

# Orangeburg Times

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## THE ORANGEBURG TIMES

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Office opposite Court House Square,  
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**J. H. Mathews**  
BARBER,  
ORANGEBURG, So. Ca.  
Shop in rear of Bettison's Building.  
Apr. 2

**FRESH AND GENUINE**  
GARDEN SEEDS and ONION SETS, Just  
received from D. Landreth & Son, and for sale  
by **E. EZEKIEL**, Sign of the Big watch

**NOTICE.**  
Members of the different Granges will be sup-  
plied at Grange prices.

**E. EZEKIEL**  
MOSES M. BROWN,  
BARBER,  
MARKET STREET, ORANGEBURG, S. C.,  
(NEXT DOOR TO STRAUS & STREET'S MILL.)

HAVING permanently located in the town,  
I would respectfully solicit the patronage of  
the citizens. Every effort will be used to give  
satisfaction.  
June 18, 1873

**COTTON GINS.**  
THE UNDERSIGNED IS AGENT FOR  
the celebrated Prize-Medal Taylor Gin, of  
which he has sold 25 in this county. Also, the  
Neblett & Goodrich Gin, highly recommended  
by Col. D. W. Aiken and others.  
On hand. One 50 Saw, and One 45 Saw  
TAYLOR GIN.

**RUBBER BELTING**  
J. A. HAMILTON,  
July 10, 1873

### POETRY.

#### MY LOST FLOWERS.

BY S. J. BAINES.

I'll never trust a faithless friend,  
With precious flowers again,  
I never had a dream of love,  
But give my bosom pain.

I never loved a single flower,  
Beneath yon soft blue sky,  
Ere it reach its blossom-hood,  
Was sure to droop and die.

I never saw a winsome face,  
With melting lustrous eyes;  
Or gathered roses for a wreath,  
But brought unpleasant sighs.

I never watched at dewy eve,  
When twilight charms the hour,  
But the sweetest dew drops fell,  
Upon some distant flower.

I never dreamed of casket bright,  
With sparkling gems for me,  
But in my waking hours I found,  
Some false one held the key.

I never had a potion sweet,  
And sighed to drink it up,  
But I found some bitter dreg,  
Still mingled in the cup.

#### OUT OF WORK.

"It's no use, Maria, I have tried every-  
where."  
"But you are not going to give it up,  
Peter?"

"Give up! How can I help it? Within  
four days I have been to every book  
bindery in the city, and not a bit of work  
can I get."

"But have you tried anything else?"  
"What else can I try?"

"Why, anything that you can do."  
"Yes, I've tried other things. I have  
been to more than a dozen of my friends,  
and offered to help them if they would  
hire me."

"And what, did you mean to do for  
them?"  
"I offered either to post their accounts,  
make out bills, or attend to the counter."

Mrs. Stanwood smiled as her husband  
thus spoke.  
"What makes you smile?" he asked.

"To think that you should have im-  
agined that you would find work in such  
a place. But how is Mark Leeds?"

"He is worse off than I am."  
"How so?"

"He has nothing in his house to eat."  
A shudder crept over his wife's frame  
now.

"Why do you tremble, wife?"  
"Because when we shall have eaten our  
breakfast to-morrow morning, we shall  
have nothing."

"What?" cried Peter Stanwood, half  
starting from his chair. "Do you mean  
that?"

"But our flour?"  
"All gone. I baked the last this after-  
noon."

"But we have pork?"  
"You ate the last this noon."  
"Then we must starve!" groaned the  
stricken man, starting across the room.

Peter Stanwood was a book binder by  
trade, and had now been out of employ-  
ment about a month. He was one of  
those who generally calculated to keep  
about square with the world, and who  
consider themselves particularly fortunate  
if they keep out of debt. He was now  
thirty years of age, and had three chil-  
dren to provide for, besides himself and  
wife, and this together with house rent,  
was a heavy draught upon his purse, even  
when work was plenty, but now—there  
was nothing.

"Maria," said he, stopping and gazing  
his wife in the face, "we must starve. I  
have not a single penny in the world."  
"But do not despair, Peter. Try again  
to-morrow for work. You may find  
something to do. Anything that is hon-  
est is honorable. Should you make but  
a shilling a day, we should not starve."

"But our house rent?"  
"Trust to me for that. The landlord  
shall not turn us out. If you will engage  
to find something to do, I will see that we  
have house room."

"I'll make one more trial," muttered  
Peter, despairingly.  
"But you must go prepared to do any-  
thing."  
"Anything reasonable, Maria."

"What do you call reasonable?"  
"Why—anything decent."

