

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 8, 1875.

No. 49.

Poetry.

SOME DAY.

"Some day," we say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of paradise. Some day, some time a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast. Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memory. Some day their hands shall clasp our hands Just over in the morning lands. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph over sin and wrong. Some day, some time, but oh! not yet, But we shall wait and not forget. That some day all these things shall be, And rest be given to you and me. So wait, my friend, though years move slow, The happy time will come we know.

Selected Story.

HARD PRESSED.

A WOLF STORY.

"Stop, gospodin, stop! In the name of the blessed Panagia, rein up, and hear me! You will be glad to have hearkened, English lord!" The crisp shining snow crackled beneath the hurrying feet of the speaker as, panting and breathless, he came bursting through the brushwood, and emerged from the pine copse into the road, not a pistol-shot from the two pillars of red granite brought from the Ural that decorated the extremity of the avenue leading to the country house hard by. With some difficulty the driver of the sledge—a tall manly young fellow, whose fair hair and ruddy cheeks contrasted forcibly with the swarthy sallowness and black elflocks of the Russian moujik who had thus suddenly accosted him—brought the fiery horses to a check. "Why, Isaac, my good friend," he said, smiling, "what news have you for me that brooks no delay in the telling?" "Excellency," said the man, with a vehement earnestness which made itself felt, "I am here to-day to pay a debt. We Russians have a memory tenacious of kindness, and the poor vagabond, Isaac Pavlovitch, has not forgotten that but for your intercession he would have tasted, before this, of the black bread and the knotted thong in Bitomir goal. I've run, to-day, nineteen versts through the snow, to warn you that the foreigner and the gentleman who travels the Vasilkof road this night carries his life in his hand. I knew you to be on a visit at the baron's, yonder. Here's no danger, but woe to every castle from the Dnieper ferry to Boguslaw and Skadra, for they will be, one and all, in a light flame before moon-rise!" "There is a rising, then, among the serfs?" asked the young Englishman, eagerly. "There is," answered the man called Isaac, with a nod. "The people of twenty villages have sworn the great oath on the Gospels to root out all these Sobieskis and Jagellons, and the rest of the unbaptized Polish counts and princes that wring the withers of the poor."

most of whom were Polish nobles who had won their estates when Poland was a wide spreading kingdom. He knew, too, that Count Galitzin was personally obnoxious to his late vassals for a hundred arbitrary acts and petty exactions, and he trembled lest he should not reach the lonely manor-house in time to give warning to its inmates of the approaching peril. "And Annette is there!" said the young man to himself, half unconsciously, as he encouraged the mettled horses to do their best. Yes, that was the secret of Edgar Marston's eagerness to give timely notice of the coming storm to those beneath the roof of the Galitzin castle. He had fallen deeply in love with the count's young and pretty daughter—the Countess Annette, as she was called in compliance with that courtly Russian rule which bestows titles on all the members of an aristocratic family—and he knew that his love was reciprocated. He had, indeed, been formerly on terms of intimacy with Count Galitzin's household, although, on proposing himself as a suitor for Annette's hand, he had been met by a decided refusal. The short winter's day was nearly spent, and when Edgar reached the outskirts of the village of Czernogorod, the sun had sunk beneath the black screen of sullen pine-trees that marked the boundary of the forest; while through those trees glared an ominous ruddy light, and shouts, shots, and a roar as of an excited crowd came confusedly to the ear. "Heaven help them! the castle must be already on fire!" exclaimed the young man, as he saw a tall column of smoke, streaked by fiery showers of sparks and burning flakes, rise high in the air. "What, by this, may be the fate of those within!" His apprehensions were, however, destined to be promptly relieved, since, as he drove past the low boundary fence of the count's gardens, heard his name called, and saw Annette Galitzin herself come running toward him from amidst the darkling clumps of shrubs. Her dark hair was hanging loosely over her shoulders, and her little feet, in their dainty Paris shoes, sank at every step in the deep snow, making it evident that in her alarm she had darted forth from the burning manor-house, having merely the time to snatch up the short hooded cloak, lined and trimmed with costly fur, which she wore. "Mr. Marston—Edgar!" she exclaimed, with a terrific earnestness, "oh, pray, save me! Take me with you before they seek me out to kill me. I feel half dead, already, at the very sound of their savage shouts and trampling feet. Papa, thank Heaven, is safe at Vasilkof, where he and my dear mother went but yesterday, leaving me here alone with the German governess; and when the peasants broke in, Mademoiselle Herzen thought of nothing but her own safety, and fled into the woods, and—"

