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DeTreville & Hayward

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS
AT LAW

Orangeburg C. H., S. C.

Will practice in the various Courts of the State

W. J. DeTreville, James S. Hayward
June 23

ABIAL LATHROP,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Orangeburg, S. C.

Office in rear of Masonic Hall.

March 3

Knowlton & Wannamaker,

ATTORNEYS
AND

COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Orangeburg C. H., S. C.

Ang. B. Knowlton, F. M. Wannamaker,
Orangeburg C. H., St. Matthews,
may 5 1877

DENTISTRY.

Dr. L. S. Wolfe can be found at his office over Ezekiel's Store where he is prepared to execute work on the most improved styles, at short notice and at reasonable prices. All work guaranteed.

June 30

MAKE NO MISTAKE!

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Remedy for all Diseases of the Liver.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Indigestion and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Constipation and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Sick Headache & Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Chills, Fevers and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
The Great Cure for Bilious Attacks and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
For Sore Stomach, Headache and Liver Disease.

TAKE HEPATINE
For Female Weakness, General Debility and Liver Disease.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

A state of the stomach in which its functions are disturbed, often with the presence of other diseases, attended with loss of appetite, nausea, heartburn, sour stomach, rising of food after eating, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, acid or fetid eructations, a fluttering or sinking at the pit of the stomach, palpitations, illness of the senses, morbid feelings and uneasiness of various kinds, and which is permanently cured if you take HEPATINE.

WHAT IS Constipation or Costiveness?

A state of the bowels in which the evacuations do not take place as designed by nature and are irregularly and expelled with difficulty, caused by a low state of the system, which diminishes the action of the muscular coat of the stomach. This disease is easily cured if you will take HEPATINE.

WHAT IS INDIGESTION?

A condition of the stomach produced by inactivity of the liver, when the food is not properly digested, and in which condition the sufferer is liable to become the victim of nearly every disease that human flesh is heir to—chills, fevers and general prostration. It is positively cured if you take HEPATINE.

WHAT IS Sick & Nervous HEADACHE?

It was at one time supposed that the seat of the brain was in the stomach. Certain it is a wonderful sympathy exists between the two, and what affects one has an immediate effect on the other. So it is that a disordered stomach invariably is followed by a sympathetic action of the brain, and headaches all arise from this cause. Headaches are easily cured if you will take HEPATINE.

WHAT IS Sour Stomach? Heartburn?

The former is the primary cause of the latter. A sour stomach creates the heat and burning sensation. The contents of the stomach ferment and turn sour. Sick stomach, followed by griping, colic and diarrhoea, often occur.

When the skin is yellow, TAKE HEPATINE

When the tongue is coated, TAKE HEPATINE

HEPATINE
DEATH TO DISEASE!

For bitter, bad taste in the mouth, TAKE HEPATINE

TAKE HEPATINE

TAKE HEPATINE
FIFTY DOSES IN EACH BOTTLE.

FOR SALE BY
A. C. DUKES, Druggist,
may 19 1877

DENTISTRY.

DR. B. F. MUCKENFUSS
Dentist's Rooms over Store of Mr. Geo. H. Cornelson's.

Charges Reasonable.

Silver Threads.

She sang a sad, sweet song to-night—
'Twas "Silver threads and gold."
And from the mingled skein I caught
"Darling, I am growing old."

Whose darling wore the silver tresses?
Whose crown lost the golden hue?
Was it man, or was it woman?
Was it wife or sweetheart true?

Had their young hearts early wedded?
Had there been a broken vow?
Did misfortune bring the silver?
Were they happier once than now?

God of earth and upper heaven,
Guard and bless this singer's soul,
May misfortune never mingle
Silver threads among her gold.

Scott's Tactics.

An Interview with the Ex-Governor.

What Scott Has to Say to an Ohio Reporter—He Proposes to Return to the Palmetto State.

Ex-Governor R. K. Scott, who is in Napoleon, Ohio, has been interviewed by a reporter for the Toledo Sunday Journal, and thus delivers himself:

"I suppose, Governor, that you are about prepared to make this place your home again?"

"No, sir, South Carolina is my home—it is the only home I have. I like her people, and have identified my interests and myself with them. I have no intention of removing."

"What have you to say of Hayes' policy, and of the administration of Hampton?"

