

# The Newberry Herald.

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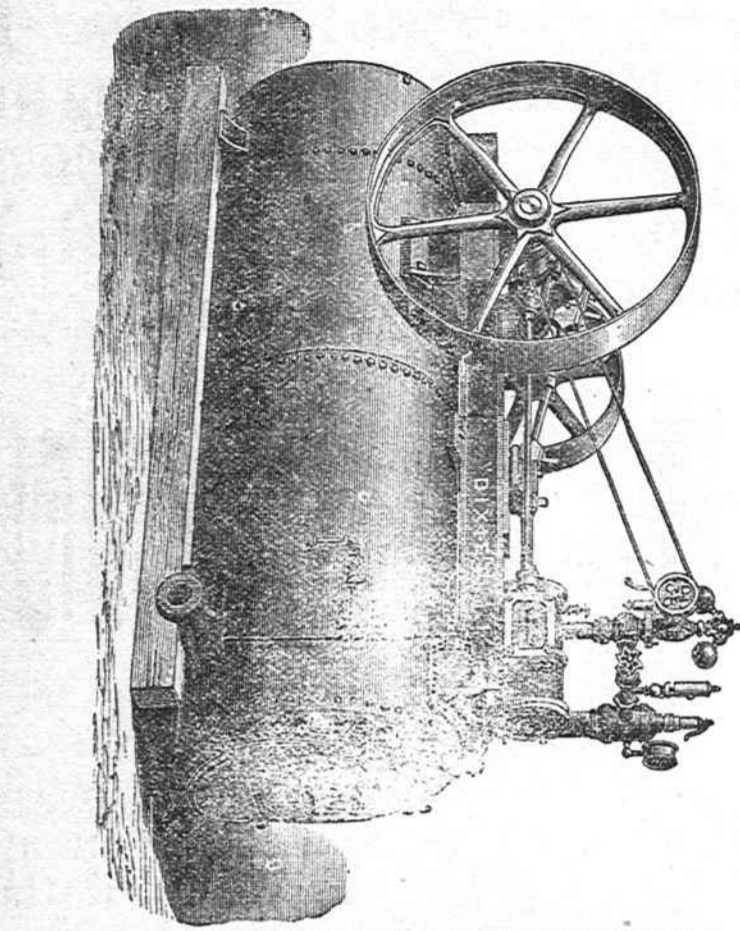
No. 23.

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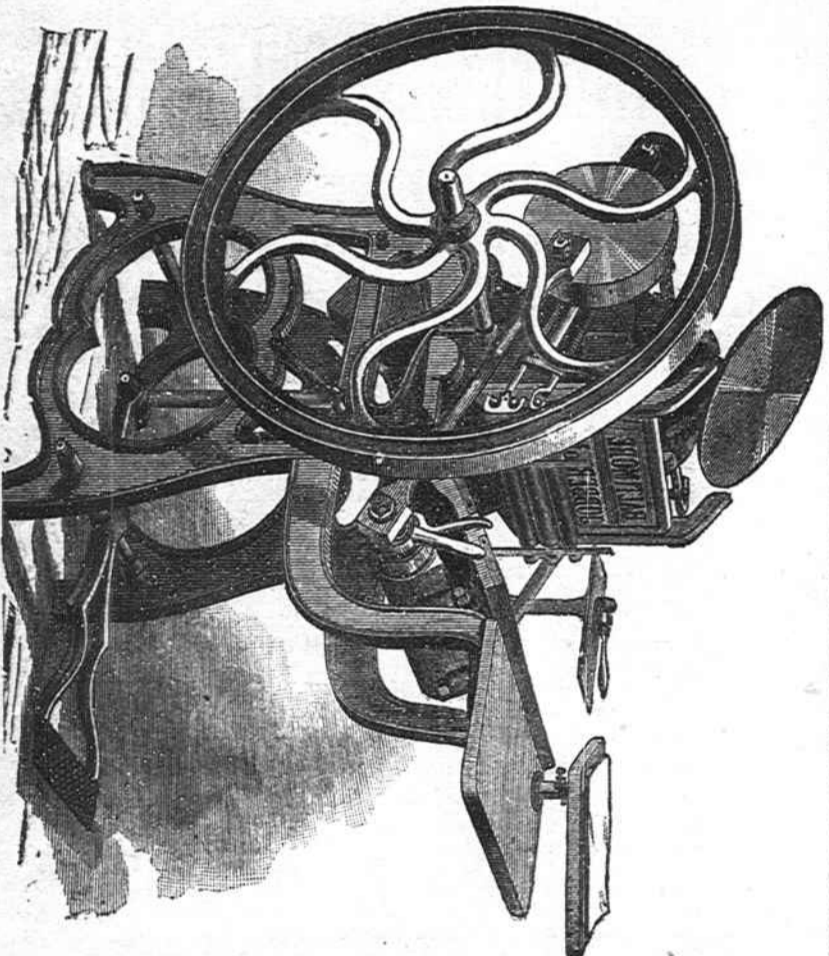
Miscellaneous.

