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

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JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch Terms Cash.

Poetry.

CLOUDS WITH SILVER LININGS.

There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears; There's never a life so happy But has had its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the better When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing With roses in every plot; There's never a heart so hardened But it has one tender spot; We have to prune the border To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant But has bitter with the sweet; There's never a path so rugged That bears not the print of feet; And we have a helper promised For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises But we know 'twill set at night; The stars that gleam in the morning, At evening are just as bright; And the hour that is the sweetest Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that haunts But the waking makes us sad; There's never a dream of sorrow But the waking makes us glad; We shall look some day with wonder At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow But the entrance is made straight; There's always a way to point us To the "little wicket gate;" And the angels will be nearer To a soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty But will some day bow and kneel; There's never a heart so wounded That the Saviour cannot heal; There is many a lowly forehead That is bearing the hidden seal.

There's never a day so sunny But a little cloud appears; There's never a life so happy But has had its time of tears; Yet the sun shines out the better When the stormy tempest clears.

Selected Story.

THE KIND TURKEY-MAN.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving.

The sun had gone down behind the hills of Greenville, leaving them cold and bare against the dull sky. The squirrels were safe and warm in their own little houses cracking nuts for their thanksgiving dinner. The trees waved their tall, bare branches in the bitter cold, but they knew that their roots were sheltered by the kind earth. The cold winter shouted a merry "good evening" to everything, as he rushed over the frozen ground.

He raced over the bare hills; the squirrels drew closer together, and exulted over their crowded storehouse; the trees bowed a stately good-night, as he whisked away; but he calmed down as he met a little figure on the frozen road, and gave her time to draw her faded cloak tighter over her blue hands, before he rushed on again.

A wagon was heard. "Rattle, rattle!" Even the wagon is cold, the child thought, as she heard the loose spokes rattling in the wheels. She stepped aside for the wagon to pass; the driver a pleasant-looking man, stopped his horses, and asked her whether she was going.

"To the city," answered the child. "To the city!" cried the man. "Why you will never get there, unless you are blown there, or I take you."

"Will you take me?" she asked, not eagerly, but like one accustomed to refusals.

His answer was to reach down his hand to help her up. "Now," said he, as he put her under the heavy buffalo robe, "what's your name?"

"Mary—only Mary," she answered hastily.

"Mary," said the man, softly, more to himself than to the child, "I wish it hadn't been that."

"Why there's lots of Marys," said the child.

"Yes, I know it," he said. "I had a little Mary last Thanksgiving. I—don't like to see any one named Mary in trouble."

"I ain't crying," said the child smiling, "because I'm in trouble, but 'cause I'm so cold. I ought to have trouble, Granny says."

"Ought to have trouble, hey!" said the man, stopping his horse,

and drawing from under the buffalo robe a can of hot coffee. "That hasn't been off the stove more than five minutes," he said, as he filled a tin cup and handed it to her. "Take that and drink to your Granny!"

"It is very nice," she said, when she had drunk it all. She did not say, I have tasted nothing before to-day. Why should she, when there had been so many days like this in her short life?

The man replaced the can, pulled the robe up even with her chin, and told the horse to "get up" and "go along;" then he whistled awhile; then he said: "It is mighty cold. I hope it will keep so!"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed the child; "cos it makes turkey cost so much, poor folks can't have any."

"Don't you care anything for me," cried the man pathetically; "here's my wagon full of turkeys."

"I didn't know you were a turkey man," she said gently.

"Yes, I am a 'turkey-man,' and I think even poor people can afford to buy a turkey once a year, if they are high. The turkey-men have been waiting a year for this day."

There was a twinkle in his eye she did not see; he looked down into the little pale face. "I am afraid you don't care for the turkey-men!" he said soberly.

She hung down her head and started to say something, but stopped.

"Well, what is it?" he said laughing.

"I do like you," she answered, earnestly; "but the poor people—I have known them always."

They rode on for awhile in silence. The hot coffee had worked wonders; the blue little hands had stopped shaking, and the child smiled as she saw the city lights in the distance.

"Now you are more comfortable," said the turkey-man, "let us hear where you are going, and what your other name is."

"My name is only 'Mary,' and I am going to find my cousin."

"Nonsense!" he said, a little sharply. "Of course you have got a name."

"They call me 'Mary Kent,' but I hate it, and I won't have it!" she cried, passionately.

"Why did they call you that?" he asked, gently.

"Cause my father ran away, and left me in Granny Cole's house, when I was little. He pinned a paper on my dress, that said on it: 'Left to pay the rent.'"

