

# The Herald and News.

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NEWBERRY, S. C., TUESDAY JUNE 7, 1904

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

## ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF NEWBERRY COLLEGE

### CLASS OF TWENTY-FIVE TO RECEIVE DIPLOMAS.

Eloquent Baccalaureate Sermon By Dr. Dunbar—Address to the Students by Dr. Roper.

Seventeen young men and eight young ladies will on Wednesday receive their diplomas from Newberry college. The annual commencement began on Sunday, when the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Dr. W. H. Dunbar, of Baltimore. On Sunday night the address to the student body was made by the Rev. L. M. Roper, of Spartanburg. Audiences which packed the opera house heard both addresses.

The Junior contest for medal in oratory was held last night. Orations were made by eight young gentlemen selected at a preliminary contest held in the college chapel several days ago.

This morning at 11 o'clock the address before the alumni association will be delivered by Dr. J. M. Kibler, of this city, and this evening at 8.30 o'clock the address to the literary societies will be delivered by Judge W. C. Benet, of Columbia.

Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock the class day exercises will be held and at 11.30 the new president, Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, will be inaugurated. Tomorrow night the annual reception to the graduation class will be given on the college campus.

There are many commencement visitors in the city—alumni, former students, and friends of the college, who rejoice in the success of the session of which this commencement marks the close.

#### The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Dunbar Sunday morning was an eloquent and forceful exposition of the truth as it has been the pleasure of a Newberry audience to hear in many years. The great thoughts which it contained were clothed in beautiful language, and delivered with an inspiring eloquence.

The services were conducted by the Rev. W. L. Seabrook, and prayer was offered by the Rev. S. T. Hallman. The music was furnished by a choir composed of college students.

Dr. Dunbar spoke for nearly an hour, and during the whole time held the close and undivided attention of the class and of the large audience. He chose his text from Esther, 4:14: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

He said that out of the old story of the language of the text came the message for this morning. The story of Esther was a bible gem, a rich, condensed and brilliant fragment of oriental history. The figure of Esther the queen stood out upon the dark background of unholy intrigue and courtly corruption, the radiant embodiment of pure goodness. But, as with all of us, there was a supreme moment in her life, when the shadow played with the light upon the picture, and for a moment we were in doubt which would prevail. Being a queen was nothing in itself. Being a queen and doing a queenly duty, she was crowned a queen for all the ages.

The text, said the speaker, was the appeal which came to her in her moment of hesitation, and it came as God's message this morning, and with a special significance to those whom he was to address. Esther had come to a kingdom. With us the crown of king-craft had been laid in the dust. The social ambition to make a prize of nobility's title was a travesty upon the American spirit.

The same appeal, said the speaker, was for those who had come to a kingdom of wealth. It was for those

## NEWBERRY'S CANDIDATES.

They Inspire the Poet and He Tells of Them in Verse.

I am sitting near the bee gums and the bees are buzzing round. The roses have been blooming and their leaves are on the ground; The first young rose of summer was as sweet as it could be. But the busy bees with honey are the sweetest things to me.

The branches of the shadow trees are thick above my head. The green grass of the season at my rested feet is spread: The partridge in the wheat field is— with whistle clear and sunny— While the bees are in their own sweet fields gathering up the honey.

The honeysuckle richly gives sweet in scents to the breeze, The blue sky bends and dips it up and would give to all hearts ease; The perfumed crystals of the sun are dancing o'er the land, And the atmosphere is laden with good goods on every hand.

The sweet girls roam across the fields and give the blooms a touch, And the honey dew forthwith springs up and falls at touch of such: The bees know where the maids have been, and they linger in their wake. And the fruit of the combination is the honey that they make.

You talk about your baby, your flower and your bird, Your grand old sweetest music, the best you eve heard; I turn them over to you—they are dear but still are free— But the music filled with sweetness is the humming of the bee.

There is honey in each trembling strain and every chord and sound Of the buzzing bees of summer, wheresoever they be found: And the girls and bees and roses of the good old summer time. With the breezes and the fragrance, make it beautiful, sublime.

The ant is busy with her work and toiling all the day, And all the hosts are active and are struggling up the way; But of all the busy workers from the mountains to the sea, There is none so truly busy as the busy, busy bee.

Her sweetness is not wasted on the desert air around, But it's stored up in the honeycomb, in gums so safe and sound: And when the gums have swoolen and the bees hang out their sign, The robber robs without a fear of paying fee or fine.

Stolen honey sweetest is, from comb so fine and thick, And when you see it ouzing out you want to get there quick: You want a thousand tongues to help and aid you in your plan To roll more drops of honey then than any other man.

Sweet morsel of the dripping cells, the price of comb so clear, When next, by gum, you open wide, let me be there, be there; I'll want to be on hand again, with room and space to spare, For wheresoever, the honey is, I wish to have my share.

But there are other bees that buzz about, are buzzing everywhere, A buzzing in the county round and on the court house square: They sometimes sting, and, as a rule, the stingers lose their sticks— These bees you hear buzzing now are the bees of politics.

There is a great big bumble bee, and the bee of smaller size, And the king bee and all others, hard working for the prize: They are searching all the fields for blooms, and each is finding some.