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Poetry.

### JAMIE, THE GENTLEMAN.

BY MABEL C. DOWD.

There's a dear little ten-year-old down the street,  
With eyes so merry and smile so sweet,  
I love to stay with him whenever we meet;  
And I call him Jamie, the gentleman.  
His home is of poverty, gloomy and bare,  
His mother is old with want and care—  
There's little to eat and little to wear  
In the home of Jamie, the gentleman.  
He never complains—though his clothes be old,  
No dismal whinnings at hunger or cold;  
For a cheerful heart that is better than gold  
His brave little Jamie, the gentleman.  
His standing at school is always ten—  
"For diligent boys make wise, great men,  
And I'm bound to be famous some day, and then!"  
Proudly says Jamie, the gentleman.  
"My mother shall rest her on cushions of down,  
The finest lady in all the town,  
And wear a velvet and satin gown"—  
Thus dreams Jamie the gentleman.  
"Trust ever in God," and "Be brave and true;  
Jamie has chosen these precepts two;  
Glorious motives for me and for you;  
May God bless Jamie, the gentleman."  
—Wide Awake.

Selected Story.

### DEATH IN THE PIT.

Amy Glover was the prettiest lass in the village, and I loved her, but, as for that, all the young chaps in the village were of the same mind, but she never looked at one more than another. One day there was no work in the pit for my gang, and so I made up my mind that I would go and have it out with Amy. I set out with a brave enough heart, but just as I reached the cottage, who should come out but Amy herself looking prettier than ever; but appearing so suddenly she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.  
"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" she cried, in a frightened sort of way.  
"Well, it is just this," I said. And there I came to a full stop.  
"Is anything wrong with Jack?" she asked, eagerly.  
"Jack!"  
"Yes; he is down in the pit, and they say it is foul, which makes mother and me uneasy. You've not heard anything?"  
"No," I answered, staidier now that I could comfort her. "He is all right. You musn't mind what the old women say, or you'd be looking for a blow up every day in the year, when there is nothing more than common. I haven't come about Jack; it is about myself."  
She looked at me; then her cheeks flushed, and she turned away.  
"I want to tell you how I love you; I can't say all I want to, but here I am, and I wouldn't change for a king if you will take me as I am."  
"Ah, you don't know how you pain me," she answered.  
"Don't say that, Amy; but if you have pity in your heart show it to me, and I'll cherish you to the day of my death."  
"It is no use. I can never marry a pitman. I gave the promise to father and three brothers, all killed at the same time."  
She looked at me through a mist of tears, and I turned and left her without another word.  
I felt as if the sun would never shine for me any more; I thought I might as well be in my grave as to try to live there. Why shouldn't I go to Yorkshire or Derbyshire, or even to the diggings in Australia, for that matter? The notion of it gave me a little spirit. I turned my thoughts, and I stepped out more briskly, going straight home. I hadn't much to settle there only to bid good-by to the people I lived with, and I soon came out, pack on back, and began my tramp.  
"I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash which shook the ground, I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the black country, and, throwing down my pack, I darted off to the pit.  
It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust heaps round the