The turkey-man whistled and asked if Granny Cole were good to her.

"Pretty kind," said the child, wearily. "Anyway, she didn't epise me like Sally did."

"Who may Sally be?" asked the turkey-man.

"She is Granny Cole's daughter."

"Did Granny Cole send you alone to the city?" said he watching her suspiciously.

"She told me the other day," said the child, mournfully, "if I ever come home and found her gone, to go to the city and find my cousin. Yesterday she sent me off with Sally, an' when I come back Sally ran away from me, an' I couldn't find Granny."

"Are you quite sure you can find your cousin?"

She looked up in his face, and laid her thin hand on his sleeve.

"I never saw my cousin," she said calmly, "if Granny has run away from me, I haven't anybody I know."

"Why, then did you come to the city?" said the turkey-man, wondering where he could leave her.

"I know the city best," she said; "Granny used to live there, till a week ago. It is so dark in the country, when you have to stay alone! There are the market-men—see how bright they are!"

It was the night before Thanksgiving, in the city as well as in the country; the markets shone as they always do the evening before the great feast. Never were garlands more green, never apples more red, or gobblers more plump.

The turkey man drove up and stopped.

"Here is as far as I can go, little one," he said as he lifted her out

and stood her safely in the bright light of the market.

She was a pretty child, but pale now, with blue lips and shaking hands.

"Poor little thing!" he muttered; "I wish they hadn't named her Mary;" and he entered the market.

The market-men beamed on everybody. They rubbed their hands as customer after customer vanished with the cold form of some kind of fowl neatly covered, all but its feet, in brown paper.

It was growing late; the turkey-man had sold out; he waited only to get a hot supper before starting for home. He had been thinking entirely of dollars and cents; but as he walked out of the market he thought of his home, his wife waiting alone for him in the great white house, and his little Mary safe in God's home above—he had forgotten the homeless child left alone outside the market.

A heavy hand was laid on his arm. "Stand back a moment!" whispered a voice. He looked up and saw a large policeman watching a child at a barrel of red apples.

It is his little fellow traveler! "That's a sharp youngster!" half laughed the policeman, under his breath. "This sort of thing is going on here all the time. Nothing is safe for a moment."

The little blue hand was already on an apple. It faltered a moment, then grasped it tightly, then dropped it.

She hid her face in her hands. The turkey man stepped up to her and touched her shoulder gently. She had not seen him; but without looking up, the child knew who it was—it was the only friend she had.

"I couldn't do it! Oh, I couldn't!" she sobbed. "But I'm so hungry!" and she fell against the barrel.

The stars were shining cold and clear. The turkey-man's wife was looking out, and wishing the thermometer could go up, without the price of turkeys going down. "It is so cold for John riding from the city alone!" she said to herself. She opened the door, hoping to hear the wagon; but the cold wind sent her back to the blazing fire. She thought of a year ago, when she did not sit waiting alone. She imagined she heard the little voice, though it had been hushed nearly a year—how plainly she saw the sweet face though it had been covered so long! She wiped the tears from her eyes as she heard the rattling wheels; John must not see her sad. She opened the door, holding the lamp high above her head.

The turkey man came in, with something wrapped in the buffalo robe; he laid it on the big dining-table. "Don't say no!" he cried; "let us do something for Mary's sake, this thanksgiving!"

"Are you crazy," she exclaimed, as he uncovered the pale face.

"Wait till I tell you all," said the turkey-man.

When he had told his story, he said, earnestly: "How could I go to church to-morrow and thank God for His care of us, if I, with no little one to care for had left this child alone in the great city?"

"You did right, John," said his wife; "you always do."

With these words the woman—good practical soul!—hastened to wash the little girl's face and hands. Then she warmed and comforted her, while the kind turkey-man went to take care of his horse.

"I remember this house," said the child, as she looked out of a large blanket before the bright fire. "I saw it one day with Granny Cole; I stopped and looked through the fence, and threw stones at the turkeys. I didn't know he was a kind man then. Granny hates rich men—I wonder where Granny is—I'm sorry I threw the stones—but they wasn't big." The little head fell lower and lower; the pale lids closed; the little hands grew quiet; but the little voice repeated in sleep: "I didn't know he was a kind man!"—St. Nicholas.

For the best bread to be made and baked by a bachelor a Canadian agricultural society has offered a prize.

