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"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM, GOD AND NATURE BID THE SAME,"

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

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June 18, 1873 18 1y

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Jan8

ASK NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER. Ask me not why I should love her; Look upon these soul-full eyes ! Look while mirth or feeling move her, And see there how sweetly rise IT 1/ Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast Which is of innocence the nest; Which though each joy were from it shed, By trouth would still be tenanted I Tan

See, from those sweet windows peeping, Emotions tender, bright and pure, delland And wonder not the faith I'm keeping | | | |

Wonder not that looks so winning Still for me new ties are spinning; Wonder not that hearts so true Keeps mine from eyer changing too.

SHE WAS A WIDOW.

BY CORNELIUS TYNEAR.

She was a very captivating woman, for she had the sweetest smile, and the most innocent looking face I ever saw! She was a small woman, too, and I always was fond of small women. Her eyes, my dear sir, were black, but, unlike some nothing wicked about them. They were do, but you don't. You imagine that you little parlor at the hotel." regular lamb's eyes, that is, in expression; I saw her;

"That woman is an angel. | She can't be anything else with those eyes."

"You're right," said Grogstar; "she is an agel if there ever was one in this

"What I do you know her 2719 T 'Why, my dear fellow I knew her when she was a little girl. She's old

Cooglesby's daughter. She married Frogsham. poor fellow." "Why poor fellow?" "He's dead, you know."

"Is it possible that young and delicate ooking creature is a widow?" "It's not only possible, but a fact," said

Grogstar. "However, she isn't so very young. I believe she is twenty-eight; let ne see, you are-" "Thirty."

"Ah, yes. Well now, my dear Tynear, f you ever think of marrying, I don't know of a woman that would suit you better than Mrs. Frogsham for a wife. Let me introduce you.'

"Thank you, I was just going to ask you to present me to the lady.'

And that was the way I made the acquaintance of Mrs. Frogsham.

We were stopping at a hotel at Sandy Beach. Mr. Grogstar had a room next to mine, and before I had been in the house three days we were the best of friends; and after he introduced me to my dear Dolia, I thought more of him than

I say my dear Delia. Yes our acquaintance ripened into love, and she confessed that I had won her affections; and her confession was made within three weeks of the day that Grogstar introduced me to this levely creature,

"Twas on the evening of a day, Which we in love had dreamt away,"

as the poet says, that I made my proposal. We were sitting upon an eminence near the sea-I at Delia's feet looking up into her beautiful eyes, she looking occanward Did they refer to me! If so, then my her lamb-like countenance illuminated by one of her child-like smiles.

"Delia," said I, and as usual in such cases, I took her hand-Delia, you are the only woman that I ever loved—the only woman that can make me supremelyhappy. TEAR ESTOOG

As usual in such cases, she did not withdraw her hand.

"Oh, will you durling?" I urged, after a slight pause, getting reday to press her to my bosom.

"Cornelius," she replied, in her sweet, flute-like voice—"Cornelius, I've been through with this be-before; therefore, I beg you'll excuse me for any seeming lack of enthusiasm; but believe me, Cor-

nelius, I love you very, very dearly." "And may I call you mine?"

"Yes," she faltered, with such an innocent; child-like smile upon her countenance that I could hardly believe that

n a calm and meditative manner. He welcomed me with a cheerful smile, and motioned me to take a seat. But I couldn't sit; I was altogether to

full for joy. "My dear Grogstar," cried I, dancing

before him, ecstatically, you behold the happiest man in the world. She is mine. "Ah you refer, I suppose, to-to the

"Yes to my Delia. The young the artless, the dove-eyed, the innocent and being a widow."

"But she is Typear, She is a widow In fact my dear fellow, I suppose that's

'She has promised to be mine, Grogstar.' eye, but it may have been caused by the smoke from his pipe. He grasped my

"Tyncar," said he, with evident emotion-"Tynear, I congratulate you. She is a jewel. She is one of a thousand. You are a lucky man to win such a woman, survive a week," I answered. black eyes that you've seen, there was but you don't know it. You t' ink you are happy, but you've no idea how happy and, as I said to Grogstar, the first time you ought to be, under the circumstances. She is a most remarkable woman, Tynear; but I assure you that-that she is a widow.

Then Grogstar wiped his eyes, and resumed his pipe.

