

ORANGEBURG TIMES.

Mortimer Glover

NUMBER 1

"On we move indissolubly firm; God and nature bid the same."

IN ADVANCE

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POETRY.

The Whole Story.

"Yes—tell me the story,
The very words that were said,
Or see the supper was cooking,
And I was sitting some bread,
And Richard came into the partry,
His face was exceedingly red.
And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh! yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing.
And Fanny came in with the baby,
And the cunningest bunch of a thing.
And the biscuits were out in a minute—
"Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with her baby,
And then we all sat down to tea;
And grandma looked over her glasses
So sweet Richard and me!
But it wasn't till after milking
That he said what he did to say,
How was it?—Oh! Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.
We were standing under the plum-tree,
And Richard said something low,
And I was tired and blustered,
And pretended I didn't know;
But he felt in the pocket of his trousers,
And he pulled out a bundle of bills.
Then—let me see—where was I?
At the stairs great thick overhead,
We two stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up ahead,
And he took me, and we're to be married,
And that is—about what he said!"

A VALENTINE STORY.

BY ESTHER L. BEACH.

"O dear! How dreadful it is to be poor, and have to work for just enough to keep soul and body together! I never touch any of this hateful sewing without having an entire appreciation of the sorrows of that poor woman whom Hood immortalized in his 'Song of the Shirt.' I can't 'stitch! stitch! stitch!' forever. I don't care if I do starve to death. It must come some time, and I had rather die now than to be six months about it!" And the speaker, a pretty, fair-haired girl of sixteen, threw herself into a low chair by her mother's side, and wept bitterly.
"Rose, my darling," said her mother, kindly, "you are tired and nervous; lay aside your work a little while, and go out for a walk. It is nearly time for Julia to come home, and you might go and meet her. It will do you good."
"I don't care if I never go anywhere again," was the answer.
But she rose slowly, and, drying her eyes, proceeded to don her cloak and hat, pausing a moment or two before the little, cracked mirror.
"Mother," said she, suddenly, "how long is it since you wrote to Uncle?"
"I wrote to him when your father died, and again about two months ago, but have received no answer to either letter. He is probably busy and has little time to write."
"Don't care to own his poor relations," probably," said Rose, bitterly. "I only wish he would send me a new cloak; mine is so shabby I am ashamed to go into the street. Well, good-by, mother, for a little while. I suppose you have troubles enough without having me complain, but I can't help it sometimes," and kissing her mother affectionately, she went out.
Mrs. Shelton had been left a widow one year previous to the time our story opens. Her husband had been one of the open-handed, open-hearted class of men, who make kind husbands and indulgent fathers, but always live up to

the extent of their income. Whatever he or his family wanted was usually purchased, utterly regardless of cost. He kept a fine carriage and horses, bought a grand piano for his daughters, sent them to the most fashionable schools, and had them instructed in French, Italian and music. In short, they received a complete fashionable education, but of any knowledge of practical utility, they were as innocent as a couple of pet kittens.

Julia, the eldest of the two daughters, was seventeen when her father died, and Rose two years younger. Pretty, impulsive, Rose has already been introduced to the reader. Julia was very different. Rose resembled her father, but Julia was like her mother in looks and character. Had her father lived, she might have drifted on the tide of fashionable life and never shown herself superior to the silly butterflies with whom she associated; but sorrow and poverty seemed to elevate and ennoble her, to bring out the hidden power and energy of her character.

When Mrs. Shelton knew that if her husband's debts were paid, there would be nothing left for herself or children, she nobly declared that every creditor should receive his just due, even if she had to sell her wedding-ring to raise the money. Everything was sold; the splendid house, furniture and plate, as well as the piano and fine carriage of which Mr. Shelton had been so proud. When all was over, and every creditor satisfied, the family found themselves possessed of a trifle over a hundred dollars in ready money, and a little of their plainest furniture—worth, perhaps, a hundred dollars more.

