

Orangeburg News & Times.

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GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

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VOLUME 11.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 30, 1877.

NUMBER 19

FOR SALE

A very desirable HOUSE and LOT, now occupied by Chas. S. Bull. For further particulars, apply to J. W. MOSELEY.

June 2 1877

Knowlton & Wannamaker,
ATTORNEYS
AND
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Orangeburg C. H., S. C.

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Orangeburg C. H. St. Matthews,
May 5 1877

ABIAL LATHROP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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Office in rear of Masonic Hall,
March 3 1877

DENTISTRY.
DR. B. F. MUCKENFUS
Dentist Rooms over Store of Mr. Geo. H. Cornelison's.
Charges Reasonable.

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS,



Will cure or prevent Disease.
No Horse will die of Colic, Potts or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
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Sold everywhere.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, Md.
Sold by Dr. A. C. DUKES,
May 19 1877

MAKES
NO MISTAKE!

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Remedy for all Diseases of the Liver.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Biliousness and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Indigestion and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Constipation and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Sick Headache and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Chills, Fevers, and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Bilious Attacks and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
For Sour Stomach, Headache, and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
For Female Weakness, General Debility and Liver Disease.

WHAT IS
DYSPEPSIA?
A state of the Stomach in which its functions are disturbed, often without the presence of other diseases, attended with loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, sour stomach, rising of food after eating, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, acid or foetid eructations, a flatulent or sinking at the pit of the stomach, palpitations, illness of the senses, morbid feelings and uneasiness of various kinds, and which is permanently cured if you take HEPATINE.

HEPATINE
WHAT IS
Constipation or
Costiveness?
A state of the bowels in which the evacuations do not take place as designed by nature, and are hindered, hard and expelled with difficulty, caused by a low state of the system, which diminishes the action of the muscular coat of the stomach. This disease is easily cured if you will take HEPATINE.

HEPATINE
WHAT IS
INDIGESTION
A condition of the Stomach produced by inactivity of the Liver, when the food is not properly digested, and in which condition the sufferer is liable to indigestion, a flatulent or sinking at the pit of the stomach, palpitations, illness of the senses, morbid feelings and uneasiness of various kinds, chills, fevers and general prostration. It is positively cured if you take HEPATINE.

HEPATINE
WHAT IS
Sick & Nervous
HEADACHE?
It was at one time supposed that the seat of the brain was in the stomach. Certain it is, that a morbid action between the two, and what effects one has an immediate effect on the other. So it is that a disordered stomach invariably is followed by a sympathetic action of the brain, and hence all arise from this cause. Headaches are easily cured if you will take HEPATINE.

HEPATINE
WHAT IS
Sour Stomach?
The former is the primary cause of the latter. A sour stomach creates the heat and burning sensation. The contents of the stomach ferment and turn sour. Sick stomach, followed by griping, colic and diarrhoea, often occur.

When the skin is yellow, TAKE HEPATINE

When the tongue is coated, TAKE HEPATINE

HEPATINE
DEATH TO DISEASE!
For bitter, bad taste in the mouth, TAKE HEPATINE

HEPATINE
A teaspoonful in a wineglass full of water, as directed on bottle, and you never will be sick. This is saying a great deal, but we

MAKE NO MISTAKE!
TAKE HEPATINE

FIFTY DOSES IN EACH BOTTLE.
FOR SALE BY
A. C. DUKES, Druggist,
May 19 1877

Anything for Peace.

Stephen Thirske, was a genuine Yorkshire man, long-headed, shrewd and sturdy—serving Mammon with all his might in the great brick factory where he worked six hundred 'hands.' There everything went on so promptly and regularly that it was evident one dominant will ruled.

But no man is absolute; and if Stephen ruled his six hundred 'hands' like an autocrat, he shrunk at home into the obedient slave of one little, petted woman. Mrs. Thirske had been a great beauty, delicate and gentle. Stephen had begun his married life by a tender submission to the frailty what was such a contrast to his own rude health, and now the little woman he could carry like a baby, ruled him like a czar.

It was impossible to retrace the gradual steps by which this influence had been gained. Thirske was man enough to know that it was fatal to his home-happiness and his family's welfare, and to make occasional determinations to reform things; but as yet they had come to nothing. He could not bear his pretty Lydia's tears; and the man who would not tolerate the slightest opposition from the world, sacrificed anything and everything in his home for peace.

They had two children, a son and daughter—and as they reached manhood and womanhood, the evils of a household under such natural control manifested themselves—for if Mrs. Thirske ruled her husband, Antony and Ada ruled her. Ada was a beauty, and had not watched her mother's tactics in vain.