She felt inclined to smile, but the mat-  
ter was too serious for that, and a cloud  
passed over her face. She knew her  
husband's disposition, and she felt sure  
he would find no work. She knew that  
he would look for some kind of work,  
which would not lower him in the social  
scale, as he had once or twice expressed  
it. However, she knew it would be of  
no use to say anything to him now, and  
so she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit  
of food in the house was put on the table.  
Stanwood could hardly realize that he  
was penniless and without food. For  
years he had been gay, thoughtless, and  
fortunate, making the most of the present  
forgetting the past, and letting the future  
take care of itself. Yet the truth was  
naked and clear; and when he left the  
house, he said, "something must be  
done."

No sooner had her husband gone, than  
Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet and  
shawl. Her oldest child was a girl eleven  
years old, and her youngest four. She  
asked her next door neighbor if she  
would take care of her children until  
noon. These children were known to be  
good and quiet, and they were taken  
cheerfully. Then Mrs. Stanwood locked  
up her house and went away. She re-  
turned at noon bringing some dinner for  
her children, and then she went away  
again. She came home in the evening  
before her husband, carrying a heavy  
basket upon her arm.

"Well, Peter," she asked, after her  
husband had entered and sat down, "what  
luck?"

"Nothing! nothing!" he groaned. "I  
made out to get a dinner with an old  
clum, but could not find work."

"And where have you looked to-day?"  
"O—everywhere. I've been to hundred  
places, but it's the same story in every  
place—It's nothing but one eternal no!  
no! no! I'm sick and tired of it."

"What have you offered to do?"  
"Why, I even went so far as to tend a  
liquor store down town."

The wife smiled.  
"Now what shall we do?" uttered Peter  
spasmodically.

"Why, we will eat our supper first, and  
talk the matter over."  
"Supper! Have you got any?"  
"Yes—plenty of it."

"But you told me you had none."  
"Neither had we this morning, but  
I've been after work to day, and found  
some."

"You've been after work?" uttered the  
husband in surprise.  
"Yes."

"But how—where—what?"  
"Why, first I went to Mrs. Snow's. I  
knew her girl was sick and I hoped she  
might have work to be done. I went to  
her and told her my story, and she set  
me at work at once doing her washing.  
She gave me food to bring home to my  
children, and paid me three shillings  
when I got through."

"What—you been washing for our  
butcher's wife?" said Peter, looking very  
much surprised.

"Of course I have, and have thereby  
earned enough to keep us in food through-  
out to-morrow, at any rate; so to-morrow you  
may come home to dinner."

"But how about the rent?"  
"O, I have seen Mr. Stimpson, told him  
just how we were situated, and offered  
him my watch as a pledge for the pay-  
ment of our rent within two months, with  
the interest on arrearages up to that date.  
I told him I did the business because you  
were away hunting up work."

"So he's got your gold watch?"  
"No—he wouldn't take it. He said if  
I would become responsible for the rent,  
he would let it rest."

"Then we've got a roof to cover us, and  
food for to-morrow. But what next?  
What a curse these hard times are!"  
"Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not  
starve. I've got work enough engaged to  
keep us alive."

"Ah—what is that?"  
"Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to  
carry small packages, baskets, bundles,  
and so forth, to his rich customers. He  
has had to give up one of his horses."

"What do you mean, Maria?"  
"Just what I say. When Mr. Snow

came home to dinner, I was there, and  
asked him if he ever had light articles,  
which he wished to send around, to his  
customers. Never mind that, he said.  
He did happen to want just such work  
done, though he had meant to call upon  
the idler that lounge about the market.  
He promised to give me all the work he  
could, and I'm to be there in good season  
in the morning."

"Well, this is pretty good. My wife  
turned butcher's boy! You will not do  
any such thing."  
"And why not?"  
"Because—because—"  
"Say, because it will lower me in the  
social scale."  
"Well, so it will."  
"Then it is more honorable to be still  
and starve, and see one's children starve,  
too, than to earn honest bread by honest  
work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot  
find work, I must. We should have been  
without bread to-night, had I not found  
work to-day. You know that all kinds  
of light, agreeable business are seized  
upon by those who have no other friends  
and engaged in them. At such a time  
as this it is not for us to consider what  
kind of work we will do, so long as it is  
honest. Oh, give me the liberty of living  
upon my own deserts, and the independ-  
ence to be governed by my own convic-  
tions of right."

"But my wife only thinks of you carry-  
ing out butcher's stuff. Why, I would  
sooner go to do it myself."  
"If you will go, said the wife with a  
smile, I will stay at home and take care  
of the children."