Miscellaneous.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

The act of Congress which provided for "celebrating the one hundredth Anniversary of American Independence, by holding an International Exhibition of Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Mine," authorized the creation of the United States Centennial Commission, and entrusted to it the management of the Exhibition. This body is composed of two Commissioners from each State and Territory, nominated by the respective Governors, and commissioned by the President of the United States. The enterprise, therefore, is distinctly a national one, and not, as has sometimes been stated, the work of a private corporation.

The Exhibition will be opened on May 10th, 1876, and remain open every day, except Sunday, until November 10th. There will be a fixed price of 50 cents for admission to all the buildings and grounds.

The Centennial grounds are situated on the western bank of the Schuylkill River, and within Fairmount Park, the largest public park in proximity to a great city in the world, and one of the most beautiful in the country. The Park contains 3160 acres, 450 of which have been enclosed for the Exhibition. Besides this tract, there will be large yards near by for the Exhibition of stock, and a farm of 42 acres has already been suitably planted for the tests of ploughs, mowers, reapers, and other agricultural machinery.

The Exhibition buildings are approached by eight lines of street cars, which connect with all the other lines in the city, and by the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads, over the tracks of which trains will also run from the North Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroads. Thus the Exhibition is in immediate connection with the entire railroad system of the country, and any one within 90 miles of Philadelphia can visit it at no greater cost than that of carriage hire at the Paris or Vienna Exhibition.

The articles to be exhibited have been classified in seven departments, which for the most part, will be located in appropriate buildings, whose several areas are as follows:

Table with 3 columns: DEPARTMENT, BUILDINGS, ACRES COVERED. 1. Mining and Metallurgy, Main Building, 21.47. 2. Manufactures, Art Gallery, 1.5. 3. Education and Science, Machinery Building, 14. 4. Agriculture, Agricultural Building, 10. 5. Horticulture, Horticultural Building, 1.5. Total, 49.47.

This provides nearly ten more acres for exhibiting space than there were at Vienna, the largest International Exhibition yet held. Yet the applications of exhibitors have been so numerous as to exhaust the space, and many important classes of objects must be provided for in special buildings.

An important special exhibition will be made by the United States Government, and is being prepared under the supervision of a Board of Officers representing the several Executive Departments of the Government. A fine building of 4 1/2 acres is provided for the purpose, space in which will be occupied by the War, Treasury, Navy, Interior, Post Office, and Agricultural Departments and the Smithsonian Institution.

The Women's Centennial Executive Committee, have raised \$30,000 for the erection of a pavilion in which to exhibit every kind of women's work. To this collection, women of all nations are expected to contribute.

The list of special buildings is constantly increasing, and present indications are that their total number will be from 200 to 250. Most of the important foreign nations, England, Germany, Austria, France, Sweden, Egypt, Japan, and others—are putting up one or more structures each, for exhibiting purposes, or for the use of the commissioners, exhibitors and

visitors. Offices and headquarters of this kind, usually of considerable architectural beauty, are provided by the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Missouri, Kansas, Virginia, West Virginia, Nevada, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Delaware; and it is likely that others will follow the example.

A number of Trade and Industrial Associations, which require large amounts of space, will be provided for in special buildings. Among these are the photographers, the carriage builders, the glass makers, the cracker bakers, the boot and shoe manufacturers, beside, quite a number of individual exhibitors. The great demands for space will probably render this course necessary to a considerable extent, especially for exhibitors who have been tardy in making their applications. In the Main Exhibition Building, for example, 333,300 square feet of space had been applied for by the beginning of October by American exhibitors only; whereas, the aggregate space which it has been possible to reserve for the United States Department, is only 160,000 square feet, about one-third of more than entered the Vienna Machinery exhibition. Extra provision is being made for annexes to accommodate the hydraulic machinery, the steam hammers, forges, hoisting engines, boilers, plumbers, carpenters, etc.

Power in the Machinery Hall will be chiefly supplied by a pair of Monster Corliss Engines. Each cylinder is 40 inches in diameter, with a stroke of ten feet; the fly-wheel is 31 feet in diameter, and weighs 55 tons; the horse power is 1400; and the number of boilers is 20. This engine drives about a mile of shafting.

For the Art Exhibition, the most eminent American artists are understood to be at work, and it may be confidently stated that, especially in the department of landscape painting, the United States will present a finer display than the public has been led to expect. Quite aside from the contributions of American artists, applications from abroad call for more than four times the exhibiting space afforded by the great Memorial Hall. Provision for the surplus will be made in temporary fire proof buildings, though all exhibiting nations will be represented in the central Art Gallery.

