

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XIX.

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No. 26.

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. above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements. Special Notices in Local column 15 cents per line. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in file for a limited time and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH TERMS CASH.

THREE DOLLARS FOR BLACKING BOOTS.

A lot of Boston tourists were traveling in a sleeping car; also a Nevada traveler. In the morning when the porter went round to collect his assessments on boot blacking, there was a great commotion among the Boston tourists. Some paid him a five-cent nickel, and those who had no nickels were compelled to yield up short bits. All the while the Nevada man, dressed in ordinary clothes, sat reading his newspaper. When the porter reached him he looked up inquiringly: "Did you black my boots, sir?" "Yes, sah."

"You did a splendid job; never had my boots blacked so well before on this line. Here's three dollars." When the porter pocketed the money the Boston people looked up astonished, and presently it was rumored about that John Mackey was aboard or Enoch Strothers was out on a campaigning trip. In a few minutes the Nevada man and the porter met (by chance) in the smoking room. "When does my sleeping ticket run out?" "Your time was up, sah, at Ogden; but if you want to ride to Reno, boss, it's all right, sah."

The traveler gave the darkey a drink out of a black bottle, and the porter winked continuously for nine seconds as he drank the traveler's health. Six dollars saved. Economy is the road to wealth.—Carson Appeal. WAIT FOR ME PAPA. A strong man lay upon his death bed in full possession of his faculties, but rapidly approaching that "unknown sea which rolls all around the world." His little daughter, the pet and baby, sat on the bed holding his hand in hers, and begging him to "get up and do walking."

The dying man looked at her with eyes whose love was soon to be quenched in death and said in faltering voice: "Papa must go alone—papa must go alone a long, long journey." The little one slipped from the bed and ran out of the room. Soon she returned with hat and cloak on, ready for a walk, and her little satchel on her arm. Even in that brief space the father had become unconscious and the heart stricken friends caught up the little one and whispered to her: "Hush, papa is going!" Then there rang out the sad wailing cry as the child held out her pleading arms "Wait for me papa." The dying man opened his eyes, looked at his little daughter with a smile, and framed some words inaudible to mortal ears, and so entered into rest, perhaps bearing with him beyond moon and stars the last echoes of his darling's voice.—Detroit Post.

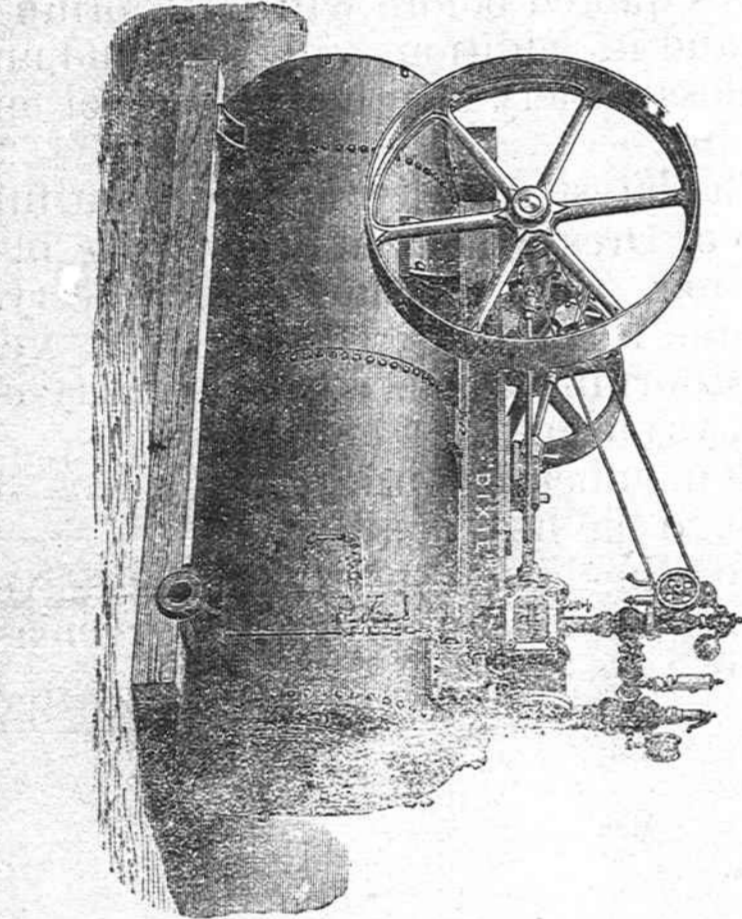
papers, and you are bound to do a trade. Let the newspaper be the best you can obtain, no matter what the cost. It is but natural that an advertiser must, in a degree, share in and thereby gain from the respect which a reader entertains for an ably conducted journal. "If what you have to say be strictly true, say it in a good newspaper. Its readers are intelligent, will appreciate a bargain and of every such customer you make an advertiser. For forty-seven years nine-tenths of our advertising has been done on this plan, and of the whole expenditure, all that we regret is contained in the other tenth."