"I am giad, my frend, that you approve of my choice, and I hope to see you at the wedding," said I.

"I shall certainly come my dear sir." returned Grogstar, "I told Delia-Mrs. Frogsham, I should say-that I should expect an invitation to her next wedding, and she promised that I would have one. Is the day appointed?"

"No, but I shall not feel secure in my happiness until it is. Oh, my dear Grogstar, excuse my emotion, but if you had ever loved as I love, you --- "

"I have" he interrup ed, "I know just what your feelings are. Give them vent. That was all that saved me."

"What! did you ever love a woman?" "Yes, she was a woman," wailed Grogstar, "and—and she was a widow."

"Did she die!"

"I would be alone, he murmured, laying down his pipe.

"I feel it coming, 'A feeling of sadness and longing," and as he turned his face down his nose.

"The sight of happiness makes him sad when he thinks of his own sorrows," I said as I quietly left the room?

The next morning there were two arrivals at the Sandy Beach hotel. One was Mr. Bluggs and the other a Mr. Noggle stone, buth of London,

When I appeared on the piazza they were both talking with Grogstar. The latter bade me good morning as I passed. "Is that him?" asked Bluggs in a suppressed voice.

"Fortunate man!" exclaimed Nogglestone, when Grogstar answered in the

Delia's accepted lover. Perhaps they had seen her, and perhaps they were both charmed with her beauty; and poor fellows, how they must have envied me! I was thinking of this, my bosom swelling with pride and joy, as I quietly smoked my morning cigar, when my beauteous Delia appeared at the door.

Grogstar, Bluggs, and Nogglestone raised their hats simultaneously. Delia bowed and smiled-oh, so sweetly! Ah, she was so happy in my love that she could not look coldly upon any one. Then she came torward and took my arm, and we walked down toward the beach.

"You know them, it seems, my dear? questioned.

'What. Mr. Bluggs-Mr. Fogglestone?' "Yes, sweet." "Oh, they were old lovers of mine,"

"But they can't belp it, said I "you are so beautiful and so good. It's a wouden to me that Grogstan never loved you. "Ohlahe did," cried Delia, "He was my which he speaks highly of 'hover'

"Hal" I caught her in my arms as we stood on the sardy shore, and pressed her hat South Carolina will yet, mosdd vined

"HOh! Delia, if you love me, name the day-quick !" I cried.-" "Twould break my heart to lose you; and here your are, surrounded by three of your old lovers unsophisticated oreature who by the who are undoubtedly waiting to snatch way, Grogstar, I cannot think her as you from my arms at the first days cable opportunity. Name the day darling, and let it be soon. the suspense will be terrible until I can call you really truly my own. An now too well I know the cause of Grogstar's emotion, which he vainty tried to conceal, when I told him you had I thought there was a tear in my frinds promised to be mine." Name the day." "Will next Thursday do, Cornelius?" she asked in her musical voice, while a tender blush suffused her beautiful countenance as she timidty raised her dovelike eyes to my face.

"Yes, Thursday will do. I think I can

"We will be married here, then, in my

"And if you have no objection, I should like to have a few friends present." "I have already invited Grogstar,"

"Yes, and I should like to have Mr. Bluggs and Mr. Nogglestone there."

"Do you think they will be able to hear it, my dear? Won't it be too much for their delicate organizations?"

"They will bear up for my sake," said

"Then let them come," I answered urning my eyes toward the hotel. But agine any supprise and alarm to dis-Sver Bluggs, Nogglestone and Grogstar all sented at the latter's window, each man holding a large telescope in his hands, and each telescope being pointed directly at Mrs. Frogsham and myself.

"Delia," said I as the cold perspiration broke out all around my nose-"Delia,

we are watched." "They always do just so," she answer ed. "They watched Mr. Frogsham the same way, but they don't mean anything

"Oh! they don't eh? But I won't trust them, my dear. They may have formed a conspiracy to snatch you from my arms I dont like the expression of Nogglestone's eyes, and there is a sinister curl to Bluggs toward the sea, I am sure I saw a tear nose. No, let us return to the hotel imglistening in the moonlight as it trickled | mediately. Until we are married I shall not feel secure. I hardly dare trust you out of my sight."

