The Newberry Herald and News.

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

VOL. XXI. NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1885. No. 7

Stieff

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sep 18 tf

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Jan 22 4t

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Jan 22 4t

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Sept 21 tf Agents.

QUESTIONS.

[Grace S. Wells in Weekly Magazine.]

Sometime, somewhere, oh, soul oppressed,
Wilt thou forget in Heaven's rest
Earth's weariness, so hard to bear,
Wilt thou recall no past despair?
No pang of problems dark, unguessed?
Or will e'en tragedies attest,
Transfigured by an insight blessed,
The presence of a Father's care,
Sometime, somewhere?

Or wilt thou cease from bootless quest,
Thy body laid on nature's breast,
Her round of countless change to share,
And thus oblivious, unaware,
Forget life's secret unconfessed,
Sometime, somewhere?

"Thou Art the Man."

"It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back," said Lucy, bursting into tears.

The pleasant June sunbeams came peeping into the cool, stone-paved dairy, where pans of milk and cream were ranged in orderly array; great stone pots stood under the shelves, and a blue-painted churn was already placed on the table for service.

Mr. Bellenden was justly proud of his dairy.

Not a chance guest came to the house but was invited down to see it; not a housekeeper in the neighborhood but secretly envied its many conveniences and exquisite neatness.

"And it isn't the dairy alone," triumphantly remarked Seth Bellenden. "And you may go through the house from garret to cellar, and you'll never find a speck of dust. There never was such a housekeeper as my wife."

Mrs. Bellenden was young, too—scarcely three and twenty. She had been the daughter of a retired army officer, delicately reared and quite ignorant of all the machinery of domestic life until she married Seth Bellenden.

"It's very strange," Lucy had written to her father. "The farm is beautiful. You never saw such monstrous old buttonball trees; nor such superb roses, and the meadows are full of red clover, and the strawberries shine like jewels on the sunny hillsides. But nobody sketches or reads. I don't think there is a copy of Tennyson in the whole neighborhood, and no one ever heard of Dore or Millais. All they think of is how many dozen eggs the hens lay, and how much cheese they can make in a year. And the woman who has a new recipe for waffles or a new pattern for a horrible thing they call 'crazy quilts,' is the leader in society."

But presently young Mrs. Bellenden herself caught the fever, and became a model housewife.

Example is all-powerful, and Lucy began to believe that the whole end and aim of life was domestic thrift, moneysaving and the treadmill of work.

"My dear," said Seth, "if you thought you could get along without Hespy, the maid, I might be able to afford that new reaper before the oat crop comes in."

"I'll try," said Lucy.

After that she rose before daybreak, and worked later in the night than ever.

"What is the matter with your hands, Lucy?" Seth asked one day. "They are not so white and beautiful as they used to be."

Lucy colored as she glanced down at the members in question.

"I suppose it is from making fires," said she.

And then she took to wearing old kid gloves at her sweeping and dusting and digging out of the ashes.

"My coat is getting shabby," Seth one day remarked.

"Why don't you buy another one?" asked his wife.

Seth laughed a short laugh.

"What do you think Mrs. Higginbotham has done?" said he. "She has ripped up her husband's old suit and cut a pattern by it and made a new one, and entirely saved him ten dollars."

"I could do that!" said Lucy, with sparkling eyes. "I'll try it."

"You can do anything, my dear," said Mr. Bellenden, admiringly.

And Lucy felt that she had her rich reward.

Company began to come as soon as the bright weather set in.

All the affectionate relations of Mr. Bellenden soon discovered that the farm house was cool and shady, that Lucy's cooking was excellent, and that the bed rooms were neatness itself.

Some of them were even good enough to invite their relations as well; and so the house was full from April to December.

All the clergymen made it their home at Brother Bellender's when they came to Sylvan Bridge for ecclesiastical conventions; all the agents for unheard of articles discovered that they knew somebody who was acquainted with the Bellendens, and brought their carpet bags and valises with that faith in human hospitality which is one of life's best gifts.

Mrs. Bellenden's fame went abroad among the Dorcases of the neighborhood in the matter of butter and cheese; she took the prizes in the domestic departments of all the agricultural fairs, and the adjoining housewives took no trouble to make things that they could borrow of Mrs. Bellenden, "just as well as not."

