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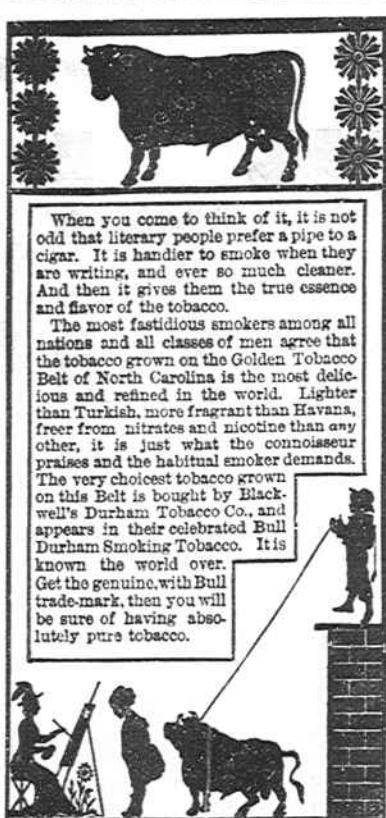
The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1884.

No. 24.



MY DEAR!

Where did you get that nice fitting suit at? It is perfect, Charles.

GEORGE'S STYLES

that I couldn't help buying a suit.

Well John if you can save that difference in price and they certainly fit you as well as your Tailor can make them for you, I would advise you to continue to trade there.

(John.) Yes I will and glad that you are pleased with my purchase, I think it is folly for a man to have his clothes made, where you can get as good a fit and have so many to select from.

YOUNG MEN

if you want to keep on good terms with your lady friends and be admired, go to Kinard for your Tailor Made Clothing that fit and are handsomely trimmed.

Emporium of Fashion.

M. L. KINARD, COLUMBIA, S. C.

AN OLD FACE

IN A NEW PLACE.

I have moved into the store next door to M. Foot where I have a variety store.

I have in stock—

Flour, Meal, Bacon, Sugar, Coffee, Green and Black Tea, Raisins, Rice, Lard, Mackerel, Herrings, Cheese, Tennessee Butter, Eggs, Apples, Oranges, White Wine and Cider Vinegar cheap.

I also have a large stock of Canned Goods, The Spoon in Egg Baking Powder, Soap, Shampoos, Candles, Cigars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

I propose to keep the best goods that I can get and will always study the interests of my patrons and give them full weight and measure and sell cheap and only for Cash.

Mr. A. D. Lovelace is with me and will be happy to see his friends and the public generally.

B. H. Lovelace.

A FULL LINE OF

Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Clothing, &c. &c.

Can be found

At the LOWEST PRICES,

At the OLD ESTABLISHMENT

OF M. FOOT.

42-44

Poetry.

A SAD, BAD GIRL.

She was pretty, she was bright, She was brave as she was bonny, Her eyes were full of light,

And her smiles were bright and sunny: She was rare, she was fair, And her hair was full of curl,

But she was—O, she was Such a sad, bad girl!

Her cheek was like a rose, Her mouth was like a cherry, She'd a pretty, perky nose, And her laugh was gay and merry:

She was sweet to her feet, And her teeth were made of pearl, But she was—O, she was Such a sad, bad girl!

Her locks were touched with gold, And a three-foot rule would scarce her: She was only five years old,

And her finger tips were taper: She could run just like fun, With a rush and with a swirl;

Still she was—O, she was Such a sad, bad girl!

For she wanted her own way, And you couldn't turn or twist her;

She'd say yes, or she'd say nay, Spite of mother, friend, or sister:

How she'd fly if you'd try Any fancy to imperil! For she was—O, she was Such a sad, bad girl!

If her mamma, or her aunt, Asked for any little favor, She'd say shall, and she'd say shal!

With the very sweetest flavor; She would pout, and she'd frown, Till her brains were in a whirl,

For she was—yes, she was Such a sad, bad girl!

But she's getting older now, And although they're almost frantic, Still they hope she's learning how To be gentle and less aut.

