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IN ADVANCE.

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July 2, 1872

## POETRY.

### Only A Baby.

TO A LITTLE ONE JUST A WEEK OLD.

Only a baby,  
Thout any hair,  
'Cept just a little  
Fuz here and there.

Only a baby,  
Name you have none—  
Barefooted and dnaped,  
Sweet little one.

Only a baby,  
Teeth none at all,  
What are you good for,  
Only to squall?

Only a baby,  
Just a week old—  
What are you here for,  
You little scold?

### The Baby's Reply.

Only a baby!  
-What should I be?  
Lots o' big folks  
Been little like me.

Ain't dot any hair!  
Es I have, too—  
S'pos'n I hadn't  
Dess it tood grow.

Not any teeth—  
Wouldn't have one;  
Don't dit my dimmer,  
Ginaw'n a bone.

What am I here for?  
'At's pretty mean;  
Who's dot a better right,  
'T ever you've seen?

Whet 'm I dood for,  
Did you say?  
Eber so many tings,  
Ebery day.

'Tourse I squall sometimes,  
Sometime I howl;  
Zey doasant spank me,  
'Tourse I'm so small.

## SELECTED STORY.

### THE FARMER'S STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Seen you sit on the fence, sir, writing  
in that little book. I thought perhaps  
you might be writing poetry. A good  
many folks come down here of a summer  
and make poetry about the sheep and the  
moon. Peggy reads 'em out to me in  
the paper, and the stories too, sir. Do  
you write stories? Yes? Well, that's a  
gift. If I had it I think I could make  
one about what has happened to me.  
Peggy says it could be done.

"Now, it's all plain sailing, nothing out  
of the common; but I wasn't always a  
well-to-do old farmer. Once I was a far-  
mer's boy—a hand—with nothing of my  
own but a stout heart and strong limbs,  
and good health.

"Many's the night, when the stars were  
in the sky, I used to go out to the great  
pasture where the sheep browsed all day,  
and sit and think thoughts I had no  
words for, and make beautiful pictures  
for myself in my mind, not fine ones, sir.  
This is what I used to see: the oftent:  
A little cottage with a wide fire-place,  
such as they had in my day. A dresser  
with a row of delf upon it, four chairs and  
a table of white pine. When I had these  
I was to marry Peggy Grey. But when  
I should have them, and she her white  
wedding-gown and the house linen,  
neither of us knew.

"She put her sixpences into a red  
earthen savings bank, and I kept mine  
in an old glove. For two years we had  
been waiting and hoping and were not  
much nearer than at first. Sometimes I  
felt down-hearted. Sometimes her little  
letters were a bit sad. And just as I sat  
in the meadow I knew she sat before her  
kitchen fire in the house where she lived  
at service. Simple folks we were, but  
we had hearts, and felt, perhaps, as deep-  
ly as greater folks might.

"My master, the farmer, was a close  
man. He squeezed as much work out of  
his hands as possible. But it was a  
steady place, and he paid all he promised;  
so I staid, never thinking what trouble  
staying would bring me to—trouble that  
never would have come but for Mark  
Hulker. A good-for-nothing fellow he  
was, a disgrace to the rest of us, and ho

cheated the master and left his work un-  
done. So after hours master set me at  
his stint, and, it being indoor work, I  
kept at it all night. The old man liked  
that, and set me a new task every night.  
All the better for me, I thought, he  
would pay me extra, and what was weari-  
ness to me if it brought me nearer my  
Peggy. So I couped the hours' work as  
so many shillings. But when Saturday  
night came he gave me just my week's  
work.

"Master," said I, "I've worked over  
hours every night, you forget that."  
"I hire you by the week," he said.  
"I'll give no more than one week's wages.  
So, if you don't like it, there are plenty  
of strong lands to be had, if you are grow-  
ing lazy." Then he turned his back on  
me, and Mark laughed. That angered  
me, and words fell from my lips. We  
had a quarrel, master and I, and I called  
him a 'niggardly old rascal,' and with  
that he dismissed me from his service.

At "Jawn you go," he said. "You've  
worked to-day, and have a right to your  
bed at night, but at dawn you go."

