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Poetry.

SUN SONG.

What makes the birds so merry?
What makes so ripe the cherry?
It is the Sun, that comes along
To wooing fruit and melody;
This makes the birds so merry,
This makes so ripe the cherry.

What warms the blood that rushes
To bring the heart to gladness?
It is the Sun's inspiring heat,
To give life to each faint sweet,
This warms the blood that rushes
To bring the heart to gladness.

Why are the flowers growing,
With odors overflowing?
Because the Sun each blossom loves
More than the honey-bee that roves;
For this the flowers are growing,
With odors overflowing.

Selected Story.

TWICE LOVED.

"Come, Bessie, nurse is waiting! Run down, and let her attend to your curls, you must look very neat, or Mr. Irving will not love you. It is almost dinner time," said Bessie's mother.

Immediately the child arose, raised her sweet lips to kiss mamma, and followed the nurse from the room.

"It is perfectly wonderful how much influence Mr. Irving has over that child! Just tell her to do anything, and say it will please him, and that is enough. I never saw anything like it," said Mrs. Wallace to a friend sitting beside her, who answered—

"I have, and I would not encourage—or rather I would endeavor to overcome that influence."

"Now, my dear Georgie, what is troubling that wise head of yours? What means that grave look and anxious light in your eye?"

"Fannie, I'm perfectly astonished at people whose duty it is to watch over and guard their little ones, especially their girls, from sorrows, planting in their young hearts seeds which may grow to be thorns, and treating children as though they were void of any deeper thought and feeling than the appreciation of a doll or box of toys. I am sure some children of five years have hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as keenly as many of maturer years. You are shaking your head. I want to tell you a little story to prove my assertion. We have half an hour before dinner, will you listen?"

"Yes, certainly; but it must have a happy ending," answered Mrs. Wallace.

"I cannot promise; perhaps the end has not yet come. You know Hettie Le Roy?"

"I do, certainly; a lovelier girl I never knew. Why she has never married has been a source of wonder to me."

"Ay, and to many who know her not so well as I. It is of her I am going to tell you."

"Twenty-five years ago, when just as loving, too, a young man crossed her path. We will call him Joe Hewberry. He was the class mate and dearest friend of Hettie's brother. At a party given during the Christmas holidays by Mrs. Le Roy, Joe, to pique one of the girls, attached himself for the evening to little Hettie, dancing with her, promenadeing through the rooms, with her tiny hands clasped in his, much to the annoyance of many bright-eyed maidens, who really were envious of the baby girl.

"Joe was handsome and very fascinating, a universal favorite with the ladies, young and old. Several mammas tried to draw him away from his 'little love,' as he called her, and maneuvered to get her from him. But all in vain, until wearily the sunny head drooped, and with her arms around his neck, her sweet lips giving the good night kiss, she sank to sleep. Gently then he resigned her to her nurse's care.

"Every day from that time he came to the house. His home was quite near. At the sound of his voice Hettie sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet him. I have seen her, with her hand in

his, looking up in his face for hours, seemingly perfectly happy.

"Of course this was noted by the family and commented upon. The child's older sisters and brothers could win her to do their will by saying, 'I'll tell Mr. Hewberry if you don't, and he won't love you then!'"

"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for him, and when the autumn days came and flowers were few, the 'little love' would watch closely the slowly opening buds, lest some one else should get them."

"So the days passed by for two years, and then for a time she was separated from the one she had grown to love so dearly.

"'Better than a brother?' they would sometimes ask her.

"'Yes,' would come the whispered answer.

"'Better than sister?'"

"'Yes.'"

Without any hesitation the whispered answer came.

"Than father and mother?"

"And then the deep blue eyes would grow so earnest, and the pretty lips would part and close again, as if unwilling to utter the words she feared might wound. When pressed to answer, her eyes sought mamma and papa, as if imploring their forgiveness, and 'I can't help it; just a little more,' she murmured, and buried her head in Joe's bosom.