And hoping he will strike the trail— bee line for honey gum. When the crop is made and harvest come, to some 'twill not be funny, That often hard, hard ups and downs they've been robbed of all their honey: But such is life in the politics, the fields hold live and dead, The lucky ones get honey comb, the unlucky brush—bee bread.

When the last big bee of summer then is buzzing left alone, And all his big companions have the honey juice and gone, He'll feel like a big green June bug on the hottest August day, With thread around his weary back, tied in a knot to stay.

Aull the bees came swarming out, with the greatest, smoothest ease, They settled on the candidate—one lit on Cole. L. Blease. (Some light and sip and sip and light on every passing flower), But a healthy, hardy sweet gum bee got stuck on Mr. Mower.

Up hill of old Aunt Polly Ticks they hum and buzz and call, (The queen her business knew and led—the way to Colonel Aull). The queen bee made the goo goo eyes at Ed. of H. & N. And sent her busy bees about, to flirt with other men.

They lost no time but struck a bee, bee line to get there quick: One flew ahead of all the rest—her song was: "Dominick." The mosquitoes yellow fever have? —they might have "yaller janders". But the bees of politics have "knot" —one camped on Mr. Sanders.

They viewed the fields from every hill and top of "these here dig-gins." When one sang out: "I've got him bees, his name is Wistar Hig-gins." They used their silver, honey tongues —each bee a fine art nibbler— The balance all had found their jobs: one succumbed on Mr. Kibler.

They battled up Port Arthur bay, and the fleet was in high glee— It made things interesting like, on the polly tickle sea— Everybody went out to look, and they went far out to see, Including in the merry group big you and little me.

The squad run on the windy wings, quaffing breezes to their fill, And then float in and out of town— one blown to Mr. Hill. The office of the sheriff had been bombarded some, And the captain of the Buford guards once more had heard the hum.

If any man can take his ease among the office set, It is the judge of probate who don't have to run, you bet; The bees don't have to bother him— he's safe on his toboggans, And the next name happy in the bunch seems that of Jno. C. Gog-gans.

On Cooper's blue-tide banks they swarmed, without one word of lease; But they had a duty to perform—to solicit Mr. Sease: And when they had performed the same, with all their might and main, They scampered back to town once more and got in their work again.

They scattered to the right and left, and left no signs to roamer; The bee mine has been sprung on sight, and it enveloped Mr. Crom-er. Then reached out with its lightning darts—no circumstance excepting— And darted at its fullest speed to fasten Mr. Epting.

With little drips of honey and with little bits of steps, They called down to the captain's place and settled Mr. Epps; (Continued on Fourth Page.)

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## CASH STORE'S GREATEST SALE.

June reduction sale economies that will appeal to every thrifty shopper within reach of this store. Never were merchandise values more attractive. Read the astonishing values. Bargain snaps around the store. 100 readymade sheets, full size and good material worth 75c, June sale price 39c each.

### LACE BOBINETS AND RUFFLED LACE CURTAIN SALE.

A good money saving opportunity to housekeepers. About 500 pairs in the lot, from New Jersey's greatest curtain manufactory. 67 Pair frilled lawn curtains, worth \$2.25 pair, our June sale price \$1.29. 67 "Battenberg and lace bobbinet curtains, worth \$5.00 pair, our June sale price, \$2.79. 65 pairs fine Irish point lace curtains, worth \$5.00 pair, our June sale price, \$2.79. 300 Pairs extra fine 3½ yds long lace curtains, worth \$2.50 pair, our June sale price, \$1.29.

### BED SPREAD BARGAINS THAT APPEAL TO YOU

100 Nice long spreads, worth \$1.00, June sale price, 69c  
100 Nice long spreads, worth \$1.50, June sale price, 98c  
100 Light Marseilles quilts. We had them priced cheaper than all others at \$1.74. Buy them. \$1.29.

### TABLE LINEN. TABLE LINEN.

Over one thousand yards fine all linen damask full 72 inch—that means 2 yards wide, a great value at 85c and \$1.00, our June price sale, 59c  
500 Short ends in red, cream and white Damask 2, 2½, 3 yards lengths at ½ price.

### WHITE LAWN, INDIA LINEN AND PERSIAN LAWN.

Over five hundred pieces to begin the great June sale with all 25 and 35c lawns go at 17c yard.  
All 16 and 20 and 22½c lawn at 12½c  
500 Short ends lawnsdale cambric. The 12½c kind June sale price 9c yd.  
500 Fine silk and gauze fans 24c each.  
1000 Fine gauze vests 8c each.  
1000 Fine gauze vests 4c each.

### TOWELS. TOWELS. TOWELS.

About 500 in the lot slightly soiled extra fine quality all linen 30 and 35 and 50c value all go in the June sale 18c each.  
500 the longest huck towels grown at 18c each.  
One table covered with lawns and muslins piled away up all 12½c goods going at pick June sale price 10c yd.  
Big shipment fine pictures 10c each, 500 yards towelling 3½ yd., 1000 all linen handkerchiefs 6 for 25c, 1000 embroidery handkerchiefs 8c, 1000 Pairs pants 10c pr. Come to the cheap sale. The Cash store sells it for less every day in the year.

## NEWBERRY CASH STORE.

(Continued on Page Two.)