

Orangeburg Times.

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VOLUME VI

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 30, 1878.

NUMBER 53

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Will practice in the various Courts of the State
W. J. DeTreville, James S. Heyward
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Will attend to patients at their residences either in Town or Country. Address through Post Office or call on me at resident corner Russell and Treadwell Streets. Prompt attention will be given and satisfaction guaranteed.
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EXPECTORANT
Is the most genial balsam ever used by sufferers from pulmonary diseases. It is composed of herbal products, which have a specific effect on the throat and lungs; detaches from the air cells all irritating matter; causes it to be expectorated, and at once checks the inflammation which produces the cough. A single dose relieves the most distressing paroxysm, soothes nervousness, and enables the sufferer to enjoy quiet rest at night. Being a pleasant cordial, it tones the weak stomach, and is especially recommended for children.
What others say about
Tutt's Expectorant.
Had Asthma Thirty Years.
BALTIMORE, February 3, 1875.
"I have had Asthma thirty years, and never found a medicine that had such a happy effect."
W. F. HOGAN, Charles St.
A Child's Idea of Merit.
NEW ORLEANS, November 11, 1876.
"Tutt's Expectorant is a familiar name in my house. My wife thinks it the best medicine in the world, and the children say it is sweeter than molasses candy."
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"I am the mother of six children; all of them have been croupy. Without Tutt's Expectorant, I don't think they could have survived some of the attacks. It is a mother's blessing."
MARY STEVENS, Frankfort, Ky.
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"In my practice, I advise all families to keep Tutt's Expectorant, in sudden emergencies, for coughs, croup, diphtheria, etc."
T. P. ELLIS, M.D., Newark, N. J.
Sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00. Office 55 Murray Street, New York.

TUTT'S PILLS
"THE TREE IS KNOWN BY ITS FRUIT."
"Tutt's Pills are worth their weight in gold."
REV. I. R. SIMPSON, Louisville, Ky.
"Tutt's Pills are a special blessing of the nineteenth century."
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"I have used Tutt's Pills for torpor of the liver. They are superior to any medicine for bilious disorders ever made."
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F. B. WILSON, Georgetown, Texas.
"I have used Tutt's Pills with great benefit."
W. W. MANN, Editor Mobile Register.
"We sell fifty boxes of Tutt's Pills to five of all colors."
SAYRE & CO., Carteret, N. J.
"Tutt's Pills have only to be tried to establish their merits. They work like magic."
W. H. BARRON, 96 Summer St., Boston.
"There is no medicine so well adapted to the cure of bilious disorders as Tutt's Pills."
JOS. BRUMMEL, Richmond, Virginia.
AND A THOUSAND MORE.
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TUTT'S HAIR DYE
INDORSED.
HIGH TESTIMONY.
FROM THE PACIFIC JOURNAL.
"A GREAT INVENTION."
"This eminent chemist has succeeded in producing a Hair Dye which imitates nature to perfection. Old bachelors may now rejoice."
Price \$1.00. Office 55 Murray St., New York. Sold by all druggists.
May 6 1877

FOR SALE.
A house and lot at Johnson's Turn Out bounded on the East by the S. C. Rail Road. Will be sold cheap. Apply to
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A. FISCHER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE ORANGEBURG TIMES.]
"It Never Did Run Smooth."
—
A Boarding School Romances.
—
BY L'ESTELLE.

"Oh, I do not care for an introduction; they are all alike, and when you know one, you are acquainted with all of that class."

"That remark suggests the inference that you dislike boys." "Well, no; but I merely feel a calm indifference—what is a boy anyhow? "a dear little fellow" that wears irreproachable neckties and kid gloves, possesses a tiny moustache and an inexhaustible supply of small talk, with nothing decided about him except his penchant for cigars and sentimentality—very interesting, you know, but as I admire the many lords of creations, not their imitators, of course I prefer conversation with you to marching around here discussing the merits of books and songs, the pleasant features in the present entertainment, and the usual "conventionalities" with that soft-voiced, smooth-faced, insipid-looking chap, who sought an introduction."

"Hear the wisdom of seventeen summers! Why Kate, I thought you had just arrived at the age of girlish folly, and delighted in the pleasant flirtations so dear to these "interesting little fellows" and the fair ones on whose shrines they immolate their tender hearts, in whose ears they breathe their oft-repeated vows."

"Which is exactly the case, but I am not in the mood to enjoy myself to-day—oh, dear!"

