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ADVERTISING RATES. Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square...

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Poetry.

LITTLE-BREECHEES. A Pike County of Special Providence. I don't go much on religion. I never ain't had no show...

Selected Story.

BEN BOLT AND SWEET ALICE.

BY AMANDA MINNIE DOUGLASS.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt, Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown— Who blushed with delight when you gave her a smile...

riders down hill, and the snow balling to would make the play ground ring again. The last lessons were said, books put aside, and in place of the silence reigned gay glad voices.

exchanged keepsakes, and promised to remember the merry, brave-hearted boy, whose home would be the wide, blue ocean. Alice May seldom joined them...

love and hope, not the less sweet for being the language of every human heart, and the tiny hands of sweet Alice were folded in his as she said very low and sweetly: "If I live, Ben, when five years more have passed and you return a second time..."

to think of her as garlanded as the golden fruitage of Eden land. This was the memory that his friend sang of, as they sat in the summer twilight years afterward, and talked of the faces that had glimmered and faded in their early pathway...

reached the American coast, from the fact that various instances of sea-faring men having been carried by the currents and deposited on islands in the Pacific Ocean, existed. We are also led to believe that the Old World contributed the inhabitants of the western hemispheres...

ON SLANG. Rev. Dr. Hall was sitting in his studio one pleasant August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares, when his train of thought was rudely interrupted by the following conversation: "Oh, Nellie, where are you—just the stunningest fellow!"

MR. JONES'S LOVE-LETTER.—BILLY NONPLUSED. A young man, whom we will call Billy Jones, could be seen at the post-office, a few days ago, boasting to a crowd of friends of the soul-inspiring letter which he would soon receive from his Dulcinea. The mail-bag distributed Mr. Jones hurriedly re-packed his box, and there, before him, to his heart's delight, was the longed-for, white-winged messenger, bearing the well-known initials of his punctual correspondent. Desiring to show the production of her prolific imagination to a couple of his intimate friends, he sat down on the stair-way in the post-office and broke the letter open. His bewildered countenance plainly showed that something was not exactly right, and folding it up, he gave it to one of his companions to hand it to the following copy:

My DARLING BROTHER: I have just written Billy the spooniest letter ever penned by a silly girl to a moonstruck youth. I dislike to continue corresponding with him while you strenuously oppose it, but his nonsensical answers to my foolish letters afford me so much amusement that I cannot give it up at present. I write him pages of the most familiar quotations from Shakespeare, and he thinks it all original with me...