

Orangeburg News & Times.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

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NUMBER 46.

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 Calisthenics, 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

TO RENT.

The Store House on the Corner of Russell and Market Street, formerly occupied by J. W. Mosley. 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, 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 Spectator.
Mambrino Trustee's first dam Jenny Downey, by Hole In; first dam by Lady Woodford, by Sir William Woodford; he by Woodford; first dam by Bernard.
Mambrino Trustee was bred by George W. Ogden, Wrights Station, Kentucky, Central Rail Road, Bourbon County, Kentucky. He is five years old, and has had much handling but what 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

KINGS MOUNTAIN MILITARY SCHOOL.



COL. ASBURY COWARD

A full corps of able Professors. Complete outfit of Arms, apparatus etc. For thorough mental and physical training. Location noted for healthfulness and possessing rail road and telegraphic facilities. See Illustrated Catalogue apply to Principal.

dec 11 1875

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SUCCESSOR OF

ROBERT JENNY.

Importer and Manufacturer

OF

HARNESSES & 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.

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

DENTISTRY.

According to the latest improvements in the art.

WOLFE & CALVERT

over Willcock'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.

The Cost of a Train.

At the time when the first open court of law was established in Russia, a lady, dressed with the utmost elegance, was walking on the Moscow promenade, leaning upon her husband's arm, and letting the long train of her rich dress sweep the dust and dirt of the street.

A young officer, coming hastily from a side street, was so careless as to catch one of his spurs in the lady's train, and in an instant a great piece was torn out of the costly but frail material of the dress.

"I beg a thousand pardons, madam," said the officer, with a polite bow, and then was about passing on, when he was detained by the lady's hand.

"You have insulted my wife."

"Nothing was farther from my intentions, sir. Your wife's long dress is to blame for the accident, which I sincerely regret, and I beg you once more to receive my apologies for any carelessness on my part." Thereupon he attempted to hasten on.

"You shall not escape so," said the lady, with her head thrown back in a spirited way. "To-day is the first time I have worn this dress, and it cost two hundred rubles, which you must make good."

"My dear madam, I beg you not to detain me. I am obliged to go on duty at once. As to the two hundred rubles—I really cannot help the length of your dress, yet I beg your pardon for not having been more cautious."

"You shall not stir, sir. That you are obliged to go on duty is nothing to us. My wife is right; the dress must be made good."

The officer's face grew pale.

"You force me to break through the rules of the service, and I shall receive punishment."

"Pay the two hundred rubles and you are free."

The quickly changing color in the young man's face showed how inwardly disturbed he was; but stepping close up to them both he said with apparent self-command:

"You will renounce your claim when I tell you that I am a—poor man, who has nothing to live on but his officer's pay, and the amount of that pay hardly reaches the sum of two hundred rubles in a whole year. I can therefore, make no amends for the misfortune except by again begging your pardon."

"Oh! anybody could say all that; but we'll see if it's true; we'll find out if you have nothing but your pay. I declare myself not satisfied with your excuses, and I demand my money, persisted the lady, in the hard voice of a thoroughly unfeeling woman.

"That is true—you are right," the husband added, dutifully supporting her. "By good luck we have the open court now just in session. Go with us before the judge and he will decide the matter."

All further protestation on the officer's part that he was poor, that he was expected on duty, did not help matters. Out of respect for his uniform, and to avoid an open scene, he had to go with them to the court-room, where the gallery was densely packed with a crowd of people.

After waiting some time, the lady had leave to bring her complaint.

"What have you to answer to this complaint?" said the judge, turning to the officer, who seemed embarrassed and half in despair.

"On the whole, very little. As the lateness of the hour, and being required on duty, compelled me to hurry, I did not notice the lady's train, which was dragging on the ground. I caught one of my spurs in it, and had the misfortune to tear the dress. Madame would not receive my excuse, but perhaps she might find herself more disposed to forgiveness, when I again declare, so help me God, that I committed this awkward blunder without any mischievous intention, and I earnestly beg that she will pardon me."

A murmur ran through the gallery,

evidently from the people taking sides with the defendant, and against long trains in general, and the lady in particular.

The judge called to order, and asked, "Are you satisfied with the defendant's explanation?"

"Not at all satisfied. I demand two hundred rubles in payment for my torn dress."

"Defendant, will you pay this sum?"

"I would have paid it long before this had I been in a position to do so. Unfortunately I am a poor. My pay as an officer is all I have to live on."

"You hear, coc-painant, that the defendant is not able to pay the sum you demand of him. Do you still wish the complaint to stand?"

An unbroken stillness reigned throughout the hall, and the young officer's breath could be heard coming hard.

"I wish it to stand. The law shall give me my rights."

There ran through the rows of people a murmur of indignation that sounded like a rushing of water.

"Consider, complainant, the consequence of your demand. The defendant can be punished only by being deprived of his personal liberty, and by that you could obtain no satisfaction, while to the defendant it might prove the greatest injury in his rank and position as an officer, and especially as he is an officer who is poor and dependent upon his pay. Do you still insist upon your complaint?"

