his heart.

Verily, his life trembled in the balance, but the desperate girl threw herself before him she loved, and the steel, striking her shoulder, buried itself within the quivering flesh and snapped upon the bone, while the heavy butt of a pistol hurled the outlaw to the floor, for the time insensible.

Everts, bound securely, was left beside his dead comrades, while the brave, but now rapidly bleeding to death girl, was carried into a canoe, her wound staunch, as well as possible, and soon taken to a place of safety.

The next day the old man perished miserably—lung to a limb of a tree, by more than a score of hands, with the exception of the disfigured corpse, left no trace of their deed, save that there was carved in bark plainly, though rudely, the single word "Regular!"

Five years later a strong man stood by the banks of the same river, though in the same limits of a little town, holding a woman by the hand, who would have been beautiful, save for the extreme sadness and pallor of her face.

"Will you not be my wife?" he asked.

"Would you take me to your heart, knowing my early life?" she questioned, in reply.

"Yes, God is just and has pardoned you—all is forgiven—all is forgotten!"

"Then, Edward Malcolm, you shall not, madly as I love you. Your name shall never be stained by linking it with one who was the outlaw's daughter," and as he relinquished her hand, she turned tearfully away, and kneeling down, clasped her hands in prayer.

When God counts his jewels, may not that rough diamond of Red River, purified by adversity and justified by faith, shine more brightly than many of her more favored sisters lapped in luxury and refined by education? I opine it will be so of a verity.

### What Winking Caused

Sanders is a great winker. He can't talk to you ten minutes without enforcing his point with a drop of one of his super eyelids; he never takes a letter out of the office without winking at one of the clerks; he winks when he dupes you, and gives you a sly one when he pays a bill. When he meets and greets you on the street it is always with a significant closing of the left eye, and when he has a stunning piece of news to tell you his wink is one of the greatest import. The world moved along smoothly enough with Sanders until last Friday. Up to that time he had gone winking and blinking along peacefully enough, and no clouds obscured his happiness; but a pall is hanging over Sanders now, and life has no charms for him. It's all his wife's fault, he says. She had no business sending him to a millinery store. She wanted a bow to match one on her hat, and she started Sanders off to procure it. He entered the store whistling, and when one of the shop-girls approached and

said "Good morning," he winked and replied "Good morning."

The girl blushed and looked nervous; Sanders displayed the bow and said:

"Got anything to match that?" and winked again. The girl vanished to the back room with flaming cheeks, leaving Sanders to stare after her in open-mouthed wonder. In a minute or two the boss milliner, who had been informed of his actions, appeared. She was highly indignant, and as she slammed the door behind her she said, "Sir—"

"Good morning, madame," said Sanders. "Fine day, ain't it now," and a wink was unconsciously slung at the lady. She bridled up instantly.

"Sir, the conduct—"

"Of that girl!" interrupted Sanders. "Oh, that's all right; never mind her—little bashful, eh?"

Another tremendous wink.

"I cannot permit such conduct, sir. It is shameful and insulting."

"Not at all; not at all," says Sanders, still off the track. "Don't say another word, we understand each other."

Another portentous wink.

The milliner vanishes, slamming the back door behind her, and Sanders sinks into a seat ejaculating: "Well, I'll be doggoned!" But he bounced up quick when a gentleman entered, and calling him "an old hippopotamus," proceeded to divest himself of his coat, and squaring off at Sanders, cried out: "Now, then, come on!"

"Why, why, bless me, what does this mean?" said Sanders.

"Oh, yes, you're a nice one, you are. What kind of a place do you take this for, coming around and insulting women and girls with your winks. Come on!"

Sanders. He got one in on Sanders over the eye; his left duke felt for Sanders's ribs, while his right rattled around all over Sanders's mug, and when he got through with Sanders, that individual was as badly demoralized as a pig in a whirlwind, and he never found out what it was all about until the milliner's husband, who had ascertained his habit, called on Sunday and apologized. Sanders shook hands, and said it was all right, and was just about to wink again, when he checked himself and said: "Blame it, I'll swear off from that habit!" and then he turned and winked at the wall to enforce his oath.

