

all the time I glow

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"ON WE MOVE INDISSOLUBLY FIRM: GOD AND NATURE HID THE SAME."

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POETRY.

Cling to Those Who Cling to You.

There are many friends of summer,
Who are kind while flowers bloom,
But when winter chills the blossoms,
They depart with the perfume.
On the broad highway of action
Friends of worth are far and few;
So when one has proved his friendship,
Cling to him who clings to you.
Do not harshly judge your neighbor,
Do not deem his life untrue,
If he makes no great pretensions,
Deeds are great though words are few.
Those who stand amid the tempest,
Firm as when the skies are blue,
Will be friends while life endures,
Cling to those who cling to you.
When you see a worthy brother
Buffeting the stormy main,
Lend a helping hand fraternal,
Till he reach the shore again.
Don't desert the old and tried friend
When misfortune comes in view,
For he then needs friendship's comforts,
Cling to those who cling to you.

A SCHEME FRUSTRATED.

BY HELEN CLARKE.

"Conrad!"
The horseman startled in his saddle as the voice of the speaker fell upon his ear.
"Ah! who comes?" he asked, gazing upon the tall, willowy figure of the woman that had appeared so unceremoniously in the path.
"It is I, your parents' old housekeeper, Nervena. Do you not remember of having heard the name?"
"Ay, I do remember well. Can it be possible you have returned after so many years? Does your guilty conscience direct your footsteps hither? or have you come to beg forgiveness for a great wrong in the past?"
"Reproach me not by recalling the deeds for which I am truly penitent. I will disclose to you a deep mystery if you will promise to credit, trust and act."
"I think I can trust you," he said, hesitatingly.
"You have learned, ere this time, that the old servant, Nervena, was entirely innocent, and not the murderer of your father's old gardener, for the guilty one was sentenced years ago. Your parents should have known their servant better. Sooner would I have taken my own life than have stained my soul with so great a crime. And when they, who had always been my friends, turned upon me with scorn, I contemplated revenge—I fled—bearing with me their only son, a mere infant but one year old, and had not fully realized the consequences until I was fairly on my way. With his winsome and confiding trust, I loved and directed him in the way that was right. Two years after, I learned his father regretted that he had been so hasty, and as he mourned his lost child so deeply, I resolved that Ambrose Le Wynde should rear his own son. I returned to my old home after disguising myself so that detection was impossible, and obtained an interview. He admired the bright intelligence of the child clinging to me. I soon made known my errand, requested them to become the child's parents, as he had no other but them. After some consideration they consented, little dreaming they had adopted one whom they supposed dead; for I had learned as much from their lips. Thus it has been for years. But the worst is to come—a secret uncreaked. Have you

no question, Conrad? Know you the rest?"

"But who is Alford Le Wynde?" he asked, as a bitter smile curved his lip.

"Who is he? an impostor. Inspired with hope, I trusted him with the whole transaction, sending him hither to announce to Le Wynde that his son still lived. But he came with a deceptive lie upon his lips, and claimed the name and place that is yours. I was very ill at the time of which I told him to inform your father that he might come and hear my confession. He never came, because he was basely deceived. Alford thinks me dead. Let it be so; but I will repay his false tone, and I can safely inform you that he is your bitter enemy. He would woo the hand of Madaline Davenport."

"My betrothed? He will rue the day he ever came between her I love and me. I must go, now. Come, Nervena, to your old home. I believe you, and you are forgiven."

"Not at present; but I have taken up my abode within the limits of the forest leading from yonder path, and should trouble come upon you, I am ever at your service—anything to efface that one mistake. I am nearly overwhelmed with the weight of years, and trembled lest I should be called from this world bearing with me that which has been a heavy burden—I can breathe more freely now, adieu."

We can imagine the strange and exciting thoughts that thronged the brain of Conrad as he hastened onward. He was riding through a New England forest, celebrated for its deep ravines and romantic scenery. The shades of evening were fast approaching. The gathering beams, which now and then strayed through an opening in the thick foliage. Occasionally a dark cloud momentarily obscured their bright rays. Were they suggestive of some deep mystery that hovered in the atmosphere? Conrad's blue eye, usually wearing a calm expression, now, while his thoughts were busy and excited from the scene which had just transpired, occasionally dilated with wonder or sparkled with indignation. He was young and handsome, and his appearance indicated that he was a gentleman, occupying a social position in the best circle of society.