The Secretary of the Navy has arranged that a United States war vessel shall call next Spring, at convenient European ports, to collect and transport hither to the Exhibition the works of American artists resident in Europe. Among the ports thus far designated, are Southampton for England, Havre for France, Bremen for Germany, and Leghorn for Italy, to which, if desirable, others may be added.

Mr. Bell, the eminent English Sculptor, who designed the groups for the plinth for the great Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, London, is reproducing in terra cotta, at the celebrated works in Lambeth, the one which symbolizes America. The figures in this group are colossal, covering a ground space of 15 feet square. It will probably be placed in the great central gallery, opposite the principal entrance.

The Art Exhibition will include, in addition to the works of contemporary artists, representative productions of the past century of American art—those for instance, of Stuart, Copley, Trumbull, West, Alston, Sully, Neagle, Elliott, Kensett, Cole. These, as well as the works offered by living artists, will be passed upon by the Committee of Selection, who will visit for the purpose, New York, Boston, Chicago, and other leading cities, in order to prevent the

needless transportation to Philadelphia of works of Art not up to the standard of admission.

A large number of orders and fraternities have signified their intention to hold gatherings at Philadelphia during the period of the Exhibition. Among those which may now be enumerated, are the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; the Grand Encampment, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Grand Lodge, United States, Independent Order of Odd Fellows; Grand Commandery Knights Templar; Grand Army of the Republic; Presbyterian Synod; Calcedonian Club; Portland Mechanic Blues; Welsh National Eisteddfod; Patriotic Order Sons of America; California Zouaves of San Francisco; an International Regatta; the Life Insurance Companies; National Board of Underwriters; State Agricultural Society; 2nd Infantry, N. G. of California; Philadelphia Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church; Cincinnati Society; California Pioneer Society; American Dental Convention; Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; Independent Order of B'nai Berith; National Alumni Association; Salesmen's Association; 5th Maryland Regiment; American Pomological Society; Malster's Association of the United States; Army of the Cumberland; Humboldt Monument Association; Christopher Columbus Monument Association; Board of Trade Convention; International Typographical Congress; Rifle Association of the United States; Centennial Legion; Philadelphia County Medical Society; International Medical Congress; Old Volunteer Fire Department of Philadelphia.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, turn a merchant and die in an insane asylum.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking after.

I have seen a man spend more money in folly than would support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits and repent it as long as she lived.

I have seen a man depart from truth where candor and veracity would have served him to a much better purpose.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children bring their parents to poverty and want; and themselves to disgrace.

I have seen a prudent and industrious wife retrieve the fortunes of a family when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

SPORT DE CHILD.—Wair writes: During the time when Clayton was ruler of Arkansas, all justices of the peace had to be appointed by his Excellency. One old negro, who thought he knew enough to discharge the duties of the office, called on the Governor to be examined and receive his appointment. Several questions were given him, all of which he managed very well. But when he was asked: "What would you do in a case where a man had committed suicide?"

"What would I do?" said the negro. "Well, sah, in a case like dat, de very least I could do, sah, would be to make him s'port de child." He was appointed.

A merchant who, from being a very poor boy, had risen to wealth and renown, was once asked by an intimate friend to what he attributed his success in life. "To prompt obedience to my parents," was the reply. "In the midst of many bad examples of youth of my own age, I was always able to yield a ready submission to the will of my father and mother, and I firmly believe that a blessing has, in consequence, rested upon me and upon all my efforts."

Three men have dug over two or three acres of ground near Troy in hopes to find a buried treasure. The ground is now in fine condition for some sensible man to cultivate.

MINISTRY OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

"The Ministry of Little Children" is eloquently set forth in an essay written by Bishop McTyeire many years ago. Many fond hearts will respond to the sentiments expressed:

Some while ago, in a mood for such statistics, our eye fell on the item that in one year the deaths in four Eastern cities amounted to 43,432, and of this number 24,767 were children under five years of age.

The last sentence fixed our attention: 24,767 children perished during the year—we prefer to say, died. This is in four cities only! Of the rest of the 43,432, who can tell their eternal destiny? Some to heaven some to hell! But of these little ones none can doubt. Taking the aggregate of other cities and villages, and the country at large, we comprehend a fact that finds expression at the Saviour's lips—"Of such is the kingdom of God," and in the sacred couplet,

Millions of infant souls compose The family above.

The adults had worked out their mission, or failed to do it. But these little ones, had they no mission? Was their being a failure? Lived they and suffered and died, and is the world all the same as though they had not been? Nay, verily. Theirs was a precious ministry, and such as they could only fulfill.

