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ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

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[Written for the Orangeburg Times.]  
**THE BANESBORO BACHELOR CLUB.**  
—  
SOME OF ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

No. 1.

The social element of Banesboro was thrown into dire confusion—excitement was rife—expectation on tiptoe. A portion of that element was at war with the whole; in short, the young men of that flourishing town, for reasons which will be made manifest in due time, had revolted and organized a distinct society—presumably for their exclusive benefit, improvement and pleasure. The announcement of their intentions was made, and the hour of meeting appointed. A few elderly lady friends of the rebellious youths were unreasonably anxious, but older and wiser men merely chuckled over it privately, old Major Skinner predicting a speedy end of the bold project—“for want of friends,” he said, “the boys won’t afford it long, they will soon find out that clubs are rather expensive.” Great merriment prevailed among some classes, but the incessant interchange of the usual badinage, did not suffice to discourage the leaders in the new movement. Naturally a considerable amount of curiosity was evidenced by the other inhabitants, but all spectators were rigidly excluded, invited guests vetoed, and the editor likewise denied membership, the fraternity not being considered much safer than the ladies to admit into a secret.

On the evening selected, fifteen or twenty bachelors ranging from eighteen to twice that age, wended their way to an office on the second story of the Court House, occupied by Paul Pryor, a lawyer in good standing, very genial and pleasant in his ways, who was looked upon as the wit of his circle, and consequently, he was not only quite popular, but quite alive to the fact himself. Paul was selected chairman *pro tem.*, and the election of officers proceeded. He declined the Presidency, which fell upon Bob Pritchler, but accepted the office of Secretary. Tom Skinner was nominated for Treasurer on the strength of his father’s reputation. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws. The preliminaries over, Pryor arose with becoming dignity in response to the inquiry if there was any further business before them:

“Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Club:—Having anticipated the requirements of this body, in order to facilitate our organization and place the club at once in working order, I beg to submit the following resolutions to your distinguished consideration:

Whereas, we, the bachelors of Banesboro, having suffered in past times from various impositions of society (groans of approval), experiencing not only mental disquietude, but bodily anguish, likewise aberration of the heart (loud sigh from Jack Thorn, who was as thin as his pipe stem), and numerous other afflictions; and, whereas, we have been threatened with financial ruin by the steady depletion of our purses caused from the incessant drains upon them (cheers), and are in danger of perpetual slavery to its tyrannical decrees. Therefore, Be it,

Resolved, That we shake off the yoke, assert our independence of the inexorable law of custom, and defy the arbitrary rules of etiquette that restrict our freedom of thought and action. Be it further,

Resolved, That we organize ourselves into a club—

“Hold! hold!” cried the President, “my memory is none of the best, and I move we have a dissection and discussion of what you have read before anything further comes up.”

“I second the motion,” said Andy short rising, “let us go into particulars, for this is a particular undertaking we have before us.”

“Just so,” chimed in Jim Bolus, “I would particularly like to know

what bodily anguish this healthy looking set has ever undergone from the various impositions of society?” and he looked around incredulously at the others, disdainfully towards the manly figure of the offending Secretary. Jim was an athlete, measuring six feet two, and turning fairbank’s scales at one-seventy.

“The subject is open for discussion, gentlemen,” Bob Pritchler thoughtfully announced, seeing that they were fairly on the way to criticize the preamble.

Paul meekly continued, “Gentlemen, expostulation is useless, as it is evident nothing short of a personal application will carry conviction; generalities do not satisfy, but possibly I can enumerate instances which will melt your obstinate hearts to pity. Bodily anguish! Jim! did you never when the gentlemen were in the minority, go through duty dancing five hours consecutively with a pair of number seven boots on your number nine feet, and had to wear last year’s slippers two weeks after to alleviate your sufferings?”

“A home thrust, by-Jove!” muttered Jim, glancing woefully around as his comrades indulged in derisive laughter.

“I give it up.”

“Leander Short,” resumed Pryor, with unruffled gravity, “did you never hear of a little man standing a whole afternoon on tiptoe under an August sun, reaching up to hold an umbrella over a tall lady while the match game was being played?”

