At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

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### Porticu.

#### THE RUSTLE OF THE DRESS.

Lowell wrote these lines years ago, but he wrote it for these times as well as for those Hark! that rustle of a dress Stiff with lavish costliness; Here comes one whose cheek would flush But to have her garment brush 'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin Wove the weary 'broidery in, And in midnight chill and mark Stitched her life into her work; Bending backward from her toil Lest her tears the silk might soil Shaping from her bitter thought Heart's-ease and forget-me-not; Satirizing her despair

#### Selected Story.

#### KITTY.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. "He will be sure to come before

the summer is over," said little Kitty to herself.

She was always called little Kitty, although nineteen years old, but she was round and soft and pretty and pettable, and looked like a little kitten, so the name and the adjective suited her perfectly. And was very careful, in spite of many a temptation to the contrary, not to wear her new white muslin dress at the doctor's wife's or the lawver's wife's party, and none of her best bows were seen at the church, though on many a Sunday the sun shone so brightly it seemed to be almost insulting not to wear them. She was keeping them all for the benefit of John Laurence when next he came to stay at the Laurels, which he was sure to do soon, for he always turned up about twice

in the year. Old Mr. Hughes was very fond of his big handsome nephew who had not long attained the elevated position of a lieutenant in the artillery, and having no son of his own, and the estates being entailed, it was perhaps only natural that he should make him his heir.

There was another reason, too, why old Hughes made much of John-he wanted him to marry his daughter; nay, it had always been considered a settled though undiscussed thing that he should do so, and people said that they were engaged. Kitty believed this gossip was all nonsense, for Caroline Hughes was tall and thin, with two large white teeth sticking out in front of her mouth (though she was otherwise agreeable,) and, moreover, whenever John Laurence came to Cragford he made love to Kitty. He always did it in a half-clandestine fashion that annoyed Kitty excessively, and never paid her marked attentions before other people; still he did not make love to her, that was certain, and she did believe that he cared for Caroline. Kitty did not often go to the Laurels. Kitty's father was only a retired solicitor, though well off, and Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Huges ranked among the big swells of Cragford and only invited the professional men and their wives once or twice a year to dinner, and their daughters once or twice a year to a ball or a croquet party. It galled little Kitty to think that this socoal difference in their station at Cragford was perhaps the reason why the love that John Laurence made to her was clandestine. Poor little Kitty, she had not a very nice

"I can't imagine why you do not give Mr. Baverstock more encouragement." Mrs. Horton was always saying to her. "He will be snapped up soon, for there are very few chances for girls in this dead-alive place."

time of it at home.

Mr. Baverstock was a young me," she thought shyly, and surgeon who had settled down in Cragford about a year previously. He wore spectacles, had thin legs and red hair, and was not by any means a charming object to behold. He was very devoted to Kittv. as all Cragford knew, but Kitty

always snubbed him unmercifully. papa had unexpectedly taken to part of the wood and wait till about chance of seeing you. Why didn't himself a second wife during a vis. five minutes after the hour." So she | you come to-day?" it to London about two years since. and Kitty called her mamma to in a quarter of a mile of the house

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

## Vol. XII.

# WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1876.

an offensive alliance was formed by

Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine

No. 25.

please him, but there was no love branched off into a thick part of drew her hand through his arm. was declared against Paruguay, and lost between them.) "Why, he's as ugly as a toad."

tice.'

lessly down to read "Lallah Rookh" for about the twenty-sev- quite leafy nook close to its edge, beautifully bound edition, radiant in crimson and gold, and illustrated with beautiful pictures protected by tissue paper. Somebody of a man and a woman. The on her last birthday. She declared she did not know where it came from, and it was quite true she didn't, but she could have made an excellent guess if she had tried.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. Only a week later, and John Laurence had arrived at the Laurels. Mr. Baverstock brought the news, and when Kitty heard it she looked so sweet, the surgeon felt they might pass her unperceived, himself encouraged, and ventured to stay the evening. There was in arm, talking earnestly and in only one vexing thing, that he had a low voice. The color fled from had met her when she was out for a walk, Mr Fletcher had not been far off and she devoutly wished him at Jericho.

