

The News and Herald.

TRI-WEEKLY EDITION.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1877.

[VOL. 1. NO. 14.]

SPRING GOODS

—FOR—

1877.

To-day the campaign's fairly closed,
The lucky man is he
Who takes his seat on the 4th of March
Our President he'll be:
And now the next best thing
Just suited to our mind,
Is where to get the cheapest goods—
The best of goods to find.

My friends and I went out one day,
Some New Spring Goods to buy;
And we resolved, before we went,
The different stores to try.
We wandered Winnsboro all around
Until our feet were sore,
And found the very place, at last,
T'was SOL WOLFE'S New Cash Store.

Of Hats, Clothing and Boots and Shoes,
The latest to our view—
The very best styles of Dress Goods,
And Prints so cheap and new.
So then, my good friends, one and all,
Now is your time to try
What Bargains you can get of me—
Or, you need not buy of SOL.

BARGAINS!

Bargains! Bargains!

—GREAT—

REDUCTION IN
PRICES.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS OFFERED FOR THE CASH!

We offer our Stock of Winter Goods at greatly reduced prices for the

—CASH.—

We will receive in a few days a lot of

SPRING GOODS

which can be bought VERY LOW.
We would call the attention of planters to our Stock of

PLANTATION HARDWARE

consisting of Iron, Steel, Plows, Bellows, Nails, &c., which we offer

LOW DOWN.

McMaster & Brice.

N. B.—Special attention to Gents' furnishing goods.
Feb 17

New Goods!

To arrive at the Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Millinery

BAZAAR.

New Spring Prints and other Goods expected daily.

INSPECTION

of the Ladies and public generally solicited.

PRICES

and goods will compare favorably with any in the market.

AGENT

for Butterick's Paper Patterns, Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns in Store.

ALL WINTER GOODS

marked down in prices to clear them out as much as possible.

ALWAYS RECEIVING

fresh and choice Goods in the Grocery Department.

THE PUBLIC

are aware that my stock consists of General Merchandise. It therefore takes too much time and space to itemize. Suffice it to say; you can find all you want at

J. O. BOAG'S.

Fine Early Rose Potatoes and Fresh Garden Seeds at

J. O. BOAG'S.

Furniture, Lumber, Shingles, &c., for sale at the lowest price.

J. O. BOAG.

THE BALL STILL ROLLS ON

—AT THE—

GRAND CENTRAL

Dry Goods Establishment

—OF—

McCreery & Brother

COLUMBIA, S. C.

THE success attending the disposal of our MAGNIFICENT STOCK, which we put upon the market early this season at such low figures, convinces us that the public appreciate our efforts to supply them with the newest and most stylish goods. Buying as we do from the first hands and for CASH, enables us to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS.

We are now receiving a new and elegant stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES,

Hats and Caps,

which will be sold at the same low ruling popular prices. We expect to do a LIVE PUSHING BUSINESS, and bargains will be offered daily.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."
Samples sent on application and expressage paid on bills over \$10.

McCREERY & BROTHER,
Grand Central Dry Goods Establishment.

T. A. McCREERY. B. B. McCREERY.
B. A. RAWLS. WM. HOBKAN.

NEW STOCK

SPRING GOODS

RECEIVED

AT

DANNENBERG'S

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING;

BOOT

AND

SHOE

EMPORIUM.

CALL AND SEE THEM.

Jan 25

Winnsboro Hotel.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends and the public that he has removed to that large and commodious Brick Hotel, located in the centre of business, where he is prepared to accommodate the public with clean and well furnished rooms, and a table supplied with the best that the market affords.

He intends to deserve and hopes to receive the public patronage.

M. L. BROWN,

Winnsboro, S. C., 1877.

OUR HOUSE

—BY—

JOHN D. McCARLEY,

Located next to Doty & Co.'s store,

HAS recently been refitted, and furnished with a full supply of choice Liquors, Wines, Cigars etc., etc.

A RESTAURANT has been opened in the rear of the building, where may be had at all times, everything usually kept at a first-class establishment—such as Oysters, Fish, Partridges, best delicacies, etc.—indeed everything that the most fastidious can desire.

GIVE ME A CALL.

Oct 5

Publishers and Printers

Can buy direct of the Manufacturer on favorable terms.

