

Primary Elections.

Editor Orangeburg Democrat:
With something like fear and trembling the writer ventures to indite this for the columns of the DEMOCRAT, for he has a lasting remembrance of an article which some weeks ago he hastily wrote for your educational column, which never made an appearance, and was piteously suffered to sink into oblivion unnoticed, unhonored, unsung, and if it ever found a coffin it must have been that of an editor's choice—the gaping waste basket. But I must be content, for other feeble bannings, the offspring of my pen, have thus been neglected, to find a like final resting place.

We don't hear much of politics up here, unless we step over the Edisto into Aiken where the people are all ablaze preparing for the primary election which is to come off on the 17th instant. Just here let me enquire why it is that Orangeburg County does not try the primary system. In my humble opinion it is by far the best. It is true that no system for nominating candidates can be devised which will be entirely free from valid objections. I have conversed freely with many voters of intelligence who do not hesitate to assert their preference for this plan. The reasons urged in support of primaries are many and it seems to me that some of them are potent. The system has been tried in nearly every other county in the State and, I believe, in every instance, it has proved highly satisfactory. Without intimating that in Orangeburg or other counties there is a ring of wire-pullers who manipulate and control conventions, I am fully assured that the great mass of the voters firmly believe that such rings do exist, and in that belief, will be hard to satisfy by any work which a convention can perform. It is certainly true that any candidate chosen by the people at a primary election can point with proud satisfaction to the fact that he is the candidate of no convention, but that he is the choice of the same voters who are to freely express their choice through the ballot-box at a final election. At a primary election each individual voter is left to express his will as a freeman without delegating his power to another who may possibly go to a convention only to become, perhaps unintentionally, the tool or victim of shrewd manipulators. Those who favor the primary system say let people, for themselves, select candidates at the ballot-box and this will insure satisfaction. And this deponent asks, why not?
Last week Prof. Barr's school at Beaver Creek Academy, in the Fork, gave an exhibit ion. A splendid dinner was served to three hundred persons. After dinner they repaired to the spacious hall, where they were addressed by Gen. Izlar and Boynton O'Brien. The whole affair was one long to be pleasantly remembered, and closed with a hearty wish for the success of Hancock, Hagood and the whole Democratic ticket. *FESTUS.*
Witt's Mills, July 31, 1880.

The Rev. Mr. Chainey, pastor of the First Unitarian Church, Evansville, Md., becoming infected with rationalistic views, recently startled his congregation by a declaration that he had lost his faith in God; that public prayer by him was mockery; that the hymn books of the church would serve a better purpose if sold for waste paper, and that, if he continued his ministry it must be on that basis of belief. Mr. Chainey was a member of Reed Masonic Lodge, and for some years was its chaplain. He was arraigned before the lodge, his sermon was placed in evidence, and he was expelled for "un-Masonic conduct" in uttering "false thoughts," doubts and opinions." Two other Masons who indulged in expressions of like belief are expecting to be expelled, and one has already been summoned for trial.

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A Hero.

Among the horrors which have of late filled the newspapers, few can compare with the accident to the Hudson River tunnel. The following is the official report: "This morning, about half-past 4 o'clock, while the men were changing shifts, that portion of the iron roof adjoining the shaft of the connecting chambers between the two tunnels and the sinking shaft fell in. Twenty-eight men were in the tunnel at the time, of whom eight escaped through the air-lock and twenty were killed. The accident occurred at the connection of the iron plates with the brick wall of the working shaft, which during the changing of the shifts, was probably not watched by the men as closely as it should have been, and the compressed air was allowed to escape. The compressed air is relied upon to assist in supporting the roof, which was also sustained by strong timber-bracing, and the escape of air has always been prevented by stopping any leaks with waste silt. As the roof fell the plate closed the door of the air-lock into the tunnel, and the water rising rapidly cut off the escape of the twenty men who were killed." The eight men who escaped owe their lives to the self-sacrificing heroism of an assistant superintendent, Peter Woodland. When the roof fell in there was but one escape from death, through the air-lock. The door became jammed after eight had entered, they will die of suffocation, the others will drown. Woodland is outside. He sees that some have a better chance of life than he, if air can reach them. Pale as the death that is coming he does not hesitate, but gives the order, "Burst in the dead eyes." It is done, his thread of chance is gone. He and the twenty with him are swallowed up in the flood, but eight are saved—certainly saved by his self-sacrifice, which shows a nobility that cannot be expressed by heraldry; an inheritance to his children that outvalues a pedigree a yard long.

