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

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THE HERALD AND NEWS,

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At Newberry, S. C.

BY

THOS. F. GRENEKER,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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March 14

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T. S. ARTHUR,
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V. L. Conrad,
Editor "Lutheran Observer," Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 1, 1882.

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F. Werber, Jr., Agent, Newberry.

April 27

Poetry.

"I CANNA BE FASHED."

—:o:—

When I was a little lass, just sixteen,
Bonnie was I, but proud as a queen;
Proud and saucy, and hard to please,
And wonderfu' fond o' taking my ease.
Folks didna mind then—for I was young—
The "canna be fashed" that was aye on my tongue.

"I couldna be fashed" wi' my books at the school,
And now I am old, I am only a fool;
"I couldna be fashed" wi' the dairy and house,
And now I'm as poor as any kirk mouse;
And when mither spak o' my needle and thread,
"I couldna be fashed" was aye what I said.

But spite o' my laziness, spite o' my pride,
Young Elliott, the pride o' the country side,
Cam seeking my love; and oft for his sake
A wheen o' fair promises I would make;
But when the time came the gude purpose was dashed
Wi' just the auld sang: "I canna be fashed."

"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to walk;
"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to talk;
I thought it was fine sae indifferent to be—
Folks mustna be sure o' the getting o' me;
And thus a' his hopes and his pleasures were dashed
With thae wearisome words: "I canna be fashed."

But I said them too often. One hot summer day,
When the folks were a' busy in "saving the hay,"
My lover said: "Lassie, lets help them awhile."
"I canna be fashed," I said, wi' a smile
"O, lassie, dear lassie, thae words gie me pain;"
And I looked in his face and said them again.
Then he put on his hat, took the over-hill track,
And from that day to this he has never come back.

I've had "fashes" enou since thae happy days,
Wi' losses and crosses and wearifu' ways;
I might hae been weel and happily wed
If I'd keepit a kind ceevil tongue in my head;
But "I couldna be fashed" wi' others, you see,
And fortune and friends ceased "fashing" wi' me.

Sae, lasses, tak tent from the tale I hae told;
Dinna wait to be ceevil until you grow old.

[Harper's Weekly.

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

Where is it going to stop? I asked this question several weeks ago when Morgan's Sons succumbed in financial collapse. Not so unlikely a failure had occurred for years—and it really seemed as if this was the culmination of our financial disasters which began with Ferdinand Ward. We have almost begun to forget that this notorious rascal is still in Ludlow Street Jail. In the whirl of our daily life in New York we have no time to think of anything very long. Even the earthquake was only a sensation for an hour; people rushed to their windows and looked out; Trinity's tower stood erect and perpendicular; the great Bridge had not slipped from its moorings; even the tall spire from which the new philosopher of the *Tribune* looks down upon a naughty world was as straight as an arrow pointing to the sky;—so they ran back to their soup; and except by comparing notes of their sensations, the shaking up that we received was soon forgotten. But to return; I was saying that we were just being lulled into sweet forgetfulness when away goes the Wall Street Bank. The cause is not dissimilar to one which occurred about ten years ago, when the cashier of one of the Wall Street banks swept away the entire capital. He was an exceedingly nice young man, and as an evidence of his nicety he parted his hair in the middle. The directors of this particular bank had so much confidence in this very nice young man that they would not insult him by looking over his accounts; but one morning these sleepy old gentlemen woke up and the capital of the entire bank was gone, and the nice young man was gone too, but they caught the nice young man in Canada, and he was not so fortunate as Eno, for they brought him back and sent him to States Prison, from which he was released a few months ago.

The Wall Street Bank was just such another case. It had been in existence in one shape and another nearly fifty years, and if not the staunchest, was at least one of the oldest banks in the city. Mr. Dickinson, the thieving cashier, was the son-in-law of one of the principal stockholders, and himself a member of a very wealthy and influential family. His stealings have extended over a period of several years, and will amount in the aggregate to half a million of dollars. The knowledge of this defalcation has caused dismay to many important houses, and will undoubtedly bring financial ruin to some.

We are told, when we inquire, that it has been lost in stock gambling, and the stock gambling house where this stolen money was lost is one of the principal features of Wall street. It is true it stands on Broad street, but in financial technicality it is all Wall street. Of the millions lost to this country in the past few years, the great body of it has been lost among the gamblers of Wall street, in the New York Stock Exchange.