"I still insist upon it."

The course the affair was taking seemed to have become painful to the lady's husband. He spoke with his wife urgently, but as could be seen by the way she held up her head and the energy with which she shook it quite uselessly. The judge was just going on to further consider the case, when a loud voice was heard from the audience:

"I will place the two hundred rubles at the service of the defendant."

There followed a silence, during which a gentleman forced his way through the crowd and placed himself by the young officer's side.

"Sir, I am the Prince of W— and beg you will oblige me by accepting the loan of the two hundred rubles in question."

"Prince, I am not worthy of your kindness; for I don't know if I shall ever be able to pay the loan," answered the young man, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Take the money at all events. I can wait until you are able to return it. Thereupon the prince held out two notes of a hundred rubles each, and coming close up to him, whispered a few words very softly. There was a sudden lightning in the young officer's face. He immediately took the two notes, and turning toward the lady, handed them to her with a polite bow.

"I hope, madame, you are satisfied. With a malicious smile she reached out her hand for the money.

"Yes; now I am satisfied."

With a scornful glance over the crowd of spectators, she prepared to leave the court room on her husband's arm.

"Stop, madame," said the officer, who had suddenly become like another man, with a firm and confident manner.

"What do you want?"

The look that the young woman cast upon him was as insulting as possible.

"I want my dress," he answered with a slight but still perfectly polite bow.

"Give me your address, and I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, my dear madame, I am in the habit of taking my purchases with me at once. Favor me with the dress immediately."

A shout of approbation came from the gallery.

"Order!" cried the judge.

"What an insane demand, said the lady's husband. 'My wife cannot undress herself here.'

"I have nothing to do with you,

in this matter, but only with the complainant. Be so good, madame, as to give me the dress immediately. I am in a great hurry; my affairs are urgent, and I cannot wait a moment longer."

The pleasure of the audience at the expense of the lady increased with every word, until it was hard to enforce any approach to quiet, so that either party could be heard.

"Do not jest any more about it. I will hurry and send you the dress as soon as possible."

"I am not jesting. I demand from the representative of the law my own property—that dress," said the officer raising his voice.

The judge, thus appealed to decided promptly.

"The officer is right, madame. You are obliged to hand him over the dress on the spot."

"I can't undress here myself before all these people, and go home without any dress on," said the young woman, with anger and tears.

"You should have thought of that sooner. Now you have no time to lose. Either give up the dress of your own accord, or—A nod that could not be misinterpreted brought to the lady's side two officers of justice, who seemed about to take upon themselves the office of my lady's maid.

"Take your money back and leave me my dress."

"Oh, no, madame; that dress is now worth more than two hundred rubles to me."

"How much do you ask for it?"

"Two thousand rubles," said the officer firmly.

"I will pay the sum," the weeping lady's husband responded promptly. "I have here five hundred rubles. Give me pen and paper and I will write an order upon my banker for the remaining fifteen hundred."

After he had written the draft the worthy pair withdrew, amidst hisses from the audience.

Query: Did the lady ever again let her dress sweep the street?

How Husbands May Rule.

BY FANNY FERN.

Dear Mary, said Harry Morton to his beautiful wife, I have a favor to ask of you. You have a friend whom I dislike very much, and who I am quite sure, will make trouble between us. Will you give up Mrs. May for my sake, Mary?

A slight shade of vexation crossed Mrs. Morton's pretty face, as she said you are unreasonable, Harry. She is ladylike, refined, intellectual and fascinating—is she not?

Yes, all of that; and for this very reason her influence over one so yielding and impulsive as yourself is more to be dreaded, if unfavorable, I'm quite in earnest, Mary. I could wish never to see you together again.

Dear Harry, that's going too far. Don't be disagreeable; let's talk of something else. As Uncle John says, How's business? and she looked archly in his face.

Harry didn't smile.

Well said Mrs. Morton, turning away, and tapping her foot nervously; I don't see how I can break off with her, Harry, for a whim of yours—besides I've promised to go there this very evening.

Mr. Morton made no reply, and in a few moments was on his way to the city.

Mary stood behind the curtain, and looked after him, as he went down the street towards the point where the omnibus was to be got. There was an uncomfortable stifling sensation in her throat and something very like a fear gittering in her eye. Harry was vexed, she was sure of that. He had gone off, for the first time since their marriage, without the affectionate "good-bye" that was usual with him, even when they parted but for an hour or two. And so she wandered, restless and unhappy into her bed chamber.

It was quite a little gem. There statuettes, and pictures, and vases—

all gifts from him either before or since their marriage; each one had a history of its own—some tender association connected with Harry. There was a bouquet—still fresh and fragrant—that he had purchased on his way home the day before, to gratify her passion for flowers. There was a choice edition of poems they were reading together the night before, with Mary's name written on the leaf in Harry's own hand. Turn where she would, some proof of his devotion met her eye. But Mrs. May! She was so smart and satirical! She would make so much sport of her, for being "ruled" so by Harry! Hadn't she told her "all the men were tyrants?" And this was Harry's first attempt to govern her. No, no—it would do for her to yield.

