

Orangeburg Times.

2 PER ANNUM, } Vol. III. ORANGEBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1874. No 14

THE ORANGEBURG TIMES
Is published every
THURSDAY,
AT
ORANGEBURG, C. H., SOUTH CAROLINA
BY
ORANGEBURG TIMES COMPANY.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One Copy for one year, \$2.00
Six Months, 1.00
RATES OF ADVERTISING:
1 In-12 In-24 In-48 In-
sertion/section/section/section
1 square, 1.50 6.00 10.00 12.00
2 squares, 3.00 11.00 18.00 27.00
3 squares, 4.00 15.00 25.00 37.00
4 squares, 5.00 18.00 30.00 45.00
1 column, 5.50 20.50 33.00 57.00
2 column, 8.50 33.00 50.00 75.00
1 column, 13.00 55.00 83.00 125.00
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of one dollar and a half per square for the first insertion, and one dollar per square for each subsequent insertion.
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GLOVER & GLOVER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Office opposite Court House Square,
Orangeburg, S. C.
THOS. W. GLOVER, MORTIMER GLOVER,
JULIUS GLOVER.
Feb. 19 1f
W. J. DeTreville,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office at Court House Square,
Orangeburg, S. C.
mch 13. 1yr

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
RUSSELL STREET,
Orangeburg, S. C.
JAS. F. IZLAR, S. DIBBLE.
mch 6-1yr

Kirk Robinson
DEALER IN
Books, Music and Stationery, and Fancy
Articles,
CHURCH STREET,
ORANGEBURG, C. H., S. C.
mch 6-

J. H. Mathews
BARBER,
ORANGEBURG, So. Ca.
Shop in rear of Bettison's Building.
Apr. 2 1f
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
Mar. 13, 1873

MOSES M. BROWN,
BARBER.
MARKET STREET, ORANGEBURG, S. C.,
(NEXT DOOR TO STRAUS & STREET'S MILL.)
HAVING permanently located in the town,
would respectfully solicit the patronage of
the citizens: Every effort will be used to give
satisfaction.
June 18, 1873 18 1y

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.
AjOne 42 Saw,
NEBLETT & GOODRICH GIN.
RUBBER BELTING
urnished at Agent's prices.
J. A. HAMILTON,
July 10, 1873 21 1f

DR. E. J. OLIVEROS
DRUGGIST
Again desires to return his Grateful Thanks
to the public for the magnanimous and liberal
Support given him. By assiduous efforts and
faithful performances of the Responsible duties
devolving upon him as dispenser of Medicines,
he hopes ever to maintain their confidence and
patronage. n12-1f
A CARD.
DR. J. G. WANNAMAKER & CO.,
Respectfully call the public's attention to their
FIRST CLASS DRUG STORE,
on Russell Street, next door to McMaster's
Brick Building, where can be found a well se-
lected stock of Medicines, Paints, Oils, Soaps
and Fancy Toilet Articles. A kind and gener-
ous patronage is earnestly solicited.
DR. J. G. WANNAMAKER & CO.

MARKET STREET STORE,
OFFERS AT LOWEST MARKET RATES
Dried Salt Sides Sardines, Salmon,
Smoked Sides, Lobsters, Broms,
and Shoulder, Gelatine, Flavoring
Tobacco, Sugar, Coffee, Extracts, Raisins,
Molasses, Citron, Currants,
Family Flour, Crockery,
Kerosene Oil, Lye, Lamps and Fixtures,
Train, Lard and &c, &c, &c.
Machine Oil, All of which are to be
Nails, Hatchets SOLD LOW
Tracechairs, for Cash, or in exchange
Crockery &c., &c. for Produce.
JOHN A. HAMILTON,
May 20, 1873 15 1f

ORANGEBURG ACADEMY
AT THE NEW FAIR BUILDING.
TERMS PER MONTH.
Primary Department..... \$1.50
Intermediate..... \$2.00
English..... \$3.00
English with classics..... \$3.00
ALSO
A NIGHT SCHOOL, over Store of Capt.
Hamilton. Same terms. Hours from 8 to 10 p. m.
JAMES S. HEYWARD,
Principal.
Jan 8 1874 1f