The New York *World* thought the release of Billy McGlory a fit subject for one of its abominable cartoons, but Billy McGlory, infamous as he was, has never inflicted a tithe of the misery and ruin on his fellows that these Wall street gamblers have. Numbers of foolish girls and gilded flies were led on the downward path to ruin at Armory Hall, but all of the crime, profanity and sin that were ever engendered there, would not equal the ruin wrought in Wall street in a single day. Mr. Dickinson goes into exile after a long and honorable life, branded as a thief, and the men who got the money flaunt their ill-gotten riches at Newport, Saratoga and Long Branch.

The latest news is that Billy McGlory after his release experienced a change of heart, and was going to open a Mission like Jerry McAuley's, where the Magdalene and the tramp might be brought to a sense of their lost condition. But just as the goody goodies got ready to give Billy a welcome and reception, Billy went off on a tear with the boys. He set up the champagne for the crowd, got as tight as bricks, and the conclusion is forced upon us that the day of his salvation is yet far off.

One of Her Majesty's Own got laid by the heels here last week, and had a novel and unpleasant experience in our great and noble country. He left England on a three month's furlough, intending to 'unt 'Hindians and buffaloes. He had scarcely landed in New York when he started out to see the Elephant. He saw Jumbo, and though he started out a well dressed gentlemen, with a fine watch and a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket, yet he landed at twelve o'clock at night in the vicinity of Five Points, not only minus his valuables but also minus his clothes. When the policeman lugged him off to limbo, he looked like the worst kind of a tramp. He wandered about the town for three days till he was almost starved to death. At last he found his way to Castle Garden where he made his story known. It is probable that Lieutenant Campbell of Her Majesty's Own will in a few days be floating on an even keel, but he won't forget his experience among the blarsted Yankees in a hurry. He may not carry back many Indian scalps or buffalo horns, but he will have a heap of valuable experience which will prove of much practical service when he goes hunting in foreign lands.

Philanthrophy takes queer freaks. Almost every week in the winter time you will see some member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children make a raid on the little children engagad in a rustic dance or singing in a fairy chorus in the theaters.

All of these children are well fed, well clad, well housed and well cared for, and better paid for what they do and are injured by it less than any other children who have to earn their living on this planet. Yet the Society drags them off from their occupation and dooms them to idleness and consequent poverty. Yet around all the docks, ferries and steamboat landings little ragged half-starved girls swarm selling papers or whatever they can find to sell; there are thousands of these, varying from eight to fourteen or fifteen years of age; they are many of them little homeless waifs or the children of drunken parents; they are constandly associated with the most vicious class of ruffian hoodlums, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children never stretches out a hand to save them.

One of the healthful signs of the times is that the intolerable nuisance, the Salvation Army, is gradually dwindling away in New York & Brooklyn. A few months ago their street parades were forty and fifty strong. One night last week I met a hallelujah company on the street, and there were only six all told. The two Salvation lasses who were beating tambourines looked more like street tramps than gospel dispensers, while every one of the males looked like hopeful candidates for the penitentiary. Why it is that this nuisance has been tolerated is a mystery. Every time they appear upon the streets they attract a crowd of gaping ruffians and create a riot. Let us hope that the end of the Salvation Army, with its disgraceful mummery, will soon be among the things of the past.

If any one imagines that Governor St. John is going to ride into the White House on a Prohibition car, he would be quickly disabused of that idea if he could have seen the parade of the Liquor Dealers' and Brewers' Associations in Brooklyn, the City of Churches, on Thursday, August 14th. The procession was fully two miles long, and the horses alone, exclusive of the wagons they drove, and the costly freight of beer, ale, gin, rum, brandy, &c., &c., were worth over a quarter of a million of dollars. All the liquors beneath the sun were represented, from the vodki of the Russian to the sacki of the Chinese. Water found no place in the entertainment except as a medium for washing out their beer vats and a basis for the beer. In its original corrupt state, full of microbes and other pestilential animalcula, no sensible anti-prohibitionist would think of endangering his life. You have no idea how afraid they are of microbes, and if the microbe only waits till he gets into some of these anti-prohibition stomachs in a drink of cold water, he will be starved to death. This is all very well for the rum drinkers, but it is mighty hard on the microbes.

Since the shaking up that we received from the friendly earthquake, flats in the fifteenth and sixteenth stories of our modern houses have been at a discount. A female friend of mine, who only lives in the eleventh story, says she felt as if she had been shaken on the top of a bean-pole. Now while this experience is novel, it is not pleasant, especially when examined from the roof of a fourteen-story house. The idea of going to bed at night almost in companionship with the stars and waking up in the morning to find yourself landed in the cellar is full of the most unpleasant possibilities.