'I shall rule George Aske, as another rules father,' she said one night to her brother, in reply to his assertion that 'George Aske would make her know her own mind better.'

'Don't you be too sure of that, Ada—there are men, and men, I know no woman could manage me that way.'

'How does Mary Hutton manage you? Antony, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! A poor governess!'

'I am not, though. Why should I not have my way as well as you and mother? You are going to marry for position; my way is to marry the girl I love.'

'Father will never consent, nor I either.'

'I don't propose to ask your consent. I shall get mother on my side, and then father's got to yield. As for you, Ada, I should not wonder if your own affairs will very soon keep your hands full enough.'

'It is not very brotherly to be looking for trouble to keep your sister's hands full.'

'You are preparing it for yourself, Ada; any one who is determined to rule George Aske, by petting and sulking. I saw his look the other night.'

'Let him look—he yielded!'

'He yielded then, but one hundred to one he does not yield two weeks longer.'

'Keep your opinion, Antony, but don't bother mother with Mary Hutton, until I am married. I don't want her to be sick till my affairs are settled.'

'I am going to ask her to-night—if you don't want to be sick, you had better say a good word for Mary.'

Ada was wise in her generation, and went right to Mrs. Thirske.

'Mother,' she said, Antony is coming to speak to you to-night about Mary Hutton. Don't worry yourself—it is only one of his fancies. Just promise him all he wants until my wedding is comfortably over, then you can tell father and have a stop put to his nonsense.'

'O, dear me, Ada! It does seem as if no one minded my feelings. You both know I must have peace, and yet I suppose I am to be worried into a fever about this Miss Hutton.'

'Well, mother, don't make Antony angry to-night; say enough to keep things smooth until next week is over.'

I don't want him to be sulky at my wedding.'

So Antony found his mother in one of her gentlest moods. She listened patiently to his confession of love for his sister's late governess, and answered:

'Have I not always wished to make you happy in your own way, Antony? If Miss Hutton is necessary to your happiness, why, I will speak to father about her after Ada's wedding. It won't do before it, indeed it won't.'

Antony was very grateful. Love is always hopeful, and he would see Mary that night, quite confident in his mother's final success. A few days afterwards Ada was married to the richest commoner in Airedale, and the presumptive heir of Towton baronetcy. Aske was deeply enamored of her beauty, but by no means the man to be its slave. Many things rivaled Ada in her heart, even in the earliest days of her married life; his estate, his hunters, county matters, and politics.

He was an English gentleman of the old order, and had no very exalted ideas of women, except as the mistresses of households and the mothers of children. Ada's efforts to establish a female autocracy in Aske Hall soon came to disastrous failure. At first George 'poo!' 'poo!' her orders and tried to laugh away her petting and tears. But he was not the man to put himself out of the way for an unreasonable woman, and even this concession was soon given up.

In three months it had come to a simple announcement of his intentions, and a perfect indifference as to how she accepted them. Thus he would say:

'Ada, I am going to meet the Towton hounds in the morning—you had better go with me—a gallop will do you good.'

But if Ada met the request with a negative of any kind, he accepted it without demur—and if this produced tears or complaints, he generally began to whistle and left the room. This 'rudeness' brought on passionate attacks of hysteria, and George went to the hunt, and sent the family physician to watch her through them.

Very soon poor Stephen had a double burden of household trouble to bear. Ada began to bring her wrongs and humiliations home, and Mrs. Thirske warmly espoused her cause. A complaining daughter and a weeping wife were enough to make the most splendid house miserable, and they were but the elements out of which far greater troubles were to come.

In the mean time Antony's affairs were equally unsatisfactory. Mrs. Thirske had spoken to Stephen about Mary Hutton, and for the first time in her married life admitted a failure. Antony would not believe that she had done her best, and he forgot in this one denial the ninety and nine unreasonable favors she had before procured him.

Stephen's opposition to Miss Hutton was sulky and positive. He dared not, in the first place, disobey his wife's orders to forbid the match. In the second, he was angry at the authors of this new element of discomfort in his home. In the third, he was not prepared financially to support another household. Ada's settlement had been a great drain upon his business; he had had other losses, and another wedding and house furnishing, with the increased allowance necessary to maintain it, was really beyond his present means.

He was quite sensible of this last reason, but he did not want to admit it even to his wife and son, so he suddenly and authoritatively forbid Antony to marry any one at present; and for some months there was a growing feeling of anger between father and son. Then one day, after a stormy interview, Antony left his home without a word of farewell, and Stephen, too proud and angry to seek after him, had to bear, in addition to his own sorrow and disappointment, the mother's fretful reproaches and anxiety.