He was nearing the highway with no suspicion of any lurking enemy or impending evil. Suddenly he was hurled senseless and wounded to the ground. A short distance from the path was a high bank margining a beautiful lake. Hither he was dragged and from the verge overlooking the crystal water beneath it was the purpose of the assassin to precipitate the body into the lake. His eyes opened and he recognized his brother, Alford Le Wynde. A look of wonder settled over his face as he realized his perilous position. Then the clear cry of "Help! Murder! Oh! help!" rang out on the stillness of the night. A heavy plunge into the water followed and all was again still. As Alford hurried away even his villainous heart shuddered at the appealing cry of his victim.

"I dare say," said this heartless criminal, "he will slumber as peacefully, as with his head upon his pillow dreaming of the great happiness that was in store for him. Ha! ha! His lady love will watch in vain for the bridegroom. I swear by the powers of heaven, Madaline Davenport shall become mine before another year expires. Sleep on my noble brother, while I go and win my bride."

Marvin Davenport had for years been very prosperous as a banker. He was considered very wealthy. He idolized his daughter, and gratified her every wish. Every luxury which could be attained by his income was hers. At last, however, by a sudden turn of fortune—a great pecuniary disaster—he found that he was about to lose nearly all that he possessed. He found some solace, however, in the prospect of Madaline's approaching marriage with Conrad Le Wynde, but the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the latter, dashed this hope, and filled the heart of his betrothed and his friends also, with alarm and grief.

Three months passed away. The sunlight fell with a mellow radiance over the sunny head of the banker's daughter, as it rested wearily near the crimson tains. Her face was pale and wan. A heavy sigh escaped her as she gazed abstractedly from the window, watching the gleams of rosy light among clouds. She murmured softly and fretfully, "Oh, must I be false to Conrad's love, or sacrifice my aged father? I would toil like a menial sooner to wed Alford LeWynde. How heartily in him, too, to propose so soon after the death of his brother! But my father dreads an expose of his misfortunes, the crushing scorn that would surround him. Perhaps, it is well it should thus. Ah, there is many a heart that broken and bruised, yet its sorrows borne with patient endurance, and I will also strive calmly to bear this burden."

So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she did not heed the step of the man approaching her. He whoed an ottoman to her feet, and sat down. She started; a flush of indignation met her brow as she arose abruptly, and surveyed him with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt. His lips were firmly, and a cold, malicious glance from his dark eye. Looking full at her flushing face, he said:

"Pardon me for my scolding heartiness, but cannot you bestow one spark of love upon him who would save your father from ruin? I am possessed of large means now. My father has given me all of his property, since poor Conrad is no more."

"Have you no respect for him? do you seek to hasten this misfortune?"

"My heart, too, seems to whisper that he is not dead."

"You are evidently aware his horse returned bearing traces of blood upon the saddle."

She shuddered, covering her face with her hands. "Yes, yes, I remember. I beg of you never again to mention it. I cannot bear the thought of it."

She paused a moment, abstractedly, and then resumed:
"I know your errand. My poor father is bankrupt. It will be impossible to conceal his true condition beyond three weeks from this time. If I wed you I can save him. The condition is one of fearful cost to me; it is indeed a terrible sacrifice, but upon one condition I will make it; that is that the ceremony shall not take place until the morning before the expiration of the time, when my father's failure would be made public. But, remember, my heart goes not with my hand, for it is buried with Conrad."

He left the room abruptly, and a few minutes later, the house. A triumphant smile was upon his lips; his object was nearly accomplished and his heart was beginning to beat with renewed hope. His visits had become frequent at the residence of the banker, who regarded him favorably for his evident devotion to Madaline and his feigned sorrow for his murdered brother. The young man advanced his cause adroitly, and the banker listened to his proposal for his daughter's hand with the greatest satisfaction, begging her to accept one so good and noble, for his sake; and to let the present and future obliterate all the past.

The wedding day dawned and the assembled company were anxiously waiting the bride's beauty and vivacity contrasted so strongly with her sad, changed face, in three short months, and the company could not comprehend it. To them her own grief and her father's misfortunes were unknown. They were constrained and silent. The October sun shone brightly, adding a golden glory, as it mingled with the leaves tinted with scarlet and orange. A low murmur welcomed the bride. How beautiful she looked; yet how pale and sad. As she leaned upon the arm of the man to whom she must pledge the most solemn vows, she shivered and grew faint. At the bare thought of it, the room grew dark. With a struggle she managed to control her agitation. Occasionally she glanced furtively about her, for she felt strangely

aware that some crisis was approaching, nearer and nearer. It was a feeling she could not understand, but her intuitions appeared to be keenly aroused. A silence reigned throughout the assembly as the ceremony proceeded. With deep solemnity the man of God repeated these words:

"If any present can show just cause why these two may not lawfully be joined together in wedlock, let them now speak, or forever after hold their peace."

