

The Orangeburg Times.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE

VOLUME VII

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1881.

NUMBER 16

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

" balbriggan, 15

" finest quality, 25

Children's hose, colored, 5, 8, 10, 12 1/2

Ladies crumplets, 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, 19

" figured, 12 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 worst 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

CHEAP GOODS.

ORANGEBURG Co., S. C.,

May 29th, 1881.

Editor Orangeburg Times:

The picnic on "Ascension Day," the 26th ult., at Pinckney's Landing, under the auspices of the Santee Base Ball Club, to which you were invited and did not come, was a success. Your friends would, certainly, have enjoyed your presence, indeed your name had actually been "put in the pot" (if you will allow a kitchen phrase) and you have no idea the good things you missed by not being present. If the remaining portion left after the immense crowd had been fed and feasted, was intended as your share, to be consumed at the table, the Santee folks have surely misjudged your capacity.

To describe the picnic grounds and their surroundings, requires the pen of an artist; and such I claim not to wield. To appreciate the hills and valleys, the grand old live-oak trees with their low-hanging, moss-covered boughs, and other natural scenery in endless variety, one must go there and see, to be thoroughly convinced of their beauty.

The forenoon was occupied by the young ladies and gentlemen in promenading, boat-riding and perhaps courting. Your correspondent saw canoes drifting down the river, each boat containing two occupants. They didn't seem to be alarmed, or anxious to land—and-but—the future will tell.

The married gentlemen discussed the fence law and crops, and the elderly married ladies, always indispensable at such places, prepared for dinner. Before it was announced however, and while the crowd was apparently at rest, a few gentlemen made a happy hit by inviting to speak and introducing to the audience Maj. T. B. Whaley who spoke as only the Major can upon such occasions. He alluded very beautifully to the day we were celebrating, reviewed in his eloquent style the political situation County, State and National, and closed with a most appropriate and complimentary tribute to the fair ladies. To an appreciative mind his speech upon the whole was a rare treat. Next in order came dinner, to many, the event of the day.

I will not say that the table groaned under its weight of good things, but the variety and quality of the viands prepared by these Santee and Providence ladies would unquestionably make a man groan if he lingered too long, "round the festive board." At 2 1/2 o'clock P. M. the "Santee" and "Eutaw" Base Ball Clubs were called out by their captains, and after the usual preliminaries the two "Nines" entered the field to contest for the championship. Mr. W. L. DeHay was chosen Empire, and at the close of four innings the score stood: Santee, 26 runs; Eutaw 29 runs. Mr. A. B. Parler of the Santee, and M. S. C. Moor, L. Carson of the Eutaw made each a clean score of four runs. The announcement of the score was followed by the burrahs; and then drinks—of lemonade, Mr. Editor, which could not be surpassed, were freely discussed. This lemonade feature of the picnic was indeed very enjoyable, and the young gentlemen who originated the idea and so successfully carried it out deserve special praise. Fortunately this ice-cold beverage was dispensed by married ladies, else the rustic counter of the bar would have been in all probability a little crowded.

Five o'clock, and we saw the last boat full of excursionists land, the ladies on board cheering the gallant oarsmen with the song, "Pull for the Shore."

To sum up, Mr. Editor, (lest I consume too much of your valuable space) the affair, all in all, was a good success, the make up and management reflecting much credit upon this thriving neighborhood, and will long be remembered by many who were present as a bright page in memory's book.

OCCASIONAL.

A physician was walking along a road in the country one day. He met an old man who had a bottle of whiskey sticking out of his coat pocket.

"Is this the way to the poor house, sir?" asked the old man, pointing in the direction in which he was walking.

"No, sir," answered the physician; "but this is" laying his hand on the bottle of whiskey.

"That doctor was both witty and wise."

Boarding house brilliancy: "Sweets to the sweet," said the funny, young man, as he handed the waiter girl a faded bouquet. "Beets to the heat," returned the girl, as she pushed him a plate of the vegetables.

Cotton in Sumter county, Ga., is half a leg high, and has well formed squares.

JAMISON, S. C., May 24, 1881.

Mr. Editor:

Jamison, while not known as a place of much importance in a commercial point of view, has nevertheless, some energetic spirits, who contribute much to agriculture, and the success of her more prosperous rivals. The crops in this section are, say, corn promising; cotton where it was planted early is as good as last year. While there are a few who can boast as yet of a good stand over their general crop, there are many farmers who have a number of acres not up. As a general thing cotton is about two weeks later than the crop of last year. Some of our early planters will not get entirely through planting until in June. The oat crop, while in some places almost a failure, in others about a half crop may be depended upon.

