

The Newberry Herald.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 50¢ for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbidden and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch Terms Cash.

TO RESTORE DROWNING PERSONS.

1. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot. 2. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils. 3. Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.

A MAN OF PARTS.

A FEW OF THE STORIES THAT WILL BE TOLD BEFORE THE CAMPAIGN IS OVER.

"What do you think of the ticket," asked Mr. Magruder, in the boarding house, last night. "Toler'ble," said Mr. Maguffin, "toler'ble. Down in the custom house this morning I saw a clerk behind the counter trying to stave off a lot of fellows who wanted to get their invoices verified. I asked him what he thought of it and he stopped work at once."

had disappeared, the clerk was called in. "So, sir, you are in love, and pining away for the object of your affection; that's your secret, is it? Why did you not tell me before, sir?" The youth was silent.

"Nothing to you! What do you mean, then? Who's dying?" "Not Mr. Mallory—to my knowledge; that is, I haven't seen him to-day. A child here in the woods." The doctor urged the horse himself, bending forward, his gaze fixed before him, and not uttering another syllable.

Nettie Armitage had seemed so frivolous; they had, each in turn, come in and interrupted the Doctor when he was telling her such fairy-like tales of recent discoveries in science she had shrugged her shoulders at her ridiculous, and then she had laughed with the merriest of them and pouted at the Doctor. But now, as he was going, she slipped her hand in his arm and sauntered down the lawn with him.

What shall we wrap the baby in? Silks are too coarse and velvets too rough. Shortest laces not half white enough. Web of right fineness no fairy can spin. What shall we wrap the baby in?

THE NICK OF TIME. Of all arrant fiends, Alice Truesdell bore the palm; and of all desperate lovers, Dr. Fowle. Of course there were other lovers at the young lady's command, or she could not have flirted; but all her flirtation seemed to be directed solely to the end of vexing this single lover, whose grave, quiet, repressed demeanor never left her exactly know whether he were a lover or not, and drove her first to some action that almost betrayed her own feelings, and then to one that should give the lie to that betrayal, and set everything at loose ends again.

Selected Story.

THE NICK OF TIME. Of all arrant fiends, Alice Truesdell bore the palm; and of all desperate lovers, Dr. Fowle. Of course there were other lovers at the young lady's command, or she could not have flirted; but all her flirtation seemed to be directed solely to the end of vexing this single lover, whose grave, quiet, repressed demeanor never left her exactly know whether he were a lover or not, and drove her first to some action that almost betrayed her own feelings, and then to one that should give the lie to that betrayal, and set everything at loose ends again.