“I’d do it again,” replied the gallant little chap, “only she married the other fellow.”

Groans of “O Leander! O Leander!” went around the room, “you are not one of us.”

“I mean to be though, now,” he stoutly asserted. “Then when a sudden thunder shower came up, who was it became thoroughly drenched trying to save that lady’s Sunday hat, and was laid up with fever, and sore throat?” asked the remorseless interrogator, pointing to the little brave.

“His bill was just \$11 25,” promptly put in Dr. Carlton, the handsome young medico of the town, and his professional remark was rewarded with a laugh.

“And Doctor,” said the Secretary, suddenly turning on him, “what physician was it that had to prescribe for himself very unexpectedly not long since?”

“A hard hit in more than one sense,” responded that undaunted individual. “You see I became entangled in one of the long trains at that reception, and during my frantic efforts to extricate myself, the owner of the train moved suddenly, precipitating me against the corner of the mantle, and the collision made an ugly place on my head (absently rubbing the spot), which operation cost me five dollars—not that my head was broken, but I smashed two vases as I cut the center of gravity on a base line, and fell under obligations to replace them.”

“Wasn’t he swindled though?” ejaculated a drug store clerk. “I’ll stake my hat that the broken articles didn’t cost over sixty cents, for we have pretty ones at forty.”

“The mischief you have,” exclaimed the defrauded man, “why didn’t you tell me? Of course the villainous wretch of whom I bought them knew that I was ignorant of the value of such flummery. But then I have the satisfaction of proving that it cost somebody else something too—train was wrecked.”

“That instance illustrates another cause of grievance I endeavored to set forth briefly in the preamble,” commented Paul, “which is the depletion of our purses by the innumerable calls for money. What say you, gentlemen?”

- “Opera”
- “Flowers”
- “Ice-cream”
- “Stationery”
- “Soda-water”
- “Ball tickets”

“Fancy Fairs”—  
“Hot suppers”—  
“Buggy rides”—  
“Entertainments”—

each victim sang out in turn, “Away with it—we will do it no more.”

“You respond well! Then we must further take into consideration the loss of time we suffer while dancing attendance at the different places of amusement you have enumerated, and which might be spent more profitably and agreeably did we not feel it a duty expected of us by society to carry out her injunctions. Therefore, gentlemen, if it is your purpose to be rid of this bondage, and the plan meets your approval, we will proceed to—

“Three cheers for the Banesboro Bachelor Club. Hurrah for the Discosolate!”

Such a din ensued that the startled listener without might well have thought a questionable revel disgraced the proceedings of the august body, but it was only the life and enthusiasm of youth and hope which animated their lungs to such demonstrations.

EX-OFFICIO.

A DIFFERENCE IN DISPOSITION.

I know two girls, equally excellent and pretty, between whom a marked difference exists: one gains friends wherever she goes, and at once; the other makes few, and then only after a long acquaintance. Why? She looks at people with an eye of suspicion; she doesn’t wish to be taken in; her glance at the person to whom she is presented says, “Now you are very likely not what you pretend to be, and you shall not find me a victim at any rate.” She approaches strangers with clenched fists, as if to ward off the inevitable consequence is that they receive her in the same spirit. Nobody likes to have his faults suspected before he has had a chance to show his virtues. Her gentler friend, instinctively understanding this, receives every new acquaintance as if she had been waiting all her life for him especially. She sees the good in people and gives them the credit for it. The result is, that in her presence all our good qualities come out, and we are better for the time being, if not for always. Thus it is that she has so many friends, for while men and women laugh at her friend’s witty sayings and applaud her keen criticisms, they do not care one tenth as much for her as they do for their amiable favorite, who believes there is some good in everybody. But our cynic does not see this. She goes on believing that it is the fault of the world that she is not appreciated. I fear, if she lives to see three-score years and ten, she will never get the sweetness and beauty out of life which her friend has already found.