The books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading. Honor and virtue are ornaments of the soul, without which the body, though it be really beautiful, ought not to be thought so. Married life—in the sweet buy and buy. How to catch a husband—follow him when he goes out at night.

Miscellaneous.

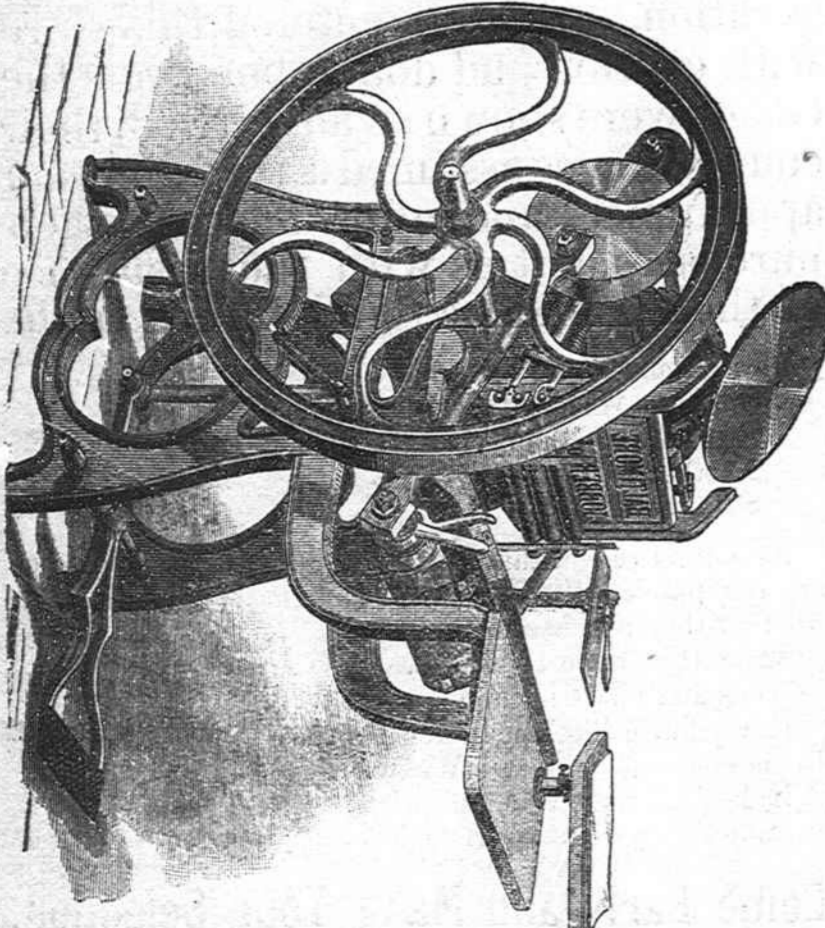
SPRING OPENING OF 1883. Embracing a Large Stock of CLOTHING FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN, CASSIMERE SUITS, CHEVIOT SUITS, FLANNEL SUITS, SERGE SUITS. Gents' Furnishing Goods. My Stock of Gents' Fine Shoes has been selected with great care and can furnish you all the Low Quarters and Gaiters in Calf and Matt Kid. All orders addressed to my care will be attended to promptly. M. L. KINARD. COLUMBIA, S. C. May 2, 18—1f.

Talbot & Sons,



PORTABLE AND STATIONARY Engines and Boilers, SAW AND CORN MILLS, Cotton Gins and Presses. Have been Awarded FIRST PREMIUM, Over all Competitors, at EVERY FAIR WHERE EXHIBITED! WE CHALLENGE COMPETITION! We Deal Direct with the Purchaser, and Guarantee Satisfaction. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Address, TALBOTT & SONS, CHARLOTTE, N. C. COLUMBIA, S. C. May 8, 18—3mos.