"I hear that Miss Huges' marriage is to come off this summer," for me." Mr. Baverstock said in his weak alto voice, "and now that the fully fond of you. I think you young gentleman is here I dare-say it will be all arranged."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Horton, a have been saying." little spitefully, for she had noticed his attentions to Kitty, and felt they boded her no good-pro bably put rediculous ideas into her head, and prevented her from accepting the illustrious Frederick, who was ready to throw himself at her feet on the slightest provocation. "I have always heard that they were very much attached to each other."

thing of the kind; but no mattershe was given to fibbing.

ed. He looked handsomer than ever, Kitty thought. His shoulders were broader, his hands bigger, and his face more sun-burnt. He talked chiefly to Mrs. Horton, but he kept looking across at Kitty-that pretty, innocent, roundfaced Kitty, with the sparkle in her downcast eyes, and the flush on her dimpled checks-till he made her heart best with happi-

ness and excitement. "By the way, Miss Kity," he said, suddenly fumbling in the big pocket of his loose tweed coat, "I have a note for you. There's father and step-mother. to be some croquet up at the Laurels on Thursday, and my aunt wants you to come."

The white muslin dress was donned, and the coquetish hat and the little make-believe wrap twisted about her shoulders to the best advantage, and Kitty was ready for the party at the Lanrels. She did look very pretty. as even her step-mother secretly acknowledged.

"Remember, Kitty, I shall expect you home by seven o'clock. It is not right for you to come later through those woods alone. Indeed, Ithink Mrs. Hughesought to have asked me to chaperon

"Yes, mamma," and Kitty went on her joyful way. The woods Mrs. Horton alluded to were private ones belonging to the Laurels, but they made a short cut for Kittv. and saved her a good half-mile of road. Perhaps he will come and meet strained her eyes to catch sight of his awkward figure in the distance but it did not appear. Then presently she heard the distant church-clock chime half-past three. "There, I'm much too early. We were not even asked till four. I know what I'll do when I get for-"I detest him mamma." (Kitty's ther on; I'll sit down in a shady

went on and when she was with-

the wood and followed a sleepy stream that wandered on beneath "He is getting a very good prac- the tall trees and among the tangle under-wood, flecked with wa-"I would sooner marry the man ter-lillies and fringed with yellow in the moon;" and she settled rest- iris, which nodded their golden heads to the sun. She found a enth time that year. It was a and sat down and waited. Then suddenly through the distant trees she saw coming along the edge of the stream two figures, those had sent it anonymously to Kitty one she knew at a glance-it was John Laurence; the other she saw a minute later was his cousin Carolice. With a bound, her heart seemed to come into her throat. "It's Miss Hughes, she said to herself, and how nice she looks, and what a pretty dress she has on!" She drew her white muslin closer round her, and retreated a few inches further back behind the thick bushes, so that and waited. On they came, arm brought his friend Mr. Fletcher Kitty's cheek, and the light with him again. He had accom- died out of her eyes, as she saw panied John Laurence on his last | them, for surely only lovers walktwo visits to Cragford and Kitty ed as they did! They stopped had felt on each occasion that he as they got to within three yards had been decidedly in the way; for of Kitty's hiding place, while Carowhenever, quite by accident, John line Hughes stopped absently to for he could not help seeing prince, born in Rio de Janeiro, in Ocand Kitty heard her say-

iked you so well as I do to-day. and I thought you did not care of you, you little darling, and to March, 1872, Dom Pedro left the

ought to give me a kiss to make up for all the unkind things you

ooked away, with a pain which almost made her cry. Then they passed on and were soon lost to

Kitty did not move from her hiding place, and went to no croquet party that afternoon.

Mrs. Horton almost screamed with surprise an hour later, when Kitty suddenly appeared, her mus-Mrs. Horton had not heard any lin dress crushed, the rose in front of her dress all faded, and her cheeks and lips as white as the The very next day the hero call- jasimine about her head, as she stood in the window leading in from the garden.