A debating Society has been in progress here for some time, and every imaginable subject is compounded by the old as well as the young seekers of knowledge. The victories I understand, are pretty well balanced, while the older minds on some subjects bear aloft the bloodless banner inscribed upon its folds, "victory"—then again the young savior of the literary cause, recapture the fort. Thus it goes, first one, then the other wearing the victorious plumage.

Mr. J. S. Crosby, a photographer of merit has been delighting the old as well as the young, the pale faces as well as those of color, the good looking, the passable and the never-mind, the bright and the illiterate have all had the same courage to bear the gaze of the man of nature and the thing of art, and Mr. Crosby with his machine has given general satisfaction. I judge he has been conducting a good business, has taken about 170 pictures. He leaves for Ft. Motte next week, and I would suggest to the citizens of that place and the surrounding country to give him a trial and I doubt not he will accord justice where justice is due.

GEDDINGS.

TOO MANY LAWYERS AND TOO MANY FEES.

The rock that the legal profession are in most danger of coming to wreck on is that of excessive charges. There is a continual low growling in the community on this subject.

It is notorious that the charges are altogether out of proportion to the time given, the work given or the consideration received, and all kinds of vexatious obstacles are thrown in the way of any who seek to effect a reform in this respect. The fact is, that the ranks of the legal profession are over-crowded and are being added to year by year to an extent which the public interests by no means require. Yet the exclusiveness that obtains with regards to methods of procedure, and the stringent rules imposed upon all the members of the craft, prevent that wholesome competition which exists in all other trades. The consequence is that the public are robbed, and that a comparatively few of the members of the legal profession obtain for themselves the chief portion of the spoil, while the great bulk of them struggle on as best they can. Our legal exchanges are filled with discussions on lawyers' costs. The community are bound to have cheaper justice, if they can.—*Albany Times.*

JOSH BILLINGS' "TRUMP CARDS."

After a man gets to be 38 years old he can't form any new habits much; the best he can do is to stick to his old ones.

Every man who can swap horses, or catch fish, and not lie about it, is as pious as men ever get to be in this world.

The sassiest man I ever met is a hen-pecked husband when he is away from home.

An enthusiast is an individual who believes about four times as much as he can prove, and he can prove about four times as much as any body believes.

Those people who are trying to get to heaven on their knees will find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not always judicious. The parties often tire out skoreing fore the trot begina.

Young men, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready you will lose your time and confuse the hen besides.

Said a Baptist to a Methodist: "I don't like your church government. It isn't simple enough. There's too much machinery about it." "It is true," replied the Methodist, "we have more machinery than you; but then you see, it don't take near so much water to run it."

JAMISON, S. C., 26, 1881.

Editor Orangeburg Times:

On a quiet and secluded spot in this County, and on the dawning of the beautiful Sabbath morning of the 22nd inst., peacefully passed away that noble husband, the kind and affectionate father, and the brave and worthy citizen, Mr. Robert Richards, formerly of Charleston. Many here with sad hearts followed his remains to their last resting place and beheld him consigned to the quiet grave in Orangeburg Village. No doubt too, those citizens of Charleston who knew him in his young manhood and pride, will likewise heave a sigh and deeply mourn the death of this gentleman, expressly those of the Aeta Fire Company who can remember him while an officer of that Company, and who by devotion to duty while in the Fire Department comparatively wrecked his health. While Mr. Richards loved his old home in the "City by the Sea," unhappy calamities preventing him returning after the war, since then he has been residing in Orangeburg County, where he leaves a family, many relatives and a large concourse of friends, who while they are sad at his removal from among them, love and reverence his memory.

E. G. B.

REVERIE OF THE FEMAL EDITOR.

Miss Eva C. Kinney, on taking the editorial chair of the *Ellis, Kansas, Headlight*, writes in the following light headed way:

"How glad we are we've got to be an editor at last. We always thought we knew just how to run a paper, and now we've got such a splendid chance.

"We'll show those stupid men exactly how it ought to be done. You won't eat! I getting into any fusses, or rows of any thing. No, indeed, we'll use tact, and tact, you know, is the principal thing in running a paper.

"We won't meddle in politics, and that will save the trouble with politicians, and we'll never swear—no, never. For the life of us we can't see the use of swearing in a printing office. It don't make type set itself up; it don't create items—unless you happen to hit somebody with a club and have to pay the costs—and it don't pick up pie half so quick as fingers do. Yet the editors all think they can't run a paper without it; but we'll show 'em.