accompanied by the quick pattering of feet among the withered leaves and snow, and then a long-drawn whining howl, that seemed to issue from fifty throats, while dark objects began to glance, phantom-like, between the trees. "Wolves! wolves!" cried Annette, with a shriek of terror, but already the affrighted horses had set off at a mad gallop, swerving from side to side of the road in a manner that threatened to upset the sledge. Again there burst forth that horrid cry; and Marston exerted his skill and strength in maintaining a mastery over the snorting horses, Annette, looking fearfully back, announced the unwelcome tidings that they were pursued. "You must be cool, dearest one, now, for both our sakes—for mine," said the young Englishman, as he cast a glance at the dark specks dotting the snow. "You can drive well, I know. Only keep the horses to the road and all will yet be well." As the young countess took the reins, Edgar stooped for his trusty rifle, and leveled it with deliberate aim at the foremost wolf, now bounding far before the rest. The huge brute rolled over on the crimsoned snow, with a cry of rage and pain that was answered by the yell of the hurrying pack; and then succeeded a hideous medley of confused sounds, followed by a period of silence. "Have they given up the pursuit?" asked Annette, with white lips, as Marston reloaded his piece. "No, no!" answered the young man, shaking his head. "The creatures have but paused, as is their custom, to devour their wounded comrade. It is but an instant's breathing time which!" He fired both barrels as he spoke into the thick of the advancing pack. Four more shots from Edgar's rifle brought down as many wolves, but they were now too near, and two eager in their ravening fury, to be beaten off. The winding of the road, too, enabled some of the leaders of the pack to gain upon the fast-flying sledge, and, with a rare audacity, to endeavor to overleap its sides, while Edgar, flinging down the gun slashed at the broad paws and hairy throats with the keen blade of his heavy hunting-knife, and succeeded though with difficulty, in disabling the two foremost of the assailants. The third, slightly hurt, slunk howling away; but a few yards in the rear, the clamor of the remainder of the fierce drove told how ruthlessly the chase was maintained. He rose to his feet and looked to right and left. Close to the roadside on the left grew a mighty beech tree. Could he set his back to that tree, kill or cripple the first of the furious wolves, and swing himself up among the lower branches, out of reach of the others, he might yet have a chance of life, while the sledge would gain so much vantage ground that it would not be easily overtaken. Yes, the desperate venture must be risked. Hastily the young man kissed Annette's cold cheek, and bidding her be of good cheer, since he had devised a stratagem that would outwit the wolves, he struck the straining horses sharply with the whip, and, with his hunting-knife between his teeth, took a clear leap over the low brushwood, and fell on his hands and knees at the foot of the beech tree. Goaded by terror, the horses flew along the narrow road, which fortunately at this part of its course became straighter than it had hitherto been, and the light sledge was hurried along as if it had been a feather-weight, over the frozen snow. A whirl of confused thoughts passed through the girl's brain as with relentless speed the sledge darted on, further and further from the spot where Edgar Marston had sprung out to confront what appeared to be inevitable death. "For me! for me!" Annette murmured, as, after a last despairing effort to rein in the unmanageable steeds, she cast a