> "Mamma, I felt ill, and my head ached, and I sat down in the wood, and felt too ill to go on, and I have come back."

"Didn't you see any one?" Mrs Horton asked doubtfully.

"I have not spoken to a soul, she answered, and went to her room saying she wished to lie

In the dusk of the evening Kitty came down stairs again, to find Mr. Baverstock talking with her

"We were talking of getting married, Kitty," Mrs Horton said making way for her to sit down: but she stood staring at the group before her almost as if in a dream "And Mr. Baverstock says he would not marry an heiress for the

"No. indeed, I would not, Miss Kitty. I should only marry be cause I loved the young lady, and felt I could devote my life to

"And why do you expect to be married, Mr. Baverstock?" she asked absently.

He shuffled about uneasily an answered in his squeaky voice-"Well, I hope-I hope the young lady will have an affection

for m-e-e e." Kitty would have laughed at any other time, but now she only stared at him and passed out into the garden.

She went through the gate and wandered just a little way down the lane again, feeling as if she would give any thing to walk straight on and out of the weary world altogether.

"Kitty!" a well known voice said softly, and John Laurence appeared from behind a tree and stood before her in the dim light. "I have been waiting here on mere

"I was ill," she said faintly.

"Why, what was the matter?" But she shrank back. . "Nothing," she said, drawing Republic, and was ended by the is it, my darling?"

led down her cheeks. "What would your cousin say-you are engaged, and going to be mar- gic disorder, and one of the objects "I? I'm sure I'm not-at least, it's not yet-though Caroline is

me like that," she said, while hope-

less tears filled her eyes and trick-

going to be spliced." "Yes, to you."

"Oh dear! no; it's to Fletcher." "Why, I saw you kiss her this afternoon, and heard you say you were awfully fond of her."

telling me in confidence about shares with her husband the affec-Fletcher, and getting me to manage | tion of the Brazilian people. Two it with my uncle, who'd had some daughters have been born to the ridiculous notions in his head, royal couple, the Princess Isabella. and I was congratulating her on July twenty-ninth, 1846, and and telling her what he'd said, and the Princess Leopoldina, on July thought I deserved a cousinly kiss thirteenth, 1847. The elder was for my pains."

"Yes, it was, you little goose-" pick one of the yellow water-iris, the state of the case-"and you tober last. The younger, who marsee I've been hanging about here ried Prince August of Saxe-Co-"Do you know, John, I never on the chance of seeing you. I burg-Gotha, died in 1874, leaving wanted to tell you how fond I am four sons. From August, 1871, to ask you to be my wife." And "My dear girl, I was always aw- then he did to Kitty what he had done to his Cousin Caroline in the afternoon, and --- But never mind, the story is told, and you can guess how pretty Kitty She put up her face and Kitty looked on the day she was married to our hero .- Cassell's Family Magazine for December.

## Miscellaneons.

## BRAZIL'S ROYAL FAMILY.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE EMPEROR THE EMPRESS, AND THEIR CHIL-DREN-HIS CAREER AS A MON-

