

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, At Newberry, S. C. BY THOS. F. GRENEKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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Vol. XIV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1878.

No. 17.

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

Poetry.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

Mid the losses and the gains, Mid the pleasures and the pains, And the hopes and the fears, And the restlessness of years, We repeat this promise o'er— We believe it more and more— Bread upon the water cast, Shall be gathered at the last.

Selected Starg.

POOR GENEVIEVE.

Shortly after the conclusion of the late war, a gentleman, distinguished as a scholar and a politician, was proceeding up the Mississippi. During the trip he became indisposed, and finally so ill that, at his own request, he was put on shore at one of those little old French villages between the mouth of the Ohio and St. Louis. The agitation of removal and the heat of a summer day so aggravated his disease, which was a bilious fever, that he became delirious, and for a time he knew nothing of what transpired. His returning consciousness disclosed to him a female, with a cap such as French attendants generally wear, a plain gown, and a black silk apron, with a sweet, gentle and expressive face, apparently bearing the impression of deep solicitude. Perceiving him to be awake, she inquired, in a voice of exquisite melody, if he wanted anything. Instead of answering the question, the sick man, whom I shall call Hartland, thought that was not his real name, asked two or three others, in a low, feeble tone. "Where am I—and who are you?" "You are in St.—, and I am poor Genevieve, your servant; can I do anything for you, sir?" "Oh, a nurse, they have provided for me, I suppose," thought Hartland, "I shall, therefore, stand on no ceremony with her. My good girl, I will thank you for a glass of something to quench my thirst—I am burning up, I believe." Genevieve took his hand, and, after holding it a little while, laid it softly down on his head, saying, as if to herself, "It does indeed burn like fire." The touch of her hand was so soft that Hartland could tell that she pitied him with all her heart. At this moment his physician came, and our traveler recognized in him an old acquaintance, a senator whom he had known at Washington, and a very eminent man in his profession. He felt extremely grateful at having so gentle a nurse and so able a physician. Yet his recovery was so slow that it did no great credit to either nurse or doctor, for it was nearly six weeks before his fever was fairly broken. One day while the doctor was with him, it suddenly occurred to Hartland to inquire where he was, how he came there, and, more especially, to whose kindness he was indebted for such benevolent attentions. "You are in the house of Mademoiselle de F—, a young lady of French extraction, a great heiress of lands, mines, and what not, extending no one knows where; and, withal, a most beautiful, amiable, accomplished woman," replied his friend. "She is a ward of mine, or rather was, for she is

Miscellaneous.

THE CONUNDRUM FIEND.

He came in hurriedly by the usual "How're ye?" salutation, brushed aside a pile of exchanges, took a seat on one corner of the editorial table, and with an encouraging smile observed: "Say, I've got an A 1 conundrum you can't guess in two weeks. I had a big notion to send it to the Scientific Monthly or the Philadelphia Bank Note Reporter, or some o' them leading journals devoted to original humor and light literature, but a little reflection told me it was my duty to patronize home industry, so I'll give it to you for nothin'—not charge you a solitary red for it." And squirting a stream of tobacco juice with unerring accuracy into a ten-dollar cuspidor in the northwest corner of the room, he wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve and propounded the following awful conundrum: "Why—which—that is, what is the difference between the widow Perkinson and her daughter Sallie? Now then!" "About seventeen years, perhaps," replied at random, without suspending work on a labored and convincing editorial on "How the Turks Might have Whipped Russia." "Oh, pshaw, no!" he growled; "you couldn't guess it in two months; and it is easy enough, too, when you know the answer. One—" "One has a husband and the other wants one," we again ventured. "No—Great Caesar, no!" he howled in a tone of disgust. "Don't believe you would stumble on the right answer in two yes—" "One," we interrupted again, "is a widow and the other is a wee dear." "Disagree you go again!" the tone of disgust considerably deepened. "You can't guess it in seven yes—" "One mourns for a late husband, and the other mourns because her husband is late—coming," we essayed once more. "Julius Antony, no!" he fairly shrieked, seizing our shears and fiercely impaling several exchanges to the table. "It's a boss conundrum, and you might guess for seventeen years, and you—" "What was the front name of the widow's dear departed?" we asked, becoming interested in the fiend's conundrum, in spite of a previously formed determination to kick him out of the back door in five minutes out of a possible six. "William," he replied, between his clenched teeth. "Aha! Now we have a clew to the answer. One has lost her Will, and the other hasn't lost her will—by a large majority." "N-n-n O!" he howled, in bold-faced pica caps, which nearly overturned our inkstand, and made the windows rattle. "Great Obelisk, man, what a one-boss conundrum guesser you are! I'll tell—" "One is born to wed, and the other is worn to—" Before we could finish our answer—which if we remember rightly, fits an original conundrum propounded by every minstrel troupe in the land during the past twenty years—the fiend slid off the table as if he had colluded with a bent pin, and cried aloud: "Why, you darned idiot! you wouldn't guess it in two hundred and thirty years. The difference between the Widow Perkinson and her daughter Sallie is—" "How old is Sallie?" "—is this: the daughter has a more antique dress, but her mother has a more antique face, See?" \* \* \* \* \* We reluctantly confess that the fiend escaped with his life.—Norristown Herald.

