

# The Orangeburg Times.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME VII

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NUMBER 2

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Now that the holiday season is over and everything has gone prosperous and happy; every one better off, and a bright fertile year ahead, at no period in the history of our business life have we been so thoroughly prepared to meet the wants of the trade and the requirements of the people, as we are now. We shall continue to place upon our counters from day to day, bargains in every department at

**LOWEST PRICES,** and shall always be found using our best endeavors to prevent extortions and uphold the CASH SYSTEM. Our entire stock is now offered at **REDUCED PRICES.**

We ask you to call and inspect our goods. We guarantee to please as to quality and price.

Look carefully over this list of a few articles mentioned:

Gents' Hose, white, 5 and 10 c.  
 " striped 12 1/2  
 " solid colors 12 1/2  
 " double heel & toe 12 1/2  
 Ladies' hose, white, 8, 10, 12 1/2.  
 " striped, 10  
 " solid colors, 12 1/2  
 " bulbriggan, 15  
 " finest quality, 25

Children's hose, colored, 5, 8, 10, 12 1/2  
 Ladies' Gauntlets, dark colors, 30 c.  
 " Berlin gloves, embroidered backs, 35  
 " kid gloves, 4 buttons, "best makers, 75

Gents' buckskin gloves, lined 75  
 " driving " 30  
 Derby suiting, 10  
 " figured, 1 1/2

Cashmeres, beautiful colors, 16 1/2  
 Merinos, beautiful colors, 16  
 Flannels, red, white and blue, 25 to 35 cents.

Nubias, very pretty, 30 c.  
 Ladies' Hoods, new styles, 40  
 Looking Glasses, bureau size, \$1  
 " extra large, \$1.50  
 " oval frames 60 and 80 cents

Silver plated tea spoons, \$1.25.  
 " Table " 1.75  
 " Forks 1.75  
 " Knives 3.75

Glass Sets, handsome, 4 pieces, 50  
 Glass Preserve Stands, 60  
 Goblets, 75 ct per doz  
 Tumblers, 60 ct per doz  
 Lamps from 25 to 75 cts

Large assortment Ladies, Gents and Children's Shoes from the finest to the cheapest.  
 Men and Boys Hats, 40, 60, 75, 1 00  
 1.25 to \$3  
 Men and Boys Caps from 25 to 50

Fancy Box Paper, Envelopes and Stationery.  
 Agent for the Largest Tobacco Factory in the United States, we offer bargains in this line.

Agent for Manufacturers of Soaps and Concentrated Lye, we defy competition.

We have the Largest and Cheapest Stock of

**BROOMS AND BASKETS** in the Market.

Agent for the Celebrated Town Talk

**BAKING POWDERS.**

These Powders have stood the Test by the best Chemist, and pronounced PURE, when bought in cans. Prof. Mott, the Leading Chemist of the World, says the worse adulterations occur when Powders are sold loose or in bulk. Remember this and get TOWN TALK from Headquarters.

Your attention is asked to the reduction in our CARPETING, put down to 25, 35, 40 cents.

Pocket Knives from 5 cts. to \$2.  
 Buggy Whips, 25, 50, 75 cts., \$1, \$1.25 \$2.

Yours respectfully,  
**C. D. KORTJOHN.**

Always notice this COLUMN for CHEAP GOODS.

[Written for the Orangeburg Times.]  
**WHITE ROSES.**

BY RUTH GOODLEY.

CHAP. I.

With my wife and daughter, I was making a tour through Europe. We had seen the sights in London and Paris, had gazed with rapture on the vine-clad banks of the Rhine, and at length we were enjoying the romantic scenery of Lake Zurich. We had started early one morning on an excursion to a distant village, and did not return until late in the afternoon, consequently I did not know of the new arrivals.

We had music in our private parlor that evening, and among the songs which my daughter sang was the old-fashioned one, "On the Margin of fair Zurich's Waters." The song caused me to think of my sister, who had joined the heavenly choir, long years before. It had been a favorite of mine, and she had often sung it for me.

My daughter was very much like her Aunt, and that evening she wore a white rose in her hair, which made the resemblance still more striking. I was so much depressed by old memories, that I could not remain in the room, so lighting a cigar, I went on the terrace.

As I stepped out, I encountered an old friend who had arrived that day.

After exchanging salutations he said, "a friend and myself were attracted by the singing and we have been guilty of the rudeness of looking through the window, at the fair singer. When my companion saw the young lady, he clutched my arm, and he was much affected by the last song. He had walked away, just before you made your appearance, but not until he had asked me to ascertain the name of the lady, and if possible secure him an introduction."