Dom Pedro II. de Alcantara emperor of Brazil, who is now visiting the United States, was born in Rio de Janeiro on December 2, 1825. He is a scion, in the direct line, of the house of Braganza, the female line of which is ruling over Portugal. In 1807. on the invasion of Portugal by the French, the royal family fled to Brazil, which, in 1815, was raised to the rank of a kingdom. After the death of the queen, Dona Maria I., the father of Dom Pedro I. became king of Portugal under the title of Joan VI., and returned to that country in 1821, leaving his son as regent of Brazil. When the Portuguese cortes adopted measures reducing Brazil again to the rank of a colony a revolution took place, and Dom Pedro I. placing himself at the head of the eves." just as we talk of windows on movement, was proclaimed pro- shipboard as "bull's eyes." These tector and perpetual defender of entrances are too narrow for a Brazil, and the country being declared independent in October, the ordinary manner or even if 1822, he was proclaimed constitu- loaded. When a loaded camel tional emperor and was crowned. has to pass through one of these His father dying in 1826 he became entrances, it kneels down, its load king of Portugal, but immediate- is removed, and then it shuffles ter Dona Maria de Gloria. On day," writes lady Duff Gordon, April seventh, 1831, he was forced from Cairo, "I saw a camel go by popular opinion, which culminated in a riot at Rio de Janeiro, that is the low arched door to abdicate in favor of his son, the present emperor, then in his sixth year. During the minority of Dom Pedro II. the country was much disturbed by the contentions or rival factions, and when he attained his fourteenth year it was deemed advisable by the chamber of deputies that his majority should be declared. A bill to that effect was accordingly passed in 1840, and he was crowned on July eighteenth, 1841. The disturbances in the revolted provinces did not cease, however, until 1842, when the decisive victory of Santa Lucia was gained by the royalists. Subsequently the emperor joined with

herself up; "only I am going defeat and death of the Dictator Lopez on March first, "Something is the matter now." 1871. On May thirtieth, 1843, he exclaimed. "Why, Kitty, what | the emperor married Dona Thereza Christina Maria, born on "You have no right to speak to March fourteenth, 1822, daughter of the late King Francis I., of the Two Sicilies. The empress who accompanies her husband on his tour, is suffering from a painful neuralof her journey is to obtain the best medical advice this country ean afford. She is large in person and of most pleasing manners and address. Like the emperor, although very dignified, she is unostentatious, and dislikes parade and ceremony. She is noted for the extreme love and attention she has "Well, what then? She'd been lavished on her children and married in 1864 to Prince Louis of "Was that it?" she said in Orleans, Count d'Eu, eldest son of the Duke of Nemours, and is st living. She has one living child, a empire under the regency of his daughter the Princess Isabella, and made an extended tour on the Continent and in England. Under his rule Brazil is steadily advancing in power. The government has been consolidated, railroads have been built, and immigration has been encouraged. Laws have been passed for the gradual emancipation of slaves, internal improvements have been carried on, and home industries actively promoted. The emperor is a man of high literary and scientific attainments, speaks and writes several languages, and devotes much of his time to study. In March,

1875, he was elected a corresponding member of the French acade. | day of Aleck Bunger's wedding. my of sciences. He is of commanding stature, being six feet three inches high, strongly built and well proportioned. His manner is extremely winning and took a drink, and then looked gracious, and his kindness of heart and strong love of justice have secured him the enthusiastic again at the prospect. Then he love of his subjects. A life-sized photograph of the emperor is placed on exhibition at the Cen-

How a CAMEL GOES THROUGH THE EYE OF A NEEDLE.-The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally. In oriental cities there are in the large gates small and very low apertures called metaphorically "needle's camel to pass through them in ly abdicated in favor of his daugh- through on its knees. "Yesterthrough the eye of a needlean inclosure. He must kneel, and bow his head to creep through: and thus the rich man must hum-

> A Mexican girl has just been discovered with three well developed arms. Any well regulated husband, contemplating this singular freak of nature, can't but reflect how convenient the third hand would be to hold him in position by the hair while the other two warmed his jacket with a broom stick.

ble himself."

The world never keeps faith with the heart that trusts it. Its promises of happiness are per-Uruguay against the Argentine petually broken. Take it for Dictator Rosas, who was finally what it is worth, and set your af-"My poor little girl," and he overthrown in 1852. In 1865 war fections on what is worth more, manner that I was afraid he ed.