"We're so glad we're an editor, and we're going to make such lots of money; we won't spend it all for beer and cigars either. No, indeed; we'll be benevolent and do good with it. We'll give lots to the missionary society—make presents to all our friends—buy books and flowers for the poor, and—oh yes! maybe we'll build a church and endow a college, and have our name painted on one of the windows, with a design. Yes, of course we must have a design on the window. Let's see, a pair of scissors and a paste-pot would be appropriate, would it not? Or a boy, a roller—but then roller boys always have dirty faces, and the artist wouldn't want to paint dirt, would he?

"It's such fun to be an editor! Think of the sweet revenge we'll take when we stuff the products of some aspiring genius into the waste basket. And then with what an exquisite thrill of pleasure we'll take our pen and write the author a polite note, telling him we would have been delighted to publish his excellent article if he only had room, and wouldn't he like to subscribe for our paper, or get us up a club? Ah, we've had experience. That's the way the men editors used to do by us when we were 'only a writer.' And sweeter still will be our revenge on those editors themselves, who used to crush our budding genius with their cruelly polite sarcasms. There's that horrid old bear of the *Hay City Sentinel*, when he published our sweet little poem about "Birdie," instead of remarking on the smoothness of the measure, or pathos of its sentiment, he intimated that we'd been sighing for a lover. It wasn't true a bit; but ah! little did that rash man think we were one day to be his—peer.

"Oh, dear! it's getting late, and another column of type to go up, on copy ready, and all these advertisements behind time—but it's lots of fun to be an editor."

An old woman weighing about three hundred pounds, fell in crossing the street car track, and landed in the mud and water. It sounded like dropping a custard from a third story window. The driver of the street car held up his mule, and called out, "Say, if you will get up and let me drive on, you can sit down again as soon as the car passes."

WOMEN—THEY ARE FAST FINDING OUT.

I believe there is more popper, more potash, more saltpeter, more tar, more aquafortis and more pluck in woman's nature than in any other nature extant. All these, however, lie dormant in a thin sack, woven of modesty, timidity, coyness and gentleness. Once shake them up and you may look out for a blaze, accompanied by a peculiar kind of thunder.

Women's flesh is thought by some to be a confection, a composition of sugar and molasses, or some other saccharine matter. Grant that it be all sweetness; yet I would have you know that when the acid of anger, insult or ill-nature comes in contact with it, such an effervescence occurs as one never saw exemplified in ginger-pop, seditious or soda water.

Women, when put out of tune, are like summer storms. At first they are cloudy—make no noise, but their thinking machines are busy in motion. Then comes the thunder—ripping and tearing thunder! and the lightning that flashes from their eyes is enough to appall the stoutest of hearts. You fall back in wonderment, if not perfectly amazed. Unwilling to retreat further, and not having a chance or the courage to slip in a pitiful "boo!" you stand and take it like a hitched horse in a hail storm.

When the wrath of the feminine is nearly expended, you pluck up courage and are down on her with argument, reasoning and reprimand; but it is all this going to make her turn tail? not a bit of it. Having wasted her thunder and lightning, she begins to rain; she knows what effect that will have. With impetuous showers she drenches the furious fire that burns in your bosom, and a freshness to every bud and blossom of feeling. Then you begin to give in—she begins to clear off—her sky grows brighter, she goes to the expense of a smile, her whole horizon, landscape and lady's escape, look charming, gay and serene, and you can't help giving her a kiss, and acknowledging beat.

So you see, my friends, that the women are found to get the better of us. In them you behold the wild cat, lamb and dove. If they can accomplish nothing by letting loose their untame feline propensities, they give the juvenile sheep a trial; and if that fails they rely upon the loving dove. With one of the three, they seldom or never fail to effect their purpose.

They are called the weaker sex; but with what propriety it is hard for me to imagine, for I know that many of them are strong enough to lift a barrel of beer and drink out of the tap. They can draw like horses. They draw us to church—draw us to the theatre—draw us from our business—draw us into trouble—and draw us to—well, anywhere.—*Ex.*

TRANSPLANTING IN THE NIGHT.—A gentleman anxious to ascertain the effects of transplanting by night, instead of by day, made an experiment, with the following results: He transplanted ten cherry trees while in bloom, commencing at four o'clock in the afternoon. Those transplanted during the daylight shed their blossoms, producing little or no fruit, while those transplanted in the dark maintained their condition fully. He did the same with ten dwarf trees after the fruit was one-third grown. Those transplanted in the day shed their fruit; those transplanted during the night perfected the crop and showed no injury from having been removed. With each of these trees he removed some earth with the roots. The incident, if fully vouched for, and if a few similar experiments produce like result, will be a strong argument to horticulturists to do such work at night.—*Floral Cabinet.*

The following lines were picked up on Russell street a few days ago, from a young lady to a young gentleman:

"Silver shine & so do thine
the way I love you is a sin,
the rose is red the vile is blue
the pink is pretty and so is you.
if you love me as I love you
no girl can out our love in too
Show as the grass grows round the stump,
& cause you for my sugar lump.
We live between the railroad and river
and I will get married whenever you say.