In accordance with the usual good fortune of the heroines of stories, a rich lover should have married one of the girls at this juncture, or some land which Mr. Shelton had owned and considered worthless, should have been found to be of great value, and the family would have been able to start afresh. But, unfortunately, in real life such things do not often occur, as the Sheltons soon discovered.

Mrs. Shelton rented some rooms in an unimpeachable part of the city, and did plain sewing. Julia accepted a situation as French teacher in a neighboring seminary, and boarded with her mother, while Rose alternately mourned over unaltered fortunes and learned to do the plain sewing which she detested.

By dint of hard labor on the part of Julia and her mother, they had lived very comfortably for a few months, when Mrs. Shelton's health began to fail, and she was obliged to give up her sewing, leaving them entirely dependent upon what Julia and the little Rose could earn.

With this long explanation we will resume our story.

After leaving home Rose walked on quietly, until at the gate of the seminary building, she met her sister and turned back with her. Julia was a girl who would attract attention anywhere in spite of her plain dress. She was a brunette, with dark eyes and darker hair, but with a clear complexion, red lips, and a slender, delicate form; and there was a world of purpose and resolution shining out of her dark eyes.

As they walked along, chatting in their merry way for even Rose's momentary discouragement could not last while with Julia—she noticed a pocket-book lying upon the sidewalk, and picked it up. She looked up and down the street, but it was entirely deserted.

"O sister!" cried Rose, in her usual impetuous manner, "I do hope it is stuffed full of gold and diamonds, and that the owner will never come for it; then how rich we would be! We are so poor now. O dear!"

"Castles in the air are easily built," laughed Julia. "But, unfortunately, they are not very profitable, so try and restrain your bursts of exultation and your moans of despair until we reach home, where mother is doubtless anxiously awaiting our return. I suppose some one is now mourning the loss of a pocket-book; but we will wait until we get home before we examine the contents, to see whether they are gold and diamonds."

"O mother! mother! Julia has found a pocket-book! We were walking down Archer Street, and it lay right on the sidewalk before us. I tried to make her open it there, but she wouldn't till we got home." And Rose paused for lack of breath as her quieter sister entered the

room. "Mother, you are tired; you ought not to try to sew," said Julia.

"I am tired, but have finished now, so let us see the wonderful pocket-book which has so excited Rose. She seems to have some interest in life, after all," said Mrs. Shelton, slyly.

"Oh, what quantities of bills!" exclaimed Rose. "See, isn't that a hundred dollar bill? Do you suppose the owner will ever come for it?"

"What a question, child!" said Julia. "I do not think people usually sew pocket-books, containing a thousand dollars apiece broadcast through the streets. We must send an advertisement to one of the morning papers. Is not that the best way?" turning to her mother.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Shelton, "if you have money enough."

"Why not take some out of the pocket-book?" interposed Rose.

"I do not wish to touch it any more, if I can help it. I might feel inclined to take out more than the price of the advertisement; so we will lay it aside for the present," answered Julia.

The advertisement appeared in correct form the following day, and Julia went about her duties with the immense sum of six cents dingling in her little, worn portmanteau.

The next evening, as Mrs. Shelton and her daughters were seated around the tea-table, which was spread with a plate of white bread, a tiny pat of butter, and some very weak tea, a rap was heard at the door.

"O dear!" said Rose. "Do clear off the table before you go to the door."

But Julia was already there. A gentleman, stood before her, who bowed, and said—

"Excuse me, but I saw an advertisement in the 'Herald' this morning which seemed to concern me. You found a pocket-book, I believe?"

"Yes, sir. Where, if you please?"

"Thank you, said he, entering. I will describe my lost property. A brown, morocco pocket-book, containing eight hundred dollars—four one hundred dollar bills, and the rest in fifties and tens, and on one of the flaps is written my name, Elliott Austen."

"Elliott Austen!" exclaimed Mrs. Shelton. "That name sounds very familiar. May I inquire if your father's name is James Austen? Years ago the wife of James Austen was my most intimate friend, and I am sure her son was called Elliott."

