if it hadn't been for this bush. The

fern was soft enough. I'll never stay

away in a woods at night again .- There,

free at last! And my jacket nearly torn

With a good deal of patience and

great many scratches, he got free of the

thorn that had arrested his progress

when his feet were within a yard of the

water, manages to scramble up the bank,

And now, as the clouds move slowly

onward, the moon shows her face on the

black surface of the water, and the little

white owl comes and hoots and flutters

All this time the dark passenger fol-

lows the main track, and believes that

after that his pursuer will come upon

if they can sell him a glas of ale.

milk. Come in."

footsteps pass.

rapidly nearer.

He enters without coremony. "Ale?"

supper. "No, we have no ale; but per-

So he comes in and shuts the door

who goes on with his stake in his hand

angry and impatient that he has not vet

The woman goes to the dairy for the

milk, and the boy thinks that she is gone

A man comes up, driving a gig.

"Hallos," he says, in a loud, cheerful

The man drew back farther among

"Why, bless the boy," says the farm-

"Lone?" says the boy laughing. "I

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and

"I wish you good night, gentlemen."

"Good night, friend," the farmer re-

The little wheels go on again. They

says the man when he passes.

to be in this time of night."

of the danger be has escaped.

off my back."

the dark dreary wood.

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MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY -or-

HOW A BUR AINSTON GOT HIS WIFE.

DY JOANNES.

CARLES CHAITER V.

chapter are s'ill. fresh in the minds of pocket, the reader.

Author had made arrangements to settle thre leaving. Their difficulty in an adjusting State, the dry appointed for which found our hero and his friends upon the spot that had been selected. Eight o'clack in the Larn on was the hour. Arthur had been waiting for sometime for his antagonist. It was 10 o'clock, and he had not made his appearance, yet. -Eleven bringing him.

"Surely," Arthur said to his friends, "there must be something the mat tor with Benry. I wonder if the confounded officers of the law have got intelligence of the affair here, too, and have arrested him ?"

But at this moment a gentleman -one of Henry's friends-was seen in the distance. Presently he arrived where Arthur was, and without saving anything other than good morning, handed a letfer to one of our hero's friends.

Till was from Henry's second, to Arthur own, and stated that the former had been taken very ill, and was, of course, hors de combat.

As the intelligence was communicated to Arthur, an expression of disappointment clouded his face.

Ho appeared to regard it as only prolongation of the day that was to set-

tle his destiny. There was no other alternative left him now, but to return home, and wait

for the recovery of Henry. When Arthur and his friends returned to Clayburn, they pledged their eternal friendship and service to each other. He bade them good-bye with the under-

standing that they were to inform him as soon as Henry recovered, and make arrangements for the third time for the settlement of the affair.

He called at the clerk's desk in the hotel, and asked if there were any letters for him, in reply to which he was handed three or four from the letter

He glauced hastily over the sup recriptions, and repaired to his room.

There was one of the number address. ed in a lady's hand.

aCan it be Elizi's ?" Arthur wondered.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS found that it was from the fair beroine as he felt when first separated from her. of our story.

> It seems that the morning efter the friends. interview between Eliza and her father, she had heard of the difficulty that occurred between Arthur and Henry upon the street, and their determination to carry the affair further.

The news greatly grieved her.

If she wept the night preceding that morning, the poignancy of her sorrow was ten fold stronger when this intelligence reached her.

Ton EXTRA COPY for SIX MONTHS, free of ment to have sympathized with her. Her sister, Jessie, was away, and there was no one else she could look to for solace. Her brothers did not partake of her grief, because they too were anxious to

> have their sister marry Henry. In this mood she sat down and wrote n a nervous hand the letter to Arthur which he received upon his return.

It contained an entreaty to him to them happy. avoid an encounter with Henry.

She told him that she had heard, of all, and begged him as he regarded her happiness, to leave Clayburn immediately; that perhaps her father would change his mind after awhile, and become reconciled in her attachment to

Any low, it was her desire that the affair should not be made to gain any further publicity.

Other assurances were given in the letter to Arthur of her love for him. After reading it over and over several

The events recorded in the second rimes he refolded it, and placed it in his the would become northing if he

It will be remembered that Henry and could have seen her just on e more be

But that could not be. He knew tha old gentleman would keep a close look out for him, and that it was scarcely possible for him to even get a note to

So he concluded to get in part up her advice, and depart for home.

Three days' travel brought him to that place. After exchanging greetings with his father and the remainder of the family, and entering into a delay, he begged to be excused, and reired to his chamber

He almost longed for the moment to ome when a decisive issue would be nade between himself and Henry

Anything to settle the matter.

ach succeeding day only added to it.

The supper bell aroused him from his reverie, and he went down stairs.