So that soon a day may come: When they'll call their little Pearl, Not a sad, and a bad— But a good, good girl!

Selected Story.

DIAMOND, OR PASTE?

Will Carlisle had definitely made up his mind to propose to Augusta Colton—Agusta Ann—as her unpoetical relations phrased it, in their everyday talk.

"She is a diamond among glass pebbles," he declared with all a lover's enthusiasm.

"Are you quite sure that she is a diamond at all?" dryly asked Dr. Belton.

Mr. Carlisle had been spending the summer at Groton Point, in a dreamy desultory sort of way. He was one of those fortunate—young men whose career in life is already made for them.

An old uncle in the West Indies had bequeathed him a fortune—a connoisseur cousin who came abruptly to his end in a railway accident, had left him a house on Fifth avenue and a gallery of paintings—and just as he was preparing to enjoy himself thoroughly, a husky congn developed itself, the medical man talked grimly of impending consumption, and he was ordered to the sea shore for the summer.

"There is nothing the matter with me, said he, impatiently.

"But there will be," averred the learned disciple of Esculapius, "if you don't check this thing in its very inception. Atlantic City, now or Newport or—"

"Nonsense," said Carlisle, "I don't care for any of those fashionable resorts. If I am to be banished anywhere, I'll choose the place of exile myself! What do you say to Groton Point?"

"Groton Point! Groton Point!" repeated the doctor, with a puzzled air. "I may be very deficient in modern geography, but I must say that I never heard of Groton Point!"

"No, nor anybody else," said Will Carlisle, smiling. "And that is the reason I am going there. It's a solitary fishing station on the Maine coast. There's absolutely nothing there but surf and sea-gulls!"

And so Groton Point was selected for Mr. Carlisle's summer residence. There was a little one storied hostelry there, fronting the sea, with the post-office at one end of it, and a variety store at the other where you might buy anything from tall candles and matches to an almanac and a plow. A queer quaint sort of a place, and yet Will liked it.

There it was that Miss Colton threw her net over his unsuspecting heart, one day, when she lost the five-dollar gold piece wherewith her mother had sent her to the store for a lot of carpet warp, seven yards of red flannel, and a box of baking powder. She was so pretty and plump and distracted, and her blue

maslin gown set off her blonde complexion and burnished hair so exquisitely—and Will had not seen any woman but the fat landlady for a week! And they found the gold piece, lying among some rocks by the sea-shore, where it must have dropped from Augusta's pocket when she pulled out her handkerchief to brush away the mosquitoes—which are troublesome at Groton Point, when the wind sets from a certain direction—but Mr. Carlisle lost something more serious still—his heart!

"A fishermaid of low degree," he had quoted, laughingly, when he confessed all these things to his college chum, young Dr. Belton, whose quiet sister Lettice he had once admired in a sort of way when both the young men were in the graduating class. "A white rose bud, don't you see? A genuine daughter of Nature, who has never been out of sight of the Atlantic!"

"Oh," said Dr. Belton, "Of course she has no exterior polish," added Carlisle. "She will have everything to learn. But she is so refreshing as compared with the conventional city young lady that one gets so tired of!"

"Exactly," said Dr. Belton, seeing that his friend expected him to say something.

"Her father owns a little fishing-smack—he is a real character. And her mother is one of these nice old ladies that one seldom sees. Domestic, you know—neat-looking Phillips—all that sort of thing! I'll take you there Jack, if you'll promise not to find fault with the primitiveness of the thing."

"Oh, I'll promise," said Dr. Belton. Belton was a man of instincts. And in this case, his instincts told him that Will Carlisle was altogether astray.

"He is beauty-struck," he said to himself. "For the time he is bewitched. It's the old story of Ulysses and the Sirens over again. But he went to the sea-side cot where Augusta Colton had all the old china pitchers filled with wild flowers and sat like a modern Flora dimpled and smiling, in their midst. She said very little, but she smiled a great deal—and Carlisle was more infatuated than ever when he came away, toward eleven o'clock of a dark and brooding August night, with a suspicious closeness in the air, and vivid sheets of lightning here and there.

