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[WRITTEN FOR THE ORANGEBURG NEWS.] MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

HOW ARTHUR AINSTON GOT HIS WIFE.

BY JOANNES.

CHAPTER VI.

"That is my name sir," responded the old gentleman in a manner that betrayed too plainly his bitter hatred for Arthur. "The purport of your visit, if "The object of my visit here sir, is of a private nature, and as it may be of more interest to you than to any one else I should prefer communicating it

to you mlone," said Arthur calmly. "What, pray, can it be that you want with me?" curiously inquired the old gentleman the second time.

"About a matter of importance sir; but whether you ascertain of it or not depends upon your "wn choice," remark ed Arthur with a coolness that showed that no matter what the purport of our hero's visit was he was not at all disposed to assume the attitude of a suppliant in order to get a private interview with old Mr. Boyer.

Here the old gentleman withdrew from the counting room, which was crowded with drummers and me chants of the city, and motioned Arthur to

Our hero pursued him up a flight of stairs, and soon found himself seated in a private office, face-to-face with the marble hearted father of Eliza. Here it did not take him many moments to acquaint the old gentleman with his business, and its demands, the first mention of which, however, brought him to his feet, and a flush of indignation to

"If that is your business with me young man, you may as well commence at once to retrace your journey, for never will I countenance any such idea.' These words proceeded from Mr. Boyer's lips with such measured and calculating firmness, that Arthur could not doubt that he had a man to contend with whose heart was as cold as an iceburg.

However, our hero was not discouraged and undertook to expostulate with his hoary headed companion, but with

The only reply that Arthur got to the declaration, "I am determined to marry Eliza, despite all opposition, and I do not believe that I would be misrepresentating her to-say that she is equally determined that our union shall be," was a cynical and heartless

The interview was a fraitless one, and Arthur returned to his hotel.

After a few moments reflection he con-

pursue would be to write to Eliza and tell her of the manner in which her father had treated him, and request her to meet him, as she was, without a moment's delay, at the house that had been previously designated as the place at which they would consummate their

No sooner had he resolved than his thoughts were fastened to paper, and dispatched to Eliza. Meantime he was on

CHAPTER VII.

We will now return to old Mr. Boyer fronted him. a moment. As soon as Arthur left he dispatched a servant home with a message for his daughter to repair to the store immediately. His object was to send her in the country to a relative's, fiend Henry, had been accomplished. and for that purpose ordered a buggy. He was too much taken up with the things of this world to spare time to go home himself; and then he thought there was no use for his doing so, as Eliza didu't know of Arthur's where abouts. How mistaken he was. Before Arthur left the hotel the first time, he had written to Eliza. And while the old gentleman was pouring over business ed that he had accomplished his object, letters, his daughter was preparing to left the house immediately. The scream take her final departure from under the that Eliza had given, sommoned several

Imagine his consternation when the servant returned and informed him that Eliza had gone, and no one on the place dying! could tell where.

Letters and everything else were thrown aside, as soon as this intelligence fell upon his ears; and almost in less time than it takes us to record it he was halt way on the road to his house.

Sure enough, when he got there he found that the bird had flown

Up stairs, in the garde and every nook and corner were searched, but no trace of the missing girl was discovered

After awhile a note was found upon the bureau drawers. It was one that Eliza had indicted to her father preparatory to leaving.

As the old gentleman read it, he here. tions it produced.

Here is the note:

angry with me. I am doing no more than you would do under similar circumstances. You know I love you, dear father, but I love Arthur also, and you told me I should never marry him. I believe if you knew how noble and gen erous he is, you would not be so opposed to our union. Please do not abuse him any more, for before you get this he will be the husband of your daughter,

As soon as Mr. Boyer had finished this note, he sent his store for his sons When they came, hasty directions were given to each of them as to how and where they should search.

But it was too late. The minister was waiting at the appointed house, for son's nours before Arthur and Linza got there; and after they arrived it did not require many minutes to legally unit two that were already one in spirit. Yes before old Mr. Boyer read Eliza's note, she was the wife of Arthur Ainston.

And now let us turn to one of whom we have seen but little in the two preceding chapters. It will not be forgotten that Arthur's rival, Henry, when he declined to end, in an honorable manner his difficulty with our hero, vowed to be revenged secretly. Now although many months had intervened, between the encounter of the two rivals and the time of which we are now writing, yet when Henry heard that Arthur was in the city, and more, had probably married Eliza, all of his old bitterness came back to him, and he resolved to put his yow of revenge into execution.

Arthur and Eliza received privately the clouds his face even to-day. Henry left the first speaker, alapping him on the he holds an unbrella over a duck's back on up to the stable ?" cluded that the best course for him to congratulations of a few friends, who his country and has new been heard of shoulder, "give us a chow of tobacco."

had been made cognizant of the affair, since. Whether he has sought an obto await the carriage which was to convey them to the depot.