"Hayes has adopted the policy for which I hoped and looked ever since 1870. I indicated that policy in several public communications and addresses—for instance, in an address delivered at Jenkinsville, on the 4th of July, 1873; also in a letter to Lieut. Gov. Gleaves, in 1875 and you certainly remember the address which I delivered at this place in July, 1875, on the occasion of the reunion of my old regiment. Don't you remember the little hell which the Radical Republicans raised about it at the time? Here is what I said in conclusion: 'Let us forget that there has been a war. Let us obliterate every evidence that remains of the strife, and meet on a common platform of truth and justice, with the love of a common country as a bond of union, that shall unite us and our posterity for all future time.'"

"And what of Hampton?"

"I have never had confidence in a government largely controlled by a population just disenthralled from slavery. The persons to successfully govern an intelligent people, such as ours, must themselves be educated and intelligent. The educated white people of the South would have obtained control of the State Government long before this, had their prejudices been less bitter and the hatreds growing out of the war less intense; and had they adopted the situation and pursued the policy which Hampton did last fall. The policy which Hayes has adopted will return prosperity to the South; the Government of Hampton will inspire confidence, as it will be honestly and faithfully administered."

"What effect will this policy have in the future upon the political organizations of the South—will Democrats leave their organization and 'join the gang' with Stanley?"

"I think not. There may be divisions in the Democratic party, but they will be upon men, and purely local—in national politics, or rather in political organizations, Democrats will remain loyal to their party. It is true that more charity, if I may so call it, will be entertained for the Republican party, and more confidence reposed in it; but the 'policy,' as it is called, is in the South especially, regarded as the offspring of the Democratic party, which party, aided by Conservative Republican, forced recognition from the administration. The negro element, the

main support of the Republican party, will be largely controlled by the Democrats hereafter, and the colored vote will be cast more for men than for party. Heretofore the attachment and devotion of that race to the Republicans was owing largely to the fear entertained that the success of the Democratic party would result in an abridgment of the rights of citizenship. The course of Hampton dispels this apprehension. Hampton is honestly carrying out the promises which he made during the campaign. He has already appointed more colored men to office than were appointed during the entire two first years that I was Governor, which were the first of reconstruction."

"And what do you think will be the future of the colored race in the South?"

"I think that they will quietly and peaceably enjoy all civil rights as guaranteed to all other citizens. I believe, however, that an appreciation of their own good and advantage will gradually eliminate them from at least an active participation in politics. They are a race very easily controlled. Labor is their field of usefulness, and they are especially suited to the fields and the climate of the South. It was a mistake to draw them prominently into partisan politics—the white man (a fact which must be conceded) being the superior, will never consent to be governed by an inferior."

"If, as I understand you, the Democratic party will grow stronger in the South by acquisitions from the colored vote; what say you as to an ex-Confederate for the next President, which will probably be urged by the South?"

"I think that the people of both the North and the South could support a man like Hampton with perfect consistency, and without the surrender of a particle of principle, and no more compromise of honor than a Confederate makes in the support of a Northern man. The causes which led to the war grew out of our political system—the Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian ideas of government—consolidation and State sovereignty, State rights; in a word, Hampton believes in the teachings of Calhoun, and that he owed his first allegiance to his own State—the people of the North believed otherwise, and the conflict came. The disagreement has become accord. Before the outbreak, as is well known, Hampton was a Union man—he is now as loyal as any citizen in the country, and at the head of the government, would administer its affairs as honestly, as ably, and as faithfully as any statesman of the North possibly could do. Looking at the country in the light of the recent strikes, it seems to me that the most reliable conservative men will be found in the South. There the relation of capital and labor is best understood, and the most respect entertained, for each other. The South also possesses within herself the means of suppressing everything tending to communism. When the folly of the government in disfranchising citizens on account of their political opinions is fully appreciated, then there will be nothing more to prevent a Union soldier voting for a Confederate, than there now is to restrain a Southerner from voting for a man from the North."

"Excuse my curiosity, but what have you to say of the prosecutions now pending against Moses and others?"

"It is a delicate subject for me to talk about. I consider the prosecutions unwise. They are the result of the political complications growing out of the war."

"How will the Federal officers in the South?"

"The Federal, especially the revenue officers, should be taken from the natives. Many of the lower classes have been in the habit of distilling their surplus stock; they cannot be made to understand or appreciate the revenue laws—they are like the Irish and the English—and the Northern

men sent down there no more disposed to arrest and annoy than to instruct and benefit the revenue. The government of the South is now safe in the hands of those to whom it properly belongs, and it will be much more honestly administered than it will by mere adventurers from the North."