"Isn't she perfect?" he cried, as he and Belton walked along the shore.

"She is very beautiful—yes," cried the lover, greedily for praise. "I concede all that," slowly spoke Belton; but I don't call her exactly a lady."

"Shaw!" said Carlisle. "Your ideas are formed on the hackneyed model of Saratoga and Fifth avenue. A girl like Augusta is capable of any degree of polish. And did you observe what a sweet, low voice she had—like a lute?"

"Granted—but I struck me that her grammar was a little shaky, now and then."

"Oh, grammar—that's nothing. She'll soon pick up the phrases of the people she is with. Women are naturally imitative, you know."

"Carlisle," cried his friend, quickly, "you are not engaged to her?"

"No; but I shall be, within the next twenty-four hours," boldly asserted Carlisle.

"I beg of you, do nothing rash, entreated Belton. "Wait a little until—"

"Don't preach," said Carlisle, a little impatiently. "I tell you I've been considering the matter all summer, and I've made up my mind."

"Then there is no use in my arguing the point," said Belton.

"No use at all, cried Carlisle. "I call myself a not contemptible judge of character, and I pronounce Augusta Colton to be one of the sweetest and rarest types of true womanhood!"

By this time, however, the long impending storm had burst. Sheets of rain poured down—livid lightning cleft the sky, casting a lurid glow on the boiling waves—unpleasant showers of spray began to deluge them, ever and anon.

I hope you are certain about the path," said Belton, who was quite new to this coast country.

"Well, I thought I was," answered Carlisle. "But the tempest and darkness seem to have rooted out the old landmarks. Here is some one coming. Let's ask him. My friend, are we in the right way for the point?"

"Ain't no point," answered a soggy and inebriated voice. "Go in back to public-house. Get wet! Get cold!" Berrer got back to public house.

"It's old Colton," said Carlisle, somewhat discomfited. "He isn't always sober. Like other sea-faring men, he likes his leg.

"Your father-in-law elect, eh?" said Belton, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But you should see how angelically sweet and forbearing Augusta is with him," said Carlisle. That

is the thing I most admire in her—her perfect temper. And of course we shall separate her entirely from these awkward relationships in the meantime—as the old man is going back to the Public-house—I suggest that we go back to the cottage and get Augusta's little brother to pilot us in the right direction. Or, perhaps—I know they have a little spare room somewhere under the eaves—they can keep us there all night. I don't like to ask it of them, but I do not see what else we can do.

In less than five minutes they were once more knocking at the cottage door—but to their surprise it was not opened. A tiny window at the left was pushed the least ajar—and the voice of the fair Augusta, shriller and sharper than he ever could have believed possible, out-cried the tempest.

"Go away!" she cried, into the darkness. "Clear out! I won't have you in the house!"

"Augusta Ann!" remonstrated the voice of old Mrs. Colton from the inside.

"Hold your tongue, ma!" screamed Augusta. "I've told pa time and again, the next time he came home at this hour of night, I wouldn't let him in. No! he sat on the rocks until daybreak. And I mean to stick to my word, so there! It's too bad of him, so it is, to spoil my chance with a city beau by this sort of goings-on, and I won't stand it! Get out, pa! Don't stand waiting there!"

"But Augusta Ann," pleaded the old woman, "it's your tongue and your temper that drives him away, more'n anything else. Let him in! Don't you hear how it's raining!"

"Shut up!" retorted the dutiful daughter. "Oh, I know! You'll be glad when I'm married and gone, and so shall I. But while I am here, I ain't going to put up with pa's behavior. Are you going away pa or ain't you? Because if you ain't I'll throw hot water over you. Keep still, ma. I say! I ain't to be put upon this way, no longer. It'll do the old fool good to stay out all night in the rain. There! after a moment's silence, I guess he's skeeked by this time. 'H'd better?"

And the window was shut vehemently to once more, leaving the two friends standing on the door step in night and tempest.

"They got back to their lodgings a long, wet walk, in the course of which they were considerably out of their way—but they were neither of them sorry for the night's adventure, wet and forlorn though they were."