Kate Raymond and Florence Broughton, like a great many others, were promenading the halls of a large building where an annual fair was held, giving the young people the opportunity of exhibiting themselves and enjoying each others society, and, on the present occasion, affording an agreeable recreation to the young ladies of the boarding school located in M——. Misses Raymond and Broughton were among the number thus associated, and, together with an intimate friend, Annie Milnor, were in attendance at the fair.

Florence was a sparkling brunette, with a very attractive beauty and engaging manners. Her companion was not at all remarkable in appearance, possessing a rather passive face with no distinct lines of beauty engraved on it, and, if a stranger, you would not think of looking twice unless you caught the earnest expression deep down in her quiet, thoughtful eyes, which were dark-gray, and half-hidden beneath long dusky lashes. Those who know her well, were accustomed to watch the changes there, as now they brightened with interest, gleamed with mischief, or deepened into a far-away, wistful gaze. Of a sociable, lively disposition, gay very often, still her friends felt, rather than spoke of an undeniable reserve that pervaded her conduct, especially was this seen in the disguise of her real sentiments, which were always cloaked under wit, satire, or nonsense, rendering it almost impossible to tell when she was in earnest, as the most serious opinions given on important subjects were often times contradicted by a sparkle of the eye, while a light, jesting manner might conceal deep feeling. One of the girls once said she was an enigma, but Florence, who saw most of her, and ought to have known most, said she was a different and more difficult kind of puzzle; for the most of people by patience and study, could work out an enigma, but she would defy any body with a knowledge of human nature greatly inferior to that of the Bard of Avon to make out Kate Raymond. Therefore, when Kate expressed her disinclination for an introduction to Annie Milnor's brother, and gave utterance to the remarks recorded above, Florence did not understand her as usual, and knew she would receive no further

enlightenment. Now this brother occupied a large space in his affectionate sister's heart, and often had his praise being sounded in the ears of Kate and Florence, who, consequently felt no little court-sy respecting this paragon of fraternal excellence, and were quite pleased when informed by Annie of his expected attendance at the approaching festival. Indeed, according to a fashion quite popular among school girls, he had been given to Kate, and many were the messages exchanged between them through the medium of Annie's letters, so that his name became quite a familiar word with her, and any thing especially pleasing was immediately pronounced to be "Jimmy" which she said, was the only slang expression among the many current at boarding school, she thought becoming to a young lady. Consequently, when she received the information that Mr. Jimmie Milnor was in M—— and would most probably, be presented on the morrow, her courage sank nearly to zero, it never did quite get there, as self-possession was a trait she greatly admired and cultivated; however, she felt considerable misgivings as his traits and capabilities of repression were unknown, nevertheless, if there was any sacrifice of dignity or formality, she resolved it would not proceed from her. Florence anticipated a great deal of fun over the introduction and was positively elated when the first attempt failed. Annie met her brother at the entrance. Kate was immediately pointed out and an introduction sought. She was standing in a group talking when he approached with his sister and spoke to Florence, who had passed the preliminaries necessary to an acquaintance already. So soon as she heard their voices, Kate turned away, but moving too hastily, her parasol came in contact with somebody's arm, and fell from her hands. Very politely, Mr. Milnor sprang forward and restored it, and received a very politely spoken "thank you" in return from Miss Raymond, who hurriedly moved off, disregarding the call of Annie, and dragging the unwilling Florence with her, who, so soon as they were unheeded by the others, inquired what her companion meant by such conduct so contradictory to what might have been expected, and received the reply with which this episode is commenced. When their conversation was suddenly brought to a pause by the ejaculation from Kate, the latter found herself face to face with the smiling young gentleman, and was dimly conscious of being a dazed, confused manner as he was formally presented, and the next moment behind her gloved fingers in close proximity to a broad cloth sleeve. (She was not too excited to take cognizance of that, she afterwards asserted), and herself listening to a low voice that was saying how often its owner had heard of her through his sister, and how anxious he was to meet one in whose praise so much had been spoken. She maintained her part of the conversation very creditable, though afterwards she did not remember whether he liked promenading or serenading best. During his stay in M——, he called several times, and was really a very pleasant and entertaining conversationalist, she said when Florence asked her opinion of him, but no more messages were exchanged. Indeed, no one would have dreamed that two such dignified and eminently proper persons had ever been guilty of such nonsense—they never had said a word about each other before, of course not.

