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NUMBER 26

ABIAL LATIROP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Orangeburg, S. C.
Office in rear of Masonic Hall.
March 3 1v.

DeTreville & Heyward
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS
AT LAW
Orangeburg C. H., S. C.
Will practice in the various Courts of the State.
W. J. DeTreville, James S. Heyward
June 23 1v.

Knowlton & Wannamaker,
ATTORNEYS
AND
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Orangeburg C. H., S. C.
Aug. B. Knowlton, F. M. Wannamaker.
Orangeburg C. H. S. Matthews,
May 5 1877 1v.

DENTISTRY.
DR. B. F. MUCKENFUSS
Dental Rooms over Store of Mr. Geo. H. Cornelson's.
Charges Reasonable.

DENTISTRY.
Dr. L. S. Wolfe can be found at his office over Ezekiel's Store where he is prepared to execute work on the most improved styles, at short notice and at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.
June 30 1v.

MAKE NO MISTAKE!
TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Remedy for all Diseases of the Liver.
TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Dyspepsia 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 fluttering or sinking at the pit of the stomach, palpitations, dilation of the vessels, morbid feelings and invasions of various kinds, and which is permanently cured if you take **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 irregularly 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**.

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 become the victim of nearly every disease that human flesh is heir to—chills, fevers, morbid feelings and invasions of various kinds, and which is permanently cured if you take **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 a wonderful sympathy exists 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 headaches all arise from this cause. Headaches are easily cured if you will take **HEPATINE**.

WHAT IS Sour Stomach? Heartburn?
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, let us **MAKE NO MISTAKE!**
TAKE HEPATINE
FIFTY DOSES IN EACH BOTTLE.
FOR SALE BY
A. C. DUKES, Druggist,
May 19 1877 1v.

A Woman of Will.

If you had seen her you would have thought her a sweet little woman. Probably you would have given her credit for nothing but sweetness. You would have declared her a lovable piece of loveliness.

She had such mild blue eyes, such a good natured, dimpled chin, that the thinness of her lips, indicating firmness, was easily overlooked.

Her name was Ruth Rand. To Fred Bailey it was the dearest in all the world. If you had seen her sitting with her head on Fred's shoulder, you would have guessed that she entertained the same opinion of his name.

She had loved him long. She made no effort to conceal her happiness when he told her his heart's secret. As naturally as a river toward the ocean, her love turned toward his love and gave itself away.

Fred was a thoroughly good fellow, worthy of this little woman. We could say nothing stronger in praise of him!

Ruth was past twenty-one. Her parents had died when she was a child. Her uncle, Michael Rand, had been her guardian up to the time of her maturity. She still lived with him, and submitted to his authority. This by force of habit.

There are some natures whose freedom from obstinacy is often mistaken for want of firmness—their dislike of conflict for weakness. When great occasions arise they surprise us by their determination.

Such a one was Ruth Rand. Although she said "yes" to Fred without reservation, she thought it well to obtain her uncle's consent to the union. Fred being a sensible fellow agreed with her.

Neither of them understood Michael Rand. Fred knew little of him good or bad, and to Ruth he had always been kind enough—she had never thwarted him.

He was a short, thick-set man, had coarse features and a receding forehead. His soul was so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. He knew no law but his own will. Uncompromisingly selfish, he would obtain his end, though he purchased it with broken hearts.

He had made up his mind that Ruth should marry a certain gentleman of his choice—a man, by the way, closely resembling himself in all particulars.

So when Fred Bailey asked him for Ruth's hand, it was the old story of an old head with no sympathy for young hearts. He not only refused, but ordered Fred out of the house, forbidding him to enter it again.

This proceeding astonished Ruth as much as it did her lover. She told him, however, that they could wait, that time would soften her uncle.

As he kissed her good bye, it was with her promise that if Michael Rand did not yield within a year, she would marry Fred "in spite of all the crabbed old uncles in the world."

The next six months was a campaign which Fred took no part in, for he saw Ruth but seldom. This campaign was general by her and her uncle. They surprised each other.

Ruth discovered what a hard-headed, hard-hearted old sinner Michael Rand was, he, what a strong-willed little woman she had proved to be. He—unimpressible old brute—had resisted all her powers of persuasion; she—brave heart—had refused with scorn the gentleman of his choice.

Such was the condition of affairs at the end of the six months. The niece as quietly determined, the uncle as obstinate as ever.

It was winter, and the ground covered with snow. Ruth Rand sat at the window, watching the speeding sleigh, and listening to the merry music of the bells. Looking up the road, she saw her uncle in his handsome sleigh, behind his fastest horses, coming toward the house.

For the first time since she was a child she trembled at the look upon his face. She knew not its cause, but it was devilish in its wicked triumph, and she feared it. She had seen it many years before, when he had heard of the death of a man who had stood in his path.