LIBERAL TERMS!
We are offering our Guanos for this season on
the following liberal terms:
PHENIX GUANO, Per Ton of 2,000 lbs. \$57.50.
WILCOX, GIBBS & CO'S MANIPULATED
GUANO per Ton of 2,000 lbs. \$70.00.
(\$1.00 per ton drayage to be added.) On credit
until 1st November, 1874, with
Option of paying in Middling Cotton, deliver-
ed at buyers' nearest depot at 15c per lb.
A discount of \$10.00 per ton will be allowed
for Cash.
Our Agents throughout the State sell at same
prices and on same terms as ourselves.
Hand in your orders to nearest agents, at once.
WILCOX, GIBBS & CO.
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Feb. 5 3m

SALE
MARVIN'S THE BEST
The recent test of Fire-Proof Safes by
the English Government proved
the superiority of Alum Filling. No
other Safes filled with
Alum and Plaster-of-Paris.
MARVIN & CO.,
265 Broadway, N. Y.,
721 Chestnut St., Phila.

GO TO TEXAS
VIA THE
LONE STAR ROUTE!
(INTERNATIONAL and GREAT NORTHERN R.R.)
Passengers going to Texas via Memphis and
Little Rock, or via Shreveport, strike this line
at Longview, the Best Route to Palestine,
Hearne, Waco, Austin, Huntsville, Houston,
Galveston and all points in Western, Central,
Eastern and Southern Texas.
Passengers via New Orleans will find it the
Best Route to Tyler, Mineola, Dallas, Overton,
Crockett, Longview and all points in Eastern
and Northeastern Texas.
This line is well built, thoroughly equipped
with every modern improvement, including
New and Elegant Day Coaches, Pullman Pal-
ace Sleeping Cars, Westinghouse Air Brakes,
Miller's Patent Safety Platforms and Couplers,
and nowhere else can the passenger so complete-
ly depend on a speedy safe and comfortable
journey.
The Long Star Route has admirably answered
the query: "How to go to Texas?" by the
publication of an interesting and truthful docu-
ment, containing a valuable and correct map,
which can be obtained, free of charge, by ad-
dressing the General Ticket Agent, International
and Great Northern Railroad, Houston,
Texas District E.]
Feb. 12 1874 1y

BEN BOLT AND SWEET ALICE.
BY AMANDA MINNIE DOUGLASS.
Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown—
Who blushed with delight when you gave her
a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner secluded and lone,
They have fitted a slab of granite, so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.—EXCLAM.
Don't you remember? Are those three
magic words—a key herewith we may
unlock the flood-gates of her heart, and
send the sweet waters of the past over the
plains and down the hills of the fair land
known in our heart's experience as by-gone?
Even so. There rises before us
visions of a time when the bright, deep
eyes of the young spring gazed shily at
us from beneath the emerald mantle of
winter—when the blue violets stole their
first tints from the blue sky above; when
the cowslips of May, and the golden-
hearted butter-cups first jeweled the slender
blades of grass; and the hawthorn
grew white with its blossoms; when we
roamed the woods the whole of that long,
warm, June holiday, weaving garlands
and listening to the concert of birds in
that dark, mistletoe-wreathed oaken for-
est. There was one in years ago that
prayed—"Lord keep my memory green,"
and the clinging tendrils of our hearts
are yearningly to this prayer.
But green and fresh as the poet's
prayer, had the heart of Ben Bolt been
kept—from his early boyhood to the hour
he sat by his old friend, and listened to
the song of by-gone days. Not "through
a glass, darkly," did he review those
scenes of the past, but it was the going
back of the boy-heart to other hearts of
childhood.
There was a little red school house with
its dusty windows, and desks that had
been knicked many a time, trying pen-
knives; its tall stern looking teacher,
whose heavy voice caused the younger
ones to tremble; its rows of boys and girls
with their heads bent attentively down-
ward to their books and slates. The
winter wind sang and whistled without,
and though some few childish hearts tried
to find words for its mournful notes they
were too young and happy to know that
it carried desolation and heart-ache in its
wail; yet did they learn it in after days.
Then there came a few light, round
snow-balls, so tiny that it must have been
the sport of the storm spirits in the eld-
rich revels,—changing by and by to
feather flakes, that danced about ever so
gaily. How the children's eyes grew
bright as they looked at one another, and
thought of the merry rides down hill, and
the snow-balling that would make the
play ground ring again. The last lessons
were said, books put aside, and in place
of the silence reigned gay, glad voices.
Kate Ashley threw back her jetty ring-
lets, and laughed through her sparkling
eyes, as she gave Jamie Marvin that bit
of a curl he had teased for so long, be-
cause she knew that Jamie had the pret-
tiest sled in the whole school. Ah, a bit
of a coquette was that same gleeful,
romping Kate; and there was Sophie
Dale, looking as demure as a kitten walk-
ing from a pan of new milk, and payful
as a kitten too, was she, in spite of her
quiet looks; and the stately Elizabeth—
Queen Bess they call her, and I question
if England's Queen had hautier car-
riage; but apart from those who were
eagerly look for friends to take them
home—stood Alice May—sweet Alice.—
Very beautiful and lovable was she, with
her winsome, childish face, blue eyes, and
soft, brown curls.—She was delicate and
fragile, you might almost fancy her a
little snow child, or a lost fairy babe.
Nearly all the children had departed,
amid the joyful shouts and jingling bells,
but yet the sweet little child alone, until
a rich boyish voice, startled her by say-
ing:
"No one goes your way, Alice, do
they?"
"No, I guess, not, Ben," she replied,
in her fine snow-bird like tones.
"Well, the snow is too deep for you to
walk, so I guess I will carry you home."
"Oh, no, I'm too heavy to be carried
so far," and she laughed so low and
sweetly.
"Heavy! no, you're just like thistle-
down, or a snow flake, Ally; I could car-
ry you to England and back again, with-
out being at all fatigued," and he tossed
the little girl in his arms,