"You are correct, madam. My father was James Austen, and I shall be pleased to know any one who loved my sainted mother."

Elliott Austen was a true gentleman, and felt no disgust at the sight of the scantily furnished table that had so annoyed Rose. On the contrary, he quite admired the diet manner in which Julia cleared the table, and finally even washed the dishes, for that one room had to answer all the purposes of a parlor, sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen.

The property proved to be his; but he seemed in no hurry to leave, and they soon became quite sociable and merry.

Poor people are not all so miserable as novelists pretend, even if they have fallen from affluence to poverty, and Julia Shelton was quite merry and gay, notwithstanding the six cents that jingled rather dolefully in the pocket of her worn alpaca.

"I shall bring my knitting and spend the evening, next time I visit you," said Mr. Austen, as he finally rose to go. "I have made an excessively long call, but it is so pleasant to find one who knew my mother, that I forgot all about etiquette. And, Miss Shelton, you have conferred a great favor by returning this pocket-book—permit me to make some return."

"The advertisement cost just one dollar, Mr. Austen," interrupted Julia. "Of course I will take nothing more."

He would have urged the matter, but feared to offend, and, after again expressing his pleasure at meeting them, took his leave.

"How splendid he is!" exclaimed Rose. "I felt so mortified, Julia, when you took that dollar. He will think us dreadfully poor."

"We are poor, aren't we, Rose? How long is it since you hoped the owner would never come? My only fear was lest you should snatch at some of the bills before he could return them to his

pocket-book; then you might have bought a new cloak," said Julia, roughly. "For my part, when my funds are as low as at present, I can't afford to be generous."

"Now you are making fun of me again," cried Rose. And with gay badinage they passed the time until they separated for the night.

"Only think!" said Rose, at last. "Tomorrow is Valentine's day! What cart loads of valentines we used to get! I expect this year we shall be passed by entirely, just because we are poor. How mean people are; as if we were not as good now as we were two years ago."

"What an impulsive Rose!" said Julia, laughing. "Don't condemn people until you find whether or no you receive your cart-load of valentines. For my part, I prefer something more substantial than gilt paper and love-sick verses. A nice piece of beef-steak, and an unromantic barrel of flour, would be more to my taste. But it is late, Rose, so good-night, and pleasant dreams of lace and tissue paper, all inscribed 'To my Valentine!'"

"I shall be more apt to dream about this hateful sewing. If I get my living by sewing, I fear beef-steak and chicken broth will be scarce articles," answered Rose, dolefully.

When Julia returned from school the following day, Rose met her at the door with a radiant face.

"Julia, hurry! Here is a valentine for you! Do open it, quick! I could hardly wait for you to come."

"Is it possible that I have received a valentine, and you have been neglected?" said Julia, as she proceeded to open her valentine after closely scrutinizing the superscription.

"Oh! I have received half-a-dozen stupid ones, but yours has a different look, some way."

"Very pretty indeed; but I should prefer the money that it cost invested in beef and potatoes," said Julia.

"See! something dropped out," said Rose. "Beef and potatoes, I declare! or at least, their equivalent. A hundred dollar bill! Look, mother, Julia! Who could have sent it?"

"I do not recognize the writing," answered Julia, "but I presume it must be from Mr. Austen. We would take no reward for the pocket-book, so he sent it in this delicate manner, and we certainly need the money badly enough. I do not like to take it, but do not know that I ought to return it."

The money was kept, and bought many a luxury for feeble Mrs. Shelton.

Mr. Austen found occasion to call at the little, brown house in Fair street very often; but he always looked peculiarly innocent whenever valentines were spoken of.

The Sheltons had seen their darkest days, and good fortune was in store for them. The Uncle John, to whom Rose referred in the first part of our story, had never received the first letter which Mrs. Shelton sent to him, and the second only reached him after a long interval, for he had been traveling about from one place to another and the letter had been sent after him. As soon as he received it, he started to find his sister, travelling night and day until he reached her. He was a wealthy bachelor, and declared that Mrs. Shelton and her daughter's must make a home with him. He was tired, he said, of racing all over the world; he had money enough for himself and his sister, and he wanted a home. As for getting a wife for himself, he was a confirmed bachelor; but he wanted a nice, pleasant home, where he could smoke his cigar and be as lazy as he pleased, without having a wife to scold him half the time. So it was all settled, to Rose's great delight.