When he stopped before the door and saw her at the window, he leered. Without stopping to put up the horse and sleigh, he strode into the room and stood before her laughing.

It was not that pleasant laugh which sends the blood of the listener dancing through his veins, till in sheer sympathy he echoes it as loudly.

It was such a laugh as ill becomes a man to have upon his face or sound from his lips—uglier than a sneer, more terrible than a threat.

The base nature of this man stood revealed before her in all its blackness as he said, chuckling:

"My obstinate Ruth, you will never marry Fred Bailey, for he is dying."

There was no effort to soften the blow, there was no pity for her in his heart. There is lightning in the sky, and such men are not struck dead.

Oh, little Ruth, bear up; be not weak before this monster!

"A friend was showing him a pistol," he went on, unsparingly "and by its accidental discharge Fred Bailey was wounded. It's all up with him. He's made his last love speech, my dear!"

A pleasant fellow, this Michael Rand. With a scorn of him that reddened her face and quivered her voice, she asked:

"Where is he now?"

"A good five miles away, my dear—in Langdon's house, on Black Hill."

Without as much as another glance at him, Ruth left the room, but in a moment was back again, hooded and shawled. She had passed him, gone out at the door and sealed herself in the sleigh before he understood her intention. Quickly following her, just as she was about to start he seized the horse's bridle.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, with set teeth.

"I am going to see Fred," she answered, quietly.

"What then?"

"I am going to marry him. If he dies, it shall be as my husband."

He tightened his grip upon the bridle as he exclaimed:

"You shall not!"

All disguise was useless. They looked into each other's eyes—a determined woman against an obstinate, unscrupulous man.

"Let go!" she said, menacingly, but he heeded not.

She spoke to the horse, but her uncle's hold made it useless.

She took the whip from its stock. Thoroughly roused now, and as desperate as he was, she exclaimed:

"I say again, let go!"

He only laughed. Up in the air went the whip—down again upon the hand that held the bridle, leaving a livid welt.

It was a straight road upon which they were driving. They looked behind them. Ruth saw her uncle following.

He had borrowed a sleigh. His legal authority over her was ended; but she knew in his desperation he would dare anything to prevent the marriage.

Ruth breathed a great sigh of relief when, on arriving at Langdon's house, she saw that her uncle was far behind.

As she entered the room where Fred lay, for the first time weakness came upon her. Now that much of the excitement of the past half hour was gone, she was free to face with her sorrow. She had triumphed for the moment, but courage could not save her dying lover.

She trembled as she opened the door of his room. There was Mr. Langdon and the doctor. Without hesitation, she stepped to Fred's bedside and kissed him.

His wound prevented him from putting his arms around her, but he whispered:

"My darling!"

The report of the doctor of Fred's condition had been exaggerated; the doctor said. He might die, but his case was by no means hopeless.

Ruth had told them why she had come. Fred was delighted—was certain that with such a dear little wife as nurse he would soon get well. The doctor—jolly old dog!—said it would be just the thing.

Ruth took Fred's hand in hers, and that quiet minister with a stout heart commenced the ceremony.

By this time Michael Rand had arrived, and they were in the doctor's room. At Ruth's request, the doctor turned the key in the door. Soon at that door Michael Rand was pounding for admittance. The doctor told him it would be opened when the marriage was completed, whereupon the enraged man used some very bad language. He tried to force the door open by throwing his body against it. It was of good stout oak, and though the house shook, resisted well. When Fred Bailey and Ruth Rand were man and wife, past all remedy, they let him in.

Walking straight to the young clergyman, and exclaiming, "You are the ministerial sneak that did this!" he slapped him in the face, where the parson promptly knocked him down.

Fred Bailey did not die. Although many days have passed since that winter's day, there is no happier couple on the globe than he and Ruth.

Michael Rand still lives. He is a miserable old man, without a love to cling to.

Rather Got Him.

"Here I am again. Sit still, sit still. Don't try to get away. N. Y.—no use—you know. Did you ever hear of anybody getting away from a life insurance agent?"

"No, I never did," said the victim with a sign of despair.

"No, you never did. I know you never did, and you never will," resumed the exuberant fiend. "Now I want to write you down for \$5,000 in our company. All you've got to do is to make up your mind what plan you'll take it on."

"But I haven't made up my mind to take it at all."