"THE ANSON HARDY CUTTING MACHINES are the best, and cheapest low priced machine made, and have a national reputation for utility and durability."—The *Electrotype, Chicago.*

THE ANSON HARDY PAPER CUTTER is by far the best machine which can be obtained for a less price than one hundred dollars. It is of great strength. These machines have always taken the highest stand. It is the only machine to which is applied the Patent Movable Cutting Board. This device has a reputation of itself; by it, the cutting board can be instantly and accurately moved, so that a perfect cut is insured. This is a very important point in the machine, and one that is possessed by no other. It greatly reduces the labor of preparation in working the paper backward and forward. We cannot too strongly recommend the advantages of this patent movable board. It is worth the price of this machine, and purchasers should fully understand how highly it is to be valued."—Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s *Newspaper Reporter and Printer's Gazette.*

THE LATEST IMPROVED HARDY CARD CUTTER is pronounced the most desirable Card Cutter in the market, for the general uses of a printing office.

The well known ROGUES CARD CUTTER, with my latest improvements, is still preferred by many printers, and holds its own in the market. But those having my full address lettered in the casting.

Newspapers in want of advertising from first parties should send for my circular.

F. A. HARBY,
Auburndale, Mass.

I will buy of those that buy of me.
Dec 14

JUST RECEIVED,

A full stock of Plain and Fancy Groceries, which will be sold at low prices for the Cash.

ALSO,

A fine stock of liquors, such as

WHISKEY,

BRANDY,

WINES in great variety,

ALE,

BEER,

etc., etc

The patronage of the public is solicited.

B. ROSENHEIM.

Feb 10-11

Ettenger & Edmond,

RICHMOND, VA.,

MANUFACTURERS of Portable and Stationary Engines and Boilers of all kinds, Circular Saw Mills, Grist Mills, Mill Gearing, Shafting, Pulleys &c.

AMERICAN TURBINE WATER WHEEL.

Camerson's Special Steam Pumps

Send for Catalogus.

Oct 10

GOOD ADVERTISING

\$3,250.40 worth of space in various newspapers distributed through thirty States will be sold for \$700 cash. Accurate insertions guaranteed. A list of the papers, giving daily and weekly circulation and printed schedule of rates, sent free on application to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Agents, No. 4 Park Row, New York.

[FOR THE NEWS AND HERALD.]

MY AUNT MARY.

Aunt Mary! Ah! how my heart thrills at the sound of those words. She was so good—all who knew her loved her. It has now been more than two years since we laid her in her silent tomb.

I often wondered, when I was a child, why Aunt Mary would go to a particular spot in the yard, and at a certain hour every evening. I noticed, too, that her brown eyes were always filled with tears as she left that place. I once heard my mother say to her, in a low tone, "Sister Mary, why will you go there, when you know it saddens you so much?"

"It helps me to bear my heavy burden," was the reply.

I asked Aunt Mary once why she had never married.

"My darling," she said, "wait until you are old enough, and then I will tell you the secret of my life."

Years passed by, my Aunt Mary growing dearer and dearer to us all every day. But I noticed that she began to fade very rapidly. She had that fell disease—consumption—which keeps one lingering so long in a dying condition. It filled me with sadness whenever I looked upon that sweet, peaceful countenance, that emaciated form. One day when she was able to sit up for some little time, she called me to her. I went, sat upon a stool near her, and laid my head on her lap.

"Lily," she said, "you remember I told you several years ago that when you were old enough, I would tell you the secret of my life. You are now sixteen, and I will keep my promise."

"There were only three of us—your mother, Brother Will and I. We all lived very happily together, we were so fond of one another. You know your mother is much older than I, and she married when I was quite young. After she left and Brother Will went off to school, I was very lonely indeed, but I had a governess, and managed to while away the time.

After a time, when Brother came home he brought a young man with him. He was so handsome and intelligent—from the first moment we met I loved him. Oh! that summer vacation—how happy it was to me! But in our most joyful moments something mars our happiness. In looking forward to our separation, I heartily wished that days were weeks. It seemed that all my joy would vanish when he should leave. At last the time for parting came. They returned to college, and I was left alone. But then he was coming back with the flowers, he said, and I had that to look forward to.

"I longed for the winter months to fly. The next spring Edward came back. Before he left he told me that old, old story. Oh! my heart throbs now as I recall those words—'Mary, my own, I love you.' So we were engaged. He thought it best to seek his fortune before he took his bride, and determined to go to some city and get into business.