A Fatal Duel in Tennessee.

The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Times says: "A duel was fought near Jacksonboro, Campbell County, Tuesday night of last week, which resulted in the instant death of the two principals, John W. Bibee and B. F. Roach. The difficulty originated over a political discussion, each being champions of the respective candidates for Sheriff in that county. They first met on the street in Jacksonboro, and a heated discussion ensued, followed by blows, when the combatants were separated by bystanders. They then agreed to meet Tuesday night a few miles from town, when they would end their difficulty with pistols. The particulars of the duel are as yet unknown, it being believed that no one witnessed the tragedy. Bibee was shot through the neck and Roach through the breast. Their instant death followed. Bibee was about 19 years of age, the son of a very prominent citizen of Jacksonboro. Roach was a married man and leaves a large family.

The President and the Secretary of War seem to be in no hurry about taking action on the opinion rendered by the Court of inquiry in the Cadet Whittaker case. The latter official says a month may elapse before he makes public his decision in the case, and that it is the intention to decide upon some general—not special—policy, applicable to all cases similar to the one now under consideration. Whittaker's friends continue unremitting in their labors to have him retained as a member of the Military Academy, and a large number of letters have been written by prominent Republicans, urging the administration not to throw Whittaker overboard.

Wordly friendship is like our shadows; while we walk in the sunshine it sticks close to us, but the moment we enter the shade it deserts us.

Infant Hygiene.

Dr. A. S. Hydrick, chairman of the Board of Health for Orangeburg, requests us to publish the following:

At a meeting of the New York Board of Health, held June 3, 1873, the following series of rules (approved by many physicians) for the management of children during the hot season, with a view to prevent the large annual mortality of this class, was submitted by the Sanitary committee and ordered to be printed:

Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old, every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over, five times in twenty-four hours and no more.

If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water or barley water: no sugar.

On the hottest days, a few drops of whisky may be added to either water or food; the whisky not to exceed a teaspoonful in twenty-four hours.

Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee-grinder) and a gill of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes; strain; then mix it with half as much boiled milk, add a lump of white sugar, size of a walnut and give it luke warm from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouthpiece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oat meal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before.

When your breast milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather, if blue litmus paper applied to the food, turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess or add a small pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself or mixed with other food; and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies, in fact nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

Summer complaint comes from overfeeding, and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your well children with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes or gutters above the house where you live. See that your own apartments are tight, and complain to the Board of Health if the neighborhood is offensive. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferry boat or steamboat), and may prevent cholera infantum.

In "A Famous Victory," one of the characters, was an office holder in the Pension Department, had been in Washington a month and had to inquire his way to his own office to draw his pay. He wasn't drunk, but seemingly had too much private business to attend to, which prevented him from giving any attention to the public office he held. This is somewhat similar to the case of Bret Harte. He is attending strictly to business with fishing tackle in the highlands of Scotland, in company with William Black. He has not been near his Glasgow consulate yet. Indeed, it is doubtful if he remembers what office he holds over there.

—Be sincere and truthful.

A Father Shoots His Son.

