

# The Newberry Herald.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**  
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Notice of meetings, obituary notices and other notices, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.  
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Done with Neatness and Dispatch.  
Terms Cash.

### THE DYING YEAR.

From the old world the land is leaving,  
Goes a ghost,  
These old folks are dying only,  
"Summer's gone!"  
All the bright and sunny hours,  
And the green and leafy bowers,  
With the summer's forest dews,  
Are faded now,  
And the snow  
Of the winter's reign,  
Has been with us, with flying leaves,  
And the gathering flocks,  
Till as snowdrops have,  
Now the winds go loudly moaning  
Through the valleys,  
And the forest trees are groaning  
Mournful tales  
Of decay and falling leaves,  
Of the coming winter weather,  
Of the snow that will be  
Soon all laid  
On the ground,  
Over all the hills and valleys,  
And the summer's bright green fields  
Are so sadly lying.

### THE DEAD LETTER.

My friend Grant Selwyn was employed as a clerk in the Dead Letter Office, and as my health was not good, I wrote an acceptance to his cordial invitation to make him a visit, and accordingly one pleasant May evening found me bearing Selwyn's home.  
I received a warm welcome from his family, which consisted of his young wife, a rosy, laughing brunette, and his mother.  
The next morning after my arrival, Grant asked me to accompany him to the office.  
It is rather dull, that you may be sure, said he, that you may be sure to find something among the letters to amuse you.  
I will delight in reading old letters, so I did not need much urging.  
We were seated before the long table at the office, when I noticed a letter directed in a delicate, womanly hand, to "Marnadale Vance, Riverdale, N. Y." I opened it up to examine it, and a plain gold ring dropped from it to the floor. The words, "Maud, from Duke," were engraved inside. The letter ran as follows:  
"DEAR DUKE: We must not see each other again. My father commands me to marry Jacob Armstrong, and I cannot disobey him. You know how stern and unyielding he can be. I have begged and prayed in vain. We must part, and this is my last farewell; but I shall always be true to you. Farewell, dear Duke. I shall never love another. May God bless you."  
"M.A.C.D."  
"Duke Vance was my dearest friend and chum in college. His father's death and failure, soon after we left school, had left him alone in the world, and penniless. So, at the time the letter was written—nearly two years ago—he had entered a small dry goods store in the country town of Riverdale, on a meagre salary that barely supported him. He wrote to me soon after, and said he was going to Australia, and we might never meet again. I wondered what had caused this sudden decision, and had never forgotten him. But two years had passed and brought no word from him, and I had given him up for dead. On my last visit home, I had been traveling a year, I had fitted a pale, golden-haired girl, flitting around our houses; but my short stay at home had prevented my more than speaking to her, and my leaving that her name was Maud Sutherland—that she was our governess. Her sweet, blue eyes seemed always brimming over with tears, and had a far-away look in them.  
After I left home, my mother wrote that she had lost her governess, just when the children loved her so much. That one of