pit's mouth, but some were there before me, and people were rushing from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit almost threw me down as I came up, and I had to get my breath a little when three or four of us crept on to the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, but it hadn't injured the signal-rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as I saw this I proceeded to rig a cross-bar, and presently had it ready.  
"Just lower me gently; I may pick up one or two, if there's any near," I said to two banksmen.  
"You can't go down yet," said the viewer, "How many are there in the pit?"  
"Half an hour ago there were fifty; but I'm thankful to say they all came up but ten," replied the time-keeper.  
"And they are lost, for there will be another explosion presently," I said the viewer.  
"I'll go down, anyhow," I said doggedly; and if nobody lowers me "I'll jump down."  
A good many were on the heaps now, and two or three called out, "Good-by, God bless you, dear lad." The banksmen lowered me down, and I sank through the pit's mouth, a Davy lamp was tied round my waist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up, if the air became foul. But I had no intention of going back until I had searched the pit and seen if there were any alive. One thing, I didn't care about my life, and another I would have been ashamed to face the folks above without doing something, so I felt impatient that they lowered me at such a snail's pace, and I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed. But my progress was notified by the increasing density of the air which began to affect my breathing; and as I went on I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground.  
I looked round as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was out, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, and no air entered but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and from this and the silence I guessed the worst. It was evident that the explosion had killed the horses, for no sound came from the stables, and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? I did not stand to make these reflections; I was working forward as they went through my mind. I knew the old pit blindfold, but what with the gloom and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling for the incline. When I reached the first gallery I pushed open the trap and went on a few steps, but my lamp was "afire," and I knew the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. As I stumbled along it came into my head what Amy had said about Jack being in the pit. I rushed forward like mad; my foot struck something; I bent over what appeared to be a corpse, and the gleam of my lamp fell upon its face. It was Jack. I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of a giant and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.  
It was easier work going back, when you were in the main or horse road, and I found that Jack was breathing when I reached the shaft. The discovery kept all my senses at work without my seeming to notice it. I only felt there would be another explosion. I placed Jack on the straddle and tied him hand and foot; then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the tackle, I hung on by my arms.  
It wasn't till we had reached twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing; but from that moment it became terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap and my head spun round in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit until my eyes swam, and I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster; I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the purer air; I

heard voices; and presently strong arms caught me, and I was landed on the bank.  
They had Jack off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head and poured a little brandy in my mouth. I called out for the viewer.  
"What is it, Charley Baston?" he asked, bending over me.  
"Everybody away from the mouth of the pit, sir," I said.  
"You are right; it will come in a minute or two, he answered.  
They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Amy trying to throw herself on her brother, but kept back by the other women. She never glanced at me. I wished then that I had stayed in the pit, or let myself drop from the bar as I came up, and so escaped seeing her again. But I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now and when they let go my arms I turned toward the moor intending to pick up pack and drag on to the next village. But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to my pack I sank down by it and felt that I must give up. I was so beat that though the second explosion at the pit shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. All I thought of was lying quiet. By degrees I recovered a little strength, and my thoughts took me to my old lodging, where I decided to rest before I set out on my wanderings.  
The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, the good folks of the house attending me like a child. My limbs, which had been racked with pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there would be opposition, so I got up very quiet, and was putting on my things, when the door opened, and in came Jack Glover.  
"Hilloa, Charley here we are!" he cried, seizing my hand and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Who would have thought of us two being alive to-day?"  
"Well, Jack, I am glad for you, but I shouldn't have cared for myself."  
"How's that?"  
"I have something on my mind."  
"You!" he said, laughing and giving me a little push. "Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will all go off like the smoke."  
"I don't care if I never smoke a pipe again," I said savagely.  
"Now, I'll tell you what it is; you've been having a tiff with our Amy."  
"I haven't."  
"Well, you know best about that, but you were seen talking with her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you brought me up from the pit, she fell fainting in my arms."  
"Didn't she know that until you told her?" I asked.  
"No."  
"Then I'll just tell you all about her and me," I said.  
I was long time telling it, but Jack sat by as if was listening to a play or a sermon at chapel. I told him of the feelings Amy had raised in my heart; told him how I had watched for her; thought of her; dreamed of her; and, finally recounted our latest colloquy. Jack never moved a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath did he put in a word.  
"Don't you think you have been a little fast old boy?" he then said.  
"How do you mean?"  
"Why, in giving up so. Suppose when Amy said she couldn't have you, you had put your arm around her waist and said she must?"  
The view had never struck me, and rather took me aback.  
"But there was her promise to you and her mother never to marry a pitman."  
"So there was. But did you never hear that promises were made to be broken?"  
"I can't say but I have," I muttered, clapping on my hat.  
"Where are you going?"  
"You wait here a minute."  
With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road into Mrs. Glover's cottage. I stood outside a minute, then I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was

