

The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

NUMBER 29

VOLUME 5.

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG Every Saturday Morning.

ORANGEBURG NEWS COMPANY

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[WRITTEN FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.]

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

OR

HOW ARTHUR AINSTON GOT HIS WIFE.

BY JOANNES.

CHAPTER VI.

After learning the contents of Eliza's letter, Arthur dropped it from his hands, and fixed his eyes in a vacancy which apparently agonized him.

It is strange how men can be made to despair at times. Here Arthur had unmistakable and unequivocal evidence of the strong attachment Eliza had formed towards him, and yet upon reading the letter which she perhaps was forced to write, he let despondency seize him on every pore in his body.

But after awhile his calmer judgment took possession of him, and his bosom became again inspired with hope; and after debating the question thoroughly with himself, he resolved to write to Eliza again.

Months and months passed on weary wings before the mail brought Arthur the long looked-for letter.

In it our fair heroine betrayed signs of her womanly weakness again. She did not acquiesce in any of Arthur's propositions, but entreated him to try to forget her, and not tempt her any more to disregard the wishes of her father, lest her should heart fail her in performing the duty which she owed to him.

Arthur seized upon this last thought with as much tenacity as a drowning man would seize on a floating log. He thought that he would write to Eliza again, and that he would not entertain the idea of their marrying.

As might be expected, her father said he wouldn't ask her. But after awhile, when he saw that his daughter meant what she declared to him, he began to think a different way.

Feeling this more forcibly than ever, one afternoon when Henry called for Eliza to go riding with him and she refused, the old gentleman said to himself, "I wonder what sort of a fellow that Ainston is, any how?"

This shows that he had at length despaired of making Eliza marry Henry. But let us hurry on, for we have now spun out this story to three times the length we originally intended it to be.

After Henry recovered entirely, Arthur's friends called upon him for the purpose of arranging matters for the adjustment of the difficulty which existed between them. They were surprised to find the former in a careless and a kind of don't-care mood.

To their inquiries, they were told that he—Henry—had met with misfortunes, and that he had abandoned the idea of fighting for a woman that hated him.

Of course Arthur's friends couldn't, and did not, persuade him to fight; and upon his stating that he had acted hastily and in a manner for which he was sorry, the affair was dropped.

But when Arthur's friends left him, he swore to himself to be revenged. It seems that this miserable man, having seen that the woman whose love he had to buy, was determined never to become his wife; and that his rival was not a man to be trifled with, had therefore resolved to drop Eliza, and apologize to our hero for the insult offered him.

When this intelligence reached Arthur, his future seemed brighter than ever before. He thought that if he could only get the old gentleman's consent that all things would be right yet. But this was a wild thought of his.

He had sworn now that as long as Eliza wouldn't marry Henry, she should never marry.

The marriage was to be a clandestine affair, and not even old Mr. Boyer was to know anything of it.

But through some unaccountable medium he got intelligence of it, and it was then that he "stunned" Eliza to his room to warn her not to marry.

She couldn't if she had wished to, her heart was too full. For the first time in her life had her father shows himself to be entirely given up to his feelings of hatred and revenge.

With tears in her eyes she sat down and wrote Arthur all that he had said. But the intelligence did not surprise our hero. He had previously formed a correct opinion of the old gentleman's ire, when once aroused, and could not therefore affect astonishment at anything he did.

However, for Eliza's sake he wrote her a long letter in reply to her questions, "What if her father did so and so?" and "What would become of them if he did?"

Arthur answered there with satisfaction to Eliza's mind, and she became more impatient than ever for the day to arrive that would unite her destiny with one whom she loved better than she did all earthly beings.

Two years had intervened between Arthur's interview with Eliza, and the night where we found him in the beginning of our story.

It will be recalled that we left him in Clayburn at the hotel, and that he had visited that city for the purpose of marrying Eliza.