Another woman has entered suit for a damaged husband; he is very badly damaged; a wealthy widow ran off with him. The original owner of the property wants the worth of the goods, when they were in first-class condition. The injured wife wants $20,000; the uninjured widow says he is not worth 20,000 cents. There certainly is a wide difference as to his value. Let the courts decide between them.

Election matters are hot, hotter, hottest, with a chance of them becoming *hotter* yet.

Yours truly,

BROADBRIM.

OUR LOUISVILLE LETTER.

WEATHER, BASE BALL AND INDIANS, AS SEEN IN THE FALLS CITY.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

In accordance with my general promise to glean for you some matters that might keep your readers cool during the heat of summer and of politics, I begin with the city of Louisville, which resembles New York in the fact that it is never dull nor stagnant, and later in the season, say November, I will possibly try New Orleans. Having lived so long in the Atlantic ports, where a sea breeze can always be depended upon, I find a Kentucky July a little trying. This, however, is the hot month, and the torrid conditions usually abate by the first of August. Directly opposite where I am writing is the place known as Corn Island in the old surveys, where on the 27th of May, 1778, General George Rogers Clarke, heading an expedition of one hundred and fifty volunteers, landed his flat-boats on the first island below Beargrass Creek, and left the twenty families that accompanied him, while his fighting men went on against the Indians of the Illinois territory. But the soil of the island went away when the roots of the trees and canes ceased to bind it together, and where a sycamore tree ten feet in diameter was once cut, and where pioneer anglers cut canes for fishing-rods fifteen and twenty feet in length, there is now only a shoal of rocks, bare at low water, and very bare just now that the river is so low. Like some of the people who love the fine old Bourbon product of this State, the river, after getting "on a high old bender" in February last that surpassed all former efforts, has been inclined to be low-spirited and down in the mouth ever since. Will S. Hayes, the wit and poet of the falls, predicts that the tadpoles will soon be hard to see from the dust in the river, while another asserts that it is about to get "entirely out of bed," from the resemblance of the same to those of boarding-houses, while a third thinks that some autocrat voice has said to the late flooded stream "Oh, you dry up;" which command there is a distressing prospect that it will obey. There have been good showers, but none to do so much good as the water-carts.

The population who a little time ago sang "Shan't we, my love, and shanted," have mostly been washed out by the all-cleansing flood or moved out before the march of improvement, and as there is now no more healthy city than this, there will soon be none more safe. The diphtheria and low summer fevers that were once considered inevitable have so entirely ceased that doctors are about the only absolute paupers in this comfortable land of plenty.

There is, however, an epidemic of some prevalence, and I do not now speak of the base-bawl of the newspaper vendor beneath my windows but of the base ball clubs for which this city is deservedly famous.

In boating races the strain of the final spurt for victory is often the beginning of a chest disease and an early grave for the champion oarsman, and in foot races the list of swift-footed mercuries "gone stale," as they say of one broken down for life, is larger than any save the initiated know. But so far as I know, a base ball expert has all the chances of a strong man for a good old age. Louisville has met city after city in this season, usually to keep her laurels safe if not green, and a great excursion to Cincinnati to receive the same courtesy recently extended to the young manhood of Porkopolis is now making all of the boys wild. The chief objection so far made to this manly sport is, that young men have no entire day in many cases save Sabbath, and closing stores at 3 p. m., of Saturdays does not give time for a grand battle of skill. I hope the time will come when by a mutual understanding business will be done in five days and a mid-week holiday, such as is so common in Europe under sanction of the church, will be universal. Just as much can be sold in five days as in six, and counting the increased power of health over a wearied body, just as much can be produced. This is the only way I see to prevent the Sunday-school boys having to decide between big muscles and religion, with a majority of about ten thousand in this city, for fresh air and the game. The sermons against Sabbath breaking, of which I have heard several, do no good, as they are only listened to by the old men and women and girls. A less epidemic is that of Dr. Carver's open-air show and its results. It is painful to think of the number of boys who will try to ride old cows or bull calves as he and his men do the very tame "wild buffalo," of the dear little babies that will get their eyes shot out by the bow-and-arrow practice in emulation of his noble Indians, who were all present when Custer died—that is, they were on this continent—and if his exhibitions of really wonderful skill do revive the love for that noble American weapon, the rifle, some good will be done.