Amy sitting by her mother looking like a ghost—only ghosts never look pretty. She gave me one look then started up and sprang into my arms. My heart was so full I couldn't speak at first, but I thought I must do something, so I slipped my arm around her waist as Jack recommended. Now I felt sure of her, and of all the happiness the world could give, and as my breast swelled proudly I began to bear a little malice.  
"Ah, Amy, if you had only loved me," I said.  
She tightened her arms around my neck.  
"How happy we might have been!" I continued.  
"Then we can be, Charley," she said.  
"How? We can never marry, you know."  
The little fingers unlocked, and I felt Amy falling away, but I remembered Jack's counsel and held on by her waist.  
"There's your promise to your mother and Jack; how are we to get over that?" I continued.  
"I forgot that," faltered Amy, as white as a sheet.  
"And what do you say to it, mother?" I cried to the old lady.  
Mrs. Glover got up and took Amy's hand and put it in mine.  
"That's what I say to it," she said heartily, "and Jack is of the same mind."  
"And this is what I say to it," I cried, giving the girl a kiss.  
You won't be surprised to hear that we were married the next week. And now I am the viewer of the colliery; and as for Amy, she will tell you that, though she has married a pitman, and has her ups and downs like other people, there is no happier woman in the kingdom.

Miscellaneous.

### OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

From our own Correspondent.  
BRIDGE MAD—ST. BRIDGET'S DAY—THE CITY FILLED WITH STRANGERS—THE NIGHT SCENE ON THE RIVER—SOMETHING FAR AHEAD OF THE CENTENNIAL—THE PRESIDENT GROWING OLD—FREDDY GEBHARD'S LATEST SET-TO—GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND'S THRASHING.  
NEW YORK, June 5, 1883.  
Brooklyn has been bridge mad for a week past, and New York became so yesterday. Truly however, there are few celebrations in a nation's career that so thoroughly appeal to pride, and give reason for national satisfaction, as the completion of this stupendous and yet graceful structure. It is an American piece of work throughout; and the crown set yesterday upon the brow of John Roebling reflects honor and credit upon the whole American people. As Mayor Low pointedly stated, when, in 1837, not far from where the bridge now hangs, a screw-dock was built, we had to send to England for the engines. To-day not a splinter, not a bolt, nor a cable, is of anything but American growth and American manufacture. The genius, too, that dictated it is American; the money raised for it comes out of our pockets; and not a structure exists in the entire civilized world that can compare with it in solidity, vastness, and at the same time so graceful in its appearance.  
Of course the city is filled with strangers. There must have been a million of strangers from all parts of the country here yesterday. They even came from across the Alleghenies, and in several hotels they had to place cots in the parlors. But, then, the sight these people witnessed last night fully repaid them for their trouble. Talk of your Centennial! It was a mere flea-bite compared with the grand, at times awe-inspiring scene that at least three million of people witnessed last evening when the fireworks were set off from the bridge, when the North Atlantic Squadron and its five large men-of-war were illuminated by electric light, when, from the hill-tops of New Jersey, balls of fire greeted the rejoicings of happy Brooklyn, with her churches illuminated, the ships in the harbor decked with Chinese lanterns,