"She clung around his neck and begged to be with him when the hour of parting came. With promises of a speedy return he managed to soothe her.

"Perhaps the child might have in time been weaned from this strange attachment if he had ceased to talk to her of him. But possessing, as it were, a magic wand to guide her actions, they used it freely.

"How well I remember her as she stood eagerly watching the postman, as he came from door to door. As nearer he drew, she became so excited and anxious that her heart trembled lest she should be disappointed. But the letter came and with a wild cry of joy she pressed it to her bosom, and ran with it for her mamma to read.

"His absence was short. He returned, bringing her for a Christmas present a pretty little chain to which was attached a locket with his portrait. For Joe she learned to read, to write; for him she would grow brave, and with his hand holding hers, she had her first teeth drawn.

"When ill with fever, tossing restlessly from side to side, his hand could always quiet, his voice soothe. Without a murmur she would take from him the nauseous doses.

"How will all this end? I asked her mother once; and lightly she replied:

"'Oh, all right, of course. She will learn to love some one nearer her own age when the proper time comes, and he will be married long before then. He has a distant cousin whom, I am inclined to think, he is engaged to. I am very sure their parents are anxious for their union.'

"As Hettie grew older, a little shyness crept gradually into her manner. Still the love was there.

"Once, in a moment of confidence, she came to me and asked:

"'Do you believe Mr. Hewberry loves Cora Cushing better than he loves me? Fred says he does—that he remained by her all the time at the party last night. I wish I was old enough to go to parties! And I wish—indeed I do—'"

"What, Hettie? I asked, as she hesitated.

"'I wish Cora Cushing didn't live in this world—indeed I do!' nodding her head decidedly, while striving to force back the tears.

"'Oh! Oh! Hettie, this is dreadful!' I said, drawing her within my arms.

"'Well, then, I wish Mr. Hewberry and I lived somewhere else, where Cora Cushing wouldn't come,' she sobbed.

"'I assured her that Joe did not love Cora Cushing; that Fred was only teasing her.

"'When she was ten years old,

Joe was suddenly called away by the severe illness of his nearest relative, an uncle. There was only time for a hasty good-bye, my 'little love'! Make haste to grow fast and be a tall girl when I come back he said kissing her.

"His going was so sudden she did not seem to realize it. I was glad it was so. But how I pined the little thing, when day after day, as she had done for years, she sat and watched.

"'Maybe he might come,' she said once to me.

"'Letters came often to Fred, with messages of love for her, with sometimes a little note accompanying a gift. Food enough to keep her loving little heart from the suffering he gave, and fuel enough to keep the love brightly burning. But he came not, nor promised of his coming.

"Time passed on; the pretty child grew to be a beautiful maiden. Youths gathered about her, and friends had ceased to talk of Joe. Other names were mentioned as his had been, yet none could win an answering smile or blush. I knew for whom her love was kept.

"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes gave way at last, and a joyous light broke forth. Joe was coming back. A letter to Fred brought the glad tidings. He wrote—

"'I've a secret to tell you, dear boy. But no—I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you will rejoice for my sake, I am sure. In a few days I shall be with you.'

"Again, as in her baby days, Hettie began her watching. Oh, I know her heart was singing a joyous song, though the sweet lips gave no sound.

"She stood in the porch, waiting his coming, clothed in fleecy white, roses in her hair, and a bright smile playing upon her face.

"'Hettie!'"

"'Fred came toward her. The boy's face had lost its usual look of merriment—his voice, its careless tone.

"'Hettie, Joe came by the train awhile ago—he paused, darting an anxious, searching glance at his sister's face, and he was not alone. I'll not let him surprise you, little sis. I've hurried home to tell you his wife is with him.'

"The light went out of eye and heart. The blush faded quickly on the young face, and, whiter than the dress she wore, she put forth her hand to grasp the balustrade.

"'Fred sprang forward to catch her fainting form. Like a broken lily, he bore her in. And when Joe came she knew it not.

