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No. 41.

He sighed, lit a cigar, and sat down to smoke away his fancies. Suddenly he sprang up, flung the cigar in the grate, and began to pace the room.

"By Jove! I've got an idea!" said he. "Miss Laura is going to Warburton's to-morrow; and Warburton happens to be a friend of mine—I think I'll go there, too! He'll enter into the thing, I'm sure; and I've a fancy to see if Floyd Laurence behind a counter, and Floyd Laurence in Mrs. Howard's ball-room, stand just the same in Miss Carlisle's estimation. Heigho! I wonder if that pretty, blue-eyed cousin will come with her?"

After dinner next day, Miss Carlisle's carriage stopped before Warburton's store, and the haughty beauty and cousin Katy entered the wide doors and crossed over to the lace counter.

"Show me your finest Mechlin," began Miss Laura, but stopped in utter amazement, as she recognized in the polite clerk her partner of the night before. "Mr. Laurence!" she exclaimed.

And Katy opening her blue eyes very wide, repeated the exclamation "Mr. Laurence, we didn't expect to see you here!"

"Why not?" asked our hero, smilingly.

"We were not aware—we did not know that you—" began Miss Laura, haughtily, and Floyd finished her sentence.

"That I was Mr. Warburton's clerk? What style of lace would you prefer?"

"Thank you—I do not care about the lace to-day. Katy, come we are in haste."

She turned and swept her silken robes away, but Katy, her cheeks scarlet, lingered to give one little white hand to Floyd Laurence, and say cordially:

"Mr. Laurence, remember, you promised last night to call upon me. I—that is, we shall expect you."

And Floyd, as he ventured lightly to press that tiny, little hand, said, fervently, "Thank you, I shall surely come!"

"The idea! The very idea!" cried Laura Carlisle, indignantly, when they were in their carriage. "What does Mrs. Howard mean by introducing such persons to her guests? I'll never forgive her! To think I should have danced with a low clerk!"

"Why, Laura, I am sure he is a perfect gentleman," said Katy.

"Gentleman, indeed! A common clerk pretend to be a gentleman, and aspire to good society! Katy Carlisle you are a little idiot!"

"At least, I like him as much now as I did last night," said Katy, with spirit.

"Very well, indulge your low tastes if you like," returned Laura, scornfully, "I shall certainly not cultivate his acquaintance."

A few evenings later, as Laura stood, robed like a princess, in Judge Glover's elegant saloon, she saw Floyd Laurence making his way toward her.

"He here! Are people all gone mad? But he won't dare to address me!" she thought, her bright cheek reddening angrily.

But he did dare, coming up to her with a frank, gentlemanly greeting. Laura looked full in his eyes, with a glance which might have turned him away, in haughty silence.

Floyd's handsome face did not even flush; he only elevated his fine eyebrows, while a curious smile curved his mouth, just as a soft voice behind him said, impulsively:

"Mr. Laurence, won't you shake hands with me?"

He turned quickly, and then, indeed his face did flush and his eyes kindled as he once more held the soft little hand he held once before, with a strange thrill in his breast.

"Are you brave enough to acknowledge the acquaintance of a mere clerk, in this place, Miss Carlisle?" he asked.

"I don't care whether you are a clerk or a king," said Katy, innocently, smiling up in his face. "You are a gentleman, and I like you."

"Thank you," said Laurence, drawing her arm within his own. "Then, perhaps, you will promenade with me a few moments."

Miscellaneous.

Yes, for I wish to remind you that you have not kept your promise to call on us."

"But I will," answered Floyd Laurence. And as he looked down into her blue eyes, there was something in his gaze which set Katy Carlisle's tender, little heart all of a flutter.

Well, Laurence called at Mr. Carlisle's handsome mansion, and purposely asked for "the young ladies." Laura scornfully declined to go down stairs but told Katy that her "aristocratic" acquaintance was waiting to see her, and Katy hastened to receive him, and entertained him to the best of her ability.

She succeeded so well that Floyd Laurence came again. And on this second call, unconventional little Katy, who was alone in the parlor, opened the door for him herself, and met him with a frank welcome.

"So, then, you still like me?" asked Floyd, as he stood in the centre of the great parlor, with the little hand she had given him clasped between his own.

"Yes—I—think so," said Katy, flutteringly, the roses coming and going on her fair cheek.

"But 'liking' won't satisfy me any longer," said Floyd, with a rare smile. "I want something else—something far warmer, sweeter, stronger! Is it in your dear little heart to give, Katy darling!"

And Katy, giving him a shy glance, as he bent down and took her in his arms whispered again:

"Yes, I think so!"

It seems Katy is about to be married," said old Judge Howard, meeting Laura a few weeks later.

"Yes, little foolish thing!" returned Laura, coloring with vexation. "I'm sure I said all I could to prevent it."