What is your friend's name? I asked.

"Col. James Cordray," he replied. Great Heavens! I exclaimed. Do you call that man your friend?

"I only made his acquaintance a few weeks ago, in Paris. He is such a genial whole-soul fellow, that I feel quite a friendship for him. Some of our party have hinted that he is violent when in his cups, but I have never seen him under the influence of liquor. Do you know anything about him? asked Philip Norris.

Yes, I know that he is a scoundrel and a murderer. The thought that his eyes should rest on my daughter, and that he should wish to make her acquaintance, almost maddens me. I am not surprised that he should be startled at the sight of one who so closely resembles his victim. He has heard that song in other days, from lips now cold and still.

"I hope you are mistaken," said Norris, "this man has so much the appearance of an honorable gentleman, that it is hard for me to believe him to be a murderer. I wish you would tell me all you know of him."

I am too much excited to talk now, I said, but come to me in an hour, and I will prove my words.

I had calmed myself, and my wife and daughter had retired, when Philip Norris entered our parlor.

This narrative will be painful to me, I said, but I want you to understand, that I have good reasons for hating that man. When I was ten years old, I was on a visit to my grandparents. During that time, a sister was born. All those years I had been an only child, and I naturally had a great desire to see the new comer.

In my mind, I can see my mother as she stood in the vine-covered porch with the babe in her arms, on the afternoon of my return home. After embracing her, and kissing my sister, I asked what is her name?

"Rose," replied my mother.

I shall call her White Rose, I said, for see how she is clutching at that spray of white roses, just within in her reach, and ever after, she was White Rose to me. I loved my sister

almost to idolatry. She grew up as sweet and pure as her namesake rose. She was only seventeen when she was wooed by James Cordray. I had known him from his boyhood, and no young man stood higher in public estimation. After his father's death he had removed to a distant part of the State and I had lost sight of him for near five years. When he came to visit us, I saw no change in him, and my sister's youth was the only objection we made to an immediate marriage.

We would have been glad to have kept our darling with us always, but thinking she would marry at some time, and knowing no man we preferred to James Cordray, we consented to their marriage.

Our White Rose had never had a wish ungratified, and we thought we were conducting to her happiness. Her bridal robe was looped with white roses, and she wore a wreath of the same flowers on her head.

Her husband took her to his home, and we did not see her again until my own marriage, in less than a year after, was the occasion of a visit from them.

I was too much absorbed in my own happiness, to notice any change in my sister, but my mother afterwards, expressed her fears to me, that our darling was unhappy. She thought her husband was wanting in those attentions which a wife had a right to expect.

There was nothing in her letters to excite our suspicion, so I concluded my mother was mistaken in her supposition.

Another year passed. We did not receive letters as frequently, as formerly, but they were the same affectionate epistles when they did come.

Then there was a longer interval than usual, and at length a letter was received from a lady, who wrote, that my sister was ill and her husband was absent, no one knew where. In an hour I was on my way to our darling. My White Rose, should not droop all alone, she should come to the loving hearts which were yearning for her.

On my arrival I was met by an old lady, the writer of the letter, who told me all she knew of the cruel treatment my sister had received from her husband.

I had been completely deceived in the man. He was a drunkard, and a fiend when under the influence of liquor.

My sister, who had been so tenderly nurtured, who had never heard a harsh word in her life, had been subjected to the grossest indignities. Her husband in his drunken fury, had more than once used violence to her. Instead of cherishing and protecting her, he had hurled her to the floor, and had left the house with some of his inebriate companions, while she was in an unconscious state. When Mrs. Moore heard of her condition, she went to her, and afterwards wrote to us, without her knowledge.

When I went to my sister's room I found her as white as her robe. She extended her emaciated arms, but was too weak to utter a word. I told her, mother wanted to see her, and had sent me for her.

"I am not strong enough to go," she said.

I will take you in my arms, I replied. The white roses are blooming, and I want you to see how beautiful they are. She smiled faintly.

Ah! the sweetest of all roses was lying there withering—dying, crushed by the one who should have loved her above all others!

To have shortened her days with a pistol ball would have been called murder. The breaking of a woman's heart is not set down in the calendar of crimes; but it is nevertheless murder in the sight of Heaven.