At the table a thousand questions were rapidly put to him by his anxious sisters, but his mind being in no hit state to hold a converse with any one at that time, he hurried through supping. and betook hunself to his room again.

Here he seated himself by a window where he had sat many, many nights in

his more youthful days. There was one star in the far-off vault of Heaven that he singled out from all he rest, and watched it until he had

filled it with the image of Eliza. . For hours and hours he gazed upon it, as if anxious to learn from its silvery your dest'ny as to lead you to that beams his destiny.

After awhile he fell upon the bod and tried to sleep; but there was no such thing for him that night.

When morning came, he rose with the first appearance of the grey dawn of day, and dressed himself

away in a dreamy listless mood. He was no pleasure to himself or

any one else. Days passed on, and the all pervading When he got to his from, he made thought of his life-Eliza-hung with pried the gates open and let himself out. The little midshipman steals up the porch this is a thornbush! Oh, my arms! I He flings his stake into the hedge, and. she went to a drug store and asked for haste to break it open, and oh, joy! just as much beaviness upon his mind, Fact."

At length a letter came from one of his

That brought the news that Henry was no better; and that it was thought by his physicians that he would never

Her father blamed her for Henry's sickness, and she confined herself to the

Arthur couldn't stand the idea of Eliza's father blaming her for a thing Oh! for one dear friend at that mo. for which he was wholly responsible, and not her, so he addressed him a letter.

> If it was ever received, no mention was ever made of it.

The next letter he wrote was to Eliza

In it he entreated and begged her to be faithful; that he would never change: and that he hoped all things would yet work out right, and result in making

He asked her to remember the last word she had uttered to him, and be constant; that he would dare all thingsbrave all dangers as long as he had the consoling reflection to cheer him-that she had told him to Hope.

Weeks passed on, and Arthur received no answer to this letter.

At leagth he wrote the second one, and then a month had clapsed ere he get

CLAYBURN,-18-

If I have wounded you by not roply have no notion in what that honoring to your itter earlier place for every man happen to earlie.

tings of my regard for your cappiness, he was very bed and wanted his wife to realize the keenness of the anguish they have occasioned me to feel. You would not then doon harshly of me. Once, dear lengthy explanation of the cause of his Mr. Ainsten, I thought it a fearful thing to die, but new I think it more fearful to live in a world so full of wickedness. and surrounded by hear's so deeply Here he wondered for the hundreth dyed in sinful and sordid selfishuess. time, what would be the result of his I will nerve myself at once however. to the bitter reality. And I may as well be plain with you. It is with an awful feeling of sorrow though that I approach the subject. But I am forced to consider you as one lost to me forever! In that future where I had so His life was one of misery to him, and lately hoped to spend my life with you, drag out my days in misery. But thosa never rejoice over my unhappine's. I will assume a character antagonistic to the boy more closely than he did before my nature, and keep my sorrow fast shut up in my own silent heart.

Perhaps the changing scenes and vi of money will be no match for him. eissitudes of life will soon find for you an oblivion of me. Be it so. I would rather have your complete forgetfulness of gryself, than to have you a pardreaded future. Please think of my father kindly. Maybe he wi'l one day see his error; but it will be too late for me, since all will soon be over with me. except some years to hide deep in my poor heart the misery that is to be forced apon me, in my union with a man whom I despise. May a kinder fate than the one which has fashioned mine, so direct the sun will be down. felicity of which I have dreamed in vain. Please do not write to me again.

Your sincere friend, ELIZA BOYER.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE ] A patent medicine vender in a coen-

try village was dilating to a crowd upon the wonderful efficiency of his iron bit-The whole of that day was whiled ters. "Why," said he, "Steve Jenkins had only taken the bitters one week when he was shoved into prison for mur- lowing. der, and what does he do but open a vein in his arm, take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, with which he and the door is wide open, for it's warm. this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh,

LED OUT OF DANGER. BY JEAN INGELOW

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1871.

Who is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He was waiting for tho coach; it comes up presently and he gets on the top of it, and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney tops behind them; his eye wanters with de light over the harvest fields, he smells the honey-suckle in the hedgegrow, and he wishes he was down among the hazel bushes, that he might strip them of the milky nuts; then he sees a great wain piled up with barley, and h : wishes he was on the top of it; then the checkered shadows of the trees lying neross the white read, and then the squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and hallo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The other passengers were delighted with his simplicity and childlike glee : and they encourage him to talk about the sea and the ships, especially Her Majesty's-wherein he had the honor to sail. In the jargons of the seas, he describes the many perfections, and enlarges upon her peculiar advantages, he then confides to them how a certain middy, having been ordered to the mosthead as a punishment, had seen, while sitting on the top must cross-tree, something uncommonly like the sea serpent, but finding this hint received with in creduleus smiles, he beering to tell them how he hopes that, some day, he shall he promoted to have charge of the book. It was emelted in the following lan- The passengers hope that he will have that honor; they have no doubt that he deserves it His cheeks flush with blessire to hear them say iso, and they