"'For many days her gentle spirit hovered between the shores. Sometimes, since I've almost regretted that it passed not away to the other and brighter one. But she was left with us for a wise purpose, I know.

"'She has never seen Joe Hewberry since his marriage. Three years after, she sent to his little girl who bears her name, the chain and locket she used to wear.'

"'Where is he now? Mrs. Wallace asked.

"'I have not heard of him for years. I know not if he lives.'

"'Thanks for your story, Georgie. But I wish its lesson would have been powerful.'

"'True. I must profit by it without delay, I will send Bessie home to-morrow with mother. The change will do her good, and break the spell.'"

"A few days after this, Georgie Clark came to see Bessie's mother, and said, with a bright smile—

"'I've come to change the ending of my story of the other day. In fact, the end had not then come. Here are Hettie's wedding cards; her Joe has been a widower over two years. Hear what she writes to me:

"'Forgive me for keeping my happiness from you, my dear friend, but I have not been able to realize sufficiently that this great joy was for me to speak of to others. Now that it is so near, and he is with me, surely it must

be. You, who have known so much, must know all now. He loved and was pledged to her before he knew me. You will be glad to know this; I was. Had I known it, it would have soothed greatly the agony of bygone days.'

"'We were at Hettie's wedding yesterday, a happier, lovelier bride I never saw.'"

Miscellaneous.

FOR THE HERALD.

LETTER FROM COLORADO.

Special Correspondent.
PUEBLO, CO., Sept. 28, 1882.

Nearly every one who visits this part of Colorado for the first time, even if partially informed about it beforehand, is grievously disappointed at the aspect of the plains, and finds it hard to believe that the application of that beneficent agent, water can make every inch of these barren-looking table lands literally blossom like the rose. One can hardly imagine a more dreary-looking country than that lying about here. If we except the spots here and there that have been developed by irrigation, there is nothing to be seen but sand, dry buffalo grass, sage brush, and prairie dogs. But it is wonderful what a transformation irrigation produces in this comparatively rainless area—upon this barren and dry land where no water is of the use of the soil. A stream of water here is worth more than a dozen silver mines. They say irrigation is simply scientific farming. The tiller of the soil here is a chemist whose laboratory is a certain area of land; everything but the water is at hand—the bright sun, the potash, and other mineral ingredients, not washed out of the soil by centuries of rain. The climate secures him always from an excess of moisture, and what nature fails to yield, greater or less, according to the season, he supplies from his irrigating canal, and with it he introduces, without labor, the most valuable fertilizing ingredients, with which the water in its course through the mountains has become charged. After what I have seen of its results I am thoroughly satisfied of the beauties of irrigation, and if these whole plains could be subjected to the process what an Eden this would be. But there is where the trouble comes in. It is just as difficult to irrigate without the necessary conditions of situation as to water, etc., as it would be to invoke rain from the clouds. Hence these barren plains in this year A. D. 1882.

The country about here as well as about Canon City and Colorado Springs, and further south in New Mexico, is largely devoted to grazing—both cattle and sheep being included in the industry. Although in many respects the sheep business is less attractive than cattle raising, it deserves attention as an important and growing industry, which is doing much for the prosperity of this region. There is, to be sure, something exciting, and in a sense romantic, about the steer and his breeding, while the sheep is a quiet and modest animal. One can fancy the broad-batted 'cow-boy' on his feet horse and throwing his lasso at full gallop, as feeling himself a sort of Spanish torreador, and perhaps imparting a spice of danger to the chase by flaunting a red scarf in the eyes of the lordly bull. But the Mexican sheep herder, on the other hand, plods monotonously after his flock, and all the chasing is done by his shepherd dog. Only one man that I have heard of was ever able to find anything alarming in the nature of this simple animal. Desiring a supply of mutton for his table, he shot one of his neighbor's sheep, and was overtaken by the owner while carrying it away on his shoulder. 'Now I've caught you, you rascal,' said he; 'what do you mean by shooting my sheep? Sterily and grimly replied the accused: 'I'll shoot any man's sheep that tries to bite me.'

