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ADVERTISING RATES.

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THE MAGIC BOX.

A housekeeper's affairs had for a long time been becoming very much entangled, and the poor woman knew not what to do to get out of her difficulties. After a time she bethought herself of a wise old hermit who lived in the neighborhood, and to him repaired for advice. She related to him all her trouble, saying: "Things go on badly enough—nothing prospers indoors or out. Pray, sir, can you not advise some remedy for my misfortunes?"

"The hermit—a shrewd, rosy man—began to wait, and retiring to an inner chamber of his cell, after a short time brought out a very curious-looking box, carefully sealed up. "Take this," said he "and keep it for one year; but you must, three times a day, and by three times a night, carry it into the kitchen, the cellar, and stable, and set it down in each corner. I answer for it that you will shortly find things improve. But be sure that at the end of the year you bring back the box. Now farewell."

"The good woman received the precious box with many thanks and bore it carefully home. The next day, as she was carrying it into the cellar, she met a servant who had been secretly drawing a pitcher of beer. As she went a little later into the kitchen, there she found a maid making herself a supper of omelets. In the stable she discovered and corrected some new faults.

"At the end of the year she, faithful to her promise, carried the box to the hermit, and besought him to let her keep it, as it had a most wonderful effect. "Only let me keep it one year longer," she said, "and I am sure all will be remedied."

"The hermit smiled and replied: "I cannot allow you to keep the box, but the secret that is hidden within you shall have." He opened the box, and lo! it contained nothing but a slip of paper on which was written this couplet: "You will thrive most prosperously Yourself must every corner see."

PROCK.—The hopelessness of any one accomplishing anything without pluck is illustrated by an East India fable. A mouse that dwelt near the abode of a great magician was kept in such constant distress by its fear of a cat, that the magician, taking pity on it, turned it into a cat itself. Immediately it began to suffer from its fear of a dog, so that the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from the fear of a tiger, and the magician turned it into a tiger. Then it began to suffer from the fear of a huntsman, and the magician, in disgust, said, "Be a mouse again, as you have only the heart of a mouse; it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a nobler animal." And the poor creature again became a mouse. It was the same with mouse-hearted men.—He may be clothed with the powers, and placed in the position of brave men, but he will always act like a mouse; the public opinion is usually the great magician that finally says to such a person, "Go back to your obscurity again.—You have only the heart of a mouse, and it is useless to try to make a lion of you."

NOBLE THOUGHTS.—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind.—Of all trees, observe that God has chosen the vine; a lowly plant that creeps the hopeful wall; of all the beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all the fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar nor the spreading palm, but a bush—an humble subject bush—ask if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing productive love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

RESOLUTION.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution,—to be undetermined where the case is so plain, and the necessity so urgent; to be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it.

Words are little things but they sometimes strike hard. We wield them so easily that we are apt to forget their hidden power. Fitly spoken, they fall like sunshine, the dew, and the fertilizing rain; but when unskillfully, like the frost, the hail, and desolating tempest.

What comes after cheese?—mice. [Knowville Chronicle.]

OLD LOVE REKINDLED.

The wedding was that of Mr. Conger, member of Congress from Michigan, with Mrs. Sibley, widow of Major Sibley, United States army. She was Miss Humphries, daughter of Judge Humphries of the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, and twenty-seven years ago was affianced to Mr. Conger, then a handsome blooming youth. They quarreled and parted. In six months the quarrel was forgotten, and they were again engaged. Miss Humphries was pretty, a belle, and a flirt.—Her flirting propensities did not please Mr. Conger, and he remonstrated with her. Being a high-spirited girl, she again and finally broke the engagement, telling him she would never marry him.

He left the State. She married and he married. Major Sibley lived twelve years. There were no children, and at his death she went abroad. Mrs. Conger lived a few years, and left three children. In October, weary of European life, Mrs. Sibley determined to return to her home in Cincinnati. Arriving in New York, it occurred to her to come to Washington for a few weeks. Oh, woman, how mysterious are thy ways! One day time hanging wearily on her hands, she wandered (?) to Congress of course, never dreaming that in this august body sat her affinity.

An hour passed: the debates were prosy and tedious. So, gathering her wraps about her, she prepared to leave the gallery, when there was a tap on her shoulder. Turning, who did she behold but the lover of her youth! After commonplace greetings in an agitated voice, she made the inquiry, "I suppose your family are with you?" "Did you not know that my wife was dead?"

With tragic start she averred she did not. They chatted some time, and on leaving she said: "I am at the Arlington—will you come and see me?" Hesitation on his part, blushes on hers, and then in a low voice replied Conger: "I will come if you take back what you said to me twenty-five years ago."

"I will," she answered, and she wilted. The engagement was very brief, and the happy twain were united Saturday, May 23d, at eleven o'clock A. M. The bride wore a pearl-colored satin brocade, with diamond ornaments, and looked very well, albeit she could not look sentimental, for she is not very young, and weighs about one hundred and ninety-five pounds.

A GREAT KNIFE-SWALLOWER.

A writer in the *Steele*, of Paris gives the following account of an American sailor, named John Cummings: On the first occasion this man swallowed fourteen knives. As may be supposed he was ill in consequence; but he recovered, and was able to re-commence his exploits. Being made a prisoner by an English ship in 1807, he suffered himself to be persuaded to satisfy the curiosity of the crew. This time he swallowed seventeen knives in the course of two consecutive days. But he was then attacked by excessive pains which required the aid of a surgeon, under whose care he remained eight months. He was then dismissed as incapable of service.—Twice in the year 1807 he entered Guy's Hospital, London, and was attended there by Dr. Babington, who had much difficulty in believing the account which the man gave of the origin of his illness.—He left the establishment, but again returned to it in 1808 under the care of Dr. Currie, and died there in the following year, after seven months suffering.