"Do prevent it! What possible objection could you have to Floyd Laurence?" asked her old friend.

"Why, Judge Howard, think of her throwing herself away on a common clerk!"

"My dear girl, I don't know what you are talking about," said Judge Howard, with a perplexed look.

"You surely know that Mr. Laurence is nothing more than a clerk in Mr. Warburton's store!"

"My dear young lady I surely know that he is something more than a clerk for any one. He is the only son of the Laurence estates!"

"Judge Howard! you must be mistaken!"

"I am not my child. I, myself, hold some twenty thousand dollars of his money in my trust. His father was my friend in boyhood. Your cousin Katy is fortunate, Laura, for Floyd Laurence is a match for any one to be proud of."

"Is he really so wealthy?" persisted Laura, doubtingly.

"He has an income of at least fifteen thousand a year. I speak from certainty, my dear girl, not hearsay."

Poor Laura! She tried to conceal the bitter disappointment rending in her heart, but it was hard to know the golden prize had slipped from her grasp, and only through her own fault!

Nevertheless, she put the best face possible on the matter, was very affectionate to Katy and cordially to Floyd, and very fond, long after, of referring with studied carelessness on every possible occasion, to "my dear cousin, Mrs. Floyd Laurence."

AN EDITOR ON A RAMPADE.

Once upon a time an editor, after revolving in his weary mind a few of the wearing problems which are the mysteries of his singular profession, left the seclusion of his office and sallied forth into the busy world to do among men as he was done by. He had long years ago been abused of any impression which might have haunted his mind that he knew anything about editing a paper, for every man who came into his office knew more about that business than the unfortunate editor did, and never scrupled to tell him so. But the poor man thought it would be a very agreeable and pleasant thing to do as others did, and it was for the purpose of following general custom that he went out on this beautiful day so long ago.

The sun was shining brightly, the dull distant hum of insect life in the adjoining country came to his ears; birds were singing, and so serene and peaceful was the aspect of nature that it seemed impossible, in such a bright, beautiful world, there could be such misery, wretchedness, wickedness and total depravity. But there was all the same, for there was the editor to prove it.

He went into the office of a lawyer with whom he was slightly acquainted, and seating himself in a chair, put his feet on the desk and began whistling "Silver Threads Among the Gold," in a loud tone of whistle. The attorney looked astonished, and asked what his visitor wanted. He said nothing, but took a bundle of papers from a pigeon hole and began to look them over and read aloud. When he got through, the indignant lawyer took his visitor by the neck and gently but firmly kicked him down stairs.

"And yet," mused the unhappy man as he brushed off his clothes and went limping on his way, "that man was in my office only day before yesterday and read three of my articles before they were published. It is singular how different it is when I read his."

He went into a dry goods store and had just time to get behind the counter when a lady came in and asked for some brown satin.

"Yesam," he said.

After creating an earthquake in that part of the store, he followed her directions and got what she wanted.

"How much do you want?" he asked, "about half a column?"

She stared.

"Thirty or forty lines be enough," he inquired.

She said she wanted half a yard.

"Ah!" he said, "about eighteen squares—yes, yes."

"And cut on the bias," she continued.

"Certainly," he said, "buy as much as you please." And began to tear the goods in various shapes when the merchant collared him and put him out.

"And yet," the poor man mused as he went on, "that very man wrote two articles for the paper the other day, declaring that they were better than anything I had written for six months, and, although seventy subscribers stopped their paper when they were published, he never sent anything around to pay for it."

He turned sadly into a drug store, took a prescription from a poor woman standing there, looked it wisely over, and then took a little quinine, morphine and strychnine, put them up in powders, and told the woman to give her husband one every two hours until he didn't complain any more about his head. As she went out of the door one of the powders spilled on a dog's back, and the animal died in three seconds. The editor was arrested, and only released on giving a solemn promise to support the sheriff for a reelection.

"How is it," he wondered, "that all classes of men, of all occupations, have found time not only to perfect themselves in their own business and professions, but also to master mine more thoroughly than I have been able to do by giving my entire time and strength to it?"

ing my entire time and strength to it?"

He sighed as he walked into the bank. He put his head in at the paying tellers window and shouted "Hello!" as loud as he could roar. Then he drummed on the glass with his fingers and was forcibly ejected by the porter.

"I give it up," he said. "I am the most worthless of mankind. I don't know how to attend to anybody's business but my own," and so he walked drearily back to his sanctum, where he found seven men, four of them perfect strangers to him, occupying the chairs, poring over the exchanges, reading the proofs, and commenting thereon, and making fun of his pet articles. He sat down on the wood box and tried to think up a leader for the next day's paper, and dropped a tear as he recalled his boyhood's happy days, and the time that would elapse before the pirate, sitting on his own particular arm chair, would get through cutting the best things out of the latest papers and putting them in his hat. But he looked out of the window and saw an expatriated local trying to write up his notes against the side of a brick house on the other side of the street, and he felt some gleam of comfort from this company in his misery and took courage.