### An Eventful Bridal Tour.

Among the passengers who arrived in the city on board the steamer Colorado, on Sunday were A. Mejia and wife. Senor Mejia is the son of the Mexican Minister of War under the Juarez Government, and during the war with the French held the position of Paymaster of the Military Division of the West, and was located at Guaymas. He was married a few months ago at Guaymas to Miss Gomez, daughter of the late American Consul at that place. It was the design of the newly-married couple to pay a visit to the City of Mexico; but a few days after the marriage took place the plans of the steamer Forward were altered, and for a short time carried everything with a high hand. Among other exploits achieved by them was the capture of Mejia, whom they carried off to the mountains of Simla. Vega, who was at the head of the piratical movement, demanded a ransom of \$50,000 for the release of his prisoner, and threatened to kill him if the money was not paid. Information of this demand reached the father of the prisoner. He, instead of paying down the coin, secretly organized a small force of picked men, and penetrated the mountain region where his son was detained. They there attacked a guard of seven men, killed five of them, and wounded the other two, and rescued young Mejia from imprisonment. They lost one of their own men in the attack. After the husband joined his wife at Guaymas, they found it difficult to get to Acapulco. In order to accomplish this object, they embarked on board the steamer Continental for that port, intending to take the next Panama steamer. They were both saved from the wreck, and reached this city in safety, having lost all their baggage and personal property. Since arriving here they have made up their minds to go overland to New York, and sail from that port to Vera Cruz. They will keep a sharp lookout for railroad accidents, conflagrations, earthquakes and first-class disasters on the route.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Richmond Journal of Friday contains the following paragraph: "Miss Rose Poe, the sister of Edgar Allan Poe, has been wandering from place to place for some time, entirely destitute. She is now in Richmond, willing and anxious to obtain a living by the labor of her hands as a housekeeper. She is about sixty-six. It is really sad to think that the sister of the gifted poet, the ebullitions of whose genius have found their way into every cultivated home, should be left to the cold charities of the world, without food and shelter. Having lost her only friend some years ago, a lady of Powhatan county, who had provided for her, she has since been driven from pillar to post, living upon the charity of unwilling hearts. Cannot something be done to smooth the rough road of the feeble years yet left to her?"

OLD SISTERS AND YOUNG BROTHERS.—Sisters do not turn off your younger brothers as if they were always in your way, and any service which they might ask of you were a burthen. Perhaps the hour may come when, over a coffin that strangely longer than you thought, and over a pale brow where often, half unwittingly and perhaps with a petulant push, you parted the hair—you bend with blinding tears and sobs that shake your very soul, while remorseful memory is busy with the by-gone hours. You will wish then that when he came and asked you to help him in his play, or to lift him on your lap because he was tired, or take him out because he wanted to see you, had laid aside your book and made the little heart glad.—*Albion's Life at Home.*

Mr. Farr, employed in a Cincinnati foundry, went to breaking up a boiler shell last week, and soon found how Farr a shell will blow a man.

The large hotel in Elginfield, owned by S. S. Tompkins is for sale.

### The Legislature.

This body met on the 22d. Hon. C. W. Montgomery was elected President of the Senate, and F. J. Moses, Jr., Speaker of the House.  
After the routine duty, election of officers, Hon. L. L. Loomis, chomlogio, swaggar and booz had the floor when it was mildly intimated by Mr. Jones that Joseph, named Crews, be requested to step forward and recite a chapter with seventeen verses, giving an account of his dangers by food and field. Somebody wouldn't move, because Joe had a right to speak and blurt out his feelings. Mr. J. replied that the aid-de-camp to the Governor and Hon. member of the State Legislature was too modest a man and would not meet the issue without a mover. But Mr. Crews proved this all an imagination, for without the order of his going he went at once to the stand and told a tale, about "me and my son," which caused the house to tremble a ghastly smile. Joseph said he had triumphantly every day upon bed quilts and wine.

MILITIA OUTRAGES IN UNION.—The Charleston News says: We print in another column a firm but temperate leading article from the Unionville Times, containing a description of the outrageous conduct of turbulent squads of negro militia. Armed bands prowled about Unionville every night, and volleys have recently been fired into the houses of two white citizens. This condition of things cannot last and the white people of Union think of organizing themselves into a military body for the protection of themselves and their families. So natural a determination cannot be condemned; but the people of Union must, for their own sakes, be circumspect and patient. They should not think of taking the law into their own hands, until they have exhausted every legal and usual means of obtaining redress for the past and security for the future. This may be their position now; but we advise a last appeal to Governor Scott, who can, if he will, render the negroes innocuous, by depriving them of the arms which they are using to the injury of Union County and the whole State. A committee of citizens, prepared to substantiate the statements made by the Times, might wait upon Gov. Scott, and demand of him that measures be taken for the preservation of peace and the suppression of disorder. The white citizens owe this to themselves, and it is due to Gov. Scott, who may now be willing to extend some consideration to the white people of the State.

