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MARTIN & MOWER, PROPRIETORS. Oct. 15, 1879. 42-11.

The Newberry Herald.

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Vol. XVI. WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1880. No. 9.

Clothing. CLOTHING, UNDERWEAR, HATS, SHOES, &c. NEW FALL STOCK AND NEW PRICES.

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WILLIAMSON PRINCE COLLEGE, Williamson, South Carolina. Session opens the First Monday in February and August. Each Session of 20 weeks is divided into four week Sessions.

Poetry. UNDER THE SOD. The ancient maxim long hath stood; "Nothing of the dead but good;" We find but human brotherhood Under the sod.

Selected Story. LEONIE. 'Miss Cameron.' Leonie Cameron, lazily looking out of a bow window upon a garden flaming with autumn tints and sunset glow, lifted a pair of soft dark eyes to Mrs. Tollman's face.

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'If I understand you aright, you wish me to ignore your nephew. It is not so easy, as he is in your house, so I had better leave it.'

She had come to S—, weary with a round of fashionable life, tired of flattery, dancing, flirting, and she had found rest and quiet under Mrs. Tollman's motherly care.

'I will not have you say so,' she said, roused by an earnestness she never had intended to betray.

Only for one moment, close now to the low window, before a hand like a snow-flake fell upon his shoulder, a voice low and sweet-murmured low in his ear: 'Be a man for my sake.'

She was gay and grave by flashes, fascinating in every mood, but she was mysteriously unapproachable.

The bravest sutor found himself met at the point where friendly attentions merge into lover's devotion by a wall of icy reserve that was impassable.

One of these, dated three years after the beautiful Miss Cameron left S—, after elaborately thanking that young lady for a hamper of dainties, added:

'Do you remember my nephew, John Furber? He left me the day after you did, and I fretted more than a little. But he took a turn for good, heaven be thanked! He worked himself up, and to-day he writes me he has made friends with his father again, and is to be taken partner in a commercial house. His father's to buy it, but John's earned a place

too, by hard, honest work. O, my dear, I'm happier than I ever thought to be. Perhaps you've heard of the house in London that John is in. But I'll tire you writing about my own affairs. I wouldn't, only I thought perhaps you'd remember John.'

'In London,' Leonie murmured; 'so near me all these three years, and yet never seeking me. Was I too bold? Did I drive him away by showing my heart too plainly? Well, even so, I am glad. I gave him the first start toward an honorable manhood. Remember him? Yes, Mrs. Tollman, I do remember John.'

She had folded the letter and was dressing for the opera, when a visitor was announced. 'What a barbarous hour,' she murmured, not looking at the card. 'In a few moments, Jane.'

She looked like some visitant from another world, in the radiance of her beauty as she came across the wide drawing-room to the window where he stood.

He held out his hand, looking earnestly into her face, and seeing she only spoke a happy truth as taking it, she said: 'I am glad to see you.'

'Leonie,' he said, 'you gave me a hope three years ago that has borne me above temptation and suffering to a position where I am not ashamed to look any man in the face. Leonie, you bade me—'

Blushing brightly, she took up the words as he passed— 'To be a man, John, for my sake.'

'And I obeyed you, my love, my darling. I have come for my reward, Leonie, loving you with all my heart, daring now to ask for your love in return.'

So, society had a ripple of sensation in a fashionable wedding, when John Furber married Miss Leonie Cameron.

'You will be in the city, I presume. I should be glad to welcome you at my house.'

'No,' he said harshly; 'I will not take such advantage of your kindness; I am a man your friends would tell you to shun, Miss Cameron—a man who has wasted his life till it is too late to take up the threads again. You do not know, perhaps, that my aunt keeps me from charity.'

'I know you have offended your father,' she answered; 'but you are a man scarcely thirty, and it is cowardly to talk of despair at your age.'

Her words cut him like a whip-lash. The dark blood mounted to his forehead as he repeated: 'Coward! I might fight the world yet, but, and here his tone was bitter, and yet strangely pathetic, the battle is scarcely worth winning. What would I gain? Money? I do not want it. Position? I have thrown it behind me. I have played the fool, and I must take a fool's wages.'

'I will not have you say so,' she said, roused by an earnestness she never had intended to betray.

'Be a man for my sake.'

She was gone before he spoke again, and he wandered off to the woods to muse upon a possibility of this new life.

The next day Mrs. Tollman lost her summer boarder. Society, languidly contemplating Miss Cameron for the next three years, found her eccentric.

She was gay and grave by flashes, fascinating in every mood, but she was mysteriously unapproachable.

and be growing worse every day; have embraces without having the arms of a girl thrown around him; have his form locked up, and at the same time be free from jail, watch-house or other confinement. His office may have a bell in it, and not be a bad place after all; he might be plagued by the devil, and be a Christian of the best kind; and what is stranger still, he be honest or dishonest, rich or poor, drunk or sober, industrious or lazy, he always stands up to his business.

A SMALL HOLE TO GET THROUGH. The proprietor of a tan-yard, adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides and the like.

'Good morning,' said he. 'Morning,' said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign.

'You want to buy leather?' said the store-keeper. 'No.' 'Do you wish to sell hides?' 'No.'

'Are you a farmer?' 'No.' 'Are you a merchant?' 'No.'

'Are you a lawyer?' 'No.' 'Are you a doctor?' 'No.'

'Who are you, then?' 'I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through the auger-hole. I can't make it out, to save my life.'

HINTS TO EVERYBODY.—The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much.

Trust not man's appearance; appearances are deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit.

ADVERTISING RATES. Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

JOB PRINTING. DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. TERMS CASH.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS. The following superstitions, handed down by tradition, are yet fervently believed in many parts of America.

White specks on the nails are luck. Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

To rock the cradle when empty is injurious to the child. To eat while a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache.

The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster. When a mouse gnaws a hole, some misfortune may be apprehended.

He who has teeth wide apart must seek his fortune in a distant land. Beggar's bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

Whoever finds a four-leaf trefoil—shamrock—should wear it for good luck. If a child less than twelve months old be brought into a cellar, he becomes fearful.

When children play soldiers on the roadside, it forbodes the approach of war. A child grows proud if suffered to look into the mirror while less than twelve months old.

He who proposes moving into a new house must first send in bread and a new broom. Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

The first tooth cast by a child should be swallowed by the mother, to insure a new growth of teeth.

Buttoning the coat awry, or drawing a stocking on inside out, causes matters to go wrong during the day.