

The Newberry Herald.

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

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No. 22.

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 cent per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
TERMS CASH.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S STORY OF HIS CAPTURE.

In the State Library at Jackson, Miss., is a crayon portrait of Mr. Davis as he appeared when captured. I asked him if it was correct, and he replied: "I will tell you exactly how it all occurred. I had lain down without removing a garment. I had high cavalry boots, pantaloons tucked into the tops, a grey blouse and a soft hat. Upon the alarm being given I stepped out of the tent and saw a Federal cavalryman thirty or forty feet away. He ordered me to halt. At the same moment Mrs. Davis threw over my shoulders a folded shawl. I saw that my only chance of escape was to secure the horse of the Federal. I advanced straight upon him, feeling that he would fire at me, but believing that he would miss his target. Had this occurred there would have been a struggle for the possession of the horse. As I approached the soldier he lowered his carbine as if to shoot, and at that moment Mrs. Davis rushed up and threw her arms around me. The soldier hesitated a moment, turned his weapon aside, and I walked back to the fire and stood there until made prisoner. [Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

A story is told by the Philadelphia Times concerning two members of the Legislature from that city. A member had wound up a grandiloquent speech with the quotation: "Vox populi, vox Dei." The two Philadelphians, Crawford and Mackin, had both been listening with great admiration, and Mackin, turning aside, cried to Crawford: "Ah, wasn't that a fine climax?" "Oh, it was grand!" replied the Eleventh Ward member. Mackin eyed Crawford suspiciously for a moment, and then offered to bet \$10 that he did not know what he said. "I'll take that," said Crawford. "Of course I know what he said. It was 'vox populi, vox Dei,' and it means 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!'" Mackin plunged his hand into his pocket and meekly said: "There's the tenner, Al. didn't know you were such a good Latin scholar."

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting or your money," said the bank-teller to Smithers, "but here's the money all in yellow boys." "Never mind," said Smithers, "I see 'tis worth the wait in gold."

"Ella is better looking," remarked Mrs. Brown, with a smirk, "but Lucy will get married first." "Yes," chimed in her husband, "gimme Luci-fer matches every time."

"Is anybody waiting on you?" said a polite dry goods clerk to a young lady from the country. "Yes, sir," replied the blushing damsel; "that's my fellow outside; he wouldn't come in the store."

A Baltimore man remained in a trance for three days recently, and they finally had to yell "dog fight" under his window to rouse him to life.

Jo says that the best lip salve in creation is a kiss. The remedy should be used with great care, as it may bring on affection of the heart.

"You said, Mrs. Jones, your umbrella had a straight handle?" "I thought it did, but since it vanished I am quite certain it ended with a hook."

Every time a man in England snores loud nervous people take it for an explosion of dynamite.

We never knew a person to eat ordinary lumber, but we have known them to dine on shipboard.

The briefless young lawyer must wear his old clothes until he can win a suit in court.

Should music be sold by the chord? Drum music should be sold by the pound.

Checkers is looked upon as a square game.

The greatest composer—Sleep.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER

From our own Correspondent.

THE GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN SCIENCE AND MUSCLE—ABOUT BAD TEA—OPTUM DENS AND FOISON—A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE WITH THE BUNCO STEERERS—CREMATION ALL THE RAGE—HENCE FIFTEEN STORY HOUSES—THE PULITZERS AND THEIR CUTENESS.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1883.

The men of science and learning feel exceedingly sad at the defeat of Mitchell, for he was their representative. He was "science" personified, and "science" has been beaten out of its boots by the heavy blows of Sullivan. Thus once more is it proven that the fortunes of war rest with the heaviest artillery. You will please bear in mind that at the great contest in Madison Square the other evening, between Sullivan and Mitchell, the ten thousand persons were not all shoulder litters, bummers and thieves. There were men of standing headed by Roscoe Conkling, men of money headed by Belmont, and I am told that the church was even represented by no less an individual than brother Beecher. All of the latter sided with Mitchell, who is said to be an M. D., who given up his practice in order to handle the healthy, and when Mr. Sullivan made mince-meat of him the roof was almost taken off the building by the cheers, not of the learned men, but of the rougis, who, of course, now look with disdain upon the class represented by Conkling and Co.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Petersburg, Virginia, Mail writes as follows about Senator Vance:

The most popular public man in Washington is the Senator from North Carolina; combining the bonhomie of Mat Carpenter with the wonderful faculty of anecdote of Tom Corwin, the North Carolinian is the life of any circle he may be thrown in. Dull care gathers her threadbare garments about her and hurries away when the genial Vance comes up, and Momus begins to grin. Whenever a combined yell of merriment would come from the cloak room, or a roar of laughter from the Senatorial restaurant, one could tell without any wide guessing who was at the bottom of it all. Dignity drops her cloak when Mr. Vance is near, and even the calm St. Edmunds, who wears a mask, would unbend and his shrill laughter be heard high above the rest.