"I marched out of the room, with  
words I never should have used, and up  
to my garret, and threw myself on my  
bed. But I did not mean to stay to be  
turned out. At midnight I rose softly,  
made up a bundle, and climbed out of a  
window. I cut my hands with the glass  
of a broken pane and the blood dropped  
down upon my clothes. But I was too  
angry to feel the pain, and I bound up  
the wound with a handkerchief. Then  
I trudged on, meaning to look for work  
next day. So I turned my steps in this  
direction, and kept on until night fell.

Then, faint and weary, I lay down under  
some bushes and fell asleep.

"Out of that sleep I was aroused by a  
shout and the clutch of strong hands.  
Men stood about me. One shouted my  
name. They held me fast and bound me.  
"I struggled, but it was no use.  
Numbers were against my single strength.

"What are you? Robbers? I've noth-  
ing worth the takin', I said, at last; and  
when standing still, I saw faces I knew  
about me—those of the farm hands at  
my old master's." "You know well what  
we want, Jack Marlome," said one. "If he  
did speak an ill word at last, he was a  
good man in the main, and you'd worked  
for him three years. You mite have an-  
swered him as you liked, but to try and  
murder him was too horrible. We didn't  
think it of you, Jack—we didn't think  
it." "Murdered!" I cried. "Is old master  
murdered? Why lay it to me? I swear  
I never hurt him."

"If he is not quit dead it's none of  
your fault," cried another man. "Don't  
perjure your self—look at the blood on  
your clothes."

"The blood from my hand was in blots  
and smears all over my vest. I felt my  
heart turn sick when I took heed of it.

"Master will clear me," I said.  
"He says it was you," said one of the  
men.

"At least, he nodded Yes, when we  
asked him if you did it."

"Then old master was not right in his  
mind," I said. "He'd never be against  
me."

"After that I heard the whole. Mas-  
ter had paid the men and dismissed  
Mark. He had only said, 'All right;  
I'm tired of work,' and had eaten break-  
fast there, and left in sight of all.

But I was gone; and when they found  
that master, who was always up at cock-  
crow, did not rise at nine, they opened  
his door and found him on the floor  
senseless—they thought dead at first. He  
had been robbed of his pocket-book,  
a watch, an old-fashioned pin, he always  
wore in his neckerchief—the painted  
head of a lady set around with what he  
used to tell us were pearls—an ornament  
older than his grandfather.

"They found nothing about me of  
course but the quarrel and my cut hand  
made the case hard against me. The  
master dying, as they thought him, had  
been able to speak at odd times; and said  
that, to the best of his belief, I was his  
assailant. It was dark, to be sure, but  
in the struggle he felt that the man  
wore a cap, and I was the only hand

who had anything but a straw hat.  
Besides, he came from the inner passage  
and down the stairs, and did not break in  
through door or window as a burglar  
would have done. And I was the only  
missing member of the household. So I  
lay in prison with this awful charge upon  
me, until they knew whether master would  
live or die; and my greatest grief was for  
Peggy.

"Keep it from her," I begged them,  
"until she must know."  
"And they were kind and did it; and  
her letters were sent to me in prison. It  
was a weary time, and the one drop of  
comfort in it came with those letters. I  
had had five from her when, at the end  
of one came this:

"DEAR JACK: I never hide anything  
from you, and not to boast of my con-  
quest, a thing I'd never do, but just to let  
you know that I keep no secrets to myself,  
I must tell you what has happened.  
"Our master has hired a man, a lazy  
fellow, that I disliked at first sight, Mark  
Hulker by name, and what should he do  
but take a notion to me, or pretend to do  
so, trying his best to sit up with me after  
work hours, and following me about  
wherever I go of a holiday. Then he  
tries to make me like him by telling me  
how rich he is. Four hundred dollars he  
has laid by, he says, and has a gold watch  
like a gentleman. The other Sunday I  
was dressed for church, and up he walks.

"Why Peggy," says he, 'you've no pin  
to your collar.'  
"Said I, 'I can't afford money for  
finery.'  
"Then says he, 'Now how lucky it is  
that I've one to give you,' and he pulls a  
pin from his pocket.

"Jack, I couldn't help loo'ing at it. It  
was a lady's portrait, with hair all white,  
though she was so young—like an old  
woman's. He said it was powdered at  
they did it in old times; and a pink dress  
—and all about tiny stones, and no big-  
ger than a silver quarter, altogether.  
How he came by such a thing, goodness  
knows! But of course I wouldn't have  
it. Says he; 'Now do take it, Peggy.  
I want to keep company with you, and  
now you know the truth.'