While the necessary preparations were being made for my sister's removal, I wrote on my card these words, "Whoever we meet, one of us must die." I placed it in a conspicuous place, where I thought James Cordray would see it on his return.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

The Board of Examiners have, so far, appointed the following School Trustees for Orangeburg County:

VANCES.

E. L. Dantzler, W. W. Dukes, W. A. Dantzler.

SOUTH POPLAR.

D. D. Jones, Rev. W. J. Snider, J. F. Livingston.

NORTH POPLAR.

I. D. Prickett, J. B. Etheridge, Addison Paulling.

SOUTH PINE GROVE.

T. N. Slowsan, D. C. Stoudenmire, J. M. Weeks.

NORTH PINE GROVE.

G. J. Zeigler, R. W. Riser, G. S. Hutto.

NORTH AMELIA.

J. D. Trezevant, T. K. Legare, Jessie Stuart.

WEST AMELIA.

H. C. Paulling.

SOUTH AMELIA.

J. E. Wannamaker, W. B. Mack, Collins Cokeley.

LYONS.

J. M. Moss, J. H. Arant, Frederick.

NORTH GOODBY'S.

J. P. Dantzler, G. L. Smith.

SOUTH GOODBY'S.

J. H. Felder, T. P. Evans, John Sellers.

WEST PROVIDENCE.

L. R. Evans, Porter Bull.

EAST PROVIDENCE.

Frank N. Rast, D. E. Hart, June Voght.

EAST COW CASTLE.

G. E. Fairy, D. R. Knight, Henry Carn.

WEST COW CASTLE.

C. P. Rigny, J. B. Kiser, Dr. D. E. Conner.

EAST BRANCHVILLE.

John P. Berry, Dr. N. C. Whetston, John Bars Sr.

SOUTH BRANCHVILLE.

R. H. McAlhany, J. M. Hiers, Richard Johnson.

WEST BRANCHVILLE.

E. T. R. Smoak, A. F. H. Dukes, F. A. Bruce.

SOUTH NEW HOPE.

Irvin J. Dukes, W. C. Fairy.

NORTH NEW HOPE.

W. L. Wolfe, James Cox, Landon Seabrook.

WEST MIDDLE.

J. P. M. Forbes, L. H. Shuler, Andrew J. Ruple.

EAST MIDDLE.

A. D. Fair, L. E. D. Felder, Wm. Shirer.

NORTH MIDDLE.

F. W. Bentley, Michael Riley, A. M. Bozard.

EAST ORANGE.

Thos. E. Rickenbaker, F. H. Gramling, C. F. Gehrels.

SOUTH ORANGE.

E. J. Felder, John Ogden.

ORANGEBURG.

J. G. Wannamaker, F. A. Schittley, Marion Jackson.

WEST ORANGE.

J. H. Hook, Dr. J. W. Keitt, Marshall Jones.

NORTH ORANGE.

A. J. Harger, R. H. Riley, John A. O' Cain.

SOUTH CAW-CAW.

J. P. Gholson, J. Rhett Riley, Capers Saylor.

NORTH CAW-CAW.

J. N. Hook, Fred Ott, M. L. Herlong.

WEST CAW-CAW.

T. W. Oliver, Dr. Hilderbrand, Abram Ruff.

NORTH ELIZABETH.

N. A. Whetstone, Cato Livingston, A. J. Hydrick.

EAST ELIZABETH.

E. L. Culler, W. V. Culler, Dr. B. H. Knotts.

WEST ELIZABETH.

J. F. North, W. B. Livingston, J. S. Livingston.

ROCKY GROVE.

J. D. Knotts, Walter Harley.

## WEST GOODLAND.

J. C. Fanning, G. J. Odom, W. K. Smith.

## SOUTH GOODLAND.

G. R. Summers, W. L. Ehney, Alex. Brown.

## NORTH GOODLAND.

Edward Argoe, H. F. Salley, Daniel Walker.

## NORTH HERRON.

B. Livingston, J. D. Jones, D. V. Livingston.

## SOUTH HERRON.

Dr. T. J. Pou, D. R. Shannahan, Andrew Pou.

## WEST LIBERTY.

W. F. Phillips, Rufus C. Salley, J. A. Kennerly.

## EAST LIBERTY.

John J. Salley, Morgan H. Davis, G. E. Bolin.

## EAST WILLOW.

Peter R. Pearson, M. H. Spires, D. A. Williamson.

## NORTH WILLOW.

W. R. E. Bonnet, Benj. D. Moss.

## SOUTH WILLOW.

Henry E. Garick, V. A. Gue, James Kleckley.