And one day, when poor Lucy, under the blighting influence of a horrible sick headache, was endeavoring to strain three or four gallons of milk into the shining pans, the news arrived that Uncle Paul was coming to the farm.

"Another guest!" said Lucy, despairingly.

And then she uttered the proverb that heads our sketch.

"Oh, it's only Uncle Paul!" said Mr. Bellenden. "Don't fret, Lutie! He's the most peaceable old gentleman in the world. He'll make no more trouble than a cricket. John's wife thought she couldn't have him because she has no girl just now—"

"Neither have I!" said Lucy, rebelliously.

"And Sarah Eliza don't like company."

"And I am supposed to be fond of it!" observed Lucy, bitterly.

"And Reuben's girls don't want old folks staying there. It's too much trouble, they say," added Seth.

Lucy bit her lips to keep back the words she might have said, instead:

"Where is he to sleep? The Belfords have the front room, and your Cousin Susan occupies the back, and the four Miss Pattersons sleep in the two hall chambers, and the hired men have the garret room."

She might have added that she and her husband and the baby had slept in a hot little den opening from the kitchen for four weeks, vainly expecting Mr. and Mrs. Belford to depart; and that she had never yet had a chance to invite her father to the farm in pleasant weather.

But she was magnanimous and held her peace.

"Oh, you can find some place for him," said her husband, lightly. "There is that little room at the end of the hall where the spinning wheel is."

"But it isn't furnished!" pleaded Lucy.

"You can easily sew a carpet together out of those old pieces from the Belfords room; and it's no trouble to put up a muslin curtain to the window and lift in a cot bed. There are a plenty of good sweet husks in the corn house, and you can just tack a mattress together, and whitewash the ceiling, and—"

"What's that, Beniah? The cows in the rye lot! Dear me! Everything goes wrong if I step into the house a moment. And really Lutie those things are your business and not mine," he added, irritably.

Lucy could not help laughing all by herself, as her husband ran up the steps.

But it was a very sad little laugh, and soon changed into a sigh.

"I wonder," said she, in a whisper, "if my poor, tired-out ghost would haunt those stone pavements, and scrub shelves, if I were to die! I never heard of a ghost in a dairy before, but I should think that it might easily be."

But this little bed room was fitted up, for all that, as fresh as a rose, and Uncle Paul arrived, a dried-up, yellow complexioned old man, with an old-fashioned cravat tied in many folds around his neck, and a suit of navy blue, with brass buttons.

He had the polite way of half a century ago, and Lucy thought she should like him very much, if she only had time to get acquainted with him.

But she was churning ten pounds of butter a day, and there was the baby, and the company, and the young chickens, and the baking to do for the sewing society, which was to meet at her house that week.

She was almost too busy to sleep.

But Uncle Paul was watching her quietly all the time.

He came out one day to the barn where his nephew was putting a new handle on a sickle-blade.

"Pretty busy times—eh, Uncle Paul?" asked the farmer, scarcely taking the leisure to look up.

"Aye," absently answered the old man. "Did I tell you, Nephew Seth, about the reason I left your Cousin Eliab's?"

"Not that I remember," said Seth, breathing on the blade and polishing it with his silk handkerchief.

"Dorothy died—his wife?"

"Oh, yes," said Seth. "Malarial fever, wasn't it?"

"No!" bluntly answered Uncle Paul. "It was hard work. That woman, Nephew Seth, did the housework for eight persons. Eliab didn't even let her have a woman to help her with the washing and ironing."

"Must have been a regular going brute," said Seth, tightning the handle a little.

"All the sewing, too," added Uncle Paul—"the mending and making. Never went anywhere except to church. Eliab didn't believe in women gadding about."

"The old savage," said Seth.

"She was fond of reading, but she never got any time for it," said Uncle Paul. "She rose before sun-up, and never lay down until 11 o'clock. It was hard work that killed that woman, and Eliab coolly declared that it was sheer laziness when she could not drag herself around any longer. And when she died he rolled up his eyes and called it a visitation of Providence."

"Why didn't the neighbors lynch him?" cried Seth, fairly aroused to indignation at last.

Uncle Paul took off his glasses, wiped them vigorously, and looked his nephew hard in the face.