The very day on which Antony left his home Ada returned to it. There had been between her and George Aske a wearisome succession of fierce disputes, and at length, in a moment of intense passion, George had struck his wife. Mrs. Thirske was dumb before two such sorrows, and was really ill, and Stephen was dangerously angry.

Aske suffered three days to pass and then sent for Ada. Ada refused to return, and Mrs. Thirske supported her in the refusal. In a week Aske's messages became so insolent that Stephen was compelled to reply to them, and the poor father, against his sense of what was best for his child and himself, was forced into supporting the refractory wife. Intolerable words passed between the husband and father, and when they next met they instantly gave each other the Yorkshireman's warning—a word and a blow, and the blow first.

After that it was open enmity, and Stephen was well aware that he was ill-armed to fight so rich and so bitter an enemy. Aske's revenge was a subtle one. He began within a week to build on the same stream as Stephen's a much larger mill. Stephen winced at the coming competition but had not at first any idea of Aske's real motive. When the mill was finished he 'loched' the stream, and thus, as his mill stood higher up than Stephen's, deprived him of the water whenever he felt disposed to do so.

'He had no right to do this.' Of course he had not. He knew that very well, and quite anticipated the lawsuit which would follow. But in the meantime the Aske mill kept Stephen's virtually idle, Aske was making money enough to defray the expenses of the weary lawsuit which was fast crippling Stephen in all of his resources.

Every one knew that Stephen was right and at first he found many supporters. But it was Aske's policy to wear out Thirske, and as month after month and year after year went on, and Stephen grew poorer and poorer, and more desperate and unreasonable, even his friends gladly seized the pretext of his imprudence to desert him.

At the end of four years he was ruined and the presence of the man's wife who had ruined him, in his house, was no peculiar comfort. One night a strange longing for his son came over him; he was in so much trouble that he could not put away his anxieties even to soothe Lydia, and leaving her and Ada to find what comfort they could in each other, he went to seek Mary Hutton.

She still lived in a quiet street of small houses in the lower part of the town, and when she answered his request to speak to her, he was not astonished at Antony's love. But it angered him nevertheless; and though it was always hard for Stephen to be cross to a beautiful woman, he said, sharply:

'Where is my son, lass?'

'In New York, sir.'

'What is he doing there?'

'Making a home for me and my father, sir.'

'Write and bid him come to his own father. You may tell him I'm a ruined man—a ruined man, lass. You'll make naught by marrying Antony Thirske now, Mary.'

'I am very sorry for you, Mr. Thirske. You may believe me or not; and I will write and tell Antony what you say.'

But before Antony could return, things had come to a crisis with Thirske. He had won his case—and was ruined in the winning of it. He was a complete bankrupt, and mill and home went under the sheriff's hammer. There may be places where 'three failures and a fire make a man's fortune,' but it is not in Yorkshire. Even the personal property of the unfortunate bankrupt was sold, and the ruined were thankful to accept in the meantime the shelter of the governess's little home.

Now, however, that Stephen had met the worst and faced it, all his

pluck returned. He easily got a position in a friend's factory, and began to slowly gather around him again the comforts of a much humbler home. A much happier one, though—for these terrible changes had at length reversed the unnatural order of things. When Stephen was utterly bowed down, suddenly Lydia Thirske rose up, and took her true and natural position as comforter and helpmate. It almost consoled the weary husband for all his losses to have found at last his true wife.

Antony also had written loving and hopeful letters—and it was likely that he would be able to come for Mary the next summer. They were all sorry now to think of parting with her, for she had been so helpful and cheerful in these dark days, that it was hard to imagine the cottage without her.

Adversity has many learned disciples, and Ada had not been to its school without benefit. It was impossible for her not to reproach herself with her father's ruin, and though no one else had done it, the voice of society universally condemned her. She remembered, too, that however revengeful and hateful Aske had been, she herself had done her best to call forth those qualities—he had at first tried to be very patient and kind with her.

One morning as she was sitting sewing to some such bitter thought as these, she lifted a paper and read this paragraph:

'On Monday last, Aske, of Aske Hall, while hunting with the Towton hounds, was thrown, and it is feared fatally injured.'

She sat still thinking a few minutes, and then, without a word to any one but Mary Hutton, left the house. Two hours afterwards she was in Aske Hall, helping to soothe the ravings of his delirious master. Calmly but resolutely she took her place, and in the long dreary weeks of watching and darkness that followed, learnt many a wholesome lesson.