A TRIAL OF THE BALTIMORE JOBBER WILL CLEARLY SUBSTANTIATE SIX ESPECIAL POINTS OF EXCELLENCE. 1st—It is the easiest running press made. 2d—It is as strong as any press made. 3d—It is the most durable press made. 4th—It will do as good work as any press made. 5th—It will take less to keep it in repair than any press made. 6th—(Last but not least) It costs less than any first-class press made.



ALL SIZES PRESSES, TYPE AND PRINTERS' SUPPLIES, Catalogue Free. F. W. DORMAN, 21 GERMAN ST., BALTIMORE, MD. All subscribers to the HERALD are invited to ask for and receive a copy of Kendall's Treatise on the Horse. A very valuable book which we intend to distribute free. A copy of the Great Industries of the United States, a large 85 book, will be given for two names to the HERALD, if accompanied by \$4. Only two subscribers. Four dollars in subscriptions, and five in a book.

Poetry.

TELL KITTY I'M COMING.

Little Robin tell Kitty I'm coming, Yes, tell her to meet me for sure, Oh, say I'll await in the gloaming, With love ever constant and pure; How bright is the bloom of the flowers, Bedecking the sweet new morn lay, While up in the blue heavens' bowers Rings sweetly the nightingale's lay.

Then Robin tell Kitty I'm coming, Yes, tell her to meet me for sure, Oh, say I'll await in the gloaming, With love ever constant and pure.

Little Robin tell Kitty I'm coming, With faintest of hopes in my heart, I'll wait where the brooklet is running, Then fly birdie, quickly depart; I'll be at the foot of the meadow, Adown in the shady green dell, And there in the oak's spreading shadows, Our love for each other we'll tell.

Little Robin tell Kitty I'm coming, To meet her the same as of yore, The old love is still purely burning, There's none so fondly adoring; Then go pretty bird with your message, Don't tarry so long in the air, But fly, don't delay on your passage, And tell her be sure to be there.

Selected Story.

A CHANGE IN FORTUNE.

Mr. Timothy Bloom, salesman in Mr. Crabb's big retail dry-goods store, was stealthily eating his lunch in a dusty corner amongst some empty packing boxes. It was not a very good lunch, and warm as the day was, he had but one glass of ice water to drink with it. A very mild, pleasant-looking young fellow was Timothy Bloom, with eyes like a pretty girl's, and fair hair parted down the middle; but he was rather doleful at this moment, for Crabbe, senior, had just been abusing him for permitting a lady, who was not to be suited by mortal salesman, to get off without buying anything, and had likewise informed him that he had been five seconds late that morning and would in consequence "be deducted an eighth" on Saturday evening.

That was not pleasant, and Mr. Crabbe's manner was not pleasant, and the dusty corner and the stale sand-wich were not pleasant. And who can wonder that poor Timothy Bloom, looking up at a row of decorated corset boxes above his head, and taking his idea from the winged infant pictured upon them remarked, under his breath: "I wish I was a cherub."

At this moment, even as the wish fluttered up to the corset boxes, a little boy, about three feet high, bearing on his bosom a badge with the enormous number 1189, came around the counter, and fixed his pathetic eyes on Mr. Bloom's glass of water.

"I say, Mr. Bloom," he whispered, pathetically, "won't you give me just a mouthful of that water? Mr. Crabbe says us cashes ain't to have no drinks, and I'm chokin'."

Mr. Bloom smiled pitifully at the child, a forlorn widow's bread-winner, and said mildly, as he held out the glass: "Here, Johnny, take half. I'd let you have it all if we were not limited to one glass ourselves."

"Guess water is gettin' dear," said Johnny, eagerly swallowing the share allowed of the cooling draught, but scrupulously careful not to exceed the permission.

"Thank 'ee. You're a brick. Mr. Bumps hit me a lick when I asked him. Here, have the paper? A customer left it on the desk. Save it for me to take home to mar when I go home to-night. She likes to read the murders and them things—"

"Cash 1189!" shrieked a female voice. "Cash! Cash!"

"It's Miss Pringle. I must go," whispered Johnny, and sped away in terror.