## WEST UNION.

A. S. Easterlin, C. C. McMillan, Daniel Gibson.

## EAST UNION.

Wm. Canthen, L. W. Smoak, Aaron Simmons.

## NORTH ZION.

Dr. J. C. Holman, J. D. Smoak.

## SOUTH ZION.

Jno. Mack, W. C. Moss, Frank T. Smoak.

## NORTH EDISTO.

John S. Tatum, Joseph Zeigler, L. A. Griffin.

## SOUTH EDISTO.

E. J. Smoak, H. H. Jennings, June Antley.

## SOUTH LYONS.

A. O. Holman, Geo. D. Rast.

## A LAWYER FOILED.

Not even a lawyer, however skillful in cross examination, can make a witness tell the truth provided the witness wishes to evade it. It is impossible to put a question in such exact language that it will demand the desired answer. It was necessary, on a certain occasion in court to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a certain Mr. Smith treated his horse:

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intended to drown all suspicion as to all ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?"

The witness looked up innocently and replied:

"Generally astraddle sir, I believe."

The lawyer asked again:

"But sir, what gait does he ride?" imperturbable witness answered:

"He never rides any gait at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gate on the farm."

The lawyer saw that he was on the track of a tartar and his next question was very insinuating:

"How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer!"

"Well, sir, he keeps up with the rest, if his horse is able to, or if not he rolls behind."

The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself and asked:

"And how does he ride when he is alone?"

"I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with him when he was alone."

And there the case was dropped.

A daily visitor to the cage of a handsome canary in the office of the Philadelphia Times is a mouse. He is welcomed by a song, and as he eats the seed and drinks the water from the cups, the bird gives evidence of his being a favored guest. After his meals he frequently plays about the bottom of the cage an hour.

The National Bank of Adams, New York, has gone into liquidation.

## NORTHERN MORALS.

Recently we spoke of an effort in Connecticut to enact a law reviving the whipping post to provide a punishment for men who beat their wives. The advocacy of the measure implied the necessity of it. The demand for the whipping post does not seem to be confined to Connecticut but the question of its revival is now agitating the people of Indiana. It is significant that the same reason is alleged to exist there as in New England. Wife beating has become so common that this severe and degrading punishment must be called into requisition. We regret to observe such a lamentable condition of morals in any section of our common country. Things must be terribly out of joint where such despicable measures can demand public attention. The man must be depraved, indeed who could strike his wife—the mother of his children. There must be something radically wrong about the morals and religion of Indiana as well as New England. It is more noticeable because of their repeated claims to being better than others. Is it not a duty for Christian people in this section to send missionaries to that region. The field is large and the opportunities many for good work.—*Abbeville Mediam.*

## SCENES AT JACKSON'S INAUGURATION.

Describing the scenes at President Jackson's inauguration, a letter in the Washington Star says: Mr. Webster, writing from Washington, says: "I never saw such a crowd here before. Persons have come 500 miles to see General Jackson." Judge Story writes: "After the ceremony was over the President went to the palace to receive company, and there he was visited by immense crowds of all sorts of people, from the highest and most polished down to the most vulgar and gross in the nation. I never saw such a mixture. The reign of King Mob seemed triumphant. I was glad to escape from the scene as soon as possible." No doubt Story was glad to escape; he was a bitter opponent of Jackson, and it was not to be expected that he could enjoy these festivities. "A profusion of refreshments," writes participants, had been provided. Orange punch was made by barrels full; but as the waiters opened the doors to bring it out, a rush was made, the glasses broken, the pails of liquor upset and the most painful confusion prevailed. To such a painful degree was this carried that wine and ice-cream could not be brought out to the ladies, and tubs of punch were taken from the lower story into the garden to lead off the crowd from the rooms. Men with boots on, heavy with mud, stood on the damask-satin covered chairs in their eagerness to get a look at the President."

It is believed that Chicago and St. Louis will together send to England this season over two million dollars worth of wild game. A "single" firm in St. Louis recently filled an order for the London market for 1,600 dozens of quails, 1,700 dozens of prairie chickens, and 700 dozens of wild turkeys.

The South is adopting the proper policy to whip the North: Not by war nor by politics, but by manufactures. It is bound to come to that complexion at last, and from present appearances it is coming soon.—*Lexington Dispatch.*

Whenever you hear a man asking if life is worth the living you can make up your mind that he endorsed a bill and had to pay it.—*Detroit Free Press.*