"It's astonishing how easy it is for a man to be mistaken," said Carlisle, after long silence, as they were sitting before the wood fire in their own room.

Belton leaned over and grasped his hand.

"Be thankful, old fellow, said he that you have escaped as easily as this."

Augusta Ann never saw her city swain again—and as she didn't read the papers, she missed perceiving the notice, in a New York daily, of the marriage of Will Carlisle to a Miss Lettice Belton.

And poor old Colton leads a harder life than ever.—Shirley Browne.

THE DARK CONTINENT.

In the prelude to one of his recent Monday noon lectures, Joseph Cook made a stirring appeal for immediate and more vigorous efforts in the evangelization of Africa. Among other things, he said:

"It is not too much to affirm that the centre of the Dark Continent is at this moment shot through and through by competing commercial enterprises; and one of my reasons for asking your attention to this fact is that I believe that unless the Christian church makes haste to introduce missions into Africa the ground there will be trodden hard by the hoofs of avarice and burnt before our missionaries can reach the spot."

With these eloquent words he closed his earnest plea for a more enthusiastic endeavor to rescue the Dark Continent.

"I do this in the name of all the missionaries now on African soil or buried beneath it. I make this appeal in the name of Livingstone himself. On the first day of May, 1873, in Chitambo's village in Hala, this great explorer was alone in his hut in his last hour. He rose and knelt at his bedside, and in the morning was found in the posture of prayer, with life fled. That picture of Livingstone dying in the attitude of supplication for Africa, commending the Dark Continent to the Avenger of the oppressed and the Saviour of the lost, let it stand colossal and draw into Africa enterprises from all the world in support of his schemes for the introduction of commerce, the abolition of the slave trade and the promotion of Christianity!"

Miscellaneous.

A SERMON WORTH READING.

A LESSON ON PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

MR. BEECHER TELLS US FROM THE PULPIT HOW WE COULD MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLINE.

[From the New York Herald.]

There never was a city since the world began, said Henry Ward Beecher in his Sunday sermon, just preceding the taking up of the collection, that had more need of Christian sympathy and succor than this city of Brooklyn. When I came to Brooklyn, thirty seven years ago, there were less than 50,000 people here. To-day there are more than 700,000, and I suppose before the five years' census is taken in Brooklyn the city will have very near a million inhabitants. It is the one city of the future on this continent. Manhattan is a bottle island—when it's full it's full; but Brooklyn has all Long Island to spread out on. There are but five cities in all Europe that are equal in population to Brooklyn—London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Besides these, Brooklyn surpasses every city on the continent of Europe. We are giving a very close chase to New York it self. We are growing faster than New York—a good deal faster than New York—and for obvious reasons; and there is no measuring what will be the rapidity of its growth in the future. New York in 1883 issued 23,000 permits for building. Brooklyn in 1883 issued 23,088. The difference is very great on our side. In that part of the year that is now elapsed—eight or nine months—the permits issued are in still larger proportion of gain over building in New York. We are surpassing New York in the number of factories and in the importance of those that are building. We are surpassing New York in all the industries that require the water edge, having here a shore line of more than twenty-five miles. Now while there are in this great city nearly 800,000 people, there are only 265 churches, chapels and houses of worship, which give one church to every 2,624 inhabitants. In the outlying wards, with a population of 450,000 people, there is church seating for only about 50,000, leaving about 400,000 people in those outlying wards who have no churches, no Sabbath, no moral teaching. And yet of the 265 churches that exist in the city on the average they are not half filled and where they are not half filled it is because there is nothing there that draws or that meets the wants of the great industrial populations lying around about them. Under these circumstances what shall we do? I am not going to make a plea for church building, although I am glad to see churches going up. But the churches are not going to educate our population. We have got to have a wandering ministry; we have got to have ministers who go from house to house, as the apostles did, and that preach to men in their sorrows, in their sicknesses. We want missionary men and women who will go into places of vice. I don't think we have half proved the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.