

J. B. LEONARD & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in TOBACCO, Imported and Domestic Segars, Of which we always have on hand a large and superior stock.

Wines and Liquors OF BEST QUALITIES. Always in store Pure North Carolina CORN WHISKEY, APPLE and PEACH BRANDIES.

J. B. LEONARD & CO. No. 4, 44-5m.

JNO. E. WEBB & CO.,

COTTON BUYERS,

Will always PAY THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICES FOR COTTON, and also make LIBERAL ADVANCES to parties wishing to ship to either New York, Boston or Charleston.

STORAGE! STORAGE!! STORAGE!!!

Parties wishing to STORE COTTON will do well to call on MESSRS. J. N. E. WEBB & CO., who will store on the most reasonable terms, also insure when desired.

F. N. PARKER, SUCCESSOR TO WEBB, JONES & PARKER. (Between Pool's Hall and the Post Office.) DEALER IN

HARNESS, SADDLES and LEATHER.

Having bought the ENTIRE STOCK of the Harness and Saddle Manufactory of Messrs. Webb, Jones & Parker, I am prepared to do all kinds of work in this line.

At Cash Prices and at Shortest Notice

THE FALL SESSION OF THE NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY

WILL COMMENCE ON THE 16TH SEPT.

A. P. PIFER, A. M., Principal, WITH COMPETENT ASSISTANTS.

The advantages afforded by this institution for a thorough and complete education, are second to no other in the State.

A. B. MORRISON, MERCHANT TAILOR, NEWBERRY, S. C.

Having permanently located in Newberry, I respectfully inform the citizens of the town and surrounding country, that I am prepared to execute all orders which may be entrusted to me in my line.

WM. C. BEE & CO., FACTORS

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Ager's Wharf, Charleston, S. C.

Liberal advances made upon consignments of Cotton and other produce to them in Charleston, or through them to their correspondents in Liverpool, New York and Baltimore.

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The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. X.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1874.

No. 48.

Poetry.

TO MY OLD SILK DRESS.

BY MATTIE A. SINGLETON.

I have a dear old dress which I really adore; About five thousand years ago—perhaps a little more— Mrs. Noah in her kindness did bequeath it unto me, And the vessel which did bring it, navigated every sea.

The rents upon its surface are quite numerous indeed, But the ancientst of darning, and the modern, both succeed In helping well its brave old threads from falling into rags; And grandly as our battle-fields do flaunt proud battle flags, This venerable garment with me weaves its way to church; And in the congregation, let the busy body search For some gossip about dresses—she is welcome, I declare, To be as spiritual as she pleases at the dear old dress I wear.

Old friends are higher valued—and old wine, as I have heard, And old coins of rarest mintage—so the learned have averred— Are most prized among the knowing, and the rule should be the same With old dresses, by the silly and the giddy worn with shame. But let others sport their muslins of the newest cut and print, And spend money by the million as if parcels into the air, I shall practice my economy, and more, my love of thee, Dear old dress, which Madam Noah, my ancestress left to me!

A MARRIAGE SERVICE.

MINISTER.

This woman will soon have And cherish her for life, Will love and comfort her, And seek no other wife?

He.

This woman I will take That stands beside me now, I'll find her board and clothes, And have no other "frow."

MINISTER.

And for your husband will You take this nice young man, Obey his slightest wish, And love him all you can?

She.

I'll love him all I can, Obey him all I can, And when I ask for funds He never must refuse.

MINISTER.

Then you are man and wife, And happy may you be; As many by your years As dollars in my fee!

Selected Story.

Eva, or the Mason's Daughter.

CHAPTER I. Faster and faster spread the flames, and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery shroud.

There were hasty prayers, and heart-rending cries of misery and distress. Death hovered, lurking like a thief, over his victims; some clung desperately to the vessel's side, some supporting themselves in the water by articles snatched hastily from the burning ship.

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck, with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms.

"I fear she will not recover very rapidly," said the Dr. "She has a delicate constitution and will require the best of care."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Turner. "I do not wonder she is nearly dead, but who can she be? Some terrible accident must have occurred at sea."

"You had better examine her clothing," said the Dr.; "perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress and turned it over and over. The square and compass placed by Mr. Durant flashed upon the eyes of all at once. The Dr. and Mrs. Turner looked at each other, but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not notice the tear that glistened in her husband's eyes.

"The doctor's fears that Eva would not recover rapidly, proved to be well founded; days and weeks of fever succeeded the awakening to life, during which she talked incoherently of 'papa' and 'poor dead mamma' and of the 'burning ship,' and of 'hunger.' She finally awoke to consciousness, and asked many questions as to how she came in that dark room, and who were those who attended her, but Dr. Hunt forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

"How interested were all in the little convalescent, whom the elements had cast into the little sea-board town! The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes, or such beautiful curls; while the gentlemen seemed not less interested, and brought her gifts of everything that might please her childish fancy."

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child. "I thought you knew it."

Miscellaneous.

WILD BILL.

(Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.)

A DAY'S RIDE WITH A NOTED WESTERN CHARACTER—THE SCOUT AS HE REALLY IS. After a month's sojourn in Colorado I stepped on board the eastern bound train and bade the city of Denver and the grand old Rocky Mountains a final adieu.

I had seen the wondrous Garden of the Gods; I had feasted my eyes upon the glorious sunsets equal to those of Italy; I had stood on mountain tops, with eternal snow around me, and the gray, misty clouds rolling at my feet, and yet I was returning home, a weary and disappointed man. I was returning home to meet the jeers of sarcastic friends, with no better record to show than a few insignificant squirrels and mountain grouse.

In the bitterness of my spirit I went into the baggage car to wreak my vengeance upon all luckless prairie dogs or jack-rabbits that came within range. I was so fortunate as to knock over two or three of the comical little "pups" and a rabbit, while the train was at full speed, much to the delight of the train-boy, as true a type of bright, saucy young America as I ever saw.

In the course of the day several passengers dropped in to see the sport. Among them was one who appeared to be "a spirit kindred with my own," for he stood by and watched the success (or failure) of each shot for full an hour with unabated interest.

"Who can it be?" Eva looked perplexed and thoughtful; suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eyes brightened and clapping her little hands, she sprang to her feet and exclaimed: "Oh, it must be papa! no one else would wish to see me; no one in the world," and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's interpretation, she had passed the threshold, and was fitting through the moonlight toward the lodge-room.

"Wait a moment," said the Tiler, who having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child, "wait a moment and I will send your request to Mr. Turner."

"I shall not wait; I do not want to see Mr. Turner; I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed Tiler to himself; but calling out the deacon he bade him say that Eva was there and determined to get into the lodge room.

The deacon went to the East, and delivered his message in a low tone, and a moment afterward moved "that the craft be called from labor to refreshment."

"Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the Tiler to let her come in."

And Eva did come in, or rather bounded into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the center of the room and stood beside the altar; half poised upon one tiny foot she scanned rapidly the faces of all. Her eager eyes soon detected the strangers, who were seated beside each other, and for a moment she seemed irresolute, then darting forward with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, crying, "Oh, papa! my dear papa! you have come home at last! You were not burned in the ship!"

We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of the found father, and also leave them to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the Brethren of Hiram Lodge were caused by sympathy with the happiness of their little charge, or grief that they should lose one whom they all loved.

In five hours and three quarters an Indianapolis fireman at seven-teen and three quarter watermelons, and lives to tell the tale.

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