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Poetry.

GOD'S SUNLIGHT.

Look up to meet the sunlight! Droop not in dark despair, Though shadows be they earthly lot With sorrows, pain and care.

Selected Story.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

They had been boarding together at the farm, Jane Heth and Annie Conyers; and all that autumn Mr. Craig had been fishing and shooting in the vicinity, and making the farm, which was renowned for its good fare, his headquarters.

moment. From beneath its covers peeped the white head of an old farmer. "Good even, miss," said he. "I've been to the post-office, and they said there was letters for Wilton's folks, and I fetched 'em over. A'int got my glasses with me, so I don't know who they are write to; but you can see. All well? That's right. Good-even!"

the shore and tacking and turning as it passed the dark, half-hidden breasts of the little rocks over which the water played. "Good-bye," said Jane, laughing, as she watched it. "I have set a vessel, freighted with the hopes of Harry Craig, afloat in fine style. I am afraid it will make shipwreck, but all the better for some one else. It's an ill wind that blows no one any good."

Miscellaneous. FOR THE HERALD. BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER. NUMBER FOUR. DREADFUL CONDITION OF THE STREETS - FRANKLIN'S STATUE - THE YOUNG EDITOR IN THE TALL TOWER - CHATHAM STREET - THE FIVE POINTS - GRAND DUKE - ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN - FASHION NOTES, &c., &c., &c.

we are at Baxter street. Yes, heaven be thanked it is still the same. Mike Dooley's new tenement house in the middle of the block seems a little out of place, but the Five Points still remain intact. Yes, sir, every one of them! It seems to be the curse of all large cities to have a living ulcer in the center of their hearts.

French sailors, and he cut them all to pieces with a Spanish machete, and hid them under the floor. There are lights shining out from the upper windows of the mission; perhaps some one up there is praying to the Throne of Grace for mercy and forgiveness to the sinners with which this place abounds.

the beauty of the foot; they very properly considering that the possibilities of galloping consumption are not to be weighed against the depravity of having a big hoof. I broke right off here, and have been waiting for the last fifteen minutes to hear of some startling murder, robbery or suicide to wind up with, but nothing comes except what you already have in your exchanges, and so I must close, as the mail is going.

ADVERTISING RATES. Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—each inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

A JUVENILE FIGHT.—A lad, narrating a fight which had been engaged in, said: "The fellow you saw was, you see, Bill, and we went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt into my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone—and I said, 'Bill, you stole my knife,' and he said, 'I was another; and I said, 'Go there yourself,' and he said it was no such thing; and I said you are a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tombstone at Cypress Hills; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he didn't take it up; but he did you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again; and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and threw him down on the top of me like several bricks, and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home, and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye black?"