"No, no, the boys will laugh at you,
Ben," and she struggled.
"What do I care? they may laugh at
Ben Bolt as much as they like," and the
brave boy drew himself up proudly, and
pushed the chestnut curls from his broad,
fair forehead; "but I do not mean to
frighten you, Alice," he continued, as he
saw how the little girl trembled.
She put on her bonnet and cloak,
and took her in his arms as if she had
been a bird, while the little tiny thing
nestled down on his shoulder, as he went
struggling through the snow, saying gay
pleasant things, that made the shy little
girl laugh, and when, at length, he open-
ed her mother's cottage door, he stood on
the floor, saying, "There! Mrs. May, I
brought Alice home, lest she should get
buried in a snow bank; she's such a weeny
little thing;" and before Mrs. May could
thank him, he was out of sight.
But the winter began to wane, and
now when a soft, mild day, would come
that softened the pyramid and snow house
materially. "Such a pity," they said, and
wish a winter would last always; but
there was one little wren-like voice that
prayed for violets and blue birds.
The pyramid tumbled down, the snow
house grew thinner and thinner, and the
boys rested about its being in a decline,
till one day it disappeared—faded away
like many of their childish hopes.
The glad spring came with its larks
and vases, and one delightful day the
children went a Maying. Kate Ashley
was queen, and a brilliant Queen she
was too, but Ben Bolt gathered white
violets, and braided them in the soft
curls of Alice, and told her she was
sweeter and dearer than a thousand May
Queens like Kate. Child as she was, his
words made the sunshine brighter, and
lent enchantment to the atmosphere of
the day.