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but  
the more he thought upon the matter, the  
more he saw the justice and right of the  
path into which his wife had thus led  
him. Before he went to bed he promised  
that he would go to the butcher's in the  
morning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his  
new business. Mr. Snow greeted him  
warmly, praised his faithful wife, and  
then sent him off with two baskets, one  
to a Mrs. Smith's and the other to a Mrs.  
Dixall's. And the new carrier worked  
all day, and when it came night he  
had earned ninety-seven cents. It had  
been a day of trials, but no one sneered  
at him, and all his acquaintances whom  
he met greeted him the same as usual.  
He was far happier now than he was  
when he went home the night before, for  
now he was independent.

On the next day he earned over a dol-  
lar, and thus he continued to work for a  
week, at the end of which he had five  
dollars and seventy-five cents in his  
pocket, besides having paid for all the  
food for his family, save some few pieces  
of meat Snow had given them Saturday  
evening he met Mark Leeds, another bid-  
der, who had been discharged with him-  
self. Leeds looked careworn and rusty.

"How goes it?" asked Peter.  
"Don't ask me," groaned Mark. "My  
family are half starved."

"But can't you find anything to do?"  
"Nothing."  
"Have you tried?"

"Everywhere; but it's no use. I have  
pawed all my clothes save those I have  
on. I've been to the bindery to-day, and  
what do you suppose he offered me?"

"What was it?"  
"Why, he offered to let me do his hand  
carting! He has just turned off his nigger  
for drunkenness, and offered me the  
place! The old curmudgeon! I had a  
great mind to pitch him into the hand  
cart, and run him to the—"

"Well," said Peter, "if I had been in  
your place I should have taken up with  
the offer."

Mark mentioned the name of the same  
individual again.  
"Why," resumed Peter, "I have been  
doing the work of a butcher's boy for a  
whole week."

Mark was incredulous, but his compan-  
ion convinced him, and then they separ-  
ated, one going home happy and contented,  
and the other going away foom home to  
find some sort of excitement in which to  
drown his misery.

One day Peter had a basket of provis-  
ions to carry to Mr. W—, his former  
employer. He took the load upon his  
arm, and just as he was entering the  
yard of the customer, he met Mr. W—  
coming out.

"Ah, Stanwood, is this you?" asked his  
old employer, kindly.  
"Yes, sir."  
"What are you up to now?"  
"I'm a butcher's boy, sir."

"You see I've brought provisions for  
you, sir. I'm a regular butcher's boy."  
"And how long have you been at work  
thus?"  
"This is the fourth day."

"But don't it come hard?"  
"Nothing comes hard as long as it is  
honest, and will furnish my family with  
bread."

"And how much can you make a day  
at this?"  
"Sometimes over a dollar, and some-  
times not over fifty cents."

"Well, look here, Stanwood, there  
has been no less than a dozen of my old  
hands hanging around my counting room  
for a fortnight, whining for work. They  
are stout, able men, and yet they lie, still  
because I have no work for them. Last  
Saturday I took pity on Leeds, and offer-  
ed him the job of doing my hand carting.  
I told him that I would give him a dol-  
lar and a quarter a day; but he turned  
up his nose, and asked me not to insult  
him! And yet he owned that his family were  
suffering. But do you come to my place  
to-morrow morning, and you shall have  
something to do, if it is only to hold  
your breath. I honor you for your man-  
ly independence."

Peter grasped the old man's hand with  
a joyous, grateful grip, and blessed him  
heartily.

That night he gave Mr. Snow notice  
that he must quit; and on the follow-  
ing morning he went to the bindery.  
For two days he had little to do, but on  
the third day a heavy job came in, and  
Peter Stanwood had steady work. He  
was happy—more happy than ever, for  
he had learned two things; first, what a  
noble wife he had; and second—how  
much resource for good he held within  
his own energies.

Our simple picture has two points to  
its moral. One is—no man can be low-  
ered by any kind of honest labor. The  
second—while you are enjoying the  
fruits of the present, forget not to provide  
for the future; for no man is so secure  
but that the day may come when he will  
want the squanderings of the past.