"It has come out just like a story-book," said she, when they were fairly settled in their new home. "I shall always believe 'Valentine's day' is lucky, for that was the very day uncle received mother's letter, and Julia got her 'beef and potato' valentine."

Elliott Austen was there too, and he whispered something to Julia just then which made her smile and blush in a very delightful manner. I shall not tell what he said, but I will just tell you privately, that Uncle John has bought Julia the most splendid lot of dry goods, among which is a white silk dress, and a long lace veil, with a wreath of orange

flowers; and when next 'Valentine's Day' comes, she has promised to wear them in commemoration of the day; and Rose says she thinks 'beef and potato' valentines are the best kind, after all.

THE BROTHERS.

A SCENE IN A GAMBLING HOUSE.

BY EDWARD BAILY CHANBEY.

In 1849, the principal banking institutions of the chance kind in San Francisco were the "Bella Union," "Veranda," "Nim de Oro," and "Parker House," all situated about the "Plaza," and each employed a band of music to lessen the tedious hours of that rainy winter, and so drown the noise of dingling gold and silver, and the cursing ejaculations of the gamblers.

Many a sad scene has taken place within these saloons that chilled the blood of the beholder, and is remembered with horror. I once carelessly sauntered through one of these places. My attention was attracted towards a person who had large piles of gold before him. The staring eyeballs, the swollen veins upon his forehead, the cold sweat upon his face, and clenched hands, told of heavy losses. Mingled exclamations of horror and contempt would escape him, and he seemed unconscious of all that was going on around him. His gaze was bent upon the cards as if his life's blood was the stake at issue. In this case his last dollar was placed within the dealer's bank; then, with the frenzy of a maniac, he drew a long, ugly dirk-knife and plunged it up to the hilt into his own body, and sunk a corpse on the table. A few rude jeers followed this act; the body was removed, and the game went on as though nothing had happened; as though mother victims had not been added to the gambler's damning record, or another man had not died.

He started with a large stock of goods, given him by his father to sell on commission; and the father's fortune depended on a safe return of the money so invested; but, as usual with young men, he indulged in the full liberty of unbridled license, and, while the ship stopped at one of the South American ports, he engendered the first seeds of "play." But for a while after his arrival the excitement of trade and the energy necessary to accomplish a successful issue kept his mind busy. One day, by appointment, he was to meet a mercantile friend at this place, and while waiting for his friend's arrival, staked a few dollars upon the turn of the cards, when the latent disease sprang into life, and it carried him headlong over the precipice, and ended in the tragic manner related.

The "Nim de Oro" was a gambling saloon on Washington street, opposite the El Dorado, and in 1840 was the principal resort of the disbanded soldiers of the California regiments, and also of the soldiers who had been engaged in the war with Mexico.

Behind one of the largest monte banks in the room sat a man who had won for himself honorable mention, and an officer's commission was given him for his bravery; at the storming of Monterey; but, preferring the climate of California and its "golden" prospects to a more northern home, he embarked for that country at the close of the war with Mexico, and, upon arriving, he opened a gambling saloon. The emigrants came in by the thousands, and two or three nights after his arrival a young man entered the saloon, and seated himself at the bank, and staked various sums on the cards until he had lost nearly all the money he possessed.

Excited by the game, and maddened with his losses, he accused the dealer of cheating; the dealer replied sharply; the lie passed, and then the young man struck the dealer a severe blow upon the face. Quick as thought, the sharp report of a pistol followed, and the gambler's clothing was covered with the young man's blood—he had shot him through the right breast. The room was soon cleared of the spectators present, the door closed, and medical attendance called in to aid

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