This leads me to say that in my acquaintance with persons pretty much all over the Union, I find a misapprehension of the chief event of the Ohio River Valley for 1884 by which I mean the great Exposition to be held as said in this city. The fact of what is intended to be an International Cotton Fair in New Orleans about December, is supposed to conflict with and render local and incomplete the event of the upper river and the more middle ground. This is all a mistake, and a very bad one for those states to make that need emigrants, capital and the development of their industries and productions. It is just as bad a mistake for any one to make who has a picture or a statue, a machine or an invention, a coal mine or a gold mine or a track of timbered land to be sold. In the first place there is no rivalry of intention. The Louisville Exposition positively limits its time to two months and some ten days. This is a matter of courtesy to the New Orleans World's Fair, for while the two are not the same there is an entire understanding. This courtesy costs Louisville a sacrifice. The Exposition of 1883, held for one hundred days, and the profits were on the last month. So it would be again, for no newspaper advertising does one half the good that is done by the delighted visitor, saying as each one did to every neighbor, "I had no idea it was half what it is. I like it better than the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876. You will be sorry for it all your life if you don't go right over and see it." This tongue advertising takes a hundred days to get well going, and the management of 1884 know this perfectly by experience; yet they give way to make ample time for the vast machines to go safely to the rival city. This is not a necessity forced upon them by the exhibitors, as may be supposed. The rent of space is a small matter compared to the cost of transporting hundreds of car-loads of machinery, vast lumps of coal, sections of great trees that weigh by the ton, and of erecting and furnishing the stands and beautifully ornate pavilions that are for the smaller displays. Once in place, the owner of the engine or reaper or the new plow, wants the longest time he can get to either take orders for future delivery or for shipment from the factory. The piano and the organ, the wood carver and the soap maker, the silk exhibitor and the vendor of fine art china and glass want the longest time possible. So of people who sell confections, toys or curiosities or who keep places in which to eat and drink. An extra month is worth more than the cost of an extra display in another place. This courtesy, however, insures the presence of the best of the New Orleans exhibitors. As there is no conflict in the intention, so there is none in the scope and plan of the two great industrial displays of the year. This monster Louisville display is chiefly for the mechanic arts and such of the agricultural features of the whole land and state mineral and timber exhibits as were exemplified last year, with the addition of the finest cattle and stock display ever witnessed in the State.

As Louisville is now one of the chief manufacturing cities of America, on lines that I shall hereafter particularize, so Kentucky and her near sister, Indiana, lead the Middle States in the agricultural productions and the superb stock that both are so proud of. Therefore manufactures and Middle States agricultural productions, minerals and timbers predominate.

New Orleans is a vast commercial city, and invites her guests from Europe largely; and her World's Fair emphasizes *cotton* as its special display, and that in all its forms from the crude boll to the highest product of the spinning machine and the loom.

Therefore the visitor who wishes to "see it all" must see both. In size, in scope, in design the Louisville Exposition will, if the expectations of its management based on crowding demands for space be realized, be fully equal to New Orleans. Each will surpass the other in special lines. Then, as so long a story should have its moral, no State, no visitor, no exhibitor will be wise who shall think "I will leave out Louisville this year, for I will see it all at New Orleans."

It is my personal knowledge that many of the great manufacturers of America are now so sure of the importance of a display here that they are already in Louisville and engaged to-day in erecting better and finer places for the display of what they have than they had last year. In short the grand success of 1883 is to be surpassed in 1884.

H. W. C.

VANDERBILT'S BARBER SHOP.

(Cor. Atlanta Constitution.)

Most of the socialists in this city are Germans. The socialists believe in the assassination of monarchs. Our American monarchs are millionaires. William H. Vanderbilt is despotic by two hundred millions. Still, he lets a German draw a keen blade over his throat every day. There is a quaint and jolly old German, with a huge red nose, a perfectly bald head, and an immense mustache waxed at the ends, who may be seen any morning of the year going down Fifth Avenue with the march of a dissipated Prussian grenadier and the smile of a happy infant. He is gentleness itself. Everybody who knows him calls him Jakey, but he owns the full name of Jacob Aber. Every morning about 9 o'clock he stops at the magnificent residence of William H. Vanderbilt, greets the servant who opens the door blandly, and goes at once to Mr. Vanderbilt's barber shop.