"So says I: 'I want neither your com-  
pany nor your presents, and please remem-  
ber that hereafter.'  
"It was rough, I know, but I hate him  
so. And I was none too rude, for he  
bothers me yet as much as ever. Though  
you know it he were ever so good and  
handsome I am always your own Peggy,  
and think of no one else."

"When I read that you could have  
knocked me down with a feather. The  
pin was the one the old farmer had lost,  
I knew, and it was Mark who was the  
thief, and who had tried to murder him.

"I sent for the lawyer who was to take  
my side, and who had all along believed  
me innocent. I gave him the letter.

"It's old master's pin," I said. "What  
shall I do, sir?"

"And he said—'You can do nothing,  
my poor fellow, but wait and hope. I  
have a clue now and I'll follow it.'

"Then he went away, and afterwards  
I heard what he did. He went down to  
the place where Peggy lived, and took  
her out of danger of eaves-droppers and  
told her all that had happened. The  
brave girl trembled and wept, but she  
spoke out.

"He's innocent," she said. "I'd not  
believe him guilty if an angel told me he  
was."

"And the lawyer said, out of his heart,  
though she was but a serving lass:  
"He's worthy of you, Peggy Grey, I  
do believe, and that is saying a good  
deal."

"Then he asked her about the pin, and  
the two had a long talk. It ended in  
Peggy bursting into tears, and promis-  
ing to do anything and everything he  
asked, if he would but tell me why she  
did it.

"He told me afterwards, and it was  
hard work for little Peggy with her  
heartest heart. Bless her. She turned  
herself around and made a different creature  
of herself, and she tried to make Mark  
Hulker think she had been coquetting  
all the while, and, oh, how she cried when

she told me that she let him kiss her,  
and put his arm about her waist. But  
she gained her end by it. One night my  
good old lawyer and two other men were  
shut up in the pantry with Peggy's mas-  
ter, and she dressed in her best, and wait-  
ing for Mark Hulker.

"That night she had promised Mark to  
take his pin, and if he proved he had the  
money he bragged of, to promise to marry  
him, and Mark came as merry as could  
be, and a little the worse for liquor.

"Now, lass," said he, 'a promise is a  
promise. There's the money to count and  
the watch to look at and the pin to wear.  
Now you'll have me?"

"And just then the pantry door opened  
behind him, and a hand came down on  
his shoulder.

"We'll have you, my fine fellow," said  
a voice, and there and then they arrested  
him; for the money and the watch and  
the pin were old master's; and one who,  
his son James, was there with the detec-  
tives.

"He gave up all hope from that minute  
and confessed everything. How he had  
made up his mind to rob old master that  
evening before he was dismissed. How  
he had seen me climb out of the window,  
and so dressed in clothes like mine, and  
made his plans to throw suspicion upon  
me.

"My Peggy brought me the good news  
first; brought it into my cell, and threw  
herself, weeping, into my arms, crying  
out, 'You're free, darling; free and clear,  
thank heaven.'

"They did not hang Mark; for master,  
after awhile, got better, and, in the end,  
quite well. But they punished him for  
the robbery and for something he had  
done of the same kind before—ever came  
to master's.

"And as for the old man, when he was  
well, he was so sorry for the charge he  
had made against me, though he had  
honestly believed me guilty, as I well  
knew, that he made me a present of a  
little farm, and stocked it for me. And  
the wife gave Peggy her outfit; and here  
we are as happy as the sheep in the  
meadow yonder, or the bees in the hive  
hard by. And when we hear talk of  
books and plays, Peggy says to me: 'Jacks  
if they only knew our story, they'd  
make one of it, I'm very sure and as  
they say you're a writer, why I tell it to  
you, sir.'

**VOORHEES CONCLUDES.** Go to  
GLORY.—A gentleman in this city sent  
word to Voorhees that "all his old  
friends were getting into the Greely  
boat; that he was too good a fellow to  
leave behind, and he had better come  
along too, before they shoved off."

Voorhees received the message, and  
sent this back: "He was pretty much in  
the condition, he wrote, of the boy at  
camp meeting, where nearly all the peo-  
ple had gone forward on the anxious ben-  
ches, and he was left blooming alone.

At last the minister saw him and came  
up. "My young brother," said the  
preacher, "why do you sit here alone?  
Why not come to glory?"

"All them gals goin' to glory," asked  
the boy.