glance back at the white road, now gleaming, as the sledge emerged from the woodland into the open country, in the first rays of the newly risen moon. The scared horses needed no urging to strain every sinew in the race as, snorting and gasping for breath, they dashed into the wide straggling main street of Vasilkof. In the spacious market-place or public square of the town a crowd had collected, in the midst of which the light of a number of torches fell on glistening bayonets of steel and the bright brass mountings of military accoutrements. A column of flat-capped, grey-coated infantry of the Russian line was preparing to march, while a cavalry escort encompassed two or three carriages mounted on sledge-runners, and to each of which three or more horses had been harnessed. "Halt, there! halt, I say!" called out a sentry, roughly, as the sledge that bore Annette swept like a whirlwind across the market-place, scattering to right and left in dismay all who barred its frantic course. Among those who had been present when the sledge crossed the square had been the old Count and Countess Galitzin. They had recognized their daughter's pallid face as she was hurried past, and within a few moments the half-fainting girl was in the arms of her parents, and surrounded by friends and well-wishers, who seemed disposed to welcome her as one risen from the dead. "We were about to set out for Czernogorod," the count explained, when Annette appeared to be sensible to her mother's caresses and endearing words, "with the escort with which the kindness of his excellency the governor had provided us, hoping—but hardly daring to hope, my lamb—that you would have been spared in the first outbreak of the fury of those serfs of which the news reached us but an hour ago. Troops are about to march for the scene of the revolt, but, since you are safe—though through what marvelous piece of good fortune I cannot conjecture!" "It was through no such fortune," interrupted Annette, pit eously; "it was his life—his gallant, noble life, dearer to me than my own, that he gave to save me—wretched me! Yes, I am safe, but at what a price!" And here a darkness came before her eyes, and her voice failed as she sank fainting into the arms of her mother; but soon, as if nerved by the recollection of her lover's danger, she roused herself to tell, in broken accents, what had occurred, to indicate the place where she left him, and to implore that rescue might be sent thither without delay. In spite of dismal forebodings, it was determined that not an instant should be lost in carrying help to Edgar Marston, if human help could indeed avail; and about thirty gentlemen, some in sledges and others on horseback, set off at a rapid pace, escorted by twice as many of the mounted Cossacks, the governor having decided to delay the marching of the column until such tidings should arrive as to Edgar's fate. The distance was rapidly traversed, and as the exploring party entered the forest, a wild, mournful sound came floating on the night wind. "They are there yet, the pack of them," cried old Baron Jagellon, spurring his horse and handling his gun. "Push on and let us pepper some of their gray hides at any rate." But wolves are cunning as well as fierce, and when the rescuers came in sight of the great beech tree around the foot of which the pack had gathered, howling and whining over some object at first indistinctly visible, their querulous cry changed into a note of alarm, and they huddled themselves together among the chestnuts and birches, with their bushy tails drooping, and their bright eyes shining through the darkness like points of flame. An irregular

discharge of musketry succeeded, while the Cossacks lowered their lances, and dashed forward with their shrill "hurrah!" as though charging against human foes. Neither lance nor bullet did execution among the wolves, who, fairly cowed, slunk off into the recesses of the woods, while the headmost horseman checked his wiry steed but just in time to prevent horse and rider from falling headlong into a deep but narrow pit dug at the foot of the huge beech tree. "What wizards work have we here!" exclaimed the soldier as he wheeled his horse. "My name isn't Dimitri if I did not hear a groan from out yonder open grave!" "Grave, forsooth!" returned Baron Jagellon, hastily dismounting; "it is a bear trap, such as peasants set in likely spots, near where the honey of some swarm of the wild bees that dwell in hollow trees issue to tempt brain to the pitfall. And, as I live," he added, after listening for a moment, "there is some one down there, and alive—young Marston, for a thousand gold eagles!" And when by means of a rope hastily constructed by linking together stirrup leathers and buff-belts, a Cossack was lowered into the pit the truth of this conjecture was confirmed, for Edgar Marston, pale, livid and exhausted, but to all appearance unhurt save for a bruise upon his right temple, was drawn forth from it. The bystanders crowded round him, but he was faint and weak. "Edgar's story, when he was able to tell it, was a simple one, and had already been anticipated by the mature sylvan experience of the baron. When he sprang from the sledge it had been with the full conviction that he was about to save Annette's life at the sacrifice of his own. He had, however, made a desperate effort to reach the great beech tree, in the poor hope that, by setting his back against it and making vigorous use of his hunting-knife, he might gain time to grasp one of the lower boughs and draw himself up beyond the reach of the wolves. But to his consternation the treacherous surface on which he alighted, and which was composed of rotten branches coated with moss and dried leaves, gave way beneath his feet, and he was precipitated into the narrow pit below, receiving as he fell a blow on the head from a projecting stake, which stunned him for a moment, and when he recovered his senses it was to hear the furious yelping and howling of the disappointed wolves that raged around the brink of his prison, and to see by the uncertain light their lolling tongues and gnashing teeth, as they bent over the edge and vainly tried to seize the prey beneath them. The tale is told. The prejudices which had induced the Count and Countess Galitzin to object to Edgar as a suitor for their daughter's hand, melted like snow in the sun when their hearts were touched by the generous self-sacrifice of the gallant young man, whose praises were on every lip. WOMEN AND DEVILS.—Old Winston was a colored preacher in Virginia, and his ideas of theology and human nature were often very original. A gentleman thus accosted the old gentleman one Sunday: "Winston, I understand you believe every woman has seven devils. How can you prove it?" "Well, sah, did you never read in de Bible how seven devbles were cast out'er Mary Magalin?" "Oh, yes! I've read that." "Did you ebber hear of 'em bein' cast out of any oder woman, sah?" "No, I never did." "Well, den, all de odders got 'em yet."