"Who, Governor, do you think will be the next United States Senator—Corbin or Butler?"

"It is difficult to say who will be Senator—as to who should be, there can be no question. Butler is the choice of the South. The persons who composed what was claimed to be a Legislature, which elected Corbin, were never elected, and it has so been declared. These places have been supplied by others who hold entirely different views. Butler was elected by the Legislature of the State, and is entitled to his seat if the State is to be recognized."

Only:

"She is nobody! Only a post trader's wife," said the pretty Mrs. Belknap, with a toss of the head. It was only a sentence, but it hurled the speaker and those dear to her from a position long held and highly prized, and brought to light transactions that made Americans, for a time, almost lose faith in public men.

Only one Marshal failed to obey commands at Waterloo, on that memorable 18th of June, but it broke the proud heart of Napoleon, caused defeat to be written on the French banner, which heretofore had only victory inscribed thereon, and brought untold glory to Wellington and joy to the allied English and German troops. Of this defeat theirs wrote: As for this battle, I can deny that the plan and execution were all that could be expected of a commander. It was only Grouchy who was to blame, and he was only a little too late, but Napoleon died in exile because of it.

Only a child lost in a burning house. Who would save the child at the risk of life, and after years proved it was a life worth saving to the church and the world. It was the immortal Wesley.

Only a fallen girl. Years ago she was pure and happy. It was only one false step at first, but years of misery have followed. May God show mercy to the fallen one.

Only one glass more. The thirst cannot be quenched. Down, down the victim goes, saying: 'Only one glass more.' Hundreds of ruined families and broken hearted mothers the world over can tell the rest of that sad story.

Chemists tell us that only one grain of iodine imparts color to seven thousand times its weight of water. So in our lives things that seem only nothing at the time—a misspent Sabbath, a broken promise, careless word even—oftentimes give color to events of infinite importance. God grant us grace to comprehend the vastness of the brief word only, ere it be too late.

Blow Your Own Horn.—Blow your own horn. Yes, give it a blast, and let modesty blush if it will. This false delicacy has been the stumbling block of thousands of really good and capable men. Make a noise it will attract somebody. Let the world know that you are alive and intend to drive things until you get to the top of the hill and make a fortune. To the man of energy and perseverance mountains are but mole hills. 'Tis only the drones that fail. They are always looking on the black side, predicting disasters, always complaining of something to turn up. Such men never will find good times nor prosperity. Neither will they ever find friends or admirers among the first-class business men. If you would succeed in anything, don't stand still. Go ahead, don't be afraid. Do something. If you don't blow the horn somebody else will, but not for your benefit except "in a horn."

An Idyl of Ice-Cream.

How the Girl Absorbed Countless Saucers and Bankrupted Her Beau.

It was the wild midnight. The same midnight was off watch and had gone to bed three hours before. A storm brooded over the eastern heavens. It was a thoroughbred brood storm. Hophweel, for it was coming from the yeast. Hawkeye creek was rolling tumultuously in its stately bed. A little form covered at the garden gate. Many a manly form has been cowed at just such gusts, ever since summer nights and gnats and beauty and love and June bugs were invented.

"He does not come," she murmured, softly, as she peered into the darkness.

"I cannot see him. I will call him." She was wrong. If she could see him, she certainly couldn't call him with the same hand. A manly step came scraping down the sidewalk. It was Desmond.

She threw open the gate, and the next instant he clasped in his great, strong arms twenty-seven yards of foulard, three yards of raching, seven dozen Breton buttons and a Pompadour panier as big as a doghouse. It was all his own.

"All is lost," he exclaimed. "Constance de Belvidere, the Russians have crossed the Balkans. We must fly."

Constance was a noble girl. She only said: "Whither shall we fly?"

He wanted to fly to some lone desert isle, but she submitted an amendment providing that they should fly to the ice-cream saloon.

They flew.

In the crowded saloon, where the soft light fell upon fair women and brave men, and the insects of a summer night fell in the ice-cream freezer. "I spoke no word!"

When two sentient human beings are engulfing spoonfuls of cornstarch and eggs and skim milk, language is a mockery.

At length Desmond broke the tender silence. He said:

"More, dearest?"