PRESENT WORK.—The success of life, if achieved at all, must begin from the point where each of us stands. It can be surely attained only by beginning now, and by toiling steadily and hard.  
Hundreds of young men are waiting for favorable circumstances and for agreeable employment. This plea is but a soft way of excusing laziness. A man has no place but the one in which he stands; no time but the present; no chance but the one before him; no work but that which he can do today in his place. From that place, along that path, by that work, must he go so much higher and better as he is able to. But let him start to-day.  
Indolence and pride may whisper, Wait for better opportunities. But the voice of great men sounds down to us from the heights of honorable success: "If you see no opportunities, make them." Resolute industry today, in whatever comes to hand, is the sure guarantee of future wealth and worth.

GIR HORSE BURN.—The Gin house of Mr. John Landford, near Smithtown in this County, was burnt on Monday night last. The house was one of the best in the County, and contained fourteen bales of cotton, sixty bushels of wheat, two hundred and fifty bushels of corn, two or three threshers and other property. The loss is estimated at about \$5,000.  
There was no fire about the premises at night-fall, and beyond doubt it was the work of the incendiary.  
Laurensville Herald.

### Will He Succeed.

The following article has so much truth and sound practical sense in it, we give it a prominent place in our editorial pages, and commend it to the careful perusal of every parent.—*ED. FARMAS AND ABTHAM.*  
In nine cases out of ten, no man's life will be a success unless he bears burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or vanity of father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off, he moved away all of the time—in short, if what was light always fell to him, and what was heavy about the work, to some one else, if he has been permitted to shirk till shirking has become a habit—unless a miracle is wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be laid so much on his as that of poor, weak, foolish parents.  
On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part; never allowed to shirk any legitimate responsibility, or permitted to dodge work, whether or not it made his back ache or soiled his hand, until bearing heavy burdens became a matter of pride, the hoary end of the wood his from choice—parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fears. His life will not be a business failure. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his business capacity.  
Take another point. Money is the object of the world's pursuits. It is an object. It gives bread and clothing, and homes and comfort. The world has not judged wholly unwisely when it has made the position a man occupies to hinge more or less on his ability to earn money, and somewhat upon the amount of it. If he is miserably poor, it either argues some defect in his business ability, some recklessness in his expenditures, or a lack of fitness to cope with men in the great battle for gold.  
When a country-bred boy leaves home, it is generally to enter upon some business, the end of which is to acquire property, and he will succeed just in proportion as he has been made to earn and save in childhood.  
If the money he has had come at planting a little patch in the Spring, and selling its produce after months of watching and toll in the Fall, or from killing woodchucks at six cents a head; or from trapping muskrats, and selling their skins for a shilling; setting snares in the Fall for game, and walking miles to see them in the morning before old folks were up looking for a neighbor, moonlight evenings, at two cents a bushel; working out an occasional day that hard work at home has made possible—he is good to make his pile in the world.  
On the contrary, if the boy never earned a dollar; if parents and friends always kept him in spending money—penies to buy candies and fish-bones, and to satisfy his imagined wants—and he has grown to manhood in the expectancy that the world will generally treat him with a similar consideration, he will always be a make-shift; and the fault is not so much his as those about him, who never made the boy depend on himself—did not make him wait six months to get money to replace a lost jack-knife.  
Everybody has to rough it at one time or another. If roughing comes in boyhood, it does good; if later, when habits are formed, it is equally tough, but not being educational, is entirely useless. And the question whether a young man will succeed in making money or not, depends not upon where he goes or what he does, but upon his willingness to do "his part," and upon his having earned money, and so gained a knowledge of its worth. Not a little of this valuable experience and knowledge the country boy gets on the old farm, under the tutelage of parents shrewd enough to see the end from the beginning, and to make the