There were ten cash boys in the store, and they had been numbered high to sound well. Mr. Bloom peeped around the boxes at the clock, saw he had ten minutes more to himself, and opened the paper. The first thing his eyes lighted upon was an advertisement of a fine country seat for sale, and he read it through—the description of the

stables, barns, bath-tubs, conservatory, veranda, lawn and kitchen garden; the well, the octagon parlors and the cupola; the tiled halls and frescoed ceilings, as though he intended to buy it for himself that afternoon.

Then he cast his eye upon an account of how Mr. Mullen had beaten Mrs. Mullen, and been arrested for so doing; and then he found himself reading a paragraph to the effect that the heirs of Timothy Bloom, of Lancaster, England, if living, might hear of something to their advantage by applying to Jones & Johnson—street.

"My name," thought Mr. Bloom, at first. Then, with a start, he remembered that he had heard his grandfather was named Timothy. Certainly, he came from Lancaster, England. His father, David Bloom, had been an only son. He was an only son himself. Well, then, he was Timothy Bloom's heir, if it should prove that the Timothy Bloom inquired for was really his father's father.

"But, oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Bloom. "This sort of thing couldn't happen to me. It's some other Timothy, not poor old grandfather." And he copied the address of Jones & Johnson into his pocket-book, and went back to his counter quite calmly, though he wrote to Jones & Johnson that night.

However, wonders will never cease. When Tim Bloom, the meekest of all young salesmen went home that Saturday evening with a "deducted" salary and a scolding, he found Mr. Johnson himself in his boarding-house parlor, and an examination of the family Bible in his possession, and of a certain bundle of yellow letters that Mr. Bloom had more than once decided to burn, but had, fortunately, spared, settled the matter. Half a million of money had come to him in the regular course of nature, and he was richer not only than Mr. Crabbe, but than any of his most fashionable customers.

It was a wonderful surprise to little Tim Bloom, and he scarcely grasped the idea at first. Even after he had told his chief confidant, his landlady's pretty grand-daughter, Mehitale White, a pretty, pink-cheeked, capable damsel, called Hetty, for short—he only went so far as to think of a pair of patent-leather boots and a diamond cravat-pin.

Hetty awakened him to full realization of his changed condition by saying, rather seriously, and looking away from him: "Of course, grandma's won't suit you any longer, Mr. Bloom, and you'll never have to go back to Crabbe & Co.'s again."

"By George! I never thought of it; so I shan't," said Tim Bloom. "No more counter-jumping for me; and if Mrs. White will let me hire the back parlor, I'll take that. Go away? Not I!"

"Not yet; it's too soon," said Hetty, to herself; "but he'll go when he quite understands."

"Let me congratulate you, my dear Mr. Bloom," said Mr. Crabbe, bowing, as he parted from the departed clerk as he did to the carriage-customers at the very store-door. "I have always felt a superiority in you over the other young men. I said to my daughter, Belinda, the other day: 'If it were not for giving offense to others I should ask Mr. Timothy Bloom to our little evenings. Something of the Prince in disguise about him; but an employer has his duties. They sometimes make his heart ache; but he must perform them!'"

Mr. Bloom remembered the placard over the water-cooler: "Cashes not allowed drinks;" "a cash who drinks deducted one-half;" and thought that if Mr. Crabbe really had a heart this must be true. Tim Bloom was a rich man; but had no rich friends as yet. The clerks at Crabbe & Co.'s had been always quarreling amongst themselves, and he had not known one in private.

The boarders were not "sociable;" he treated them to ice cream several times, and took Hetty White to a concert or two. He improved his mind in libraries and museums, and set up a book-case of his own, into which he put

a miscellaneous assortment of volumes; but when one day he received a perfumed envelope, inviting him to lawn tennis party at Mr. Crabbe's country seat, he felt that the dispositions of the wealthy had just begun for him. He accepted, of course, and went attired in perfect style, and looking very well, indeed.

He returned bewildered. Miss Crabbe was very handsome. She played and sang and danced and was "stylish." She had set her cap for him, and Mr. Crabbe—yes, actually Mr. Crabbe—had plainly allowed him to see that he would give his consent to the match.