The long June day came, encircling
the green earth with a coronal of roses,
and making it redolent with perfume;
and in the warm noontide hour the chil-
dren strolled to the foot of the hill, and
clustering together—told over their chil-
dren's hopes of the future. Enclosed by
ambition; some dreamed of quiet country
repose, some of gay city life; but there
was one whose eye kindled and young
face flushed with enthusiasm, as he spoke
of the sparkling blue waters, and the
brave ships that breasted them so gallantly.
Ben Bolt was going to sea. Captain
Shirley, as generous, whole-soul being as
ever trod the deck, was to take him under
his protection the next five years. There
were exclamations of surprise and sorrow
from the children; haunts were visited
and revisited; they sat down in the shade
of the old sycamore, and listened to the
musical murmur of the brook, and the
dreamy hum of "Appleton's mill; ex-
changed keepsakes, and promised to re-
member the merry, brave hearted boy,
whose home would be the wide, blue
ocean.
Alice May seldom joined them.—She
was so delicate and timid, and the thought
of Ben's departure filled her eyes with
tears, so she would steal away alone,
fearful of the ridicule of her hardier
companions.
But one night Ben came to Mrs. May's
cottage, to bid them good-bye. Alice
stood by the windows watching the stars,
wondering what made them so dim—
never thinking of the tears that dimmed
her eyes, as Ben told over his hopes so
joyfully. She could not part with him
there, so she walked through the little
door-yard, and stood beside the gate,
looking like a golden-crowned angel in
the yellow moonlight; and when he told
ever again how large she would be on
his return, that he would not dare to call
her his little Alice then, as he looked
back lingeringly, she laid a soft brown
curl in his hand, saying:
"I have kept it for you this long, long
time, Ben; ever since you brought me
home through the snow, do you remem-
ber?"
He did remember, and with one pas-
ionate burst of grief, he pressed her little
girl to his bosom, and the brave hearted
boy sobbed the farewell he could find no
words for.
But five years are not always a life-
time. True, it was such to the quiet,
thoughtful Charlie Allen, whose large,
dark eyes had stolen brilliancy from his

books; and the laughing, Belle Archer—
both were laid to sleep in the old church-
yard, when the night stars shone on their
graves.—Others went out to seek a fortune
in the gay world, and, and some grew
into miniature men and women by their
own sweet firesides; but Alice May seem-
ed still a child. Yet she was taller, and
her slight form more gracefully develop-
ed; but there was the same angel looking
through her eyes as had watched there
in the olden days. She stayed at home
now, to assist her mother in sewing, their
chief support; but she was the same shy,
sweet Alice that Ben Bolt had carried
through the snow.
Ben Bolt came back. How strange
that five years should have passed so
quickly and stranger still that this tall,
handsome sailor, whose voice was so full
and rich, should be Ben Bolt. Kate
Ashley was not thinking of the sweet
Sabbath rest, as the chime of the church-
bell floated through the village; there she
stood before her mirror, arranging her
shining curls, and fastening her dainty
bonnet, with its white ribbons drooping;
blue-bells, thinking if she could not fas-
cinate Ben with her sparkling eyes, it
would be delightful to have his chief at-
tention during his stay.
He thought she did look very graceful
as he sat before service,—looking on
olden faces—but there was a fairer one
than her's he fancied, as he saw the sweet
face of Alice May, with the half-closed
eyes, and long, golden-edged lashes,
shadowing the pale cheek. He carried
in his bosom a curl like the one nestling
so softly by her temple, and it a talis-
man, keeping him from the enchant-
ment of other eyes.
When the service was closed, Ben Bolt
was thronged about by old familiar faces
—they had so much to say, so many
things to speak of, so much joy to ex-
press at his safe return, that it well might
bewilder him. It was very pleasant
to be so warmly welcomed by old friends,
delightful to chat of by-gones; and it was
indeed a Sabbath of joy to Ben Bolt.

Sweet Alice! Ah, how long and weary
the time had been to her.—Sometimes
her heart died within her as she thought
of the broad ocean; but when she looked
so shyly at Ben that morn, and saw how
handsome he had grown a heart sickness
came over her, and the sunshine fell but
dimly on the grass at her feet. She
knew she had hidden away to the depths
of her pure heart, a wild, earthly love,
and she strove to put it from her, for
would he think of her now? So it was no
wonder she should slip her slender hand
in her mother's and steal quietly from
the joyous throng.
It was Sabbath eve—one of those bal-
my, moonlight evenings of the young
summer; Mrs. May had gone to visit a
sick neighbor, and Alice sat by the win-
dow with the Bible open, and her slender
white fingers pointing to the words,
falling musically from her lips.—
"And there shall be no night there;
and they shall need no candle, neither
light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth
them light, and they shall reign for ever
and ever."
She looked tremblingly upward in the
moonlight, for close beside her knelt the
manly form of Ben Bolt. There was
told a sweet story of love and hope, not
the less sweet for being the language of
every human heart, and the tiny hands
of sweet Alice were folded in his as she
said, very low and sweetly: "If I live,
Ben, when five years more have passed
and you return a second time—"
She did not finish it—it was never
finished.
So they plighted their troth that claim
holy Sabbath evening, and the buoyant
heart of Ben, in its gushing suminess,
pictured radiant hopes for the future.
He was young and so full of vitality—
every pulse of his heart was beating glad-
ly, and the coming five years were more
precious to him than all the past.
"If we both live, Ben, God will have
us in his holy keeping," she said in an
answer to his parting words; but as he pas-
sed her convulsively to his beating heart
he replied:
"God will be merciful to us who love
so dearly, Alice darling."
She knew it, but she knew also that
God did not always answer the prayer
falling from the hopeful lips. Sweet