### Adventures of a Dog.

Mr John D Johnson, the lawyer, went down to Murdock Lake a week ago for the purpose of enjoying a few days in angling for black bass. He took with him a favorite setter, which he had raised from a pup. The lake is in Illinois, thirty miles south of the city, and the usual route to it is over the Iron Mountain Railroad to Illinois Station; thence by row-boat across the river, and thence by wagon to the club-house, a distance of three miles. Arriving at the lake, Mr Johnson went out in a boat to fish, at seven o'clock in the morning, taking his setter along for company. The dog proved troublesome in the boat, and was put ashore, and nothing more thought about him. When Mr. Johnson returned to the club house late in the afternoon, he could not find his dog, although he searched for him along the lake shore, and made diligent inquiry of everybody he met. On his way home, two days afterward, Mr Johnson learned at Illinois Station, that his dog was at Pevely, five miles below, and sent a man after him, who brought him back. It seems that the dog, after being put ashore on the west side of the lake, had joined a party of fishermen, and remained with them for a short time and then returned to the place where he had left his master. Not finding him there, nor at the house, he concluded that the boss had gone home. He made a bee line for the river, and swimming across, took his position at the railroad station to wait for a

train. Several trains passed, but he did not like their looks, and made no attempt to board either of them. At length the train that had brought him and his master from the city came along, going southward, and the dog joyfully jumped aboard. He was recognized by the conductor, who put him off at Pevely, with directions to the agent to ship him to St. Louis.

These facts are given as a remarkable instance of canine sagacity. The only mistake the dog made was in starting in the wrong direction, but he probably reasoned that the train would eventually take him to the city although in a round about way.

A witty French journalist thus describes the difference between the Serba and Turks. The former cut off the left ear of their prisoners, the latter the right.

A city missionary was asked the cause of his poverty. "Principally," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "because I have preached so much without notes."

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you are drowsy, why don't you take a pinch of snuff, 'the snuff' should be put into the sermon!"

The new style trousers for boys has been invented in Boston. The articles have a copper seat, sheet-iron knees, riveted seams and water proof pockets to hold broken eggs.

There is a restaurant in Greenwich street, New York, which caters to 30,000 people, and cooks fifteen barrels of eggs each day.

Samer S. Howell R. Heber Screven  
**HOWELL & SCREVEN**  
Factors and Commission Merchants  
Accommodation Wharf,  
CHARLESTON, S. C.  
Sole Agents for the sale of Cotton Naval stores and Rice  
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## Seed Wheat.

John A. Hamilton

Having rebuilt on RUSSELL STREET next door to Mr. Cornelson's, will be happy to see his friends at the New Stand. Besides his usual stock of Seasonable Goods he has an invoice of

SELECTED WHITE SEED WHEAT a choice lot of

TOBACCO OF ALL GRADES.

FAMILY GROCERIES, &c. &c.

Goods delivered at depot or in town without charge.

J. A. Hamilton

Russell Street next to Cornelson's.

## Take Notice.

We want to make a change in our business and have made a change in our prices. We will sell our Entire Stock of Goods now in Store at cost for the next thirty days. We mean what we say, and would invite all those that wish to save money to call and price before buying elsewhere.

J. P. HARLEY & CO.

## DENTISTRY.

According to the latest improvements in the art.

WOLFE & CALVERT

over Willecock's Store, are prepared to execute anything in their line.

Guaranteeing a faithful attendance to business, they respectfully ask a continuance of the patronage, which has heretofore been extended to the old firm of Snider, Wolfe & Calvert.

All Work Guaranteed.

## FOR RENT

The Two Story Building in the Town of Lewisville. The first Story fitted up as a Store, complete in all respects. The second Story arranged for a Residence.

For particulars apply to

GEORGE BOLIVER.

aug. 5