While the newly married couple were discussing the difficulties through which they had gone, a rap was heard at the door. Thinking that the carriage had come, Arthur walked to the door, and

Had the earth opened under his feet, he could not have been more surprised than he was in beholding at that time and at that place, the person that con-

and a tremeudous shrick escaped her lips. Before she had time to alarm the house the second time, the work of the

The moment Arthur opened the door, Henry with the exclamation, "Here is my revenge," pierced, the few moments before that, the happy Arthur to the heart with a long dagger that he had concealed in his 'coat sleave. It did not require a second stroke. The first had done its work. Arthur Ainston was dead. Henry the moment he discoverof the family to the parlor, and oh' horror, to find the husband of the good and loved Eliza, gasping, bleeding, me think of my first wife and my col-

It was a heart rending spectacle to see this couple, who, a few moments ago, were happy, the one now dead, killed by he hand of an assassin, and the other lying pal and senseless on the floor.

Bliss- tool frinted, and a death like whiteness had settled over her beautiful face. She was hastily removed to a room, while physicians were sent for.

But before they arrived, the spirits of both had winged their flight to a better world than this, and where they were reunited in sweeter and happier bonds than the mutability of the things of this poor earth will permit to be the case

tragedy, he and his sons repaired with out delay to the residence of Mr. -"MY DARLING FATHER :- Don't get (the house at which the marriage took place,) to find what we have recorded. Eliza was his favorite daughter, and the shock almost caused, to bow in sorrow, the head even of this heartless and unfeeling parent. He remembered the ominous words of her who then slept in death, when she said, "If Mr. Henry kills Arthur the sin will rest upon my father's shoulders." If these words lingered in his mind before, they were revivified now, and he imagined he could hear even then his pale, lifeless daughter pleading with him Henry had not only killed Arthur, but her too. The old gentleman looked at them for a few moments, and then turned away with his heart full of sorrow.

As Arthur's and Eliza's friends gazed apon them, a feeling of sadness clouded each one's face. If Eliza had been beantiful in her lifetime, she appeared more beautiful now. There is always a singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours after the "spirit is not there." Were it not for the langour which covers the pulseless cheek, the cold and changeless brow and the sad shrowded eye which can weep no more forever, one in such a moment might well doubt the presence of the dark winged angel of Death.

Yes, but for these and these alone. Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour, We still might doubt the tyrants power; So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd. The first, last look by death reveal'd!"

Years have passed since the tragic death of Arthur and Eliza. Old Mr. Boyer still continues his business, but After the marriage had taken place, a calm and settled look of melancholy the aisl. "All right, my friend," said

and withdrew to a private drawing room livion of his sin in other countries we know not, but let us hope that he may strive to atone for the life he has led.

> Old Mr. Boyer forgave Arthur, and buried the two side by side, in his place in the Cemetery. To-day, as strangers traverse the grounds, the story of the two lovers is told to them by the keeper, and often their graves call forth tears, even from those who knew them not.

'Tis thus the lives of these two noble beings ended. How hard it seems to us that two that loved each other so, were not permitted to live to enjoy one anoth Eliza's anxious eye caught his face, er's society. But their happy dreams were cut short in the morning of their glory, and they are no more.

The Commercial Advertiser's Sarato go correspondent get into a sweet mes the other day. He landed at the depot in the night. He got mixed up with twenty-five married ladies, seven spinsters and four girls, all waiting for their husbands, cousins and lovers. By acci dent these woman mistook him for their 'owns." And-but let him tell how it was himself:

"Now, a dear, sweet, liquid eyed bru nette threw her arms around me O Eugene, why did you not write oftener?" she sobbed, and then she sank sweetly on my bosom I said "weep not, Julia," and then I kissed her sweetly twentytwo times. It was delicious. It made lege days at Yale. A ponderous maiden now approached-dressed decollette, a la pompadouy. She look me in her arms and whispered, 40, Charles, did you bring my beautiful al g-did you ?"

"Madame, my name is not Charles, and I hate dogs. I'd will every d-dd," but she fell fainting at my feet,

took my hand. She pressed it gently saving, "Dear Albert, I know it is you and I am so glad to see you! You won' dance with Lizzie Smith, now, will vou? N w do promise me!" I said I wouldn't. Then she held her cheek close to mine. It was hot with love's young hope and pure, sweet affection. We were very happy. None but a wicked man would have brought sadness to this sweet, pure young heartfection, and beautiful with splendid

"Undoubtedly," I remarked.

"How much, darling?" "A heap."