### Stewart's Great Hotel.

Stewart's Great Hotel.—The New York World says of Mr. A. T. Stewart's hotel, that it will be a more extraordinary affair than can be made in any sense self-supporting, and will turn out like the Peabody tenement houses, an enormous endowment for the comfort of a comparatively few favored persons, without really promoting the welfare of the class. It is now three stories up, and begins to show its imposing fronts, which will compare with any building in the city for grandeur, both of size and style. Mr. Stewart has reason well in determining to make it a residence which everybody would be proud to acknowledge, and so insuring a crowded complement of boarders at all times. He is also building a number of small and double houses, some five hundred in number, at once respecting and comforting that love of privacy which is essential to modesty and self-respect. The partitions between the sleeping rooms are twenty-eight inches thick, on the third floor. This affords room for a separate ventilating shaft to every apartment. Heat, water and gas are also distributed in every room, and every room has a full-sized window looking either upon the street or upon the beautiful court-yard and garden, about one hundred feet square, inside the building. The work proceeds slowly, as required for the solidification of such an enormous mass, and it is now very doubtful whether the whole will be enclosed the present year.  
A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unremoved, for this imparts an air of deceitful grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the line of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness; others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring over a mirror can not aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswerving from reflection of evil, and is illumined and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

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### Too Contented.

Contentment is a very good thing in its place, but it is said that "virtues carried to excess become vices." Some people have the vice of contentment very bad. As Hugh Miller justly remarks of the Scottish Highlanders, their contentment was certainly no virtue, "when it had the effect of arresting all improvement. It is also perilously allied to great suffering, when the men who exemptly are so thoroughly happy amid the mediocrities of the present that they fail to make provision for the contingencies of the future."  
There is no merit in being contented with an old leaky roof and patched windows; a house with loose clapboards, and a tangle door yard, whose one hinged gate gives free ingress to cows and pigs, no less all these things are positively unavoidable. "The field of the sluggard" met with no commendation from the wisest of men.—The shiftless contentment of the lazy man is no skin to the resignation of the true Christian, who submits humbly to the Lord's will, even when inclination is sorely crossed.  
The best sermon to preach to some people would seem to be the duty of discontent with their present surroundings. There is no hope of arousing them to improvement till they can be shook awake, and made to open their eyes to the wretchedness their sluggish content has brought them into; have them dissatisfied if you can with the crazy old house and broken fence, the sorrel grown fields, and garden of nettles. Show them the improvement a pound of nails and a half a day's labor would make on the house and yard, and if need be lend a helping hand to start the ball of improvement. You will never lose time by such good deeds, and it will give you satisfaction every time you recall it.—When you have done your best to improve yourself and your condition, then is the time and place for contentment to come in. Then you may cheerfully leave the results to a higher power, satisfied that you will not receive the condemnation of the "slothful servant."  
ORDINATION OF THE REV. H. S. WINGARD.—The ordination of Mr. H. S. Wingard as a minister of the Gospel according to the faith of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, took place last evening at St. John's Church. There was quite a large congregation, and many of the members of Lutheran Synod, lately in session here, were present. The Rev. T. S. Boines delivered an able and interesting sermon, selecting as his text the 56th verse of the 24th chapter of Genesis: "I hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way."  
The charge was delivered to the candidate by the Rev. J. H. Hawkins, the president of the Synod, and he was welcomed into the fellowship of the church by the ordained ministers who were present. After the close of the ceremonies a collection was taken up for the benefit of the Missionary Society.—*Charleston News, 22d.*  
AMES' CIRCUS.—The Macon Telegraph of the 15th says: The circus of the late lamented Colonel Ames, passed up Cherry street last evening. The horses, wagons and men, were draped in deep mourning. It was certainly the first time such a company ever moved through our streets so solemnly, so gloomily. No brass band preceded it, and no shouts greeted it from the side walks. It passed to the Fair Grounds, where the horses and wagons are to be sold and the company disbanded. The murdered Colonel Ames rests in Rose Hill Cemetery, and in a few days his company will be scattered to the four winds of the earth.  
Kindness, like the gentle melt of Spring, melts the icy heart.

### labor and grief of children.

labor and grief of children contribute to the success of subsequent life.—*Harth and Home.*