It is worth the price of an orchestra seat on a benefit night to hear the Senator tell of his first experience as a statesman. It seems that he was member of Congress from North Carolina before the war, and—but let him tell it in his own words as he narrated it to some of the "boys" across the way where thirsty members and scribes most do congregate:

"I was a big man, I can tell you boys, when I was first elected to Congress, some twenty-five years ago. I swelled so that North Carolina could not hold me. When I came to Washington I imagined the eyes of the whole country were on me, I followed my friend, George Sheridan's example literally. I voted on both sides of every bill that came up. I yelled Mr. Speaker! every chance I had. I called one member a liar, told another he was a fool, urged the ladies in the gallery, cursed the pages, and kept them on the run all the time. I elevated my boots on the desk, spit tobacco juice on the floor, went to the committee room to look at documents, and drove up Pennsylvania avenue in an open barouche every evening when the weather was fine. I swaggered into the dining-room, I lounged in the lobby and disported myself everywhere, supremely conscious that I was the observed of all observers.

When I returned home, it was in fine style. We had no railroads in my section of North Carolina, and I chartered a stage coach and rode on top with some of my lady friends, just to show them how my constituents along the route regarded me. About evening, when the stage stopped at the top of a hill to rest the horses, and directly in front of a ragged old cabin, its owner, a real piney woods tar heel, stood leaning against the fence; his pair of jeans pantaloons hung suspended by one galling; a hickory shirt open at the throat and an old straw hat

on his head, and yet that is what

the New York Cremation Society has just held its annual meeting, with a large increase in membership. Speaking of cremation reminds me of the fact that if New York goes on building skyward as we have been doing of late there will be many more human beings cremated than there are members of the Society just named. The latest addition to our enormous high buildings in an apartment house having no less than fifteen stories. Just think of it that you and your wife and chicks should be compelled to live on the fifteenth story of a flat house, and yet that is what

POETRY

A CLEAR CASE.

Auburn hair, inclined to curl,
Honest heart and a winning smile;
Form to set the brain awhirl,
Lips that might a saint beguile;
That's the girl.

Taller than the maiden coy,
Truthful, fearless, handsome, strong,
Heart of gold without alloy,
Halting ne'er 'twixt right and wrong;
That's the boy.

Window panes festooned with rime,
Leafless tree and hillside bare;
Town clock sounding midnight's chime,
Street lamps gleaming here and there;
That's the time.

Nestling at the mountain's base,
With its one long, quiet street,
Clasped in Winter's white embrace;
Quaint old village, prim and neat;
That's the place.

Truant arm and shy embrace,
Tender vows in willing ear,
Kisses on an upturned face,
Whispered "Yes, I love you dear."
That's the case.

MISCELLANEOUS

Crockett's 'Coon-Skin.

A REMINISCENCE OF AN OLD-TIME CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN.

From the Forest and Stream.

In 1827 Davy Crockett was elected to Congress from Tennessee and during the canvass played the famous 'coon-skin trick, which he related as follows:

"I started off to the Cross Roads, dressed in my hunting skirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gander-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and been shipped to the West with a cargo of codfish and rum, erected a large shanty, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I had arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his specchifying and his treating, when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sauntering along as if I was not a party in business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the colonel,' cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bush-whack in the most approved style. I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents let me know that they could not listen to me on such a dry subject as the welfare of the nation, until they had something to drink, and that I must treat 'em. Accordingly I jumped down from the rostrum and led the way to the shanty, followed by my constituents, shouting, 'Huzza for Crockett,' and 'Crockett forever.'

"When we entered the shanty Job was busy dealing out his rum in a style that showed that he was making a good day's work of it, and I called for a quart of the best, but the crooked critter returned no other answer than by pointing at a board over the bar, on which he had chalked in large letters, 'Pay-to-day and trust to-morrow.' Now that idea brought me all up standing; it was a sort of cornering in which there was no back out, for ready money in the West in those times was the shyest thing in all nature, and it was most particularly shy with me on that occasion. The voters, seeing my predicament, fell off to the other side, and I was left deserted and alone, as the Government will be when it no longer has any offices to bestow. I saw plain as day that the tide of popular opinion was against me, and that unless I got some rum speedily, I should lose my election as sure as there are snakes in Virginia—and it must be done soon, or even burned brandy wouldn't save me.