So the pretty evening dress was taken out; the trimmings readjusted and remodelled, and all the little details of her toilet decided. Yes, she would go—she had quite made up her mind to that. Then she opened her jewel case; a little note fell at her feet. She knew the contents very well. It was from Harry—slipped slyly into her hand on her birthday, with that pretty bracelet. It couldn't do any harm to read it again. It was very lover-like for a year old husband, but she liked it. Dear Harry! And she folded it back, and sat down, more unhappy than ever—with her hands crossed in her lap, and her mind in a most pitiable state of resolution.

Perhaps, after all, Harry was right about Mrs. May; and if he wasn't, one hair of his head was worth more to her than all the women in the world. He had never said one unkind word to her—never! He had anticipated every wish. He had been so attentive and solicitous when she was ill. How could she grieve him?

Love conquered! The pretty robe was folded up and put away—the jewels returned to their case—and with a light heart, Mary sat down to await her husband's return.

The lamps were not lit in the parlor when Harry came up the street. She had gone, then! after all he had said! He passed slowly through the hall, entered the dark and deserted room, and threw himself on the sofa with a heavy sigh! He was not angry—but he was grieved and disappointed. The first doubt that creeps over the mind of the affection of one we love is so very painful!

Dear Harry! said a welcome voice at his side.

Heaven bless you, Mary! said the happy husband; you've saved me from a keen sorrow.

Young lady reader, there are some husbands worth all the sacrifices a loving heart can make.

To be contented with what we have to-day is to be happy for all coming morrows.

Be contented with what you have, as the rat said to the trap when he left his tail in it.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

Love of truth shows itself in its covering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

Why are washerwomen the stillest of people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

Why was the first of September like the transgression of Adam? Because it was the beginning of the Fall.

Judge Lindeman, of Cincinnati, sentenced a boy to two years' imprisonment for stealing a newspaper from a doorstep. The lad's mother was there by made insane, and the magistrate is the object of public indignation.

"Don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider," said a dentist to his patient, "I intend to stand outside to draw your tooth." "Oh, I wanted to show you what I had for breakfast," was the ready reply.

Married Politeness.

"Will you?" asked a pleasant voice. And the husband answered: "Yes, my dear with pleasure."

It was quietly but heartily said; the tone, the manner, the look, were perfectly natural and very affectionate. We thought: How pleasant the courteous reply! How gratifying it must be to the wife! Many husbands of ten years' experience are ready enough with the courtesies of politeness to the young ladies of their acquaintance, while they speak with abruptness to the wife, and do many rude little things without considering them worth an apology. The stranger whom they may have seen but yesterday, is listened to with deference, and although the subject may not be one of the pleasantest nature, with a ready smile; while the poor wife, if she relates a domestic grievance, is snubbed or listened to with ill-concealed impatience. Oh! how wrong this is—all wrong.

Does she urge some request— "Oh! don't bother me," cries her gracious lord and master. Does she ask for necessary funds for Susy's shoes or Tommy's hat—

"Scenes to me you're always wanting money!" is the handsome retort. Is any little extra demanded by his masculine appetite, it is ordered, not requested:

"Look here, I want you to do so and so—just see that it's done; and off marches Mr. Boor, with a bow and a smile of gentlemanly polish for every casual acquaintance: he may chance to recognize.

When we meet with such thoughtlessness and coarseness, our thoughts revert to the kind voice and gentle manner of the friend who said: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure." "I beg your pardon" comes as readily to his lips, when by any little accident he has

disconcerted her as it would in the presence of the most fashionable sticklers for etiquette. This is because he is a thorough gentleman, who thinks his wife in all things entitled to precedence. He loves her best. Why should he hesitate to show it? not in sickly maudlin attentions, but in preferring her pleasure, honoring her in public as well as in private. He knows her worth. Why should he hesitate to attest it? "And her husband he praised her," saith holy writ; not by fulsome adulation, not by pushing her charms into notice, but by speaking as opportunity occurs, in many ways of her virtues.

Though words seem little things, and slight attention almost valueless, yet, depend upon it they keep the flame bright, especially if they are natural. The children grow up in a better moral atmosphere and learn to respect their parents as they see them respecting each other. Many a boy takes advantage of the mother's loves, because he sees often the rudeness of his father. Insensibly he gathers to his bosom the same habits and the thoughts and feelings they engender and in his turn becomes the petty tyrant. Only his mother! Why should he thank her? Father never does. Thus the home becomes the seat of disorder and unhappiness. Only for strangers are good words expressed, and hypocrites go out from the hearthstones fully prepared to render justice, benevolence and politeness to every one and any one but those who have the justest claims. Ah! give us the kind glance, the happy homestead, the smiling wife and courteous children of the friend who said so pleasantly: "Yes, my dear, with pleasure."

A gentleman of New Orleans has found it unsafe to leave blotting paper about his office. His wife found this on a piece.

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ELLAW

You may find it very difficult to get away from bad company, but you needn't on that account throw yourself away.