However, it is not for the excitement or amusement there may be in it that men pursue the occupation of herding either sheep or cattle. It is the 'almighty dollar' they are after, like all the rest of us; and, as related in my last letter, there is enough in it hereabouts to make it interesting. This is no less true of sheep raising than of cattle herding. It may be here stated that between the flock and the herd there is an irrepressible conflict. Bitter feuds have sprung up between the cattle and sheep men of this vicinity in consequence of which whole flocks of sheep have been poisoned in a night, and some years ago several bloody encounters occurred. The difficulty is the sheep and cattle will not graze on the same ground. The roving steers stampede the sheep so that they often get lost, and cattle stand and trample so long in the water that the dainty sheep will not drink. On the other hand, cattle do not like sheep, and refuse to herd where they have been, for one reason that they know the grass so close there is nothing left. It is a clear case of incompatibility of temperament, and a separation has generally to be effected.

Of the profits of sheep raising as carried on in this region, and the methods and life of the herder, I shall not have space to tell you in this letter. My next will be devoted to that subject, and then after a glance at the town of Pueblo itself, and also Colorado Springs, the handsomest place in the State, we will go down into New Mexico. Spor.

THE UNIVERSITY AND THE STATE.

From the Greenville News.

"We are glad to know that our articles under this head have aroused public attention. This is the best proof that the subject is opportune at this time in our State."

Beginning of an article in our esteemed Charleston contemporary of the 18th instant, and we borrow and use it, being always quick to utilize words giving better expression to what we have to say than we could ourselves.

The main point of our esteemed contemporary's article is the calculation that a man has to own \$109 60 of taxable property before he pays one cent of the \$12,500 appropriated for the State University. That main point, we are glad to see, is our contemporary's own, but is advanced by a correspondent. We are glad because it is utter nonsense, and we dislike to see our esteemed talk nonsense. The \$12,500 is not a special tax. It is a portion of the general tax and falls exactly equally upon every dollar of taxable property in the State, and the man who pays on \$50 bears his proportional share of the burden with the man who pays on \$100,000. Besides, the question is not one of who pays the most, or how little any one man pays. It is whether the State can honestly and wisely give anything for a State University with \$6,000 illiterate voters and but \$2.60 a year for the education of each child—with one of the largest percentages of ignorance and one of the smallest educational funds in the Union—and whether the amount proposed to be given for the University or any amount like it would not be wantonly wasted.

It is wonderful to note the number of men who see the value of a thing after it is beyond their reach.

The most miserable pettifoggery in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self.

Vulgar minds refuse to crouch beneath their load; the brave bear theirs without repining.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories—they are strongest for things a long way off.

DIPHTHERIA.

A Remedy Worth Trying, to Say the Least.

Herr Hoeft has created a profound sensation in Germany and Austria among medical men, for the remedy which his book gives, and which has proven effective in thousands of the severest cases. It is simple, and as the disease is most always more or less prevalent in America, it is appended, with instructions, etc.