A LADY.—The lady does not lose caste because she makes her own clothes, and is obliged to economize. A “lady” is a woman who clearly understands and consistently practices the refinements of a highly civilized existence, and the most real distinction between a lady and a woman who is not a lady, is that one is more civilized than the other, and more determined to preserve the habits of a high civilization. These habits are not simply habits of expense; it is cheaper to remain sober than to get tipsy, and yet it is more lady-like to be sober. It does not cost more to speak good English than bad, or to be gentle than rude, yet a lady from preference, speaks correctly and his gentlemanly.

In the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration; whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long, or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions, to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

Have your mind in your work, and you will have your work in your mind.

THE FENCE LAW QUESTION.

Editor Orangeburg Times:

I beg space in your highly appreciated paper as a citizen of Orangeburg County, to forewarn our Representatives to desist in taking any action upon the fence law by petitions, as that now appears to be the programme, and would not be satisfactory to the citizens at large of the County; nor could this question be thoroughly and satisfactorily discussed through the Press, as there are many who never read a paper.

It is all bosh, and a ridiculous idea to think that real estate owners alone should decide so grave a question. I would just here remind our Representatives that they were not honored to the position they now hold, by real estate owners alone, and all we want is a square deal, and no strippers used on the poor, who should be pitied rather than oppressed. If fortune has smiled on some of us, we should not forget that our Heavenly Father made this earth for His foot stool, and donated it to His creation, and the so-called land owners are only tenants at will, and any land that is unenclosed, my stock has as much right to roam over as that of any one who merely holds a paper over it. I would suggest that tickets be struck off for and against the fence law, and an election be held at all the polling precincts in the County, giving sufficient notice that none may be offended. That will settle the question honorably to all parties concerned. I see no good grounds offered why we should abolish our present fence law, except the scarcity of timber in some sections, and in such localities let them substitute lumber for rails, or write on and get live hedging plant, that is said to make a fence that a rabbit cannot penetrate, and will last for ages if properly attended to. I know if our present fence law was abolished it would suit the capitalists of the country, for they have been looking for a fire-proof bank that will pay them a good interest on their money for years, and every foot of land that could be obtained by them would be purchased, which would increase the value of lands, and put it out of the reach of the poor men, and if any should be fortunate enough to accumulate an amount sufficient to pay for a place and make application to one of those capitalists to purchase, he would be told that it was an investment and not for sale, but for rent or to lease, and it would not be many years before the capitalists would control the destiny of this country politically, which would compel the poor to submit to their masters. I say freemen, don’t sleep and slumber on your rights, and be muzzled in this way. The land owners promise to give you and their hands pasture for your stock to induce you to vote your rights and privileges away. Their promises are like the old lady’s pies, they are made to be broken. This all might work smooth as glass for a season, though you would be told your hide-bound and ticked stock wouldn’t do to mix with their imported short-horn and Jersey stock, and as the fellow said to the other, “git up and git,” and you would have to “git.” Stop and think for yourselves, and look back upon the past, which ought to act as a guide for any one. Listen, look at the railroads, cars and locomotives that glide through our State, the many factories of various kinds that are now in full operation throughout the State, look at the villages and the magnificent cities that are built that would make a panorama for weeks for a country man to look at, and the steamers and ships that float upon the deep, then think of the vast amount of money that has been expended for price of coffee. All of this was a accomplished and accumulated under our present fence law, and I hope we will continue to be governed by that same law that our forefathers were so prosperous under. The trouble with nine-tenths of the farmers is, that when they build a fence, they nev-

er split another rail as long as the bushes, briars and vines will hold the rotten rails together, while ten dollars annually would keep a fence once built around fifty acres, a hundred years to come, in good condition, if you would not let the undergrowth and vines master it instead of yourself. And the old fence law ought to be enforced requiring a man to keep his fence in good condition, and a rising to the letter of the law. The people then could turn their attention to raising stock, without the dread of having them crippled and killed, and make it profitable to themselves. It will not do for us to depend entirely upon the Western market for our bacon, though if the fence law should be passed, that will be our smoke house.