"Dear reader, I cannot linger over the next few days-the last of my single life. They were too full of anxiety and vague terror that something awful was about to happen. I hardly dared leave Delia alone for a single moment, and never retired to rest until satisfied by the snorings of Bluggs, Nogg'estone, and Grogstar, as I listened at their doors, that they were wrapped in snuber. send set in

But, Thursday came at last Several of of my friends from London came down in the morning train, and with them the Rev. Mr. Alderberg, who was to officiate at the wedding. Quite a number of friend must have told them that I was Delia's friends and relatives came also, so there was a pretty little company gathered in Mrs. Frogsham's parlor when the bride and bridegroom entered the room and stood up before the clergyman to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony.

I speak of the bridegroom, you will observe, as if-well, as if he were not inyself. This is owing to the fact of my having obtained most of the particulars of the-the-performance from another person. As for myself, I was in a semiunconscious state for the greater part of the day. Too much happiness, no matter in what form I take it, is sure to fly to my head; and that was what was the matter with me on my wedding-day.

But I was conscious through it all of the presence of Bluggs, Nogglestone, and Grogstar, All through the ceremony replied Delia, with that childlike smile; they kept their eyes fixed upon my face, she was a widow. After escorting my be then, noticing that her answer did not I think they were in a sort of clairvoyloved back to the hotel that night I rush- seem to increase my happiness, she added ant state, for they seemed to take all my ed into Grogstar's room to tell him of "but that isn't my fault, Cornelius. I feelings upon them; and when Mr. Aldermy good fortune." wasn't to blame for their loving me, I berg pronounced Delia and I one, we I found him sitting by the open win- didn't ask them to. I never asked any four sighed in concert, and looked around corsets and he didn't make the slightest me. De church ain't no place tar git up dow enjoying the sea-breeze and smoking | body to love me but you Cornelius, dear." | us with a smile, or, rather four smiles.

Then came the congratulations, the vine, a short ride to the railroad station, the tearful partings, then with my benun tiful wife by my, side, the train dashed on, bearing us away upon, our wedding but in real life it will pass without wenselies feathers &c., in the rear mare ruot

wife had resided at Langholm previous to our marriage. She owned a fine house there, and thither we repaired to a laboring man, accompanied by his spend the koncymom. It is southful and six children, entered the full

Arriving at the house in the evening, street station, and asked Capt. Clinc I was somewhat surprised upon being use to give them shelter for the pight. Ca herecaute the parler by my wife to find fain Clinchy fold Doorman Burrell. the room filled with children, who made, put them into one of the warm cells on a rush for Delia the moment she entered the first fluor, Soon the woman asked to the room, to gairness of the all classes. Occurring at moor she children, free-

"Why, dear Cornelius" cried the dear, est of women, looking up into my face with some confusion depicted appear her unocentilpoking fcountenance, 'I don't know - Lthink I must have forgotten to tell you anything about my children.' do he chance of a seaso'll narblides aug Ye'to

"Yes, dear." and guome yah a busque "How-how many-have you -got on hand?" I asked, in some bewilderment, looking around on the sea of emiling, childish faces. no bellas inslangestro

"Only twelve," Delia answered denurely. dw dule of the club what to rel di Twelve ?gratai the beamingamen alla "Yes, four sets, Cornelius,' replied the the paragon of women, putting up her little resebud of a mouth for a kiss.

I sank into a chair a storich is 'Madame,' said I, syou are doubtless ware that I am fond of children; I dote on them, and I appreciate this little surorise you have given medica and a sala

d'Oh, I knew you would and dealer dol-Yes, I done What splendid children! Are they all there?' testamon of as won and Yes, dear, You are sure that there are none run-

ning about loose toutside? guillante vive Quitezo There are just fout sets, and they are allahete, and sanctinos stale add

"Sets ? I don't know that I understand you. h. Pleaset explain. impurtadous bus ,Why,' she began, looking charmingly

naive, 'I mean sets of triplets.' Then she set down upon my knee, and put her beautiful arms around my neek white the twelve-grouped diemselves into sets in their regular order, and with their hands behind them, stood staring at their new father. Then my wife continued thus: 'I married my first husband in London. He is the father of let No 1.' "Ah, indeed! After he became a father mand.