me. The thought that I had best on The cash stops; the midshipmin, particle of your esteem by the manner with his hands in his pockets, sits rata which I have acted, would cause me thing his money and singing. There is intense prin. No doubt my long silence a pear woman standing by the door of is caveloped in a roystery to you. Had the village inny the looks careworn, and acted as my heart dictated. I would well she may, for in the spring her haslave answered your letters as soon as band went up to London to seek for they were received. Put I could not d. work. He go s for work, and she was thinks; the cannot keep up the pace will, forbide my carrying out the promp. how he had met with an accident, how puts up a white owl, that can scarcely

seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her. the makes a courtesy, and he withdraw, his hand throws her a down sovereigns. She looks at it with incredulous joy,

"It's all right," he says, and then the coach starts up again, while full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, and the next night she maysit by the bedside of her sick

The midshipman knows nothing about that-and he never will.

The passengers go on talking-the little midshipman has told them who he I see no other alternative now, but to is, and where he is going. But there is one who has never joined in the converwho force this choice upon me, shall sation; he is a dark looking and restless man, he sits apart, he sees the glitter of

He is a strong man, resolute and de termined; the boy with his pockets full

He has told the others that his father's house is the parsonage at Y---, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get out at the nearest point, taker in the woes that overlang my and walk, or rather ran over to his home through the great wood.

The man decides to get down too, and go through the woods; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out and struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chances against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and

No. There seemed indeed little eved hawk, than the little light-hearted and show it to you! sailer boy will have against him.

to save you. Now you are running up to it. chances of escape. The half-fledged straight on to your death, for the forest had no more chance against the keen- hill. O that the moon might come out, from the wagon,

The moon is under a thick canopy of And now they reach the village where heavy black clouds, and there is not a the boy is to alight. He wishes the star to glitter on the water and make it passengers good evening, and runs light visible. The fern is soft under his feet enough; I have a mind to drive you on down in peace, and sleep, for thou, ly down between the scattered houses, as he runs and slips down the slooping to the parsons of and hear the rest of Lord, only makest me dwell in safety The man has also got down and is fol- hill. At last he strikes against a stone, that long tale of yours about the seastumbles and falls. Two minutes more serpent. The path lies through the village and he will fall into the black water. church yard; there is evening service, "Heydey!" cries the boy, "what's

looks in and listens. The clergyman has can't get free !"

just risen from his knees in the pulpit, and is giving out his text.

Thirteen mouths have passed since the boy was in a house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure induced him to stand and listen.

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his some and comes softly out of the porch, full of calm and serious pleasure. The elergyman has reminded him of his father, and his careless heart is filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said of the care of our Heaveny Father for us; he remembers how when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any danger that he has exposed to excepting in the great storm, but he is grateful he is come in safety, and he hopes whenever he shall be in danger, which he supposes he shall be some day, he hopes that then the providence of God will watch over him and protect trance of the wood.

"Are not two sparrows," be hears. sold for a farthing? and not one shall fall to the ground without your Father's notice. But the hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not, therefore, ve are of more value than many sparrows.'

The man is there before him. He has pushed into the thicket, and cut a heavy stake; he comes out, falls into the path and follows him. It is too light at present for his deed of darkness and too near the entrance of the wood. but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and and while he is waiting for the milk

But what prompts the little midship man, when not fifty rods from the branching of the path; to break into a sulden ran? It is not frar-he never come up with him. dreams of danger, Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home makes him dash off suddenly from his saunter. with a whoop and a bound. On he goes as if running a race; the path bends and the man loses sight of him.

expecting soon to join him there, when, long." The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he fly and it goes whirling on, close to the runs on, with the weapon in his hand the cottage for some beer. What a lon ground before him. He gains upon it; Suddenly he hears the joyons whoop-- time the woman kept me to be sure. ] another moment and it will be his. Now not before, but behind him. He stops thought it would never come. But very he gets the start again; they come to and listens noisesly.—Yes, it is so. He soon after Mr. D—— drove up in his the branching of the paths, and the bird pushes and raises his stake, when the gig; and he brought me on to the cate." goes down the wrong one.

The temptation to follow it is too lightly, with his hands in his pockets. strong to be resisted; he knows that A sound strikes at the same justant on somewhere deep in the wood, there is a the ears of both; and the boy turns back cross track he has left; it is only to run from the very jaws of death to listen .a little faster and he shall be home nearly as soon

On he rushes: the path takes a bend and he is just out of sight, and his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right-he takes farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether. and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps vexed with himself, and panting way! The parson told me be was in after his race.

and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend; he has lost his way-but he keeps bearing don't mind that; and, with you the way, ticular. to his left; and though it is now dark, it's as safe as the quarter deck." he thinks he must must reach the main path sooper or later.