WATCH.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

The following has been sent to us for publication. It may have been a print before, but it is nevertheless beautiful and worthy of reproduction:

A man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate, the football of destiny; with no tie linking him to infinity and to the wondrous eternity that is within him; but a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat, a rainbow without color, a flower without perfume.

A man may in some sort tie his frail hopes and hours, with weak, shifting proud tackle to his business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call faith is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of responsibility or motive, but can find no basis in any other system of right action than that of spiritual faith. A man may craze his thoughts and his brain to thoughtfulness in such poor large as fame and reputation may stretch before; but a woman—where can she put her hope in storms, if not in heaven?

And that sweet trustfulness—that abiding love, that endearing hope, following every scene of life, lighting them with the pleasant radiance when the world’s cold storms break like an army with smoking cannon—what can bestow it all but a holy soul-tie to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who that has enjoyed the love of a God loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy and hallow it with a tear?—Augusta News.

HE LIVED THERE.—“Are you the tax collector for this ward?” he asked as they rode together on the platform of the car.

“No.”

“Assessor?”

“No.”

“Water works man?”

“No.”

“Anything to do with the census?”

“Nothing of the sort. Why do you ask?”

“Why, I saw you coming out of a house on Sprout street the other day with two chairs, a broom and a woman lying after you, and I said to myself that you were an official or agent of some sort, and had unintentionally offended the woman.”

“No, I’m no official or agent,” replied the man in a hesitating voice. “I live there, and that woman was my wife. Savvy?”

“You bet!” was the sympathetic response, and they crept closer together and took a chew from the same box.—Free Press.

LIQUOR TO MIXERS.—The first case in this county, under the Act of the Legislature prohibiting the sale of liquors to minors, came up before Trial Justice Neil on Saturday. Mr. W. B. Sloan of Blackstock, being the party charged. The prosecutor, Mr. J. C. Mackorel, alleged that the defendant had sold liquor to his son. The defendant pled guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars and the costs of the proceedings.—Windsboro News and Herald.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, the Great Architect of the Universe in the dispensation of Providence has seen fit to call our worthy and beloved brother, P. M., B. Livingston, from the manifold labors of this to the refreshing scenes of that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens, and, while we bow with all deference to the dictates of the Great ruler of the destinies of men, we would also give expression to our sorrow and bereavement. Therefore, Be it,

Resolved, That in the death of brother B. Livingston, our Lodge has sustained the loss of a true, tried and trusty member, the community of an honorable and upright man, and the State of one of her best citizens.

Resolved, That the condolence and heart-felt sympathy of our Lodge is extended to the sorrowing and afflicted family in their orphanage.

Resolved, That our Lodge be draped in mourning for three months, and that members wear the usual badge of mourning for three months.

Resolved, That a page in our minute book be inscribed to his memory.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions be sent the deceased’s family, and be published in the Orangeburg papers.

D. P. LIVINGSTON,  
Secretary.

TEN CENTS A DAY.

No matter how large your salary, you will save nothing, if you spend money too freely. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves, that it’s only a trifle, you forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of pretty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child’s play, some will exclaim. Well, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man, who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much, but he knew that in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and then, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, “where the money went to.” So to save is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step toward the poorhouse. The habit of extravagance is easily formed, but almost impossible to break up.

SELF-SUSTAINING.—The simplest post-office in the world is in Magellan straits, and has been established there for some years’ past. It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rock of the extreme cape in the straits, opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask and to take letters out and place others in it. The postoffice is self-acting therefore; it is under the protection of the navies of all nations, and up to the present there is not one case to report in which any abuse of the privileges it affords has taken place.

A Baptist preacher, styling himself Rev. G. S. Wellons, who has been preaching for some years to the colored people of Charleston, has turned out, as shown by a committee, of which Dr. Chambliss is Chairman, to be an impostor, who has run away from his wife and eight children in Texas, and married another woman.

Mrs. Sims, the wife of a respectable farmer near Yorkville, hung herself last Friday until she was dead, with a strong cord, which she had attached to a beam of her residence. She was in a delicate state of health, and it is supposed that she was suffering from temporary aberration of mind.