She smiled and bowed her lovely head, but did not speak. She was too full for utterance.

Desmond gloomily ordered more. And more when that was gone. And And a supplement to that. And an addenda to that. And an exhibit to that.

Gloom sat enthroned upon his brow. Constance saw it. She said:

"What is it, dearest?"

A dreadful suspicion stabbed her heart like a knife.

"Desmond," she said, "you are not tired of me, darling?"

"By Heaven, no," he said, and then he looked (and thought) unutterable things.

Her brow lightened up with a ray of celestial intelligence.

"I see," she said, tapping the empty plate with her spoon. "Too cold. Signal C. Morbur."

He denied it bitterly, and bade her remain where she was while he settled with the man.

She, guided by the unerring instinct of her sex, peeped through the curtains of the saloon. She saw her Desmond holding earnest discussion with the man. She saw the man shake his head resolutely in answer to Desmond's pleading looks and appealing gestures. She saw him lock the door, take out the key, put it in his pocket and lean up against the door. She saw her own Desmond draw from his own pockets and pile up on the counter a pearl-handle pocket-knife, six nickels, four green postage-stamps, a watch-key, two lead pencils, a memorandum-book, a theater ticket (of the variety denomination), a pocket comb, an ivory toothpick, a shirt-stud, one sleeve-button, a photograph of herself, a package of trix, two street-car checks, a card with a funny story on it, a silk handkerchief and a pair of gloves. And then she knew that Desmond was a bankrupt, and

when the man swept the assets of the concern into a drawer and opened the door she sobbed convulsively: "And it was mine extravagance which hath did this thing!"

They did not talk much on their way home. Once she had asked him if he was rich, and he only said: "Normously!"

Such is fate.—*Barlington Hawkeye.*

Something in the Bed.

Judge Pitman has a habit of slipping his watch under his pillow when he goes to bed. The other night somehow it slipped down, as the Judge was restless, it gradually worked its way downward toward the foot of the bed. After a bit, while he was laying awake, his foot touched it, it felt very cold. He was surprised and scared, and, jumping from bed, he said:

"By gracious, Maria! there's a ton of snake or something under the cover. I touched it with my foot."

Mrs. Pitman, gave a loud scream, and was out on the floor in an instant.

"Now, don't go to hollering and wake up the neighbors," said the Judge, "You go and get me a broom or something, and we'll fix the thing mighty quick!"

Mrs. Pitman got the broom and gave it to the Judge, with the remark that she felt as if snakes were creeping all up and down her back.

"O, nonsense, Maria! Now you turn down the cover slowly, while I hold the broom and bang it. Put a bucket of water along side the bed, too, so's we can shove it in and drown it."

Mrs. Pitman fixed the bucket and gently removed the covers. The Judge held the broom uplifted, and as soon as the black ribbon of the watch was revealed cracked away, three or four times with his broom. Then pushed the thing off into the bucket to the light to investigate the matter. When the Judge saw what it was, he said:

"I might have known that. Just like you women, to go searching and fussing about nothing. Who's going to pay me for that watch? It's utterly ruined!"

"It was you that made the fuss, not me," said Mrs. P. "You needn't try to put the blame off on me."

"Oh, hush up and go to bed. I'm tired of hearing your blather. Blame me if I ain't going to get a divorce and emigrate!"

And the Judge turned in and growled at Maria until he fell asleep.

SHE TOOK WOOD.—When a middle-aged housewife halted at a Detroit grocery, to ask the price of currants, she was told that they sold for a dollar a peck.

"Four dollars a bushel—e-e-!" she almost shrieked.

"Yes'm."

"And do you think I'll buy 'em at that rate?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I won't! It's a shame, sir, a burning shame, and, I for one won't stand it! Why, sir, the idea of currants being four dollars per bushel when wood is only five dollars per cord! I'll buy wood, sir!"

"You don't have to saw and split and pile currants," remarked the grocer.

"Can't help it, can't help it," she replied as she moved on. "I like currant jelly as well as anybody else, but you can't cord it up in the alley, and go out and look at it, and have forty men asking for a job, and warm your feet by it, and—why, I won't talk another minute, sir. Bub, where is there a woodyard around here?"

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Joys are our wings, sorrow are our spurs.

The beams of joy are made hotter by reflection.

There is in jealousy more of self-love than of love.

Joy—a moon by fits reflected in a swamp or watery bog.