# ANIMAL ECCENTRICITY.

Mr. Loyell sends the following narrative to us for publication. We do not vouch for its truth, but Mr. Lovell's address will be furnished to any reader who wishes to put him

under oath: Last summer I bought a horse He was warranted sound and kind in harness, but I discovered that back. He seemed to be impressed with a conviction that natail, and whenever I attempted to start him he always proceeded stern foremost, until I whipped him savagely, and then he would not go in a proper manner, but suddenly, and with the air of a horse who had a conviction that there was a lunatic in the carriage who didn't know what he was about. One day, while he was coming down the street, this theory became so strong that he suddenly stopped and backed the carriage through the plate-glass window of Mackey's drug store. After that I always hitched him up with his head towards the carri age, and then he seemed to be better contented, only sometimes he try to chew my legs or to eat up the lap-cover.

horse; not that he would attempt a saddle was put on him it made his back itch, and he would always insist upon rubbing it against the first tree or fence or corner of a house that he came to, and if he could bark the rider's leg he seemed to be better contented. The last time I rode him was on the I had on my best suit, and on the way to the festival there was a creek to be forded. When the horse got into the middle of it he around at the scenery. Then he took another drink, and gazed suddenly felt tired and lay down in the water. By the time he was sufficiently rested I was ready

to go home.

Col. Smith told me that if I wanted to know what really ailed the horse, he would tell me. It was the glanders, and if he wasn't bled he would die. So the Colonel bled him for me. We took away a tubful, and starward, for none ever return the horse thinned down so that that go thither, and we very his ribs made him look as if he had swallowed a hoop skirt. It made could. him hungry too for that night he ate the feed box, a breaching strap, and two trace chains.

and he left some medicine terrier in half.

it was a very poor kind. He had an irresistible propensity to ture had put his hind legs in front, house close by said he had the blind and that he could see with his staggers. became too sociable, and used to put his head over the dasher and

Besides the peculiar arrangement of the animal exited unpleasant remarks when I drove out and when I wanted to stop. and would hitch him by the tail to a post, he had a very disagreeable way of reaching out with his hind legs and sweeping the sidewalk whenever he saw anybody that

he felt as if he would like to kick. He was not much of a saddle

The next day he was taken sick. My hired man said it was the epizocty, and he mixed him up some turpentine in a bucket of warm feed. That night the horse had spasms, and kicked four of the best boards out of the side of the stable. Jones said the horse hadn't the epizooty, but the botts, and that the turpentine ought to have been rubbed on the outside of him, instead of going into his stomach. So we rubbed him with turpentine, and the next morning he hadn't a hair on his body.

Then I sent for the horse doctor,

and he said there was nothing the matter with the horse but heaves, patch up his wind." The result was that the horse coughed for ed herself, he always opened by two days as if he had gone into a saying, "I beg your pardon, galloping consumption, and be- Miss, but it was your mother I tween two of the coughs he kicked the hired man through the partition, and bit our black-and-tan

I thought perhaps a little exer- find more customers. cise might improve his health, so I drove him out one day, and

might suddenly come apart and fall to pieces. When we reached the top of the White House hill. which is very steep by the side of the road, he stopped, gave a sort of shudder, coughed a couple of times, kicked a fly off his near shoulder with his hind leg, and then laid down and calmly rolled over the bank. I got out of the carriage before he fell, and I watched him pitch clear down the valley beneath with the vehicle dragging after him. When we got to him he was dead, and the man at the farm-

I sold him for eight dollars to a man who wanted to make him up into knife handles, suspenderbuttons and glue; and since then, when we have wanted to take a ride we have walked. The next time I attempt to buy a horse I will get a mule.

> [Philadelphia Bulletin. A VICTORIOUS WIFE.

"And you are a wife beater, are you?" asked his Honor of a rednecked, ugly looking man named Walter Henry.

"She is enough to drive any man crazy," was the sullen answer.

A woman with a black eye came forward, was sworn as a witness, and the court said :

"Now, Mrs. Henry, what's the long and short and breadth and width of this story?"

"He came home half drunk, sir, and began to tell that he wished he had never married, and I answered that he could go as soon as he pleased. Then he says: 'Mary. don't you sass me.' And I replies : 'And don't you sass me either!' then he says: 'I'll black your eye for that!' And I replies: 'You touch me and I'll have you arrested.' And he said he didn't care to throw his rider, but whenever for the police, and he hit me an awful cuff on the eye!"