NUMBER 28

He struggles and pants. "All this all been frustrated—the thoughtless be He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; has baffled him at every step.

And now the little midelineau is at

home. The joyful meeting has tak place, and when they have admired his growth, and decided whom he is like. and measured I is height on the window frame, and seen him cat his supper, the begin to question him about his ad tures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than from any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy seated between his father and mother on the and makes the best of his way through | sofa. "Why, ma, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there is nothing else to tell. Nothing happened today-at least nothing particular,"

"You came by the coach we told you of?" asks his father.

over it like a wandering snow drift. But "Oh, yes, papa; and when we got is in the wood again, and knows nothing twenty miles, there came up a be while we were changing horses, and I threw down (as I thought) a shilling: but as it fell, I saw that it was a sovthe boy is before him. At last he hears ereign. She was very honest and showed a crashing of dead boughs, and presently me what it was, but I didn't take it back him. And he presses onward to the en- the little midshipman's voice, not twenty for you know, mamma, it is a long time yards before him. Yes, it is true; the since I have given anything to any boy is in the cross track. He will pass body."

the cottage in the wood directly, and "Very true, my boy," his mother auswered, "but you should not be caraless with your money, and few beggars are worthy objects of charity."

The boy bounds into the path, but as "I suppose you got down at the cross he sees the cottage, he is thirsty and so hot, that he must ask the inhabitants if roads?" says the elder brother. "Yes, and went through the words. I

should have been home sooner if I had says the woodman, who is sitting at his not lost my way." "Lost your way!" says his mother.

haps my wife can give thee a drink of alarmed; "my boy, you should not have left the path at dusk." "Oh, ma," says the little midships an. with a smile, "you're always thinking we are in danger. If you could see the They are the footsteps of the pursuer,

sometimes sitting at the jib-boom and, or across the main top-mast-cross-tres, you would be frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood ?" "Woll, my boy," she answers, "I don't wish to be over-anxious, and make my

a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, children uncomfortable by my fears. and then takes his leave. What did you stray from the path for ?" "Only to catch a little owl, mamma; Faster and faster the man runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yelbut I didn't catch her, after all. I got low streak in the sky, where the moon is a roll down from a bank and, caught my plowing up a farrowed mass of grey jacket on a thorn bush, which was rather

clouds and one or two stars are blinking unlucky. Ah! three large holes I see in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up Fast the boy follows, and fast the man again and got into the path, and asked as boy shall pass. On he comes running "And so, this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover that there was

no adventures to tell." "No, papa nothing happened, noth-It is the sound of wheels, and it draws ing particular, I mean.

Nothing particular. If they could have known they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of voice. "What, benighted, youngster?" the jib-boom's end and the main-ton-"Oh, is it you, Mr. D---?" says the mast-cross-trees. But they did not know, the left, and the faster they run the boy. "No, I'm not benighted; or, at any more than we do, of the dangers any rate, I know my way out of the that hourly beset us.

Some few dangers we are aware of and we do what we can to provide against them; but for the greater portion our eyes behold we cannot see. We er, "to think of our meeting in this walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the hopes of seeing thee some day this week. ground;" and when we have had es-

we come and say, perhaps, that nothing has happened-at least nothing par-

It is not well that our minds should be much exercised about these hidden is once more out of reach of the pursuer, dangers, since they are so, and so great He does not know this part of the But the man knows that the farmer's that no human art or foresight can prewood, but runs on. "Oh, little mid- house is a quarter of a mile nearer than vent them. But it is very well that we shipman! why did you chase that owi; the parsonage, and in that quarter of a should reflect constantly on the loving if you had kept the path of the dark mile there is still a chance of committing Providence which watches every footmac behind you, there was a chance that robbery. He determined still to make step of a track always balancing on time you might outran him; or if he had the attempt, and cuts across the wood and eternity; and that such reflections overtaken you, some passing wayfarer with such rapid strides that he reaches should make us happy and afraidmight have heard your cries, and come the farmer's gate just as the gig drives afraid of trusting our souls too much to any earthly guide or security-happy "Well, thank you, farmer," says the from the knowledge that there is one bird just fluttering down from his nest water is deep and at the b ttom of this midshipman, as he prepares to get down with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the very hairs of our head are all numbered.

Without such trust how can we rest or be at peace; but with it we may say plies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night with the Psalmist, "I will both lay rac

A city lady who went into the country to beep house this summer, wanted to pass the man, and he stands still in the dye some varn, and on being informed goes back again. His evil purposes have 25 ets worth of diptheria to day with