"Why don't the neighbors lynch you?" said he.

Seth dropped the sickle and stared.

"Nephew Seth," said Uncle Paul, impressively. "thou art the man! Are you not doing the same thing?"

"I?" gasped Seth.

"Your wife is doing the work of a household of sixteen people," said Uncle Paul. "She is drudging as you could hire no foreigner to drudge. She is rising early and lying down late; she is offering up her life on the shrine of your farm and its requirements. I have seen her grow thin and pale even during the few days I have been here. I have carried water and split wood for her, because there was no one else to do it. I have seen her carry up Mrs. Belford's breakfast daily to her room, because Mrs. Belford preferred to lie abed; and cooking dainty dishes for Helen Patterson, because Helen wouldn't eat what the rest liked. No galley slave ever worked as she does. And you, with your hired men—whose board only adds to her cares—and your labor-saving machinery, stand coolly by and see her commit slow suicide. Yes, Nephew Seth, I think it is a case for lynching!"

Seth had grown pale.

"I—I never thought of this," said he. "Why didn't some one tell me?"

"Where were your own eyes?" asked Uncle Paul.

Seth Bellenden rolled down his shirt sleeves, put on his coat, and went into the house.

He told the Belfords and Pattersons that it was inconvenient to keep them any longer. He gave Cousin Susan to understand that her room was needed. He made arrangements to board the hired men at the vacant farm house, and engaged a stout dairyman and a house servant to wait on Lucy. And he telegraphed to her father to come to Sylvan Bridge at once.

"She deserves a treat," he said, "He shall spend the summer with us."

And then he went to tell Lucy.

She had fainted among the buttercups, picking strawberries for tea.

Poor little Lucy! The machinery had utterly refused to revolve any longer.

His heart grew cold within him.

"She will die!" he thought, "and I shall have murdered her!"

But she did not die. She recovered her strength by degrees.

"It is better than medicine," said she, "to know that Seth is thinking of me and for me."

And Uncle Paul—"the last straw," as she called him—had proved her salvation.

"I didn't want her to go as Eliab's wife did," said Uncle Paul.

[*Home Circle.*

UNIQUE NAMES.

SOME CURIOUS COGNOMENS AMONG THE NATION'S PENSIONERS.

"Yes, I frequently meet queer people with queer names," said a prominent pension attorney in answer to the question of the *Star* reporter.

"I can recall a number of names of actual living persons," he continued, "which are as significant, as any in the works of John Bunyan, Samuel Warren or Charles Dickens. 'Praise God Barebones' is not a circumstance with some names I have."

"Ah," interrupted the questioner, "do you mean names suggestive of character or occupation?"

"Yes," was the response. "Persons whose names are suggestive of colors, as 'Brown' or 'White,' are met with; so also the names of 'Long' and 'Short,' and similar cognomens are so common as not to excite surprise, but there are many instances where the appellation is peculiarly pointed and even ludicrous in its effects. For instance 'Pilgrim Crazylous' is a school teacher in a Pennsylvania mining district, and his name reminds me of the time when I sat in an old district-school house on a hard wooden bench, just behind a short haired urchin whose head would have been benefited by his making use of a fine-tooth comb, and whose proximity I learned to dread after my mother had made several searching investigations of my scalp."

"I suppose Pilgrim boards round?" observed the reporter.

"I don't know," laughed the attorney, "but here is a man who ought to be one of his scholars," and he handed the reporter a letter signed by "D Slatecypher." While the *Star* man studied the signature the lawyer pulled from a pigeon hole a bundle of papers and suddenly resumed: "'Christly Crow' is a colored preacher who was a good soldier during the war and was badly wounded. He is now fighting Satan in Illinois city which is big and bad, and, I understand, has had considerable success as a minister among his own race. I don't wish to be irreverent" continued the speaker, "but I have met several 'Christs' in my line of business. 'A. Christ,' from Bethlehem, not Judea, but Pennsylvania, applied through me for a pension, while 'J. Christ, who was a gallant soldier, fighting through the entire rebellion, is now, I believe, a clothing dealer in Pennsylvania 'Christian Bible' is an Indian German who ought to be a good man, but I have forgotten what he follows for a livelihood."