What a waste of life! exclaims the worldly economist, as he figures up the statistics of population. They live in vain, is the thought of the man ambitious of making his mark on the age. Mere blanks, beings in vain, flowers that came to no fruit, broken off, fallen, faded, is the thought and feeling of many.

But Christian philosophy presents a more ennobling and comforting view.

How cold and selfish would this world of ours be without these children! They preach the evangel of beauty and innocence; they break the incrustations of worldliness; they touch cords vibrating solemnly, sweetly, reserved only for their tiny hands; they stir in the heart hidden wells of feeling; they preserve human sympathies from utter ossification; they deeply sub-soil our hard natures.

Geologists often show us, deep down in the earth's layers, the clear and well defined print of a frail leaf, or the track of a little bird, made in the dim ages past. These have left imperishable memorials of themselves on the face of a world from which whole species, and races, and kingdoms, have passed away without a record.

The Bible makes many records, minute and kind, of the death of little children. They have their significance. Take the case of David's family. We lose sight of the sickness and suffering, and death of the unweaned child, in the effects produced upon the royal parent. It is not saying too much that a large proportion of those who are saved will be saved by the ministry of little children.

Summing up the moral results of the year, we must not credit all to orators, and press, and institutions. These little preachers have visited homes, and softened the hearts of the indwellers, and drawn them heavenward, where, other voices have not been heard.

The strong man, unused to tears, has bowed over the little coffin and wept. Under what sermon was he ever so melted down? What other preacher ever availed to bow that pride of strength, and unseal that fountain of tears?

The gay worldly-minded mother sits silent and sheds secret tears, and prays; and, peradventure, as these two hearts are drawn closer by a common grief, they think of a common tie in heaven, and resolve, through grace, as the babe cannot come to them, that they will go to it.

"When our little boy died," has been the beginning of pilgrimage of many bereaved parents. "When the baby died," dates impressions on the family circle that have matured to godliness.

The old may outlive their friends;

the middle-aged may make enemies who are glad to be rid of them, or wandering off die where none lament; but the babe is without prejudice in life, and mighty in death. It is God's messenger of reconciliation, his flag of truce in this world of enmities, and envies, and wrath, and strifes. It has strong hold on two hearts if no more. The empty crib, the half-worn shoe, the soft locks of hair, that few may see, prolong the painful yet pleasing memory of the angel-visitor that looked in upon us and smiled, and went to heaven, bidding us, amid care and sorrow, to follow on.

There is something so peculiarly affecting in the loss of a child, that we sympathize with the parent who said he believed no minister was prepared to bury another's child without he had buried one of his own.

There's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There's many a lonely beam, Whose joy and light are fled; For thit in every grave-yard The little hillocks lie, And every hillock represents An angel in the sky.

In this way, heaven is receiving large contributions from earth. Next to the conversion of a soul, the enemy of God and man may take least pleasure in the death of a child. His snares are all prevented, and his prey surely lost.

We bless God for our creation. The opening of a career of immortal existence is itself a great event—a mission of praise and glory which death cannot frustrate. Though the voice of praise swell as the sound of many waters, and the celestial harpers are numberless, yet his ear detects each new voice and joyful string, and the praise of these little ones glorifieth him. In this view, the babe, even of a few days and sickly—that goeth from the cradle to the grave—is of more intrinsic importance than material worlds.

A Hindoo woman said to a missionary: "Surely your Bible was written by a woman." "Why?" "Because it says so many kind things for women. Our Shastas never refer to us but in reproach." Parents who have watched by the couch of suffering innocence, and seen the desire of their eyes taken away at a stroke, have found themselves busy running over the scriptures for faith, and gathering up, as a stay for their hearts, what God has said for their little children. How full, and precious, and unequivocal, are the passages of comfort! The conclusion is, Surely the Bible was given by a parent. And so it was. He knows the heart of a parent, and works in it and by it to the glory of his grace. He weaves out of this exquisite material silken cords that draw mightily. He touches stricken souls with this divine polarity, and then sets the object of affection in the skies.

O prattling tongues, never formed to speech, and now still in death, how eloquently you preach to us! O little pattering feet leading the way, how many, through rude and stormy scenes, are following after you to heaven! We thank God for your ministry, and if it be in vain, the fault and the loss will be all our own.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest, and stay longest on the wing; little flakes are the stillest; little hearts the fondest; and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little pearls, little diamonds, little dew. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. Agar's is a model prayer, yet it is but a little one, and the burden of the petition is but for little. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams and night is glorious with little stars.

Nothing makes a boy so mad as to steal a quince and crawl under a barn under the impression that he has gobbled something new in the line of California pears.