"I would have married him then, but he said, 'I am too poor for us to begin life's battle together yet.' We corresponded after he left. Oh! those precious letters—how anxiously I looked and longed for them. I received one regularly every week. Time passed on. I was happy—for did I not hear from him often, and did he not many times in his letters tell me of his great love?

"One night I was at a party, and as I was promenading the room with Mr. —, I saw two young men talking very earnestly together. Presently I heard one of them say, 'It cannot be true, for he is engaged to Miss Mary Seaton.'

"Yes, but it is true," the other replied. Edward Gray was married last month to Miss Annot Lyle.

"It was my Edward they were speaking of, I knew. Oh! how my heart ached. A strange feeling passed over me. I became insensible. When I became conscious, I was lying in my own room, anxious faces bending over me. I was ill for two weeks, and during that time not a word was received from Edward.

"As soon as I recovered, I determined to return my engagement ring and all his letters. I waited a few days, hoping that the report about him would be contradicted. At last I sent them.

"About a week afterwards, as I was standing by that old oak where I so often go, I saw Edward approach

ing. At the first sight of that long-loved form, I started to spring forward, but then recollecting myself, I averted my eyes and waited what should follow.

"'Mary, my darling,' he said, 'what is the matter? Why did you return that ring, which bound us so close together?'

"'Mr. Gray,' I said, 'ask me not such a question. Do not insult me. I had not expected this visit from you. Farewell! I hope we shall never meet again, and if we do, we shall appear perfect strangers.'

"For one moment longer my eyes rested upon that face. How pale and sad it looked—and yet what had he done? If he was not guilty of what they charged, why did he allow three weeks to pass without penning me a line? Then, ashamed of my weakness, I sprang from my seat, and ran into the house before he had time to recover himself. As I entered the door I heard him cry, 'My Mary! Would to God I could make you listen to me!'

"I retired early that night, but in vain did I close these eyelids and try to rest. That cry haunted me. I could see his pleading eyes—those dear eyes that had made life so precious to me.

"The next morning, as we were seated at breakfast, an old servant entered very hurriedly.

"O Lord, Mass Will! Poor Mass Edward Gray was found dead a few hours ago. As he was crossing the bridge, it broke, and he fell into the river. He was drowned before any help reached him."

"Twas too true. As the bridge was very near our house, my father had him conveyed there. Words cannot express the agony I endured.

"That very day my brother heard that the report about Edward was untrue. Oh! Lily, always learn the truth before you believe anything about those you love. I hope ere long to meet my Edward in Heaven. Then I shall be his angel bride."

Her wish was indeed realized, for not many weeks passed ere she left us for that world unknown, and for her Edward.

MIGNONETTE.

Mark Twain has turned inventor—not of fun, for that comes natural to him, but of a patent scrap book which he says will reform the work and cure the people who have a penchant for saving clippings from newspapers or committing profanity when unable to find the mucilage pot. What he thinks of the invention may be seen from the following humorous essay, written to the publisher of the book:

HARTFORD, Monday evening.

MY DEAR SLOTE:—I have invented and patented a scrap book, but not to make money out of it, but to economize the profanity of this country. You know that when the average man wants to put something in his scrap book, he can't find his paste—then he swears. If he finds it, it is dried so hard that it is only fit to eat. Then he swears. If he uses mucilage it mingles with the ink, and next year he can't read his scrap. The result is barrels and barrels of profanity. This can all be saved and be devoted to other irritating things, where it will do more real and lasting good, simply by substituting my self-pasting scrap-book for the old-fashioned one.

If Messrs. Slote, Woodman & Co. wish to publish this scrap-book of mine, I shall be willing. You see by the above paragraph that it is a sound, moral work, and this will commend it to editors and clergy men, and, in fact, to all right feeling people. If you want testimonials I can get them, and of the best sort and from the best people. One of the most refined and cultivated young ladies of Hartford (daughter of a clergyman) told me herself, with grateful tears standing in her eyes, that since she began to use my scrap-book, she has not sworn a single oath.

Truly yours,

MARK TWAIN.

"If it wasn't for hope the heart would break," as the old lady said when she buried her seventh husband.

A clergyman who was promised more than he can collect, has asked for a reduction of his salary. It is estimated that the number of ladies who cannot pass a mirror without glancing into it averages twelve to every dozen.

Whiskey is like an infernal furnace and an infernal furnace.