There was a moment's pause; the bride trembled violently and the bridegroom's lips whitened as he cast a hurried glance among the guests. He started, and an ashen paleness overspread his face, as he beheld the well-remembered countenance of a woman who had arisen from her seat.

"Hold! I forbid the marriage."

For an instant a dead silence followed; then the tall form of the woman advanced near the bridal group, at the same time removing from her head a hood, revealing the features of Nervena.

Ambrose LeWynde started forward, a frown darkening his brow as he exclaimed:

"Nervena DeLoyd, what means this intrusion?"

"Ask that bold impostor there, who starts quaking with fear, why I have come!" she answered, pointing in the direction of Alford, who was regarding the scene like one struck suddenly dumb.

"Alford St. John," she continued, "your schemes, your hypocrisy, and your crime have come to naught. You have blindly, wadly persisted in your iniquity, until the day of retribution is upon you!"

Turning to his surprised father, she continued:

"Know you, Ambrose LeWynde, that he is no son of yours; but to have accomplished his purposes he would have taken the life of him who was born your only son. Look at him; is not guilt written upon his brow? Only a brief year you have known him. Did you never mark the resemblance between Conrad and Lady LeWynde? Believe me, my words are true, and your own son is now here."

Turning to the audience, she continued:

"Come forward, Conrad LeWynde."

A murmur of surprise ran through the room, and a moment thereafter, the assembly was thrilled with excitement, as a pale youth emerged from one corner where he had been partially concealed behind a curtain. It was the face and form of Conrad LeWynde. He advanced, deliberately fixing his eyes upon the bewildered bridegroom, who shook as if frozen with terror. He was face to face with the man he supposed that he had killed, and with the terrible truth that his crimes were discovered. He raised his arms, wildly, above his head, and with a sharp cry fell forward, insensible.

Far different was it with Madaline. Her beautiful face changed and brightened, as she beheld her lover; she forgot, for the moment, all around her, in the happiness which his presence bestowed, and as she felt his arm encircle her form, she uttered from the fulness of her heart, the words: "Alive! saved!"

They conveyed Alford to a couch. There was an ominous pallor upon his face; it required but a glance to read the truth—he was dead! A consultation of physicians declared that his death was the result of disease of the heart, but that the event had been hastened by the sudden shock to his system, which had just transpired.

Need the joy of these happy homes and of united hearts, be narrated? Happy, indeed, at the return of one whom they had supposed dead; and to learn, moreover, that he was truly the rightful son and heir of Ambrose Le Wynde; but it was not unmixed with sadness and horror at the crimes and the terrible but deserved fate of him who had sought to perpetrate crimes of such enormity to gain his selfish and unholy ends.

Nervena related the history of the lad she had given into the charge of the LeWynde's. She had watched the events that transpired, and was now the instru-

ment of restoring again the lost son to his home.

When Conrad was attacked she was not far away. She heard his cries, and hastened to his assistance, arriving upon the spot in time to rescue his senseless and bleeding form as it arose to the surface. For weeks after, he had lain hovering on the very brink of the grave, but under her care he at last recovered. When he had gained sufficient strength, she related to him what had occurred, and told him also of the contemplated marriage—having obtained the information from Madaline's waiting maid.

She accepted the offer of her former position, happy that she had restored the son they had mourned as twice dead.

A few months later, a pleasant new home was made on a portion of the Le Wynde estate, and thither Conrad conveyed his bride, more beautiful than ever in her returning health and happiness.

Widowhood.

"I think it must be a jolly thing to be a young widow!" I heard this remark the other day, in a group of laughing girls. I think I remember saying such a thing myself in the careless girlish times. Do you know, girls, what it is to be a widow? It is to be ten times more open to comment and criticism than any demoiselle could possibly be. It is to have men gaze as you pass, first at you, then at your black dress, and then at your widow's cap, until your sensitive nerve quivers under the infliction. It is to have one ill-natured person say: "I wonder again?" and another answer: "Until she gets a good chance, I suppose." It is now and then to meet a glance of real sympathy, generally

that you meet, and feel your eyes fill at the token, so rare that it is alas! unlooked for. It is to have your fashionable friends condole with you after the following fashion: "O, well! it's a dreadful loss. We knew you'd feel it, poor dear." And in the next breath, "You will be sure to marry again, and your widow's cap is very becoming to you!"