Alice! and down the future she looked
tremblingly, and saw the fragile form
and spiritual face, with lilies braided in
the soft, brown hair, her eyes grey dim
with tears, for she knew not if it was a
bridal or a burial, for close beside the
altar was the grave-yard.
They were not wanting who wondered
at Ben Bolt's choice, and thought it
strange he should take Alice May in
preference to the fairest and wealthiest.
Some there were who held their heads
loftily when they passed her, but her
heart was away on the blue waters, and
she heeded it not.
How she watched the days in their
passing, she noted how the summer waned
—how the fields of waving grain grew
golden in the sunlight—she heard the
glad voices of the reapers; and when the
leaves were falling, the merry children
went nut-gathering in the woods; then
the noiseless snow fell and lay on the
hillside as in the olden days; until the
genial spring-tide sun melted it away,
and the violets and hair-bells dotted the
fields—so passed a year.
She was growing fairer and more beau-
tiful—too brilliant for anything earthly.
Once she knelt at the altar in the little
church, and listened to the words uniting
her with the Savior's redeemed on earth,
but it was only an outward form, for her
heart had long been in the keeping of
angels. Again she watched the waning
of the summer days, and when the soft
winds swept over the silvery, rye fields,
she thought of the sea afar, with its broad
waves. All through the winter days she
grew more spiritual in her beauty, and
the slender white hands were often fol-
lowed her breast, as she prayed for those
who would soon be left desolate; for she
knew she was dying.
It did not startle her, she had felt
long ago that the fair green earth would
hold her paleless heart, ere it had left
the cloister of girlhood. Life was sweet
and beautiful, yet in her sinlessness,
death had no agony, save her sorrow for
those left in loneliness. It was only a
little way to the land of rest, and her feet
had never grown weary; yet she longed
to look once more upon the flowers, and
have them braided in her hair, and so
she lingered on till the voice of spring
was heard on the hill-tops.

One morning when viewless hands
were gathering back the misty curtain of
the night, and the stars grew dim in the
glory of early morn, sweet Alice, stood
on the threshold of Paradise, and the
golden gates were opened to the fair,
meek girl. There trembled on her lips
a prayer and a blessing for Ben Bolt,
and her mother, giving radiance to the
fair, dead face; and they braided spring
flowers in her wavy, brown hair.
The church-bell chimed softly to the
few years earth had claimed the stainless
soul of Alice May, as they brought the
coffin in the little, old church. How
beautiful she looked in her white burial
robe; too fair and sweet for death; too
holy, had there not been a resurrection
beyond. Close beside her, stood the
friends of her girlhood gazing on that
young face, as if they would fain call her
back to life, and its sweet love. So they
laid sweet Alice to sleep in the old church-
yard, and those who had looked coldly
on her, took to their sorrowing hearts a
sweet memory of the early dead.
There was agony too deep for utterance
when the strong, ardent-hearted man,
whose guiding star had been the joy of
that sweet girl came back to find the cot-
tage home desolate, and Alice sleeping
beneath a gray stone in the church-yard.
But God and Time are merciful, and
as years passed away, he came to think
of her as garlanded as the golden fru-
itage of Eden land.
This was the memory that his friend
sang of, as they sat in the summer twi-
light years afterwards, and talked of the
faces that had glimmered and faded in
their early pathway, how, of all the glad
hearts of childhood had clustered together
only they two were left. Some slept
in the tremulous ocean; some in the jungle
depths; others in the forest shade, and
beneath the waving prairie grass. Some
there were who slept peacefully in the
green old church-yard, and among these
the fairest and best was "sweet Alice."
Ah, he could never have forgotten that.
Years afterward, they laid Ben Bolt
to sleep by the side of "sweet Alice."