Here the narrator paused for a moment to relight his cigar, which operation having been accomplished he took up a paper and said: "There is a strange relation of names and incidents set forth in this application." The reporter examined the document and found that 'J. S. Timberleg" was asking Uncle Sam to pension him because he had been mangled by a splinter in an engagement before Charleston in 1864, on account of which injury amputation was rendered necessary above the knee, so that for the last twenty years his name has been peculiarly applicable. A striking coincidence in this case was that the justice of the peace before whom the necessary affidavits were made signed the name of "Isaac Walkingstick."

"Here's another," sententiously said the lawyer, as he shoved a second application towards his visitor, who found that "TormentTwist" was suffering the twisting torments of rheumatism, contracted in the winter campaign of General Thomas, near Nashville. The reporter regarded the paper in contemplative silence, which was broken by the attorney exclaiming: "Dreams go by contraries, and that is true of names sometimes, for 'John Drinklager' never drank lager or any other intoxicating liquor in his life. He went through the war in the same company with me, and was wounded in the Wilderness. I knew him well, and when he was here to see about his pension he made a rattling temperance speech before a Good Templars' lodge in this city, which he visited with me." After two or three puffs at his cigar, the speaker went on: "'Rea on Twig' is a compound of schoolboy slang, and is an unusual name even for a Vermont Yankee, but it is not more peculiar than 'Skye Leaf,' which is Indian.

Another enlisted Indian scout is known as Ka Ni Ye Ulster, who was disabled by frost bites out in Montana, notwithstanding the protection of his name." The speaker here arose and lit the gas saying as he did so, "I have a letter from a woman out in Cincinnati. She is a soldier's widow and is entitled to her pension. Her name is 'Movingham,' which I think is a little suggestive of Porkopolis, don't you? The reporter sat helplessly dazed for a moment, but recovered sufficiently to gasp: "I guess I'd better be going," and bidding him 'good-night' went down the street wondering why people will bear such names when an application to the legislature would secure for them such appellations as "Vere de Vere," or "Percy," or even plain John Smith.—*Washington Star.*

VETERINARY KNOWLEDGE.—The vast and growing cattle interest of the country, and the annual great losses of stock should point out to young men that there is a new field for medical practice, offering large reward, for veterinary knowledge.

For the Herald and News.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN "MAHARG" AND MR. "ALL COTTON."

Good morning, Mr. Maharg.

Good morning, Mr. All Cotton.

M.—What's the news?

All C.—Times are hard, cotton all sold, and no money, and we ain't paid out, and no provisions to go on.

—Well, that is bad. Why don't you raise your own corn and some hogs?

All C.—We have to plant all cotton to pay our liens, and [illegible] pay out, cotton sells so low.

M.—Why do you give your liens for corn, bacon, flour and molasses? You can raise all that.

All C.—Yes, but we don't do it.

M.—Did you plant any corn?

All C.—I planted three acres.

M.—Good land, I reckon.

All C.—Oh, no; some poor land that won't make cotton.

M.—How much corn did it make?

All C.—Not more than five or six bushels.

M.—You did not manure and work it well, surely.

All C.—Never manured it at all, planted it twice.

M.—Well, that did not pay you.

All C.—No, there is no pay in it.

M.—Well, I make 10 to 15 bushels corn per acre on what I plant.

All C.—How do you do it?

M.—I manure it well and plant good land and work it.

All C.—So you don't buy corn?

M.—No, sir. No farmer ought to buy corn when he can raise it cheaper than he can buy it. And home-raised corn is worth one-third more than bought corn. Corn shelled off the cob loses its strength; then the fodder and shucks are worth a good deal to feed, as neither mules nor horses will keep fat on bought corn.

All C.—That is so; my mules get poor in the summer.

M.—You don't sow oats enough.

All C.—Haven't got the land to spare.

M.—Are you making any money

All C.—No, I have sunk from one to two hundred a year.

M.—Well, you take my advice: Sow down one-third of your land and cut down your expenses, and then you will begin to make some money.

All C.—That is good advice, but I can't do it this year.

M.—We can't raise cotton for less than ten cents, and when we don't get that for it we lose money, unless we raise our provisions.