"O, I am too happy!" she murmured as she twisted her fingers in my auburn hair and held me in a sweet embrace.

A CHAPTER ON BUTTER .- "Why is t my son, that when you drop your bread and butter, it is always on the butter

"I don't know. It hadn't orter, had it? The strongest side ought to be up, till you could see the bucks of them. I and this is the strongest butter I have

"Hush-its some of your aunt's churn-

"Did she churn it, the great lazy

"No, this here butter. To make the nough to churn itself."

"Hush, Zep, I've eat a great deal worse in the most aristocratic houses." "Well, people of rank ought to Cat

"Cause it's rank butter."

"You varmint, you! what makes you "Cause the butter has taken the skin

"Zep, don't lie! I can't throw nway he butter."

"I'll tell you what I would do with it -keep it to draw blisters. You ought to see the flies keel over as soon as they

"Who dare spit tobacca juice on the florr of this car?" savagely exclaimed a powerfully-built passenger, as he rose from his seat and staked down the aisle. frowning defiantly upon the other passengers. "I dare!" said a burly looking fellow, as he ejected a quanty of of the noxious saliva upon the floor of

Stebbins Draws A Natural.

"Talking about ugly men," said White Hat, "did you know Younglove Stebbins? You knew him, Sykes?"

"I'll bet you," said Sykes. "Wasu't he a screamer?"

"He could get away with any of 'em." said Sykes.

"Well," continued White Hat, "one night me and Stebbins and Bob Egule ston were up to Pastor's eatin' oysters and after we got through I went down to the bar to pay. A lot of fellows were cating and drinking there, and talking about homely men. 'I don't care what you say,' says one fellow, 'you let Bill Williamson work his face as he pleases, and I'll back him agin the three ugliest men in the Union."

"How's that, Bill ?" says another fel low, looking at a tolerably plain man with a smooth face standing by.

"'Oh, he's foolin',' said Bill, swallow ing his toddy, and wiping his mouth with his hand. There ain't nothin' disagreeable about me."

"'Excuse me, gentlemen,' says I, I'm stranger, but is that the man you're backing for plain features ? *

". That's the man,' says the first spokesman. "I turned round and leaned ag'in the bar, and looked at him, and says I. 'No

paint, not feathers, nor nonsense?" " Nothing but the features that God has given him,' says another.

". How much would you be willing to waste on him ?" says I.

" Largely,' says he. 'Heavy; money talks. United States promises to pay, and he hauled out a big pocket-book, and slapped it on the counter.

" Champague supper would be noth "Not a reed-bird's eye,' says he.

"I'm the man you're looking for,' says, and in ten minutes we had a jury positied, and I was training Stebbio-

"He hauled down the corners of his mouth, rolled his eyes as if he had a fit and I led him in. But I knew in minute I was beat. That fellow of theirs stood in front of the judges, and he looked like a whole family of wild Australian children rolled into one. Il never moved a muscle, but looked with an idiotic leer at the ceiling, and waited for the verdict. The jury didn't leave and it was, and I walked off.

"'Now,' says I, 'Stebbins, you must do your best; we've got two more chances, and I want you to spread your-

"Stebbins prepared himself, and I must say, he was a melancholy sight. The right side of his moustache was stuck in his nose, and his mouth was screwed around until it touched the lappel of his left ear, and we walked in. But there stood their man, and I didn't care about seeing another such sight. Every hair on his head was standing straight forward like fencestakes, and his eyes were turned in towards his nose never knew how he did it, but I hope I may die if he hadn't swallowed his nose and there he stood. The opposition gave a shout, and I knew we was beat again. And so we was, and went back, feeling pretty blue.

mere beat, Stebbins,' says I, 'and I don't know what the blazes ails you, poor old woman churn it when it's strong but I never saw you look so well as you do to-day.' Tom Eggleston was out of patience. 'If the cussed fool would

> Trv 'cm, Younglove,' says I. 'Just leave your face the way Heaven made it. and let's go in.' "Stebbins was practicing before the

glass, but when he turned round and sobered down, I looked at him, and says I. 'that's enough! If they can beat that face I'm ready to pay.' "Stebbins said it was no use, but we

led him in, in his normal condition, and when they looked at him they screamed Even their man, who had got all his faces into one, and who stood there working his ears beside, and looking like a wagon full of scared monkeys, got a glimpse of Stebbins, and burst into a roar. The judges said I had won, and the other side gave it up and said the

Kicked by a Mule.

Jake Johnson had a mule. There was nothing remarkable in the mere fact of his being the possessor of such an animal, but there was something peculiar about his mule. He-the animalcould kick higher, hit harder on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any mule on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs' weakness lay n bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly :

"How are you, Jim? Fine morn-

"Hearty, squire," replied Jim. "Fine weather. Nice mule that you have. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country.'