He had made arrangements with a minister to marry them, and everything was all right, except to get a note to Eliza informing her of his presence.

ed ten paces another clerk accosted him with, "What can we sell you to-day?"

"Nothing," Arthur responded, somewhat peevishly, and passed right on. Before he got to the counting room, he was assailed again, this time by a fat Dutchman, who, before our hero could say a word, had him by the arm.

"I am not purchasing to-day," Arthur said, pulling his arm loose, and succeeded in escaping farther interruption.

When he got to the door, old Mr. Boyer's keen eyes fell upon him. A sharp pliancy—"Come in, sir," was the only invitation given Arthur.

"This is Mr. Boyer, I presume," he said, "my name is Ainston."

It is far better now to smote, like a 3 year old steer, than a horn dodger that is only three hours old.

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Josh Billings on Korn. Korn is a serial; I am glad to see it got its name from Series, a primitive woman, and in her day the goddess of oats, and such like.

Korn has ears, but never has but one ear, which is as stiff as an adder.

Injun meal is made out of korn, and korn dodgers is made out of injun meal, and korn dodgers are the tuffest chunks, or the bread pursuashun, knoww tew man.

Korn dodgers are made out of water, with Injun meal mixt into it, and then baked on a hard board, in the presence of a hot fire.

They get the name dodger from the immediate necessity of dodging if one is to have a horizontal at ya in anger.

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the krap, feed about 4 quarts of it w a shanght rooster, then murder the rooster immediately, and sell him for 17 cts a pound, krap and all.

How Sal Disgraced the Family. A traveler in the State of Illinois, some years ago, came to a log cabin on the prairie, near Cairo, and there halted.

The woman was crying in one corner, and the man, with tears in his eyes and a pipe in his mouth, sat on a stool with his dirty arms resting on his knees, and his sorrowful looking head supported by the palm of his hands.

"Well, we've lost our gal; our Sal is gone off and left us," said the man in tones of despair.

"Ah; do you know what induced her to leave you?" remarked the new arrival.

"Well, we can't say, stranger as how she's so far lost as to be induced but then she's gone and disgraced us," remarked the afflicted father.

"Yes, neighbor, and not as I should say it as is her mother, but there warn't a postler gal in the West than my Sal: she's gone and brought ruin on us, and on her own head now," followed the stricken mother.

"Who has she gone with?" asked the visitor.

"Well, there's the trouble. The gal could have done well and might have married Martin Kohoe; a capital shoemaker, who although he's got but one eye, plays the flute in a lively manner, earns a good living. Their look what a home and what a life she has deserted. The gal was surrounded by all the luxury in the country," said the father.

Rumor on Boss. Out on the Union Pacific Railroad, officials put on a good many trills, and John Shrove, one of the division repairs, is one of the most lively rosters that is known at the West. He is noted chiefly for two things, his overbearing disposition and his enormous feet.

"Can ye give me the time, Mr. Shrove?"

"The time, you impudent rascal!" exclaimed Shrove, viewing him scornfully. "What business have you to ask questions of your superior?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Jimmy, but seeing your worship wear a watch, and wishing to know the time I thought it no harm to inquire."

"Thank you, sir," said Duffy, adding with a malicious grin, his eyes bent on his superior's toe, "if ye will be so kind, Shrove, dear, us to step on the turntable, I will move around your heels so ye can go to doleiner."

At last accounts Jimmy was out of a situation, and was on the look-out for some one who would lend him sufficient money to "get across the plains," en route for home.

The First Newspaper. An ingenious physician of Paris—Bouaudot by name—more than two hundred years ago, hit upon a good idea for "cutting out" his more learned brethren, which he was not long in putting into execution.

SINGULAR CASE.—The Pottstown (Pa.) Ledger relates a singular case of the death of a boy, twelve years of age, named Charles Hartranft, a son of Wm. Hartranft, of Pine Iron Works.

Not long since an elderly lady entered a railway car and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "ghost dreadful rheumatism" that she was troubled with.