"Well knowing that a crisis was at hand, I struck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need, and, as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat 'coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the root of a tree. I

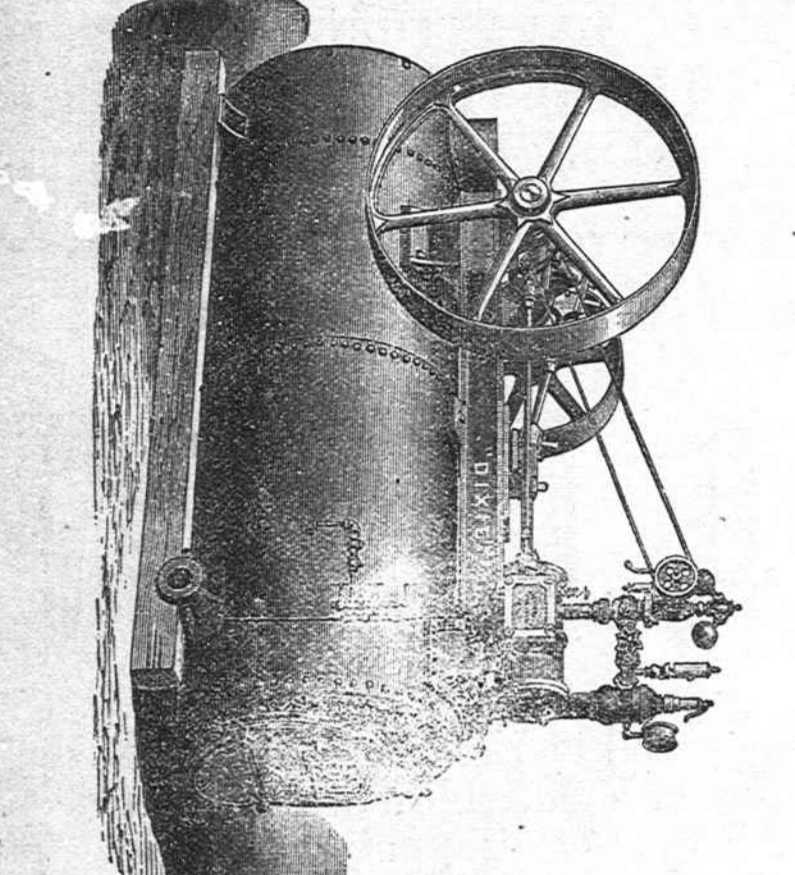
soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again bent my way towards the shanty, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the 'coon skin upon the counter and called for a quart of rum, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point to his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a 'coon was as legal tender for a quart in the West as a New York shilling any day in the year. My constituents now flocked about me and cried 'Huzza for Crockett,' 'Crockett forever,' and finding the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yarns to get them in a good humor, and having soon dispatched the value of the 'coon, went out and mounted the stump without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to see what I had to offer for the good of the nation.

"Before I was through one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech after they had washed down their first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of cornstalk and molasses, and the question being put up it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to tell the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shanty, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended upon my shooting another 'coon. While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes and discovered one end of the 'coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung it there in the hurry of business, I gave it a sort of quick jerk, and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slapped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humor, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

"I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we must adjourn to the shanty; and as luck would have it, the 'coon skin was sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter; the rum followed, of course, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin, and from a fellow, too, who in those parts was considered as sharp as a steel trap and as bright as a pewter button.

MISCELLANEOUS

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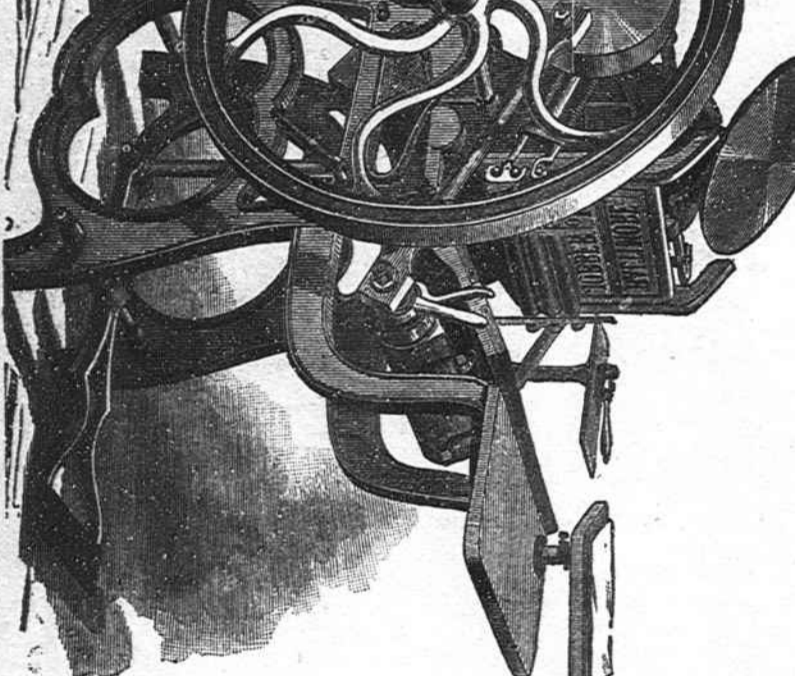
CHARLOTTE, N. C. COLUMBIA, S. C.

May 8, 19—3mos.

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COLUMBIA, S. C.

May 2, 18—tf.

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