So much has been written about his house that it seems hardly as though anything new could be told, but many changes take place, and in the South wing, adjoining Mr. Vanderbilt's dressing-room, there has been fitted up a barber shop. It is small, and in the middle of it a barber's chair, made of dark mahogany and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The base-boards of the room, the cornices and the door and window frames are of the same shade of mahogany, and the mother-of-pearl decorations are identical with those on the chair. The chair is of the regulation barber shop pattern. Old Jakey shaves the two-hundred millioniare, and then drifts down the avenue, nodding gracefully to the stage drivers, and giving the occasional policeman whom he meets the fifth regiment salute. He shaves several other wealthy men on his way down, and finally ends with Colonel Garrison on Park avenue. Then he goes back to his home in the lower Bowery and smokes a strong German pipe and plays penuckle with his wife until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he wanders up town again and visits one or two old gentlemen who prefer to be shaved before dinner rather than in the morning. He returns again to the Bowery, goes to a favorite lager-beer saloon in Roosevelt street, and sits in one particular chair and at one particular table every night until 11 o'clock. Then he stalks off to bed. He is close to sixty years of age, and is said to be the best barber in New York. He gets his own price for his work, and probably has older customers than any other barber in the world. He shaved Fernando Wood thirty years.

What is called burnt custard in the South is simply boiled custard, made with the yolks of the eggs, and with the whites beaten up with sugar laid on top. This meringue was burnt or rather browned by holding a hot shovel over it.

"Papa, what is the tariff?" asked a Congressman's little boy. Gazing compassionately at the youthful knowledge-seeker and sadly shaking his head, the father replied: "My son, I cannot tell a lie. I do not know." And he told the truth.

"Do you believe that a woman nowadays would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the Benedick, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

Humorous.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

A commercial traveller told a good story, and a true one, a few days since. He said that a prominent merchant whose ways were at times "quite peculiar," and who resided not a thousand miles from the "City of Salt," walked into the carpet room of his extensive store one day and found one of his clerks exhibiting some ingrain carpets to an aged country couple who had strayed into the store. The merchant looked sharp at the old people for a moment, and then said to the clerk:

"Shew them some better carpets—some of our best Brussel."

As the clerk began to throw down roll after roll, the woman stopped him and said:

"We can't afford them kind of carpets and we won't have 'em."

"Hold on, auntie," replied the merchant. "Now which one of these would you like best?"

To which the lady replied: "I tell you I can't afford 'em—but this one is just lovely."

"What's the size of your room?" asked the merchant.

In answer to this the old man produced from a capacious pocket an old envelope upon which were the figures giving the dimensions of the room, and handed it to the merchant.

After glancing at it he gave it to his clerk with instructions to have the peculiar carpet which had pleased the old lady so much made up at once, in time for the train upon which the old people were to leave town that afternoon, at the same time telling them it should not cost them a cent.

Seeing the blank look of astonishment which overspread their faces, the merchant asked:

"Ain't your name so and so?"

"Yes," they replied.

"Didn't you keep a tavern at such a time and such a place?"

They replied in the affirmative.

"And didn't you have a boy at one time who tended bar for you named———?"

"Yes, yes; and we have often wondered whatever became of the little cus."

"Well," said the merchant, "I am that boy, and when I tended bar for you I stole money enough from you to carpet your whole house. Take the carpet and say nothing more about it."

They took the carpet, and have often told the story of the way in which it was obtained.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

He was a book agent. He rung a door-bell, and a woman who was sweeping opened the door so suddenly that he fell off the step and nearly lost his equilibrium. But he was a book agent, and he recovered his momentum and said fluently:

"I am agent for the most celebrated book ever offered to the public since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written, and filled with useful hints of things that cannot be found outside the covers of any other book, and with recipes for cooking and family prayers, and how to keep moths out of furs and some fine poems by well-known and popular writers, and you can give me your order to-day and needn't pay for it till next June, or on the installment plan, which is cheaper than going without, and the name of it is 'Three Million Hints, or Inquire Within How to Make Home Happy.'"

"Oh, yes," said the woman, smiling sweetly. "How to Make Home Happy,' I have one already," and she looked at the broom in her hand with dreamy eyes.

He fell off the doorstep again, and this time he didn't recover till there was a block between them.—*Detroit Free Press.*

COULDN'T STAND THE REMEDY.

A miserly, unkempt old man, who had been sick for some time, called on a doctor, and after telling his symptoms asked what he should do.

"Well, sir, you must take a cold bath every morning."

"What, wash all over every day?"

"Yes."

"Will I die if I don't do it?"

"You certainly will."

"Well, doctor, I ain't able to walk down town; will you go and get a preacher and an undertaker? I'll go home and get ready to see them. You may send your bill to my administrator and he will settle it after I'm gone. Good day."—*Boston Post.*

A man never knows how mean he has been until he comes out for office.

This fall one of the political parties will crow. The others will eat crow.