"The world rolls ever round and round, And time rolls ever by," so by its inevitable mutations, our friends, Kate, Annie, and Florence, found themselves no longer careless, uninteresting, light-hearted school girls, but young ladies received into society with the usual eclat, and according to an old promise, renewed their intimacy by exchanging visits. Kate and Annie visited Florence first and after an interval of

several months, they all met again at Annie's home. Kate ever unlucky, met with a slight adventure on the way. As the distance could be accomplished in a day, she journeyed without an escort, and as the conductor handed her from the train at a station where a change of cars was necessary, a handsome stranger on the platform received her rapturously, and with such demonstrations of affection as quite astonished this self-possessed young lady. So soon as she could extricate herself and command her voice, she demanded with angry imperiousness, "Who are you, sir, and what do you mean by treating a lady in such a rude and offensive manner?" He stared at her with such blank amazement depicted on every lineament of his handsome face, that Kate resorted to her handkerchief to conceal the smile that notwithstanding her indignation, would creep to his lips. Finally he stammered: "Are you not my cousin, Kate?" "My name is Kate, but you have no right to insert a possessive pronoun before it, and permit me to caution you, young man, that before you attempt such osculatory demonstrations for the delectation of the recipient, it would be prudent to ascertain first if you have the right to such privileges, before you make such an affecting scene for the entertainment of an intelligent and appreciative public," with a sweep of her hand to the group of cab-drivers and policemen who were enjoying the spectacle. She then walked away, leaving him too bewildered to make apologies for his awkward and embarrassing mistake.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]
A Happy Future.
"We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." We have a future which is an object, not of expectation and trembling hope, but of knowledge. Our word is not, "it may be," but "it will be." We have a certainty, not a probability or a probability, for our hope. That which is to become as firm reality as that which has been. Hope is truer than history. The future is not cloudland, but solid, fruitful soil, on which we may plant a firm foot. And therefore the habit of living in the future should make us glad and confident. We should not keep the contemplation of another state of existence to make us sorrowful, nor allow the transiency of this present to shade our joys. Our hope should make us buoyant, and should keep us firm. It is an anchor of the soul. All men live by hope, even when it is fixed upon the changing and uncertain things of this world. But the hopes of men who have not their hearts fixed upon God, try to grapple themselves on the cloud rack that rolls along the flanks of the mountains; and our hopes pierce within that veil, and lay hold of the Rock of Ages that towers above the flying vapors. Let us then be strong; for our future is not a dim peradventure, nor a vague dream, nor a fancy of our own, nor a wish turning itself into a vision; but it is made and certified by Him who is the God of all the past and all of the present. It is built upon His Word; and the brightest hope of all its brightness is the enjoyment of more of His presence, and the possession of more of his likeness. That hope is certain. Therefore let us live in it, and "reach forth unto the things that are before."—Alexander MacLaren.

The rumors in Washington, set afloat by sensation writers, that a new attempt would soon be made to oust Mr. Hayes, are as foolish as they are nonsensical. The truth is, the radicals are disconcerted, and are feeling the pulse of the soreheaded Democrats on the question. All sensible men, in and out of Congress, are opposed to anything of the sort. John Robinson's Circus spent more money in Camden than it took in.

Pickled in a Bolling Spring.

How Tom Collette and His Two Companions Enjoyed a Hot Bath.

Tom Collette is a miner, teamster, coal burner, or anything else that is necessary when he finds that his pocket is growing empty and his larder lean. Tom, with two friends, Joe and Jake, was making a painful journey from Pine Grove, in Esmeralda county, to eastern Nevada. They camped one afternoon by some hot springs near Walker lake, and discovering a hole half full of cold water near one of the hottest springs, turned the hot water, as it flowed out of the spring, into the hole, until the hot and cold water blending made exactly the right temperature for a bath. Then they plunged in and enjoyed the delicious water as only those can who have traveled over dusty alkali roads for several days. When they had eaten their supper and lighted their pipes, the theme of conversation for a long time while they smoked was their bath and the wonderful refreshment which it had brought them. They spread their blankets on a grassy spot behind some willows, a few yards away from the springs, and fell asleep.

Tom was up with the dawn. The memory of the bath was fresh in his mind, and so he bounded from his blankets, and, with a skip and a jump, plunged into the clear water and sank to his neck. Then came a howl of anguish, and he sprang upon the bank with all the agility of a wild cat. In the meantime, his fair skin had changed to the color of a pickled lobster. The hot water had been running all night; all the cold water had been neutralized hours before the dawn, and now the water in the hole was almost of the same temperature as the water in the boiling spring from which it flowed. Tom was in a terrible state. He says: "I thought I was pickled." But he did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue.