**Too Much Married.**  
Colonel W. W. Price, the millionaire  
brewer of New York city, can boast of  
the most remarkable marital experiences  
of any man living. Thirty-five years ago  
when a poor clerk, he married Susanna  
Butler, in Birmingham, England, but  
separated from her by mutual agreement  
a year afterward, and came to New York,  
Susanna marrying shortly after one Sam-  
uel Green. In 1843 he married Miss  
Caroline Barton, a young lady of respect-  
able family in Brooklyn, who was not  
aware of his first marriage. They had  
in the family an Irish servant named  
Bridget Fallon, with whom, as it after-  
ward appeared, the Colonel became fa-  
vorably impressed. Meanwhile wife No. 2  
learned that wife No. 1 was living, and  
left her husband, whereupon he applied  
for an annulment of the marriage, which  
was granted, and since that time the Col-  
onel has supported her. Subsequently a  
report reached him that wife No. 1 was  
dead, whereupon he married Bridget  
Fallon, Bridget, however, was not refined  
enough to adorn his home, and trouble  
began to arise. Wife No. 2 made an  
attempt to open the decree adjudging her  
marriage void, upon the ground that it  
was obtained by fraud. A commission  
was sent to England in the course of the  
litigation, and wife No. 1 was found,  
with a whole flock of little Greens about  
her. Thereupon the Colonel took mea-  
sures to annul his marriage to wife No. 3,  
in which he has succeeded, although he  
has to support her and the children. The  
Colonel now finds himself supporting two  
families, with two women on his hands  
who have borne him legitimate children  
and yet were not legitimate wives, and  
the legitimate husband of a legitimate  
wife who is another man's wife. It is  
highly probable that the wealthy New  
York brewer is now entirely satisfied with  
the marrying business, and will hereafter  
devote himself simply to beer.

### A Curious Case.

The recent trial, conviction, and sen-  
tence of William A. Stone to imprison-  
ment for life, for the moment receives  
public interest, in the incendiary fire  
which well-nigh ruined the residents of  
the village of Chatham, N. Y., last Oc-  
tober. During more than a year previ-  
ously the villagers had been in nightly  
alarm of the torch, but in spite of all their  
efforts used to discover the culprits, not  
even a clue could be obtained. What-  
ever suspicions were entertained in con-  
nection with the subject, from the result  
it was evident that they were wide of the  
mark. On the night of the 26th of Oc-  
tober the long-expected event occurred.  
The incendiary took advantage of a strong  
southerly wind. He set fire to a barn  
which was situated just the flames  
could not fail to speedily communicate  
with a block of houses, used for business  
purposes. On that night started the work  
of destruction continued until six acres  
were burnt over and the most valuable  
part of the village was consumed. Women  
and children were driven into the  
street in their night clothing, and suffered  
very severely from cold and fright.  
Many poor persons lost all they had.

On the following day, at a meeting of  
villagers, a committee was appointed to  
investigate the cause of the fire. The  
popular verdict was that a brand had  
been dropped into the barn by an incen-  
diary, but there was no evidence that  
would warrant the accusation of any par-  
ticular person. Every man then  
spoke, resolved himself into a committee  
of one to search for a clue. On the night  
of November 9 the diligence of two young  
men named Odell and Ingraham was re-  
warded by the discovery of one Melvin  
D. Woodford, a dissipated resident of  
the village, in the act of applying a torch  
to a vacant hotel. He was shot at and  
wounded while endeavoring to escape.

Subsequently, probably under the fear of  
approaching death, he made a full con-  
fession, from which it appeared that he  
and another dissipated person of good  
family, were bit tools in the hands of  
one William A. Stone, a lawyer of the  
village, about thirty-eight years of age.

It further appeared that this trio had for  
some years been leaders in an associa-  
tion composed of wealthy but worthless  
young men; that the members chiefly oc-  
cupied themselves in preparing the  
ground-work and playing off what they  
called "sells" and practical jokes.

Woodford had once occupied the hand-  
somest mansion in the neighborhood, and  
was considered a rising young man until  
in an evil moment he was led into bad  
society. Stone was a man of still better  
prospects. He had received the benefit  
of a first-rate legal education, and was a  
brilliant speaker. In the outset of his  
career his prospects were so good that  
his friends believed he would become one  
of the most eminent lawyers in the State.

However, instead of preserving in his  
efforts to acquire an enviable name, he  
stopped suddenly on the road, became  
chief among the dissolute young men of  
the village, and finally plotted the de-  
struction of the latter. What reason he  
could have had for desiring to render so  
many persons homeless, from the remarks  
of the Judge in passing sentence, would  
seem to be still in doubt. Now, to us,  
what his object was is quite plain. Hav-  
ing, by his bad habits, caused the prin-  
cipal people of the village to look coldly  
upon him, he resolved, like the burglar or  
sneak thief, to "get square." To the  
minds of his associates, it appeared like  
like excellent fun to have a big blaze  
and a tremendous scare, and they enter-  
ed into a scheme with enthusiasm. Stone  
was, probably never sober enough to se-  
riously consider the consequences of his  
crime. If he had been, it is scarcely  
possible that he would have willingly run  
the risk of ending his days in a State Prison.

Be that as it may, his sentence is a  
just one, and it is to be hoped that his  
fate will serve as a warning to the hu-  
nared of young men of liberal education  
and good family who are to-day falling  
into evil ways through a love for wine  
and play.

There is a man in Danville, Ky, who  
has a habit of drinking kerosene oil. Prob-  
ably it tastes better than the whisky  
obtainable in his neighborhood.