Last Monday, James Alewine, who lives about three miles from here, got too much whisky in him, and while in that unnatural condition discovered his son Sim, a lad a little more than half grown, up a tree in the yard or near by, and desired him to come down, but the young saucer-box told him plainly he would not. The old gentleman did not try many good words or use any gentle means to bring him down, but threatened to shoot him if he did not comply with the paternal request. We do not know what the boy's business was up the tree, or how big he appeared to the old man, or why he was wanted on the ground; but he refused to obey orders, and the father fired upon him with a load of shot. One of the shot cut the upper part of the head and the balance tore up the hat. Then the boy came down, and the old man fired upon him again. The young chap didn't beg any pardon or implore any forgiveness, but he fell upon that paternal shootist and licked him till he didn't think that shooting at boys had as much fun connected with it as he had supposed. It is fortunate that neither one was much hurt, and it is to be hoped that they will not try it over again soon.—*Summit Courier, July 28.*

Why Forney is for Hancock.

The Philadelphia Times gives us this information: "Col. Forney has pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and gone to work for Hancock in dead earnest. The current number of Progress fairly booms for the Pennsylvania candidate for the Presidency. In explaining his position he dwells upon his indignation at the way Gen. Grant was treated at Chicago, and pertinently reminds those who taunt him with quitting the party of the conduct of many of his accusers in and out of the Union League who so offensively declared that they never would vote for Grant if he was nominated." Grant thrown out of the race, he turns to Hancock, another Democrat, and, like Grant, a peerless Union soldier, not only for the reason that his nomination is the best pledge that the Democrats can give of their sincerity, but because he is a citizen of my own State, and because he was one of the three great Generals who delivered Philadelphia from a rebel invasion." The veteran editor strikes out right and left in this way, and in the first skirmish leaves the mark of his weapon upon more than one antagonist.

Bulldozing.

Some of the young women employed in the caustic soda department of the Pennsylvania Salt Works, at Southwark, declared their sympathies for the Democratic candidate last week by chalking on a large tank standing near the building the words, OUR CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT, GEN. WINFIELD S. HANCOCK. HANCOCK FOREVER.

The circumstance was reported to the Superintendent of the Works, who immediately ordered that the girls who had expressed their political preference should erase the name at once. None of the dozen female employees, however, would give the name of the offenders, and the Superintendent finally decreed that they must either wash off the words or walk off themselves. Upon this announcement one and all declared they would leave rather than obey such a command, whereupon they were ordered to go. This they did, and as they marched away handkerchiefs were waved and three rousing cheers were sent up for Hancock.—*Philadelphia Times.*

By love's delightful influence all the injuries of the world are alienated and bitter cup of affliction is sweetness, the fragrant flowers are strewn along the most thorny path.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up, merely to fling him down.

Counting All of Them.

"I don't want to make any trouble, but there is one man in this city who ought to be gibbeted!" began a blunt-spoken woman of forty-five as she stood before the officials of the Twentieth street station a day or two ago.

When they inquired for particulars she handed out a letter and said: "Observe the envelope. The letter is addressed to me. You will see that the writer calls me his jessamine, and he wants me to set an early date for the wedding."

When the captain had finished the letter she was ready with another, adding:

"And this is addressed to my daughter Lucretia. You will see that he calls her his rosy angel, and he says she can't live if she doesn't marry him. It's the same man."

So it was, and his letter was as tender as spring chicken. That finished, he handed out a third, with the remark:

"This is directed to my daughter Helen. It's the very same man, and in it he calls her his pansy and he says he dreams of her."

"Why he seems to love the whole family," remarked the captain.

"That's just it. I'm a widow with two daughters, and he was courting us all at once and engaged to the three of us at the same time. Oh! what wretches there are in the world!"

"Yes, indeed. It's lucky you found him out."

"Yes, it is. If I hadn't he might have married the whole caboodle of us. If Lucretia hadn't opened one of my letters and if I hadn't searched the girl's pockets while they were asleep we'd have thought him an innocent lamb."

"And do you want him arrested?"

"No, I guess not, but I want this matter to go into the papers as a warning to other women. Just think of his sitting up with me Sunday night, Lucretia on Wednesday night, and Helen on Friday night, and calling each one of us his climbing rose! Oh, sir, the women ought to know what a deceiving animal man is!"