"What have you got to say to

"Nothing, sir, only I wish that was dead.'

"I suppose she wishes so too. and I'm sure the public wouldn't grieve much. I fine you ten dollars, sir, and if you come again on the same charge I'll put you where you won't taste of huckleberry preserves for six months."

"Here's the money," said the wife producing a bill.

"What, you pay his fine!" claimed the court.

"Yes, sir, here's the money. told him I'd have him arrested if he struck me and I kept my word! time he strikes me!"

And she took his arm and walked out.—Detroit Free Press.

DYING .- Benjamin F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, draws the following beautiful picture in reference to the certain departure for that undiscovered country:

There is a dignity about that going away alone, which we call dying-that wrapping of the mantel of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand the azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of a world: that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives, for we are dead; there is nothing dead to speak of, and seeing foreign countries not down on the maps we have read about. There must be lovely lands somewhere much doubt if any would if they

A book agent who has retired from active labor, upon the hardearned accumulation of a life of industrious cheek, says that the great secret of his success was. when he went to a house where the female head of the family presentwanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but told me where I could

It is time enough for God to anhe proceeded in such a peculiar swer prayer when prayer is offer-

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Schuyler mansion was the theatre of a romance in the summer of 1781. General Schuvler was not then in active service, but, as his house at Albany or at Saratoga, he was the vigilant eye of the Northern Department. His person as a prisoner was coveted as a capital prize by his Tory neighbors. Walter Meyer, a Tory colleague of the famous Joe Belteys, was employed to execute a scheme for the seizure and abduction of the general. With a party of his associates, Canadians and Indians, he prowled in the woods near Albany for many days, and ascertained the exact situation of affairs at Schuyler's house from a Dutchman whom he bad seized at his work. He learned that a guard of six men were there for the protection of Schuyler's person, three of them alternately on duty continually. The Detchman was compelled to take an oath of secresv. He did so with a mental reservation, and as soon as he was

released, he hastened to Schuyler

As the twilight of a sultry day

and warned him of his peril.

in August was yielding to the night, Schuyler and his family were sitting in the great hall of the mansion: the servants were about the premises; three of the guard were asleep in the base. ment, and the other three were lying on the grass in front of the mansion. A servant announced that a person at the back gate wished to speak with the general. His errand was understood. The doors and windows of the mansion were immediately closed and barred, the family were gathered in an upper room, and the general ran to his bedroom for his arms. Looking out of a window, he saw the house surrounded by armed men. To alarm the town, half a mile distant, he fired a pistol from his window. At the same moment the intruders burst open the front door. At that instant Mrs. Schuyler perceived that in the confusion she had left her infant in a cradle in the hall below. She was about to rush down the stairs after it, when the general interposed and prevented her. Her third daughter, Margaret (who was afterward the wife of the last patroon), instantly flew down the great stair-way, snatched the sleeping babe from the cradle, and bore it up to its mother. One of the Indians hurled a sharp tomahawk at her. Its keen blade just grazed the infant's head, and was buried And I'll have him arrested every in the railing of the stair. Meyer, supposing her to be a servant, called to her as she flew up the stairs. "Where's your master?" With quick thought she exclaimed, as she reached the verge of the upper hall, "Gone to alarm the town!" Her father heard her and with as quick thought threw up a window and called out, as to a multitude, "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house, and secure the villains!" The alarmed marauders who were plundering the general's dining-room of plate, fled in haste, carrying away some of the booty. That infant was the late Mrs. Catherine Van Rensselaer Cochran General Schuvler's voungest child, who died at Oswego in the summer of 1857 .- From "The Romance of the Hudson," by BENSON J. LOSSING, in Harper's Magazine for June.

An English funny paper says it is not generally known that a very appropriate covering for the bed of a river may be made out of the sheets of water which abound in the adjacent meadows. The best way is to wait till they are frozen over, and then cut them up with a pair of skates.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles of happiness. Those who profit by the chest, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

A helping hand to one in trouble is like a switch on the railroad track-but one inch between wreck and smooth-rolling prosperity.