"Great smash! Is that so?" ejacula-

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I'm taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without its burting him."

"Now, look here, squire," said Jim. I am not a betting character, "but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use; don't bet, I don't want to win your money." "Don't be alarmed, squire, I'll take

such bets as them every time." "Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake-say five dol-

"All right, squire, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There

"No," says Johnson: "I have to be y the mule's head to order him."

"Oh! yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wa'aal, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five, if shattered soul hanging to the clesple of

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now here is a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule. "Whist, Jervey," said he.

The mule raised his heels with sue? velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail

claimed: "Yaas, that is smart! I know your darned mule couldn't do it. You had that all put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them ere stakes for it

"Not so fast, Jim; Jervey did just what I said he could; that is, kick a fly off a man without its burting him. You see, the mule is not injured by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you

"The deuce take you," growled Jim. I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me ngain. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself, "Sold, by thunder; and kicked by a mule !"

Twelve by the Clash

About twenty years ago, when Frank in Pierce and the present Senator Clark stood at the head of the Hillsborough stand natural, says he, he'd beat an the docket a celebrated suit called the bar, in New Hamphire, there was upon 'horse case." The action was brought by Smith & Jones, the livery stable keepers, against one White, to recover the value of a pair of horses alleged to have been killed by the defendant while conveying an insane man to the asylum at Concord. There was plenty of proof that the horses died soon after their arrival there; but the defendant took the ground that they died of disease, and not by being overheated, and that a sufficient time had been allowed them to travel that distance with ease. Toou it became necessary to show the jury the time of starting and the time of arrival. Many citizens were brought forward, among them a tall, bony, slab-sided, lanky, sleepy-looking fellow, who officiated as hostler at the stable. The following is she substance of the concluding he'f got the delirious triangles. That portion of the examinasion:

"What time, sir, did I understand you

Just as I was going to dincer."

dinner that day-by the ele "Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir ?" "Yes, sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before-by the cleek?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what time did you go to discort

week previously-by the cleck ?"

"Just twelve"

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir." "Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dia-

ner three months before the lost date-

by the clock ?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute?" "Yes, sir."

"That is all, sir," replied the counsel with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, as much as to say, that man has settled his testimone

And so all thought till, just so be was leaving the stand, he turned to his questioner with a curious, comical expra on his face, and drawled out:

"That 'ere clock was out o' hilter, and has stopped at twelve for the last win

There was a general roar. Mr. Clark sat down, and the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

AMATEUR EDITORS.—An amateur who was editing a paper in the absence of a regular editor says : The last thing I have any distinct recollection of was getting off something on the mayor of is no one here but you and I. You try the town. He went by old Sykes, the editor, one evening without nodding and I had no sooner entered the of

than I heard : "Go for Muggs, give it to him hot; knock him all to pieces, and leave his

the court house.' "But he-" I began, when Syles came close up to me. breathing hand

and says he : Young man, go for Manga. I hate to part with you, but Smith offers to Ell

your occupation for a dollar less. So I sat down to do up Mugga. Syline was going away, and he left me to my judgment. I wrote an article that I positiveness, and is went mader a soil ple heading. I was just her paste not in the burgler perof safe. keep it from the rate, and I heard yelling on the streets, and the office door came in on me. I saw stars, comets, spots on the sun, new moons, and "came to" in the next town, when I sent the following dispatch to the old

"If you can pay your board hell, atay where you are. The press is ruine the long primer is in Hardy's horse pond. The mailing table, the bank and that new job rack went ever the dom lust evening. Things aim't as they was. We made a big his on Mugge. and he retaliated powerfully. I have hired out to a quiet old farmer here, and I think I shau't pursue the get off business any further." In about two months I got a reply. Here was all ales was said : 'Young man, always be positive in your assertions.

Julius, did yer belong to der last war ?

In course I did. Aud was yer wounded? You'd better balieve it-three times.

And does ye draw a pension, Julius? What d'yer ax dat feolish questions for? Certainly I draw a pension three plugs of tobacco a year. I wish commen niggers wouldn't interfere in matters so much above their craniums.

Twice in my hat and ones in my tobse-

A FOSS IN THE FAMILY .- Wall guess there's a little row ever to our

"What on airth's the matter?

"Why, dad's got drunk, soother's washin', the old cow's get a calf, Sal's got maried and run away with the spoons, Seth's swallowed a pin, and Louis looked at the Aurora Aerix till ain't all of it nuther. Rose spilt the batter box and broke the pan cakes, and to say it was when the horses were driv- one of the Maltese kittins has got her head into the molasses cup and I can's get it out, and oh, how hungry I am."