the forts from time to time belching forth the salutes that were almost drowned by the huzzahs of the masses, every pier, every dock, every tug, every craft filled with well-dressed men and women, every one of whom felt the better for witnessing a scene that crowned the triumphs, not of war, but of civilization, progress and labor.  
The only man most observed by all, who, it struck me, was the most pensive, the most calm, was the President of the United States. Everywhere he was received, both here and in Brooklyn, with tremendous hurrahs, to which he continually responded in his own gentlemanly style. Yet there was an air of sadness about him. He looked careworn, haggard, and to us all who have known Chester A. Arthur as the handsome, jolly New-Yorker of the past, he is no more the same. Everybody was surprised to see how wonderfully he had aged. He looked at least 25 years older yesterday than he did when, only three years ago, he stood side by side with poor Garfield on the balcony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, full of hope, full of cheer, and full of that robust life which he had acquired during his many years of activity in the best circles of the metropolis. To me he looks no longer the same man; and his own face shows that he is tired of official life, and that he longingly looks to the day when he once more can resume his city life, his club visits, his social connections, his pastimes and his law books.  
The 'knock-down' epidemic seems to be around. We had quite a number of them during the week. Young Gebhard, the escort of Mrs. Langtry, got a taste of Mr. Sanford's open hand simply because the latter was leaving Delmonico's at the midnight hour with some of his friends, and Gebhard was asking him whether he was going; he replied that they were going to see some 'ladies,' perhaps also Mrs. Langtry. Gebhard said that was a lie, and in response to that statement he was made to produce some claret, not from Delmonico's cellar, but from his own nose. It is a shame, however, the manner this young Freddie Gebhard is bothered, and it is simply because the other fellows are jealous of him. They would all be glad to have such a nice girl at their heels as this young chap.  
George Alfred Townsend, the well-known journalist, also received a severe drubbing at the Gilsey House, night before last, from the brother of Maud Harrison. George Alfred, who writes for a dozen papers, it appears, has lately made a severe attack upon various women of the theatrical profession, in fact, he stated, that few of them are no better than they ought to be, severely criticizing also the conduct of Maud, who lives quietly with her mother in 23d street. Her brother Duncan who is a well-built Custom House officer, gave George Alfred a most severe licking, and the profane quidriver did not even attempt to defend himself, and took it exactly like a school-boy takes a spanking.  
RADIX.  
Before the publication of "Students' Songs" published by Moses King, the Harvard publisher, there was no collection of college music containing the songs which have had their origin, and become popular, within the ten or fifteen years, not merely at one college but at all the leading colleges throughout the country. All existing collections were out of date. The new songs, of which a great number had sprung into life, were no where to be found in print. They were known only to comparatively few; and unless they were put in permanent form, they would soon be forgotten and lost forever. The first edition of "Students' Songs" was prepared with a view to preserving these songs and to make them accessible to all. The success of the book was immediate. The demand exceeded the supply; and the sale of the entire edition of six thousand copies, in less than four months, showed how urgently the need of some such collection had been felt. The second edition of "Students' Songs" was, in reality, an entirely new book. It contained

none of the songs comprised in the first edition, but was made up of other entirely new songs of equal merit and popularity. Like its predecessor, it had a most remarkable sale. The whole edition of five thousand copies was speedily exhausted before the demand was half supplied. For a long time the book has been out of print, and it has been impossible to procure copies anywhere.  
The many who have tried in vain to obtain a copy of "Students' Songs" will learn with pleasure that a third and greatly enlarged edition of the book is just off the press. The book comprises the songs of both the first and the second editions, and contains, beside, more than twenty pages of entirely new music, including all the very latest college songs of the day with piano accompaniment. Most of the songs in the book are copyrighted, have never before been printed, and can be found in no other collection. The book is gotten up in excellent style. It makes a handsome quarto of sixty-four pages, nearly sheet-music size, with engraved cover of unique and appropriate design. Much care has been taken in arranging the songs and in making the plates, and no pains have been spared to make the book as nearly perfect as possible. It is offered to the public as the only collection of the newest and most popular college songs.  
The new edition of "Students' Songs" was compiled by Mr. William Hills, Harvard class of '80, and is published by Moses King, Cambridge, Mass. It is sold at the low price of fifty cents.  
TARIFF TROUBLE.  
"Why did you strike this man?" asked a justice of the peace of a prisoner.  
"I had sufficient cause, your honor. He came to my house the other day on a visit. He criticised my children and laughed at my daughter's singing, turned up his nose at a fish I had caught, and put my wife to a great deal of trouble at dinner-time."  
"But all this gave you no excuse to strike him with a stick of stove wood."  
"I know, but let me get through. After dinner he took a kind of all day seat and began to talk on the Tariff question. Then I hit him."  
"Tariff, eh? I fine you ten dollars for not shooting him."  
[Arkansas Traveller.]  
When we see a tightly-laced woman trying to enjoy a good laugh with a smile on her mouth and tears in her eyes, we think of the dear old hymn which begins: 'Let joy be unconfined.'  
A giantess, Marian Wedde by name, is being exhibited in Manchester, Eng. She is seventeen years of age, eight feet and ten inches in height, and still growing.  
Large feet are now so fashionable among gentlemen of style that Chicago dudes are wearing their sisters' shoes.  
The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life.  
The first and greatest of all faults is to defraud ourselves.  
Desperation is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius.  
Desperate diseases must have desperate remedies.  
A true man will not swerve from the path of duty.  
Bustle is not industry nor is impudence courage.  
Trust not the man who promises with an oath.  
Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.  
We seldom repent of having eaten too little.  
Always look on the bright side of everything.  
If you are in debt somebody owns part of you.