"Two months ago he called me a 'stupid idiot.' Two months ago he snubbed me, whenever he spoke to me," thought Tim Bloom. "Yes, this is the old story; everybody, everybody, even old Mrs. White, flattering and cringing to my money. I wonder whether Hetty is the same?" And in the seclusion of his own apartment, poor, young Tim Bloom actually cried; though Mr. Crabbe called that evening and took him to a charming stage party, where the guests were principally in the dry-goods line, and in every direction one's ears caught the remark, "sold a bill of goods to a man," and where every one scorned to drink anything less costly than champagne.

"You rascal," said the excellent father, on the way home, "I see you are afraid to speak, but I know you couldn't keep your eyes off my Belinda last Wednesday."

"Could I hope for your consent, if she—"

"My dear boy—ha! ha! ha! Why, ask her and see!" cried Mr. Crabbe. "It has always been the wish of my heart, even when you were a poor clerk, and she (don't say I told you) always admired you—always!"

At nine o'clock, one night, Mrs. White's door bell rang, and a messenger boy handed in a letter—a big letter, with a big seal, and "immediate" on it. What could it be? Something about the property of course. Mrs. White carried it herself to Mr. Bloom's room, and as she handed it in, saw him seated beside a table, on which stood wine and a tray of delicacies. Mr. Crabbe was at supper with her boarder.

"Excuse me," said Timothy. "Oh! certainly," said Mr. Crabbe. Timothy opened the letter, read it, uttered a deep sigh, and passed it to Mr. Crabbe. Mr. Crabbe read it and turned purple.

"Do I understand it?" said Timothy, hiding his face.

"Your lawyer says the property is no longer yours—that your grandfather was not the right Timothy Bloom, and that the real heir will demand a restoration of all that you have spent already."

"Yes, I was right," said Mr. Bloom. "But, Mr. Crabbe, after all, I shall do very well. I can go back to your store, and Miss Belinda has quite a sufficient little fortune of her own. We can still be happy."

Mr. Crabbe leaped to his feet. "Sir! sir!" he said, "this is a great piece of impertinence, sir. You haven't spoken to Belinda."

"But you assured me—" began Timothy.

"I didn't!" shrieked Mr. Crabbe. "At least I was mistaken. I came here with the intention of telling you upon my word and honor, that she can't endure you; and as for the store, you were a most incompetent salesman. There is no situation open. Sorry for you, but—Good-night. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Timothy. Then as the door closed, he took up his letter and carried it to old Mrs. White, who with Hetty as assistant, was seedling raisins for next day's pudding, sitting one on either side of the drop-light in the dining-room.

"I shall have to give up the back parlor," said poor Timothy. "And as for my half bath bedroom, I don't know how to pay for that; for Mr. Crabbe won't take me back."

"Time-serving old wretch!" said Mrs. White. "No matter, Mr. Bloom I'll trust you. Intentions being right, I never will be hard on my boarders, and you can keep the parlor until it is hired, because it's more comfortable."

"And try to keep up your spirits," said Hetty; "for, after all, money isn't everything."

"It seemed too sudden to last," said Mrs. White. "I never trust these lawyers."

So the good souls comforted him, and after a while, when he asked Hetty to take a little walk with him, she consented.

There was a little park on the opposite side of the street, and though the gates were locked they walked around its railings. Their talk was long and earnest, and at last Timothy said: "Well, Hetty, poor as I am, will you promise to marry me some day?"

And she had answered, "Yes, Tim," very simply—and so it was settled; and for a young man, recently reduced from affluence to poverty, Mr. Bloom certainly looked very happy as they went home together. But it was only when Mrs. White had given her loving consent to his marrying Hetty when they had enough for bread and butter, that he made confession:

"I can't keep it to myself any longer, grandma. I wrote that letter myself. I'm as rich as I ever was, and I've tested my friends. Old Crabbe has proven false, and you have proven true. I felt sure about Hetty all the while; and when we are married you must live with us, and there shall be no more hard work and boarders for you in this world, you dear old soul!"

After which the reader is to understand a wedding and a happy life for all.—Mary Kyle Dallas, in N. Y. Ledger.

Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18, 1883. The Supreme court not having yet adjourned there is still a slight evidence of life in and about the capitol building. Somebody has lately been writing about the overworked condition of the judges of this court. It really is too bad. The easy-going farmers and business men over the country who labor from sun to sun, and several hours besides, will sympathize with these poor judges when they hear the story of their wrongs. They sit for four or five hours every day except Saturday. On that day they get together in the consultation room and go over the cases of the week, compare notes and agree on a decision. Then the chief justice names the judge who is to prepare the opinion. There are nine judges, and of course each has his turn at the opinions. Of course there is some labor in the preparation of an important opinion in an important case, covering a decision which must stand as the law of the land. And it has been asked when a judge is to perform this, the real brain work of his position. Shall he do it when he comes home from the court in the middle of the afternoon and hungry for his dinner? Probably not. Will he do it after dinner? Not likely; for he generally has engagements, and most of the time has to dine out, which is surely incompatible with writing opinions. Many brain workers do their best at night, but if a judge is full of terrapin, canvas backs, Burgundy and champagne, he can't write, at night, and he won't feel much in the humor for it next morning. So, on the whole the position is full of difficulties.

Speaking of dining out, it is hoped that President Arthur will be able for a time to restrain his propensity for big dinners and his accompaniments. I am informed that after the Willard Bartlett dinner in New York he experienced a recurrence of the same symptoms which were noticed at Savannah on the recent Southern trip. These frequent indulgences seem to be troubling heavily upon his physical powers, robust as they are. His countenance is sometimes pallid. Champagne and Burgundy freely used will tell. The President betook himself to the cottage at the Soldiers' Home Saturday and will remain there until about the 10th of July, when he will go to New-

port for a short stay. From there he will go on board the Despatch for a trip along the coast as far east as Mount Desert. This may occupy three weeks. He will then try once more some of the good fishing in Canadian waters, such as he enjoyed last year. In August he hopes to be able to go to the Yosemite Valley. This is said to be an authoritative statement of his plans.

The result of the Star-route trial adds one more to the violent shocks which our jury system has recently received, and there must be some doubt in the minds of intelligent men how many more such the system can stand. There have all along been misgivings about this jury—its competence to deal with the case. But the most sanguine friends of the accused never hoped for an acquittal. It was generally believed that the defendants were sure of one or more jurors, and a disagreement was the account looked for; but the announcement of a verdict of "not guilty" created universal surprise and amazement. How it was brought about is a profound mystery as yet. It gives the phenomenal result of declaring innocent, with the others, one defendant who was convicted on the first trial and who entered a plea of guilty in the present trial. But this verdict will not change the one which the honest, intelligent American people found against these plunderers long ago, when the facts were first made known. And in all the circumstances and intricacies of this memorable trial there is but one redeeming feature—the record made by Richard Merrick as attorney for the people. Whatever may be thought of the character or good faith of the fellow Bliss, who, as an old chum of the President, has received somewhere in the neighborhood of \$75,000 of the people's money for his part in the affair, nobody doubts that in Mr. Merrick the government had at least one attorney who was honestly working to punish rascality. And he performed his part nobly. That justice has been cheated is certainly not his fault. PHONO.

THE ADVANTAGES OF NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING. The following testimonials as to the efficacy of judicious newspaper advertising were furnished by leading business houses of New York city to an agency whose business it is to make contracts for advertising:

"We believe in printer's ink. Advertise in the best newspapers largely and well, and returns are sure. The stronger the advertising, the larger the returns."

"Money may be thrown away in advertisements as easily as in any other way. Success depends upon the selection of proper mediums and persistency. The best medium in our judgment is a good newspaper."

"In no department of business is there probably so much money wasted as in advertising, and in no department are good judgment and experience more requisite. Twenty-five years' experience has clearly demonstrated the superior advantages and economy of newspaper advertising over all other mediums offered for that purpose."

"An experience of many years has convinced us of the great value and benefit derived from carefully prepared advertisements of such goods as are in stock. Not over estimating their quality or quantity, but conforming as near as possible to their merits, and inserting the same in influential newspapers, handsomely displayed. We have found the cost returned to us in increased trade tenfold."

"During the last twenty years I have spent thousands of dollars in advertising in all the old and new-fangled methods which are daily set before persistent advertisers, and have long been satisfied that if a man tells the truth in the newspapers he is sure to get ample returns for his money. Two or three lines in a large daily has often resulted in returning to me one hundred times the cost."

"Have what the public want. Sell it with a moderate profit. Advertise largely in first class news-

papers, and you are bound to do a trade. Let the newspaper be the best you can obtain, no matter what the cost. It is but natural that an advertiser must, in a degree, share in and thereby gain from the respect which a reader entertains for an ably conducted journal."

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