All C.—That's so, but we have got into the habit of planting all cotton and it seems hard to quit it.

M.—Yes, but we must quit it, or we will all be broken up, certain.

All C.—Well, it does really look so, indeed.

M.—We can make our farms pay by raising our supplies, and then all the cotton afterwards that we can to give us money to educate our children and for other matters that only money can do.

Parties who have not received their seed will please write at once to their representatives. Congress appropriates $100,000 annually for seeds. Two-thirds of this sum goes in seeds to the 400 Senators and representatives, and the Commissioner of Agriculture distributes the rest through other channels. Each Congressman is allotted 5,000 papers of vegetable seeds and 1,000 papers of flour seeds, to begin with. In addition, the members from tobacco districts have received in the past year 500 papers of imported tobacco seed each; the cotton belt members have each had 200 quarts of cotton seed; the winter wheat men have had 200 quarts apiece of their staple grain; the spring wheat Representatives have been equally favored, and the corn Congressmen have been blessed in abundance with kernels of choice maize. All the Congressmen received in July, at the time of the nominating conventions were held, 1,000 papers of turnip seed each, and grass seed, three or four bushels to the member. Sorghum and sugar beet seeds were sent to favorable districts.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Sweet Potatoes.—What is the use of letting them rot after the trouble of producing and banking them? How many farmers say "my potatoes rotted very badly in the banks." It was owing to bad management—want of air, bruising or unnecessary exposure to the cold or rain. Bank promptly after digging, around three stakes driven in a triangle, three inches apart, in the middle of the bank to let out the air from the bottom through the tob. Then cover securely against rain and cap the top so that the air can have free escape.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men move, breathe and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They do not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time cannot destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands that you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

TOBACCO RAISING.—While the Piedmont region of the State is said to be peculiarly adapted to the growth of tobacco, a gentleman who speaks from observation and experience says the plant can be successfully cultivated in Lexington, Richland or any County in the State, even down to tide water lands. It is necessary to have good seed and thorough cultivation to make a success of its production, no matter how favorable the soil may be to its growth. And, further, it requires close attention from the planting of the seed until it is cured.—*Columbia Register.*

JUST IN TIME.—While a protracted meeting was being held in Rensseca, Ga., a number of ministers stopped with Mrs. J. W. Davis, and she was sorely perplexed as to the means of getting something good for them to eat. She had tried in vain to get a ham in the place—all having been consumed by the large crowd in attendance and could not be found. While she was busy in the kitchen preparing the chicken, and wondering how she could provide for her guests, a covey of partridges flew into the dining room. The doors were closed, a number of the birds caught, and the ministers fared sumptuously.

A SNEEZING BRIDE.—A most inopportune dislocation of the jaw is recorded at a recent wedding. It seems that during the performance of the ceremony the bride sneezed so violently as to dislocate her jaw at the critical moment when she should have pronounced a solemn oui (yes). As she was unable to articulate the word it was found necessary for the whole party to repair to a surgeon before the ceremony could be completed.

"What is that you say? Harry married! Well, I'll never believe in men again." "Why?" "The oaths of love that man swore to me!" "Well, but you threw him over, You've been married three months." "I don't care. He was so devoted to me, and when Jack proposed to me and I accepted, Harry declared that he would be true to my memory and mourn me as one dead to him." "Well, it's of no consequence now to you." "He might have been decent about it. He might have gone into mourning for a year anyhow."

POISON FROM CREPE VEILS.—The long, thick crepe veil is very injurious to the complexion. The rough crepe rubs the skin off and the poisonous matter is taken into the circulation in that way, as well as carried into the lungs in breathing. Such a veil worn for two consecutive years seldom fails to produce evil results. Similar goods about the neck, and black silk and black cotton goods also produce bad effects. Paris has a feather dyers' disease, produced from the dye in which the black feathers are dipped.

A SECRET FOR GIRLS.—"I want to tell you a secret," said William Wirt to his daughter. "The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. This is the spirit that gives to your time of life its sweetest charms. It constitutes the sum total of all the witchcraft of woman. Let the world see that your first care is for yourself, and you will spread the solicitude of the upas tree around you."

The price of mummies is said to have fallen off about seventy-five per cent., and those who deal in them declare it "a dead give away."