Herr Hoeft forbids absolutely all internal medicine, because every purgative and emetic medicine will have in all cases a pernicious effect. Only strengthening nourishment, like bouillon, eggs, and so on, will hold up the vital powers, prevent the usual palsy, and secure a quick cure. At the same time Hoeft forbids the touching of the larynx with *lapis infernalis* (nitrate of silver), because its use, in consequence of its fragility and the danger of the child swallowing a piece is not to be recommended. In the first place are necessary prouty thick and pretty soft hair brushes, fastened on a solid stick, like a heavy pen-holder. It is better to have several of these brushes, and especially the physicians should always carry with them such brushes, and the necessary medicine in large quantities, and at the same time it would be a good thing, if, in every house, brushes and medicine for immediate use were at hand. The medicine is composed in the following manner: Dissolve sixty grammes of acidum tannicum in one hundred and twenty grammes of hot water, and add to this solution ten grammes of kali chloricum, and there is a remedy with which you can successfully overcome every case of diphtheria. The manipulation is easy enough. Take some of the above solution in a little dish, wet it with the brush, and in a quick movement, gliding over the tongue, carry the brush into the throat, turn it right and left around its axis, draw it forth, clean it in a glass of water, dry it, and repeat the procedure three to six times, according to the masses of slime and *boletus* in the throat. This operation must be repeated three times a day, and, if it is possible, by the physician himself. If the children are intelligent enough, let them gargle as often as possible with cold water, or a solution of kali chloricum—teaspoonful in a cup of water, while as to children under four years the throat and the mouth must be cleaned with another brush, and a solution of kali chloricum. Besides this, the mouth must be brushed every hour with a solution of forty grammes of borax and thirty grammes of raspberry syrup. No internal medicine! In cases of tenesmus a few little clisters, of two or four ounces of cold water will be sufficient. Add to this a nourishing but light diet—veal or chicken soup, soft eggs, the flesh of an anchovy, and so on—and let the patient drink only fresh and cold water. It must not be forgotten that diphtheria is a very contagious disease, and therefore the patient must be separated from all other members of the family. The brushes for one child cannot be used for another patient; the sick room must be disinfected; the wash bowl and the dishes must be cleaned with carbolic acid and water. In short, you cannot be cautious enough if you would prevent your house from being the scene of a horrible epidemic disease.

Good work, like the spring buds, needs only to be seen; no praise of it can approach the privileged vision.

Taking things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

The changes we personally experience from time to time we obstinately deny to our principles.

Men's evil manners live in brass—their virtues we write in water.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Fall Military-Embroidered Costumes—Redingotes—Jackets.

Upon your felt or velvet bonnet you may place a dove, pigeon, hawk, crow, partridge, wild duck, or the like—not all, but any one. Your choice being made, proceed to flatten down your bird; passing your velvet or ribbon trimming over the body and under the wings, allowing the head to nestle either on your back hair, or to look reproachfully from the front. I alone, however, am responsible for the adverb of discontent just employed since the fashionable intellect approves of such ornaments, and thinks them 'sweet.' All sufficiently sweet, indeed, because one sees little else combined in the way of bows or the like. Again you can group several little birds together, the assembled cluster being reckoned equivalent to the single large one. Cocks' heads likewise are highly esteemed; sometimes two together fight a perpetual battle, while masses of cocks' plumage depend on either side. But one can hardly go astray in the way of feathers. 'Tis a season of them, and oftentimes different kinds are sewn together in a patch work sort of way. Ostrich plumes are indispensable, and the broad brimmed straws with velvet crowns are so covered with them that they will be worn all winter. Felts are in immense demand, colored to suit costumes, while dressier styles are of velvet, shapes being very much like those of last summer—capotes or pokes with a minority of wide brims. Flowers are hardly seen, though a few very large ones of velvet have been imported. Nevertheless, for theatres, etc., there are lovely little bonnets made entirely of flowers. A word, too, as to your winter's umbrellas, since there is an improvement worth mentioning. In buying, ask for one having the new spring acting catch for holding it open or closed. The old wire springs so unsightly, and liable to get out of order are completely done away with, and undoubtedly this is the greatest step in advance since the invention of paragon frames.

HELP YOURSELF.

What is to hinder your devising for yourself one of those soutache embroidered costumes that are the special feature of dress this winter? Nothing at all, if you have sufficient ingenuity and leisure. So many yards of cashmere or camel's hair; so much soutache braid to match; have the design stamped; set to work in a short time, behold your costume. Very stylish are pyramidal patterns covering the front breadth with touches for sleeves and corsage, and as a change, come dress patterns, provided with bands of various widths, while as to the making, there is more to be said than I can possibly tell you, so I would refer you to Lord & Taylor's Fall catalogue, where are not only illustrations of all new styles, but a series of ably written articles on every department of dress.

OUT-DOOR GARMENTS.