Miscellaneous. MATHEMATICS FOR THE MILLION.

WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH FIGURES.—PROVE IT BY COUNTING.

Card players who are continually bewailing their ill luck of always receiving the same poor cards will, perhaps, be assured by knowing that the fifty-two cards, with thirteen to each of the players, can be distributed in 53,644,737,756,488,702,839,287,440,000 different ways, so that there would still be a good stock of combinations to draw from even if a man from Adam's time had devoted himself to no other occupation than that of playing at cards. When King Stanislaus of Poland, then a young man, came back from a journey, the whole Lescinscian house gathered together at Lissa to receive him. The master of the school, Jablowsky, prepared a school festival in commemoration of the joyful event, and had it end with a ballet performed by thirteen students, dressed as young cavaliers. Each had a shield, upon which one of the letters of the words "Domus Lescinscia" ("The Lescinscian House") was written in gold, after the first dance they stood in such a manner that their shields read "Domus Lescinscia;" after the second dance they changed order, making it read; "Ades incolumus," ("Unharm'd art thou here!" after the third: "Mane sidus loci" ("Continue to be a star for the country;" after the fourth: "Lis colum na dei" ("Be a pillar of God;" and finally: "I scandere solium" ("Go, and ascend thy throne.") Indeed these two words allow of 1,556,755,200 transpositions, yet that four of them convey independent meaning is certainly very curious. If one cent was set out at compound interest in the year 1, at 4 per cent, the 1st of January, 1866, it would amount to one quintillion 201,458 quadrillions, 332,000 trillions of dollars. If we were to take this sum as a capital and would use its yearly interest (4 per cent) then the income tax we would have to pay at the rate of one per cent would be 480 quadrillions, 583,320 trillions of dollars. If we paid the tax collector this sum in silver he would need 3,003,645,000,000,000,000 wagons for its transportation. Provided the whole earth's surface, both land and water, were peopled as closely as possible, we should have but 12,000,000 part of the drivers required, and the line of wagons would have the length of 8 trillions, 442,000 billions of miles. The speed of light, as mentioned, is 192,000 miles per years second, and it would take 743,600 to reach the collector, beginning at the furthest wagon, if he, to have better control over his wagons on both sides, stationed himself in the center of the line. Again a robbery could be committed on the hindermost wagon which would not be discovered till the 24,780 generation of tax collectors. If, on the contrary, instead of using the interest of the capital—the bulk of which, by the by, in gold, would be equal to 44 globes—this capital were distributed among the people of the earth, each one of its 1,000,000,000, of inhabitants would receive about 1,200 trillions of dollars to live on, and could every second use 2,000,000 for 38,096,000 years without reaching the bottom of his purse.—From the Danish.

COURTSHIP IN TEXAS.