"Yes, he is pretty tough."
"It has learned me a lesson," she said as she was ready to go. "The next man that comes spiking around my house has got to come right out and say which he's after. If it's the girl's I won't say nothing, and if it's me it won't do 'em a bit of good to slam things around and twit me of burying two husbands!"

A Southern Republican, at present on the fence, gives what he calls his judgment of the political result in South Carolina thus: "The extent of the Democratic majority is very doubtful. If Hampton keeps off the stump in South Carolina, as he should the State will go Democratic by about thirty thousand majority. If he opens the campaign there himself, as it is said he proposes to do, and goes among the colored people, Hancock will carry it by at least one hundred thousand majority. That is too much. Let it stay at the first figure and let Hampton go to New York and Pennsylvan, where I understand he is to be invited. He is not needed in South Carolina, but will, I think, be welcomed and liked in those States. Pennsylvania especially has learned to appreciate the gallantry of Hancock and knows that brave men are good men."

Mr. Russell Hancock, the candidate's son, was not more than twenty years old when he married Miss Mary Gwynn, one of the belles of Louisville. Miss Gwynn's father, an ex-Confederate, opposed marriage on the ground that young Hancock was the son of a "Yankee General." Young Hancock ferried his bride over the Ohio eight years ago and they were married on the Indiana shore. The stern old father gave in after the elopement. Neither the General nor Mrs. Hancock knew of the affair for several months.

Hunted to Death.

St. Louis, July 29.—A special to the Post-Dispatch from Moberly, Missouri, says: "An armed mob of about one hundred men from adjoining counties came into town this forenoon and opened fire on J. C. Corlew, whom the Sheriff was taking into the court house to be tried for committing an outrage on the person of Mrs. Crump in a hotel in this city last March. Corlew ran into the court room followed by three of the mob, where he was shot again. He then escaped to the street and fell, but quickly regained his feet he received another shot. He then ran through a dry goods store, closely followed by his assailants. He then fled into an alley and again into the street, finally making his way into a room over a saloon. Here his pursuers cornered him, and the husband of the outraged woman ended the pursuit by firing five more shots into Corlew's body and one into his forehead. Corlew died in ten minutes. Intense excitement prevailed while these proceedings were in progress, and officers of the law made no efforts to stay them."

Words of Wisdom.

It is weak and vicious people who cast the blame on fate.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity as well as under adversity.

When our hatred is violent it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us and we only know them when they are gone.

Smiles are to life what the sparkles are to wine, or scintillations to the diamond, intensifying its beauty and clothing it in all the superb hues of the rainbow.

Few nights are so dark that stars are not to be seen; the thing is to look them out and keep one's eye on them, and make the most of what light can be discovered.

The Vermont Democracy.

The Democrats of Vermont are deserving of all praise. Being in a hopeless minority they have little to encourage them even to keep up their party organization, yet they do keep it up and make full state nominations regularly, and regularly go to the polls and cast their ballots, bringing out their full force at every election. They are a noble set of patriots and we trust their fidelity to principle will yet be rewarded with success. They have just held a State Convention in Burlington which was the largest ever held by the Green Mountain Democracy, over four hundred delegates being present. Edmund J. Phelps was unanimously nominated for Governor.

As a Congressman, Garfield only crossed Hancock's path twice; once when he voted for the resolution of thanks passed when Hancock lay grievously wounded at Gettysburg, seventeen years ago, and again when Garfield voted with the rest of his party to lay on the table a resolution complimenting Hancock for his conduct as Military Governor of New Orleans.—*Springfield Republican.*

And now the sad news comes to us that 25,000 people are on the verge of famine in Kansas. There was no rain over a great portion of the country from November, 1879, until light and insufficient showers fell in May. Vegetation is dead save in spots, and a worm is at work on these favored places.

The stalwart organs remind us of boys in bowling alleys. They are putting up slanders against Hancock like ten pins, simply to see them knocked down.

The King's Mountain Centennial Celebration will be the biggest event of the season. It comes off in October.