When the body was opened there was found in it fourteen knives all corroded and partly dissolved. On one of them, however, the name of the maker might be still distinguished; a copper button and part of a silver setting which had adorned another were scarcely touched, but the nails, springs, and horn handles were in a state of decomposition. The final malady and death had been caused by the half of a large knife becoming fixed across the intestines. The stomach itself was not at all injured, and Cummings, after his last experiment, had eaten with excellent appetite.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winning machine. [Sin is bad in the eye, worse in the tongue, worst still in the heart, but worst of all in the life.]

Miscellaneous.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

A great experience meeting some years ago was to be held one evening in a church, where the speakers were all to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman whom we will call Alice was induced to attend. When the meeting was somewhat advanced a late member of Congress arose with apparent sadness and hesitation. "Though I have consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this assembly to night," he said, "yet I felt so great a reluctance in doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty that I could drag myself forward. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. I could wish that ten years of my life were blotted out."

He paused a moment much affected, and then added in a final voice—"Something must be said of my own case, or I fail to make the impression on your own minds that I wish to produce. "Yourspeaker once stood among the respected members of the bar. Nay, more than that, he occupied a seat in Congress for two congressional periods. And more than that," he continued, his voice sinking into a tone expressive of deep emotion, "he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him. He was unworthy to retain them. His constituents let him drop because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And more than all she who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his two babes, was forced to abandon him and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there to so debase me that my fellow-beings spurned me, and even the wife of my bosom turned away heart-broken from me? Alas, my friends, it was a mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks. But for this I were a useful and honorable representative in the hall of legislation, and blessed with home, and wife, and children.

"But I have not told you all. After my wife was separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety was too terrible for my thoughts. I drank more deeply, and was rarely, if ever, free from the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. At last I became so abandoned that my wife urged by her friends no doubt filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could be readily shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared; and to complete my disgrace, at the congressional canvass I was left off my ticket as unfit to represent the district.

"When I heard of the Sons of Temperance, I sneered at first, then wondered, listened at last, and then I threw myself on the great brotherhood that was marching on in triumph, in the hope of being carried off by them out of the reach of danger. Nor did I hope with a vain hope. The Order did for me all, and more than all I could have desired. It set me once more on my feet, once more made a man of me.

"A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession and fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, restored me to much that I had lost; but not all, not the richest treasure that I had proved myself unworthy to retain—not my wife and children. Between myself and these laws had its stern, impassable interdictions.—I have no longer a wife, no longer children, though my heart goes towards these loved ones with the tenderest yearning. Pictures of our earlier days of wedded love are over lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle, I see ever before me the placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into mine with intelligent confidence; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears."

Here the speaker's emotion overcame him; his utterance became choked, and he stood silent, with bowed head and trembling limbs. The de-esse mass of people were hushed into oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-stifled sobs.

At this moment there was a move in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by the speaker until she had come near

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the Count; "let this farce end." "Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as I have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating chastisement befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the Count. "Yes, I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions." "You will fight me then?" "Yes. At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, among other things, the use of my hands, and if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the Count, getting a little pale. "Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small sword with poor young B—"

"But it is degrading—brutal!" "My dear Monsieur, just consider. You are four inches taller and some thirty to forty kilograms heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—had got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But, then I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unapprehensively; whereas you killed him."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter." "You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, then you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—forward—knave, take that, and that!"

And the very little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less than it takes to write it the great braggart was rendered unrecognizable for many a long day. The number one caused him to see his own beams in the firmament with his right eye; that number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; that number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when once two other that had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and breeches and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared in the window, and ridiculed the awful to a French strawberry-eater was alive when the battle of the Alma was fought, and the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.—*Temple Bar.*

The tears we shed for those we love are the streams which water the garden of the heart, and without them it would be dry and barren, and the gentle flowers of affection would perish.

latent strength of character.—Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V—, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold. As the Count approached this table, it became sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited—especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eater's costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side.—"He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garcon." "Garcon," he said, when that functionary appeared, take away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat affixed.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garcon was embarrassed. "Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur." The garcon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him— "Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself!" "What does that matter to me?" "But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible." "What is impossible?" "That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter, and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table, and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle. "I am not a foreigner," Monsieur le Comte said. "I am sorry for that." "So am I." "May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?" "Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very badly."

"Meaning precisely you?" "Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

Poetry.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the hand of Woman! Angels guard thy strength and grace, O, no matter where the cradle lies, Would that never storms assailed it, Rainbows ever gently curled; For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission Here upon your natal soil! Keep O keep the young soul open Always to the breath of God! All true trophies of the ages Are from Mother Love imparted; For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world.

Darling girls, with Eden's music Ringing yet in each young heart, Learn and treasure household knowledge, Precious in life's future part, When you're, too, exalting mothers, Bravely loved and gently girls, Feel the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of Woman! Father, sons, and daughters cry, And the sacred song is mingled With the worship in the sky; Mingles where no tempest darkens, Rainbows evermore are curled, For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rocks the world.

Selected Story.

SERVED OUT.

In the year 183—there lived at Bordeaux, the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call the Code of Honor. This was a certain Comte de V—, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable sangfroid, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose.—He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of a quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the code aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons, and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to eat at large; but we know it to be historically true—that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire, only the less noxious vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte de V——previous to the story I am about to tell, was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the center of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any