He sat one side the room in a big white oak rocking chair. She on the other side, in a little white-oak rocking chair. A long-eared deer hound, snapping at flies, was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly, that is, the young people, not the dog and the basket. He sighs heavily and looks out the west window at a crape myrtle tree, she sighs lightly and looks out the east window—at the turnip patch. At last he remarks: "This is mighty good weather to pick cotton?" "Tis that, if we only had any to pick." The rocking continues. "What's your dog's name?" "Cooney." "Another sigh broken stillness. "What is he good for?" "What is who good for?" said he abstractedly. "Your dog, Cooney." "Fur ketchin' possums." Silence of half an hour. "He looks like a deer dog." "Who looks like a deer dog?" "Cooney." "He is; but he's kinder belov'd an' gettin' old and slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail." In the quiet ten minutes that ensued, she took two stitches in her quilt. It was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was, made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about nomenclature of the quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real putty name." "Your ma raisin' many chickens?" "Forty odd." "Then more rocking, and, somehow, after awhile, the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side. "How many has your ma a got?" "How many what?" "Chickens." "Nigh on to a hundred." By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible. "The minks has eat all our's." Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes: "Makin' quilts?" "Yes," she replies, brightening up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazel,' a 'Sittin' Sun,' and a 'Nasion's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary'?" "No." "More silence; then he says: "Do you love cabbage?" "I do that." Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighs, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says: "I've a great a-mind to bite you." "What you great a-mind to bite me fur?" "Kase you won't have me." "Kase you ain't axed me." "Well, now, I ax you." "Then, now, I has you." Then Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing. The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday, the following week. No cards. [St. Louis Republican.] THE REASON, PERHAPS.—A lad about eight years old, whose parents live on Cass avenue, Detroit, was standing at the gate crying and howling in a voice loud enough to be heard around the block. "Oh, don't take on so," said a man who was passing. The boy paid no heed to him, and the man continued: "I didn't bawl that way when I was a boy." "Well, you didn't expect your mother to give you a piece of pie as soon as she opened the door—o-o-h!" sobbed the boy. Now put padlocks on your coal-bin doors and graft small powder magazines into your woodpiles. [St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—The other day, while a Vicksburg-er was riding toward Jackson in his buggy, he saw a long-haired young man sitting on a road-side fence. There was such an air of utter desolation about the countryman that the Vicksburger drew rein and inquired: "For God's sake, what ails you, young man?" "Nothing, for God's sake!" was the meek reply. "But is any one dead?" "Hain't heard of anybody but old Mathews, and he went off two months ago." "Are you sick?" "I feel kinder bad." "Well you look bad. In fact, you are the worst looking young man I've seen since the close of the war." "I was all right till a month ago," said the young man, looking still more solemn. "What happened then?" "Woman went back on me!" "Did, eh? Were you engaged?" "I'd hung around there for a year or so, and we'd hugged and loved and hooked fingers. If that isn't being engaged then I don't know." "And she backed out?" "Yes." "Well, I've been through the mill myself. I had a woman go back on me in that way three months ago, and didn't lose a bit of sleep over it." "You didn't?" "No, sir." "But, then," sighed the young man, as he hitched along on the rail, "the woman you loved didn't own sixteen mules, and have a clean hundred bales of cotton to sell!"—Vicksburg Herald. They were husband and wife, and as they stood before the Soldiers' monument she asked: "What's that figger on top?" "That's a goddess," he answered. "And what's a goddess?" "A woman who holds her tongue," he replied. She looked side-ways at him and began planning to make a peach pie with the pits in it for the benefit of his sore tooth. "Pay me that six and eight-pence you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a village attorney. "For what?" "For the opinion you had of me." "Faith, I never had any opinion of you in all my life!" "Wipe, oh, wipe my face, and I'm everybody; scratch, oh, scratch my back (a little higher, a little lower, rather more to the left, not quite so much, thank ye,) and I'm nobody." A mirror. Children should be taught the frequent use of good, strong, expressive words—words that mean exactly what they should express in their proper places. Mention is made in a far-Western newspaper of an Indian maiden who wears army pantaloons, uses tobacco, and goes by the name of "Falling Water." It was observed of a deceased lawyer that he left but few effects; to which a lady remarked that "he had but few causes." When a musical programme contains a number of very heavy pieces, is it any wonder that it's hard work to carry it out? Such Delaware peaches as are too wormy and rotten for shipment are made up in the nicest kind of peach brandy for invalids. Old bells can be made as good as new. Old belles can't. A bad place for the sons of Ham—Friar's Point. Now drag the flannels from their summer lair. Noses are fashionable, and have always been followed. Always ready for a tare—the sugar dealers.

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