Moral—There was a moral to this story when we commenced, but we have got so far from the commencement that we have forgotten what it was. Never mind; readers always skip the moral anyhow.

IS HELMBOLD CRAZY?

Some crazy men and the craziest of all the possible crazy men.

We met Dr. H. T. Helmbold, the ex-buchu prince, in the Gilsey House corridor last evening.

"Doctor," we observed, after a cordial salutation, "the public seem to be, at this particular time, deeply interested in your general welfare. Every member of the human family regards you as an old-time benefactor to his race. The newspapers, local and distant, teem with conflicting reports concerning your mental condition. What are your own impressions on the subject of your alleged insanity?"

"As for the matter of insanity," responded the famous little doctor, with a smile, "every human being is more or less insane on one idea or several. A man can be insane on a question of love, another on a question of religion, a third on one of worldly possessions, a fourth on politics, and so on."

"Then you are willing to admit that you yourself are insane on some theory or other?" I interrupted.

"I confess that I am," was his answer.

"Whereon, doctor?"

"Buchu."

"In what sense?"

"That it can cure any ill man or beast is heir to—anything from a headache to the glanders."

"Tell me, doctor, are you of opinion that George Francis Train is crazy?"

"Most decidedly."

"Cite some other instances of crazy men, please."

"Well, now," began the great advertiser, checking off each name on his fingers as he specified them, "there's Grant, he's crazy on his relations; Hugh Hastings is crazy on Grant; Dr. Hammond is crazy on crazy people; Morrissey and John Kelly are crazy on each other; Jay Gould is crazy on the value of the *Tribune* as a stock-jobbing agency; Beecher is crazy on the seventh and ninth Commandments; Tilton on another trial; Judge Neilson on Sgt. Rodgers; Eli Perkins is crazy on dog cars; Joe Howard is crazy on Bessie Turner; Gov. Warmoth is crazy on that moustache of his; Parson Brownlow is crazy on blackguarding; Wickham is crazy on Fitz John Porter; Delano on Indian contracts; Vanderbilt is crazy on the Thirty-second street tunnel; Gov. Bill Allen on paper money; Gen. Spinola on big shirt collars; Aleck Stephens on thin folks; Charlotte Cushman on fawcettering; G. Washington Childs, A. M., on graveyard literature; Deacon Richard Smith on—"

"That will do, doctor. I see this is a crazy world all over. One question more—who is the craziest man you know of?"

"George Alfred Townsend, sir!" and this emphatic reply of the doctor's came like a shot.

Miss Nilsson, at a recent fancy fair, sold a single hair from her head for ten dollars. And yet it is probable that the entire switch from which she pulled it cost her only twenty dollars.

Hans Christian Andersen had a tall thin figure, a gentle face, with blue eyes and an expression of timidity, and long flaxen hair, slightly curling and hanging over his shoulders.

Lieutenant-General Pemberton, of the late Confederate army, who commanded at Vicksburg, is now employed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in establishing iron works at Perth Amboy, N. J.

Mr. Bates, of Whitesburg, Ky., is twenty-eight years old, stands 6 feet 11, and weighs 478 pounds. His wife is a year his junior, of the same height, and weighs 413 pounds.

A schoolboy says that when his teacher undertakes to "show him what is what" he only finds out which is switch.

Four hundred applications have been made for patents of various kinds of inventions in telegraphy within the last two months.

Peru will pay off her debt with guano—sent for cent.

THE EXPIRING CRY OF THE CARPET-BAGGER.

It was less than a year ago when the veriest carpet-bagger of them all could call upon the Federal Administration for troops, and get them, too, without question or explanation. The drum-tap of the marching regiment was the quick reply to the carpet-bagger's demand, and the drum-tap and the tramp of the troops were echoed throughout the South.—Those were the golden days of the carpet-bagger; but they were night on to their end then, and one of the last outrages they witnessed was the election to the gubernatorial chair of Mississippi of that chief of carpet-baggers, Adelbert Ames. He was and is Governor of Mississippi by grace of "a call for troops," and by the same means of grace he desires to continue to hold the reins of power in that State.

But this is not a good time to start anew the wheels of the carpet-baggers' outrage mill, or to call for troops. There has been a remarkable change in public opinion since Adelbert Ames was hoisted in the gubernatorial chair of Mississippi on the point of Federal bayonets. Mr. Attorney General Williams, of Oregon, was chief engineer of the outrage factory then and he kept its wheels going by lubricating them with "more troops" whenever a carpet-bagger suggested the wheels were squeaking. But Mr. Williams is not chief engineer any more. He has retired to his native wilds of Oregon, and in his place sits, wisely conscious of his responsibility to interpret justly his country's laws an honest gentleman and learned lawyer, one Pierrepoint.