With infinite care he drew on his pants and boots. Forcing back tears of anguish, he managed to walk back to camp. Though it wrung his heart, he put on his old-time frank smile as he neared the rendezvous, for Jake was just then sitting up in his blankets, gapping and stretching. Seeing Tom approach, Jake asked where he had been. Tom replied that the recollection of the magnificent bath of the previous evening was so vivid in his memory that he could not think of breaking camp without repeating it, and added: "It's just lovely, Jake."

Jake did not wait to hear more, but sprang from his bed and rushed away toward the spring. As swiftly as Tom could, he followed, and from behind the willows kept covert watch. He saw Jake throw off his few clothes, spring into the water, heard a yell of anguish, and then saw him with wonderful haste emerge and spring upon the bank, and vainly try, by swift applications of his hands to different points of his body, to arrest the intolerable pain, howling all the time.

At last Jake managed to get into his clothes and started for camp. Meeting Tom, he began with fierce invective to upbraid him for his deception. But Tom cut him short in an instant. "Hush up," said he, "would you bawl like a calf and give us away when I want to cook that other chap up in camp?" Soothed by this, Jake grew quiet, and both leisurely proceeded to camp. By this time Joe had commenced to rouse up, and seeing the others approach, asked them where they had been. Tom answered cheerfully (he was holding his pantaloon away from his body at the time): "Do you think we could break camp without one more magnificent swim? Not much." At this, Joe, getting up, cried: "Not much, you bet!" and dashed away toward the spring.

As he disappeared behind the willows, Tom sprang for his pistol, and

said to Jake: "Get your gun quick; it will mean business when Joe comes back." In a few moments Joe did come. He was yelling furiously, and never stopped until he caught up his pistol.

"Drop it," says Tom, "I have a dead bead on you, and so has Jake. Besides, I took all the caps off your gun."

The difficulty was finally adjusted; but the trio did not feel well for the succeeding three days.

Educating an Army.

Gen. McClellan says, in Scribner, that when one of the khedive's American officers had been some months in Egypt, the khedive sent for him one day, and asked him what was the worst thing he had observed in regard to the army. He replied that it was that the regiments were commanded by civilians. The khedive said: "No, there is a colonel for every regiment." "Yes," said the American, "but each colonel, chief of battalion, and captain has a civilian clerk who controls everything relating to the pay, rations and clothing of the men, and whoever does that really commands." "You are right," said the khedive, "but how would you correct this?" "By requiring that the colonels should have sergeants as their clerks; the chiefs of battalions, corporals; the captains, private soldiers; and also requiring that the officers should supervise and do much of the real work themselves." "That means that the army should learn reading and writing and arithmetic!" "That is exactly what I was coming at, your highness." The khedive reflected for a moment, and then accepted for a moment, and then wrote an order to the minister of war, requiring that from that moment no person in the army (either officer or soldier) should be promoted until he was master of reading writing and arithmetic. The consequence was that the whole army became a school.

Counterfeit Greenbacks.

The treasurer of the United States furnishes the following description of the recent counterfeit five dollar notes on the Central German and Union National banks of Chicago, and the Farmers' National Bank of Virginia, Ill. These counterfeits were made from the same plate as the "Trader" of Chicago, and are printed in this way: The counterfeiters printed a number of notes from the "Trader's" plate, leaving the word's "National Bank of Illinois," and as a number of these notes are still in the hands of the counterfeiters, they are enabled, by having the title printed in, to make a new counterfeit. This is the way the fives on the Aurora, Canton, Paxton and Peru banks were made. All genuine five dollar notes on the Central and German National banks of Chicago, have the name of Jno. Allison as register, while counterfeiters have the name of S. B. Colby as register. All genuine fives on the Union National Bank of Chicago are dated January 14, 1865; the counterfeiters are dated May 10, 1865. All genuine fives on the Farmers' National Bank of Virginia, Ill., are dated September 1, 1865; the counterfeiters are dated May 10, 1865. The public will do well to examine carefully all fives on Illinois banks, as some of these unfinished bills are still in existence and can be readily changed into a new counterfeit.

Charleston is shipping strawberries North.

Bear and Forbear—The bear and his hunter.

Not many women are blacksmiths, but most of them can shoe a hen.

Camden now has twelve practicing and some half dozen embryonic lawyers.

Man glories in his strength; woman glories in her hair; butterfly glories in both.