Her great fear now was that the injury to the brain was permanent, and that her husband would never know her long enough to pardon her. But one night, as she stood looking tenderly at the pale, shrunken face, he slowly opened his eyes and said in a whisper:

'Ada!'

'George, dear George! and the kiss that sealed her forgiveness was the remembrance of their hearts and lives.

But Aske was many months a helpless invalid; and it was almost a year afterwards that Ada was going gently about the room, packing things for a journey with him to the sunny skies of Italy. He watched her some time, and then said:

'Ada, I may never come back—I feel very weak. I wonder if your father would see me before I go.'

The next morning Stephen Thirske stood by his enemy's side, and his eyes were full of tears.

'You are much changed, George.'

'Yes, Thirske, you have won at last. Let us shake hands. The mill we fought about I have given to Ada, and she gives it to you. The papers are here—I want to see them signed.'

But, Aske—

'Don't deny me this grace, Thirske—if I have to die, I shall die the easier for it. If I live to come back, I want to come back among friends. It is your own. No blessing has come to me since I built it.'

So when Antony came to Mary he did not go back again. He joined his father in the Aske Mill, and in ten years the firm of 'Thirske & Son' were the leading manufacturers of Airedale again.

There are evils that happen for good. Stephen and Ada found in poverty and anxiety the true relation of man and wife. Stephen never again said, 'Anything for peace'—and Ada learnt that it is better to win a husband than conquer him—better to rule with him than to rule over him.

If you can't be a light house, says Mr. Moody, 'be a candle.' Plenty of the girls would rather be half a match.

Love in Humble Life.

In East Boston, a few weeks since, was borne to the grave, a maiden wife of not less than twenty years of age. Her husband and lover, a young man of twenty-three, was a mechanic. They had loved each other from childhood, and were to have been married some six or seven months since, when she was prostrated by consumption. Nearly all his leisure from labor was passed at her bedside, cheering her with prospects of restored health and a life of happiness; but the fell disease was too firmly implanted in her system to leave any hope of her recovery. When the physicians informed her that death was inevitable, she expressed a desire to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and her wish was gratified. Her lover procured a carriage, sat by her side, and bore her in his arms to and from the Lord's table. She returned to her bed never again to leave it in life. About a fortnight before her death, she said that she had only one earthly wish ungratified; she desired to be united to him who had loved her so long, and so truly, in the hope of being his in heaven. He could deny her nothing—he married death. Bolstered up by pillows, and supported by the embrace of her mother, she was united to her lover; her feeble voice was hardly audible in responding to the questions of the marriage ceremony. She was his, and said she could die without regret. From then until she passed away, she was unable to speak above a whisper; but she appeared happy, and though wasted to skin and bone, a pleasant smile left its impress on her face as her soul returned to God who gave it.

Many cases have been recorded of people being married on the brink of the grave, to accomplish some material end—such as to give a legal title to property, or to render an act of long delayed justice; but rarely or never have we heard of poor people marrying under such circumstances, purely for love. The stern realities of life press so hardly upon the laboring poor, that the finer feelings of their souls have to make way for the cares and toil of providing for the wants of the body.

The only legacy which this affectionate maiden left her husband was a lock of her hair, and a favorite copy of the Bible.

Young Positivist—(Clergyman makes a pastoral call—lady brings forward her son of 8 years to be examined as to his theological sentiments)—Pastor: 'What is a miracle?' Boy: 'Dunno.' P.: 'If you were to see the moon in the middle of the night what would you think of it?' B.: 'Should think 'twas the moon.' P.: 'But if somebody were to tell you 'twas the sun, what would you think?' B.: 'Should think it 'twas a lie.' P.: 'But I don't lie. If I should tell you 'twas the sun, what would you think?' B.: 'Should think you wasn't sober.'

They are very hard on the clergy in Illinois. If a deserving minister of the Christian Church wants to marry a young girl in the congregation, and just poisons his wife to avoid the publicity of a divorce suit, they actually send him to prison for fourteen years. Really, it is getting positively unsafe for an Illinois man to murder his wife.

If you want to live happy with your husband, we would advise this: Don't eye-dolize him. We never knew a man that would bear watching either before or after marriage.

An editor acknowledges the receipt of a little of brandy, forty-eight years old—and says: 'This brandy is so old that we very much fear it cannot live much longer.'

My son, remember that your character ought to shine brighter than your boots.' 'Suppose I blacken it, then, father?'