Happy is the woman who will possess a redingote of embroidered wool to match her dress. With admirable foresight, provision is made by which the outside world shall know that she has that costume, since the outer garment is cut to open down the front, disclosing the embroidery. The most illigal reader may now furthermore surmise that if a dress can be embroidered, why not a redingote? The conclusion is most reasonable. So many more yards of wool goods, so much more braid. You are fully equipped, and beyond peradventure, are fashionable. As to colors, there are olive or forest greens, brown, blue, ruby, terra cotta, plum and the wise colors. Different shades of each, or black.

JACKETS.

The day of jackets, however, has not departed. For young ladies, embroidered ones of cashmere, etc., will often be preferred to the redingotes just mentioned, and of course are more easily gotten up at home, because smaller. Velvet jackets too are very stylish; coming in all new colors, and if made of nonpareil velveteen, costing two dollars a yard, are by no means expensive. Its durability can be depended upon, since the great competition in velveteen and the determination not to be surpassed, or

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JOB PRINTING
DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
TERMS CASH.

indeed equalled, led the manufacturers to seek improvements, which have resulted in the production of a fabric without a possible rival, though there are many imitations. It is not obligatory that the jacket should match the costume in color, and we shall find pretty effects produced by contrasts; or again, a black dress could be tastefully enlivened by a jacket, more or less brightly hued. Garnet or crimson would not be too gay according to present ideas, while a choice is given among forest or olive greens, terra cotta, blue, brown, purple or plum. Basques differing from the skirt are too convenient to be relinquished, and this Fall, seem as much in favor as ever. Either of plain goods or brocade, or striped with plain skirt. But indeed there is no rule and any contrast that looks well is permissible.

LUCY CARTER.

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN KILLED.—The Charlotte *Observer* tells of the death of Albert Wallace, a South Carolinian who has long resided in Mecklenburg where he was known as 'Prince Albert.' He fell from a wagon on Friday and broke his neck. The *Observer* says:

Prior to the war he was a man of wealth, owning a great number of slaves and a large amount of real estate. Unfortunately for himself, he fell into the paths of intemperance and let his fortune slip from his hands. When sober, he was a genial, kind hearted man, a good citizen, and a warm friend, but when suffering from the bite of the worm that dieth not, he was reckless, wild and uncontrollable. He was married many years ago to a Mrs. Cross, a daughter of Col. S. Bird, of Edgefield, S. C., and a relative of Gen. M. C. Butler. His wife, who survives him, came from one of the most influential families of South Carolina, and the mention of her name will recall two very exciting incidents that occurred in the past history of that State. The first was a duel between Tom Bird, her brother, and Gen. Louis T. Wigfall, a suitor for her hand, in which Bird was killed at the first fire. This duel occurred in Edgefield at the court house door. The second incident was a duel between Preston S. Brooks and Gen. Wigfall, in which both principals were badly wounded. A short time after this second duel, she was married to a Mr. Cross, and after her death she was married to Mr. Wallace. She has now in her possession the pair of duelling pistols used by Gen. Wigfall in his duels. Mrs. Wallace, though about 55 years old, still retains much of her former beauty. Time has laid his hand gently upon her and even now she is a handsome woman.

THE COMET COUGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—SIR: Are you aware that the comet has a serious effect on the health of a majority of the people who gaze upon it? It does at my house. They all get out of bed and stand gazing in awe and this night dress until, warmed by increased chilliness that they are doing an imprudent thing, they skip to bed again. Have you the comet cough? Will be the question for some time to come. Vic.

New York, Oct. 5.

Aunt—Has any one been at these preserves? Dead silence. 'Have you touched them, Jimmy?' Jimmy, with the utmost deliberation—'Pa never lows me to talk at dinner.'

Woman like money for what it will bring them; men honor and worship money for its mere possession.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at first, because one cannot hold out that long.

It always seemed a sort of clever stupidity only to have one sort of talent—almost like a carrier pigeon.

The best portion of a man's life is that devoted to little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and love.

Men approve decision of character though it be against them, and despise a time-server and trimmer.

The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.