But it is more than this to be a widow. It is to miss the strong arm that you have leaned upon, the true faith that you knew could never fail you, though all the world might forsake you. It is to miss the dear, voice that uttered your name with a tenderness none other could give it. It is to hear never more the well-known footsteps that you flew so gladly once to meet. To see no more the face that, to your adoring eyes, seemed as the face of the angels of God! To feel no more the twining arms that folded you so lovingly the dear eyes that, looking into your own said so plainly, whatever it might seem to others, yours was the fairest face earth held for him. It is to fight with a mighty sorrow as a man with the waves that overwhelm him, and to hold it at arm's length for a while; only to have, in hours of loneliness and weakness, the torrent roll over you, while, poor, storm-driven dove, you see no haven of peace in the distance but Heaven!

But, thank God! it is yet more than this to be a widow. It is to feel that the soul which was part of your being on earth is an angel now, to know that in the spirit land he yearns for your voice, your touch, your presence that even there his lips have not forgotten to syllable the sacred name of wife, that his memory pure and true, guards and wraps up in its mantle of protection; that if you too are good and true, the good Father will send for you after a while to the far country, where your lover waits, and where the hearts that have severed on earth will be united in Heaven!

Persistency and Perseverance.

BY LETTER THORPE.

Charley jumped up, with an unearthly shout—such as only little boys are capable of producing—and, after a variety of somersaults, in which head, arms, and legs seemed mixed in inextricable confusion, he finally disappeared from the room, elated at the idea of addressing a "bully letter" to his aunt. But hardly ten minutes had elapsed before his curly head again appeared, with a face bearing

evident traces of the severe ordeal to which his youthful brains had been subjected.

"Mamma, mamma!" he cried, "I can't think what to say first. Won't you tell me, like a real good, gay, old mamma?"

"Charley, I told you not to trouble me. Either go and write your letter all yourself, or give it up."

The little boy disappeared for another ten minutes, and then returned, with an expression that would have been regarded on an older face, saying in plaintive tones—

"Mamma, I have told aunt Nelly about finding my four little white bunnies with nothing left but their heads, and how Tokey choked the six rats that ate them—(served them right, the nasty things?)—and how my big rooster whipped Billy Jones' rooster, and made him bleed awfully; and how I had the stomach-ache, and Biddy gave me some peppermint tea; and—I wish you'd give me some mamma—I'm so tired, and I feel just as if my stomach would ache again, by-and-by. Won't you give me some peppermint, mother, and tell me something real jolly to write?"

Charley's piteous face, and plaintive voice were enough to melt the heart of a stone; but his mother, wholly unmoved, said again—

"Go back to your letter at once, and do not trouble me again."

So the child retired once more, looking very disconsolate. After this, we sat in constant expectation of Charley's reappearance; but, a whole hour having passed in unbroken quiet, our suspicions were aroused, and, going into his room, we found the poor boy fast asleep, with

Nelly never had an opportunity to view over the fate of the decapitated bunnies, or exult at the terrible punishment of their destroyers; nor to thrill with horror at the graphic accounts given by Charley of the contests between the roosters; or expend her sympathies upon the little boy himself, for the sufferings which he had so vividly portrayed. By his persistency, he had succeeded in obtaining the writing material he so earnestly desired; but, when it came to finishing the letter, after the novelty of the thing had passed away, then some little perseverance was necessary, and alas! poor Charley was found waiting.

Whatever Charley could gain by an untiring, deliberate system of teasing, he generally got; but what could only be obtained by industry and perseverance, he had to do without. Most of little boys are constitutionally lazy—and, as perseverance cannot exist in such an atmosphere, it is rather an uncommon element in the making-up of little boys. It would be wise for them to cultivate it, as it can be acquired by patience and determination; and a spirit of perseverance will surmount all obstacles, and accomplish wonders, in this, our working world.

A Greek author proposed to dip his pen in honey, rose-buds, violets, and all vernal blooms, to write on the subject of kissing. Another—a poet, of course—declared that no pen could do justice to this delightful business, which had not been dipped in a kiss itself.

The New York Tribune of the 12th, says: A subscriber, writing from Beaufort, South Carolina, warmly interested in Reform, writes:

"South Carolina will be represented at Cincinnati by true men and true Republicans, though they are scarce here."

Jones said to Hawkins, a crusty old bachelor:—What a pity that poor old Golden has gone blind. Loss of sight is a terrible thing, and the poor fellow's eyes are quite sealed up. "Let him marry, then!" exclaimed the waspish old celibate. "Let him marry, and if that don't open his eyes, then—his case is indeed hopeless."

"Never mind the epitaphy, judge," said a Montana culprit when the court became pathetic in pronouncing the sentence. "Let's fix the time for the funeral."