Attorney-General Pierrepoint was appointed to the office he now holds not only because of professional fitness, but that his high character should stand as a rebuke to, and a protest against, the dishonest, disgraceful and ignorant maladministration of his immediate predecessor. The outrage mill, the insolent demands, and the prompt compliance with those demands for troops by the usurping carpet-baggers of the South, are things of the past, and though they were in full operation less than a year ago, it seems almost impossible to believe that they ever received the sanction of the government. They were wrongs without excuse; being so, they were condemned by the honesty of the whole nation, and there should be no more hope of their revival than there is chance of the political resurrection of Landauet Williams.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

How a TOAD UNDERSESSES.—An eye witness to the process thus describes a toad taking off his clothes.—About the middle of July I found a toad on a hill of melons, and, not wanting him to leave, hoed around him. He appeared sluggish and not inclined to move. Presently I observed him pressing his elbows against his sides, rubbing downward. He appeared so singular that I watched to see what he was up to. After a few smart rubs, his skin began to burst open straight along the back. Now, said I, old fellow, you have done it; but he appeared to be unconcerned, and kept on rubbing until he had worked down all his skin into folds on the sides and hips; then grasping one leg with his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as anybody would, and stripped the other the same way! He then took his cast-off cuticle forward, between his forelegs in to his mouth, and swallowed it; then by raising and lowering his head, swallowing as his head came down, he stripped off the skin underneath until it came to his forelegs, and then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by considerable pulling stripped off the skin. Changing hands, he stripped the other, and by a slight motion of the head he drew it from the throat and swallowed the whole. The operation seemed to be an agreeable one, and occupied but a short time.

When a Vassar girl runs and jumps over a fence, it is said to be much easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of the fence.

SHORT HINTS CONCERNING SICKNESS.

Don't whisper in the sick-room.

When the doctor comes to see you, remember how many pairs of stairs he has to climb every day, and go down to him if you are well enough.

When you are sitting up at night with a patient, be sure to have something to eat, if you wish to save yourself unnecessary exhaustion.

Remember that sick people are not necessarily idiotic or imbecile, and that it is not always wise to try to persuade them that their sufferings are imaginary. They may even at times know best what they need.

Never receive a dying person unless by the doctor's express orders. It is not only wrong to allow any soul to go into eternity without preparation, but how can you tell but that he has something he ought to tell or do before he goes away?

If you have a sick friend to whom you wish to be of use, do not content yourself with sending her flowers and jelly, but lend her one of your pictures to hang in place of hers, or a bronze to replace the one at which she is so tired of staring.

Don't have needless conversations with the doctor outside of the sick room. Nothing will excite and irritate a nervous patient sooner. If you do have such conversations, don't tell the patient that the doctor said "nothing." He won't believe you, and he will imagine the worst possible.

In lifting the sick, do not take them by the shoulders and drag them up on to the pillows, but get someone else to help you. Let one stand on one side of the patient, the other opposite, then join hands under the shoulders and hips, and lift steadily and promptly together. This method is easy for those who lift, and does not disturb the one who is lifted.

Do not imagine that your duty is over when you have nursed your patient through illness, and he is about the house, or perhaps going out again. Strength does not come back in a moment, and the days when little efforts exhaust, when the cares of business begin to press, but the feeble brain and hand refuse to think and execute, are the most trying to the sick one, and then comes the need for your tenderest care, and your most unobtrusive watchfulness.—*Home and Society, Scribner for September.*

SOME BOSTON THEATRE-GOERS ASTONISHED.—At the museum last night, just as the orchestra were taking their seats, a man apparently about forty years of age, well dressed, and of intelligent appearance, arose in the centre of the balcony and said in a clear voice:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Before the entertainment commences this evening, I should like to tell you all that unless you change your way of living and follow in the footsteps of Jesus Christ, instead of wasting your lives in theatres, you will all certainly go to hell.

The audience was at first so astonished that there was a momentary silence, which was followed by mingled applause and hisses, and the man was put out by the ushers without a show of resistance and apparently any desire to stay. He then went directly to the Boston Theatre, and the curtain had just risen when he arose again in the centre of the balcony and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am sent here to interrupt this performance by the Lord Jesus Christ. I warn you of your danger.

Again he was ushered out, and this time was taken to the police station. He gave the name of Andrew Leslie, formerly of St. Louis, Missouri, and lately a member of the divinity school at Cambridge. As he seemed to be laboring under a temporary insanity, Dr. Foye was summoned, and decided that the temporary illness was caused by over work.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Dewdrops at night are diamonds at noon; so the tears we weep here may be pearls in heaven.

A man's first love and his first pipe are apt to make him sick.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c for each subsequent insertion. Double columns advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

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