"Strate as a shingle," the preacher  
replied.

"No switch' off nor nuthin'?"

"Through by daylight," answered the  
minister.

"Well, parson," said the boy, "if all  
them gals is goin' to glory, I don't see  
as his much use o'me a-whittl' here I'll go  
'long too.'"—St. Louis Dispatch.

**BOYS WHO SMOKE.**—The Davenport  
Democrat has an editorial in a recent  
issue in which it says:

"A physician of this city has investi-  
gated the effect of smoking on 38 boys,  
between the ages of nine and fifteen, ad-  
dicted to the habit. Twenty-seven pre-  
sented distinct symptoms of nicotine poi-  
son. In 22, there were serious disorders  
of the circulation, indigestion, dullness  
of mind, and a marked appetite for  
strong drinks; in 3, there was heart af-  
fection; in 8, decided deterioration of  
blood; in 12, there was frequent epis-  
taxis; 10 had disturbed sleep, and 4 had  
ulceration of the mucous membrane of  
the mouth."

## A New Use for Rum.

The seizure of liquor by the State con-  
stables in Massachusetts furnishes many  
a refreshing little incident which helps to  
make life tolerable in that dry and thir-  
sty land. At North Adams, the other  
day, a resolute officer seized a jar of  
something and took it before a magis-  
trate, when the following interesting ex-  
amination took place.

The attorney for the prisoners asked the  
constable if he knew it was liquor. He  
replied:

"Yes, it was rum; I drank some of  
it."

The prisoner, a woman, was called.

"Did you have any liquor in your  
house when the State constable called  
there?"

"Yes, I had some in a jar."

"How long had you had it?"

"About six months."

"Did you have it for sale?"

"Oh, no; I don't sell liquor."

"What did you keep this rum for?"

"I kept it to wash the baby."

"Had you ever washed the baby in  
this rum?"

"Oh, yes, often? I used to turn the  
rum out in a dish, wash the baby in it,  
and then turn it back into the jar."

There was laughter in the court, and  
the State constable declared that he  
would seize no more liquor kept in a jar.

**Flash language—Telegrams.**

The end of time—The letter E.

Why are elections like tents? Because  
the canvass ends at the polls.

Dr. Franklin says that "every little  
fragment of the day should be saved."

The savages are unjustly styled igno-  
rant for any healthy Indian is a well red  
man.

There is one thing that can always be  
found—and that's a fault.

Dobs thinks he could sing "Way Down  
on the Old Tar River," if he could get  
the pitch.

A California sheep-raiser owns 90,  
000 sheep, which bring him a yearly in-  
come of \$100,000.

A Kentucky paper says: "The famous  
Dr. Mary Walker, Esq., spent her youth-  
ful days in manufacturing compound,  
cathartic pills in Breckinridge County."

An Irish editor says he can see no  
earthly reason why women should not be  
allowed to become medical men.

Bad cooking on the part of the wife is,  
held by a Texas Judge to be good ground  
for divorce. If this ruling obtains  
throughout the country the lawyers will  
all get rich.

An enthusiastic editor, speaking of a  
new prima donna, says: "Her voice is as  
soft as a roll of velvet and as tender as a  
pair of slop shop pantaloons."

A little boy accosted his papa, thus:  
"Papa, are you growing still?" "No,  
dear; what makes you think so?" "Be-  
cause the top of your head is coming  
through your hair."

"Father, why don't we ever see any  
faces at the window?" asked a son of his  
parent, as they were passing an insane  
asylum. "Because their heads are turn-  
ed," was the affectionate father's reply.

Once, during the war, Barnum was at  
Washington exhibiting General Tom  
Thumb and Admiral Nut. Mr. Lincoln  
said: "You have some very small gener-  
als, but I think I can beat you."

The most popular musical composition  
now sung in New York commences with:  
"Father, may I go out to vote?"

"Yes, my boy, and freely; and

Put on your old white hat and coat,  
And vote for Horace Greeley!"

An old lady gives this as her idea of  
a great man: "One who is keekful of his  
clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the  
Bible with spelling the words, and eat  
a cold dinner on wash days without  
grumbling."

Did you present your account to the  
defendant? inquired a lawyer of his  
client. "I did sir." "And what did he say?"

"He told me to go to the devil." "Then,  
what did you do?" "Why then—came  
to you."

Without being political, we will say  
that the Natick collier is not a sherry-  
colbler.