But, I say, Q—, put this little poetry in the lining of your stove-pipe hat (beaver I mean) so as the old folks won't get hold of it.

Dr. J. G. Wannamaker has just received the finest stock of cigars, cigarettes, smoking and chewing tobaccos ever offered in Orangeburg. The Dr. never keeps anything but the best of goods in his line and we take pleasure in calling attention to these goods. Go down and try them.

Mollie had a little ram, fleece black as rubber shoe, and every where that Mollie went, he emigrated too. He went with her to church one day—the folks hi-la-rious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew. The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passion rise, and gave it an unchristian kick between the sad brown eyes. This landed rammy in the aisle; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again, but, ah! that first kick was his last! For Mr Sheep walked slowly back about a rod, 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head! The congregation then arose and went for that ere sheep, but several well directed butts just piled them in a heap. Then rushed they straightway for the door with curses long and loud while rammy struck the hindmost man and shot him through the crowd.—*Exchange.*

TEMPERANCE LEAFLETS.—In an appalling degree, parents are answerable for the weakness and vices of their children.

A man drinks moderately and steadily all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines, or incurable drunkards, the hereditary tendency to crime having its pathology and unvaried laws, like scurvy, consumption or any other purely physical disease. These are stark truths with medical men; but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence and culture, are apparently ignorant or wickedly regardless of them.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Leading citizens are frequently asked, in these days, "Why do you tolerate saloons?" The reply is, "Because the public sentiment seems to require it."—*Exchange.*

At a negro celebration lately, an Irishman stood listening to the colored speaker expatiating upon government and freedom, and as the orator came to a "period" from one of his highest and most poetical flights, the Irishman said:

"Bedad, he speaks well for a nagur, don't he now?"

Somebody said, "He ins't a negro—he is only a half negro."

"Only a half nagur, is it? Well, if a half nagur can talk in that style I'm thinkin' a whole nagur might beat the prophet Jeremiah."

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
COLUMBIA, S. C., May 23, 1881.

TO the Commissioners of Election and the Managers of Election for the Counties of Charleston, Orangeburg and Clarendon, Composing the First Congressional District of the State of South Carolina.

WHEREAS a vacancy in the Representation of the said First Congressional District in the House of Representatives of the United States of America has happened, by the death of Michael P. O'Connor, who, at the General Election held November 2nd A. D. 1880, was chosen a member of the said House of Representatives for said Congressional District, for the term of two years from March 4th A. D. 1880; and whereas the Constitution of the said United States in such cases requires the Executive authority of the State to issue a writ of Election to fill such vacancy. Now therefore you and each of you are hereby required to hold an election in accordance with the laws for holding General Election for a member of the said House of Representatives for the said Congressional District to serve for the remainder of the term for which the said Michael P. O'Connor was elected; the Polls to be opened at the various places of Election in the said Counties on Thursday the Ninth day of June A. D. 1881, by the various sets of Managers for these places respectively. Given under my hand and the Seal of the State of South Carolina this 23rd day of May, in the year of our Lord one Thousand Eight hundred and Eighty-one.

J. JOHNSON H. GOOD,
Governor.

R. M. SIMS,
Secretary of State.

may 26 2c

ROOMS DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

ORANGEBURG Co., May 23, 1881.

A County Democratic Convention is hereby called to meet at Orangeburg, S. C., on Thursday May 31, 1881, at 12 o'clock M., for the purpose of electing Six (6) Delegates to represent the County of Orangeburg in the Democratic Convention of the Second Congressional District, to be held at Charleston June 2, 1881, for the nomination of a Candidate for Congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Hon. M. P. O'Connor.

The Democratic Clubs will elect Delegates to the County Convention at meetings to be held on Saturday, May 28, 1881.

SAMUEL DIBBLE,
County Chairman.

W. L. GLAZE,
JOHN L. HEIDTMAN,
Secretaries Executive Com.

ARTHUR H. LEWIN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
OFFICE
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
Now at A. P. Aringer's Store,
Vance's Ferry.