

At Newberry C. H., BY THOS. F. GRENEKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Miscellaneous.

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THE CHRISTIAN INDEX, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

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Poetry. A NEW YEAR'S WISH. He was never more correct. But in a moment the gun was charged and fired.

A SMALL GIRL'S WISHES. I want a piece of calico, To make my doll a dress; I don't want a big piece, A yard'll do, I guess.

Selected Story. DOBBS MAKES A VOW. Dobbs finally abandoned his matrimonial intentions and resolved to live the secluded life of a bachelor.

Miscellaneous. AN ALABAMA HOME HOUSE. After a quick ride of three or four miles through the prairie, says a correspondent of the New York Times, we reached a small collection of log cabins which surrounded an imposing but dilapidated fence structure enclosed with a fence which had fallen down in many places.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH. In the chapter devoted to letter writing in Hill's Manual, is given the following pertinent suggestions on health in a letter under the head of "Letter of Advice."

THE YOUNG MAN AND THE FARM. The following extract from a recent address by Prof. Wickson, of Utica, is noteworthy: "With the advance of farming as a science will come a better opinion of the farmer's position among men."

A TALE OF WOE. "He's scooted with another woman!" exclaimed a corpulent female, affected by asthma, as she pulled herself through the door of the Central station yesterday forenoon.

WORK A BLESSING. Many young men have fathers that are well off and they have no ambition, and no particular prospect. They scorn a trade. A man that is too well-born for a trade is very well born for a gallo!

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LONG BRANCH BEAUTY. A Long Branch beauty was recently weighed in her promenade costume, and turned the scales at 165 pounds. In her bathing dress she weighed 105 pounds.

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JOBS PRINTING Done with Neatness and Dispatch. Terms Cash.

NEW MOTOR. LIQUID CARBONIC ACID A SUBSTITUTE FOR STEAM. The interesting announcement of a substitute for steam as a motive power has been recently made in Germany, from a source entitled to a hearing.

"You refer to your husband, I suppose," said the sergeant, cautiously. "What other woman's husband would I be referring to?" she demanded.

"No, he shouldn't," she replied. "Why, what was he when I married him? Didn't I take him when he was a good-for-nothing, insignificant whiff of sixteen and bring him to what he is? And now this is my return!"

"I can hardly believe it, though, when I look over the letter he wrote me and see how he called me his shining angel and his Monday star, I can hardly realize that he has left me and taken up with a frocked-nosed girl!"

"You don't know my feelings," she replied; "don't begin to realize how this heart of mine's wracked and upset, I wish you'd catch him, sir, I wish you'd bring him back here and stand him over there and leave me over here and kick the doors for about two minutes."

"Be calm, madam," replied the sergeant. "Calm! How can I be calm? When I think of John Henry, and Sarah, and dear gazelle and shining angel, and Monday star, can I bid my heart be calm?"

"Tell your wife—Yes, the only way is to tell your wife just how you stand. Show her your balance sheet. Let her look over the items. You think it will hurt her feelings. No, it won't do any such thing—She has been taught to believe that money was with you, just as little boys think it is with their fathers, terribly hard to be reached, yet inexhaustible. She has had her suspicion already. She's guessed you were not so prosperous as you talked."

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