"Nonsense, man! Don't you realize that death is around you in a thousand and different forms. You may go out of your office to lunch this noon and meet him on the next corner, who knows. You look now as if—well, I won't say that, but just remember that in life we're in the midst of death. Life is a frail and brittle thing. I insured a man the other day—Smith—maybe you know him—for \$2,000. Got the policy and made the first payment at 11:36 in the forenoon. At 12:13 in the afternoon he was a corpse. Choked to death on a piece of tripe. His widow gets the money, and she

and his little orphans are provided for. Thousands of just such cases. Insured a widow woman awhile ago for the benefit of her seven small children. She got the policy at 3:18 in the afternoon. At 7:29 the next morning she went to the milk wagon to get some milk for her coffee. Happened to stand near the horse—skittish beast—kicked—hit her in the pit of the stomach—at 7:58 a corpse—children have got the money. Thus it goes. Here we are to-day and then again we ain't to-morrow. *Tempus fugit*, as the poet says—time flies, so does life. Make hay while the sun shines. Get your life insured while you're alive. While there's life there's insurance. Don't put it off till to-morrow. There may be no to-morrow for you. Even at this very instant you may be unconsciously tottering on the edge of the grave. For heaven's sake, man, don't wait till it's too late—too late—what sadder words than these?"

"But I may live fifty years yet."

"Don't say that. I never like to hear a man boast that he may live long. It always makes me think of a man I once asked to insure in our company. 'I don't want it—I don't want it,' said he; 'my grandfather lived till he was 103, and my father's 102 now, and as well as you are.' 'Take care, my friend,' said I. 'You may be a corpse in less than twelve hours.' 'This was late in the afternoon, mind you. That very night, about 2 o'clock, his wife asked him to go down stairs and get the paregoric for the baby. He felt his way along in the dark, got to the head of the stairs he knew it, and fell from top to bottom, and broke his neck and injured himself internally. No, no, my dear friend, it won't do to feel too sure of a long life.'"

"My wife wants me to insure," said the victim, as the man paused for breath.

"Good, sensible lady! I'll bet anything in the world you've got a good wife," returned the life insurance man, looking very hopeful indeed.

"Yes, she thinks I'd better take out a policy."

"Of course she does. She's a woman of prudence, of forethought, and she knows that our Infallible Admittance Company is the best."

"Yes, I told her about you, and she's very anxious to have me take out one."

"Good enough. No sooner said than done, eh?"

"She's got an idea that I can't live much longer."

"No?"

"Indeed, she has. She dreamed three nights running that I was going to die pretty soon."

"Strange! There ain't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No, not a bit. Since I told her about you, she says she's had a terrible presentiment that I ain't going to live but a little while."

"Singular! What makes her feel that way?"

"Why, she says unless I let you insure my life, you'll talk me to death inside a week."

act. For the relief of the nausea and sickness remaining after the bowels were thoroughly cleansed, nothing was so effectual as hourly drop doses of ipecacuanha wine. Nux vomica was also a valuable remedy. Pain might be but the protest of the stomach against an overload, or be the result of deficient tone from general nervous exhaustion. In some cases each meal was followed by diarrhoea; and for these cases attention was directed to Ringer's plan of minute doses of the liquor hydrogryri perchloridi. In speaking of diet, Dr. Farquharson pointed out that there are three forms of dyspepsia: 1. The dyspepsia of fluids, as it is called, where the stomach seems intolerant of all forms of fluid; 2. The digestive derangements following intemperance in the matter of animal food; and 3. The dyspepsia connected with indulgence in tea, or other warm and weak infusions of tannin.

Four Widows.

At Prosperity, a station on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad, dwell in reach of the sound of the whistle four widows.

No. 1. This lady, as all the others, lost her husband during the war, and was left in straitened circumstances. Did she sit down and grieve at her fate? By no means. She has raised four children, besides fine crops, and to day she has much of last year's cotton and flour on hand, is free from debt, and is able to pay cash down for what she wants.

No. 2. Looks complacent on all of her last crop of cotton, and, with a sense of perfect rest and absolute fullness on 3,000 pounds of flour, neither of which she has sold because she had no use for the money. The only thing which disturbs her rest now is what to do with her new fodder, every place being occupied with the old. She, too, like a true woman, has raised children and set them up under their own vines and trees.

No. 3. Struggled through the years which have rolled on since the late unpleasantness, raised six children, giving each at majority \$500 in cash. Last year she bought a tract of land, for which \$1,400 in good money was paid. Has corn, fodder, and other things in abundance.

No. 4. Like unto the others, has made a splendid fight, and brought up a large family in the way they should go. Has of last year's crops abundance, pays cash in trade, and loans her earnings out on interest.—*Norbury Health.*

Trials of Newspaper Men.

One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the shame of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the weaknesses of the world; all the revenges that want to be repaid; all the vintages that want to be pulled; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent; all the meanness that want to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns, in order to save the tax of the advertising columns; all the men wanting to be set right who were never right; all the crack-brained philosophers with stories as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger nails in mourning because bereft of soap—all the bores who come to stay five minutes, but talk five hours.

Through the editorial and reporterial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day after day, and the temptation is to believe in neither God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in this profession there are some skeptical men; I only wonder that journalists believe anything.—*D. Wilt Talmy.*

An affectionate husband wrote to his absent wife the following warm and tender words: "My dear, you have been gone a long, long time; but the longer you stay away, the better I love you."