I suppose he died.' No, he-he became discouraged, and retired. He said that he had heard that there was luck in odd numbers, but he wouldn't believe it. So he left me, and I -obtained an divorce, some out yes

But Grogstar told me that Mr. Frogsham was dead. somin and been a drive "Oh, yes, he died. I was speaking of

my first. His name was Nogglestone.

'Nogglestone; the gentleman whom you invited to our wedding?' and a month 'Yes, darling. My second was Mr. Blugga, and he got discouraged, and-

and retired.' 'Did he become a a father too?' inquired an xiously, agent diw but

Yes, Cornelius, Set No. 2, belongs to him. I married Mr. Grogstar next, and he is the father of Set No. 3. 'And he became discouraged?'

'Yes, and he retired. I obtained a divorce from Mr. Grogs ar, and married Mr. Frogsham. And he was the father of Set No. 4.?

Yes darling? want to marin si 'And he got discouraged P sort all Yes, and died, replied Delia, arising and standing before me in all her love-

For one moment I sat spellbound, gazing first at the twelve, then at my beautiful wife. With some difficulty I staggered to my feet, to one

'You are not discouraged, I hope,

Cornellus!' said my wife, as she laid her little hand on my arm. 'Oh, no' my dear. On the contrary, I'm quite encouraged. But I never

could bear much bliss -- and this iswell-a-about four sets too much.'

of weeping women and admiring men der as 'a more daily foccurrence lamong I have not yet told the reader that my the enromantic poor of the Streets of New York:" . Jon to tol bing

In New York city on Tuesday evening

would send Barrell out. The Woma handed Captain's Citichy fell conts "What I'l exclaimed Clinchy, fivilist sent of supper do youdintend to get for this?" "Bread, sir?" "Well, you woult aget enough for you all for four cents. 'That', so, captain, but I and my husband car do without it." Handing her folly cours Captain Clinchy, accompanied by Bur-rell, went to a neighboring bakers, and returned with three loaves, some hain and fish, and a subscription was raised among the men, all of them gave their mite to assist the poor family on diw

Here is an inspiration, says the Rich-mond Enquirer, whose simple pathos should move the world like a new sermor from the Mount. "Panding hosbander do without !'b What devotion whi love! That poor mother is a jewel which New York should be prouder th of all her merchant princes and railw.

The Code Buello, of well re

Augusta Gai, March 8, 48744 Two negroes. Peter Blair and Moses Sullivan had some angry words, during which Blair told Sullivan he was no gen tleman. The latter demanded an apology or satisfaction with that guns or parols Blair replied that he had he apology to make, but accepted the challenge maning the time, place and wenpons. and made The parties met at sand bar this morning at seven o'clock accompanied by their seconds, two negroes named Ralph Knight and William Armstrong, The ground was stopped off and, Colt's fiso shooters placed in the hands of they frin-

cipals, Knight gave the words not com-He said, "Peter, are you ready." Peter said, 'yes.' 'Moses are you ready

Moses replied, 'yes.' all ave blo bas Then they commenced shooting had both parties fired away until the last barrel was discharged. The pistols were reloaded, the principals resumed their positions, the words of commandaryposted, and the firing recommenced continued until Blair fell to the ground, wounded through both his legs. The parties returned to the city immediately. Sullivan fought at the same black last vear, and Blair fought anothers diear Savannah, some time agen asses ing 191

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period recently "She don't knowlenough, ell ef Columbia to 'nestàvaliodostricia John Carter, Duluth boy of lixfeen,

hing himself the other day because he had a fight with the school tenelier and failed to a squer him, or or man aidmu

"Good-bye, you old scotding, relieveded henthen," wrote a Dubuque man To his wife the hat thing before spiciding. She says she'd like to have got hold of him for about one minute.

A wealthy Buffalo widow lady offsixty has just married her own widowed son indaw of thirty five, and, as theret pro children on both sides, people inco herv trying to study out the newly-established relationships and audia band labortion

A Macon negro, who went into a trance at a meeting the other night, was accidentally overlooked. When he found the lights were out he followed the con-A desperate lover out in Indiana, walloping one of the deacons. He gives having wooed in vain, thought he'd try as an excuse that "dey lug udder niggers the virtue of bullets; but the girl wore home, an' dey mout as well have lugged 'stinctions in s'ciety." at the a first s