IT WAS ALIVE.

THE CONUNDRUM FIEND.

He was rather an uncouth looking individual, and as he sauntered into the store the crowd sitting on the barrels winked at each other and made remarks about his person. "Where did it come from?" asked one, pointing at him. "Somebody left the door open and it blew in," said another. "I don't think it's alive," said a third. "Touch it and see," remarked a fourth. "Yes, it's a man—see it move?" queried the first. All hands laughed boisterously. "I'm a poor man, and I don't want to have any trouble with anybody. I'm a Christian, and I don't believe in turmoil and strife and can't participate in it. I pray you, wordly minded people, that you will allow me to depart in peace," said the now arrival. One of the crowd, more daring than the rest, hammered the man's hat down over his eyes, and another dabbed his nose full of molasses from a barrel standing by. Then the poor Christian took a volume from his pocket and began reading the Scriptures in a drawing, sing-song tone. While he was engaged at this the crowd played all sorts of tricks on him. One put some eggs in his pocket and another smashed them. Then the biggest man in the house poured some oil on his hat and lighted it. Then the clerk hit him under the nose with a codfish. Then that man quietly put the little volume in his coat tail pocket, and the clerk went head first into the molasses barrel. When the biggest man in the house picked himself from under the counter it was next to an impossibility to guess where his nose left off and where the codfish began. No. 1 made work for the glazier as he hit a ventilator in the window. No. 2 hatched out half a barrel of eggs, and No. 3 got up on the pie shelf and stayed there. As No. 4 walked out of the door on his back he wondered how much it would cost to make him as good as new, and the poor Christian man remarked— "The next time you folks pick me up for a slouch look out your ain't in the wrong pew. Good day, fellers." "The clerk is waiting for them to come round and settle for damage done, but they must have forgotten where the place is as they pass right by without looking in and their bills remain unpaid." [Shenandoah Herald.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above. 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 forfeited, and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. TERMS CASH. MODERN DEFINITION OF COMMERCIAL TERMS. Bankrupt—A man who gives everything to a lawyer so that his creditors will not get it. Assignee—Is the chap who has the deal and gives himself four aces. A Bank—Is the place where people put their money so it will be handy when other folks want it. A Depositor—Is a man who don't know how to spend his money and gets the cashier to show him. President—Is the big fat man who promises to boss the job and afterwards sables it. A Director—Is one of those that accepts a trust that don't involve either the use of his eyes or his ears. Cashier—Is often a man who undertakes to support a wife, six children and a brown stone front, on fifty dollars a month and be honest. Collaterals—Are certain pieces of paper as good as gold, due and payable on the 1st day of April. Assets—Usually consists of five chairs and an old stove, to these may be added a spittoon if the 'bust' ain't a bad one. Liabilities—Are usually a big 'blind' that the assets won't 'see' nor 'raise'. A Note—A promise to do an impossible thing at an impossible time. An Endorser—Is a man who signs a commercial philopena with a friend and gets caught. WHAT TO TEACH CHILDREN. Teach them a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet. Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it. Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions." Teach them that "honesty is the best policy"—that it is better to be poor than rich on the profits of wickedness. Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless. Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is. Teach the boys that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls. Teach them that they can only be happy now and hereafter by loving and serving the Lord Jesus Christ. A little chap had a dirty face and his teacher told him to go and wash it. He went away, and after a few minutes came back with the lower part of his countenance tolerably clean, while the upper part was dirty and wet. "Jobny," said the teacher, "why didn't you wash your face?" "I did wash it, sir." "You didn't wipe it all over, then." "I did wipe it as high as my shirt would go."

HIDES AND BARK WANTED.

The undersigned wishes to purchase at his Tannery 5,000 DRY OR GREEN HIDES, 3000 CORDS TAN BARK, And has all kinds of LEATHER, extra finish, for sale. Grist Mill in connection with Tannery. Best quality of Meal made. Mar. 11, 1878.

W. H. WALLACE,

Attorney-at-Law, NEWBERRY, S. C. Oct. 25, 43—1f.

TOBIAS DAWKINS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER, NEWBERRY, S. C. SHOP NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POST OFFICE. A clean shave, a neat cut, and polite attention guaranteed. May 3, 18—1f.