

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1876.

No. 8.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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A YEAR AGO AND NOW.

They lingered at the gate until he could finish that last remark, and she toyed with her fan, while her eyes were looking down from beneath a jaunty hat, that only partially shaded her face from the light of the silvery moon.

He stood gracefully on the outside, with one hand rested on the gatepost and the other tracing unintelligible hieroglyphics on the panels. They were looking very sentimental, and neither spoke for some minutes, until she broke silence in a sweet, musical voice:

"And you will always think as you do now, George?"

"Ever, dearest; your image is impressed upon my heart so indelibly that nothing can ever efface it. Tell me Julia, loveliest of your sex, that I have a right to wear it there."

"Oh, you men are so deceitful," she answered, coquettishly.

"True, Julia, men are deceitful," he said, drawing a little nearer to her and insinuating himself inside the gate, "but who, darling, could deceive you?"

"And if I were to die, George, wouldn't you find some one else you could love as well?"

"Never, never. No woman could ever take your place in my heart."

"Oh, quit now! That ain't right," she murmured, as she made a feint to remove his arm from around her waist.

"Let me hold you to my heart," he whispered, passionately, "until you have consented to be mine," and he drew her nearer to him and held her tightly, until he obtained the coveted boon.

It seemed but yesterday since our weary footsteps interrupted that touching little scene, but when we passed near the same locality at an early hour in the morning, ere the moon and stars had paled, and heard a gentle voice exclaim:

"No, sir, you've stayed out this long, and you may just as well make a night of it. I'll teach you to stay at the lodge until three o'clock in the morning, and then come fooling around my door to worry me and wake the baby. Now take that and sleep on it."

It seems but yesterday, that little scene at the gate, but when we accidentally became a witness to this latter scene, we remembered it had been longer.

AN IRISH MONSTER.—An extraordinary monster was seen a few days ago at Fodera, near Loophead Lighthouse, which is situated on the most western point of the County Clare, in Ireland. It is thus described, its head and neck resemble a horse, and are of a reddish hue; it has short round ears, and flowing mane, and from the poll extend two branching horns like that of a stag, underneath which were eyes glaring and protruding. It made directly for the narrator, who was on the side of a steep rock. He at once ran out of reach of the monster, whose approach looked anything but friendly. It then rose high out of the water and plunged with such force as to cause the water to fly so far and in such quantities as to drench the observer to the skin, he standing forty feet back from the water at the time. It remained near thirty or forty minutes, never disappearing a moment from view, but rearing its huge body partly out of the water and giving a better chance for further observation. It was observed to have the tail of a porpoise and two large fins from the shoulders, and on the breast were two large fatty lumps, which shook with every motion of the body. It then shaped its course westward, still keeping its head and neck well elevated. Its bulk far exceeded that of the largest porpoise ever seen on the coast.

A young man asked his bachelor uncle, "What advice would you give to a young man who is contemplating matrimony?" "I should advise him to keep on contemplating it."

Women always give more than they promise—men less.

A SHREWD SAUSAGE-DEALER.

HOW TO MAKE AN ENORMOUS PROFIT ON BOLOGNAS.

The other day, about noon, a young man left in charge of one of the law offices on Grand street thought he would go down Diamond alley and invest one of his hard earned five cent pieces in a free lunch. He had just got his hat on his head and his foot on the threshold of the office-door when an individual with a basket on his arm entered the sanctum of law.

"Do you want any sausage to-day?" he asked of the law student, taking the lid off his basket, and displaying about a dozen large bologna sausages.

"I dunno," said the clerk in a hesitating manner, "how much?"

"Only ten cents apiece, an' cheap at that," said the sausage vender, taking one out.

The clerk thought this would save him a trip down town, so he decided to purchase. Accordingly he took one of the largest sausages in the basket and handed the man the required sum—ten cents—and was about to eat it in two, when the peddler asked:

"You havn't seen any mad-dogs this season have you mister?"

There was something so evidently suggestive in this that the young man laid down the unstarted bologna.

"No, I havn't. Why?"

"Well, I just thought as how this was dog days, you might have seen one shot. If so, I would like to hold an inquest on the corpse. But as you ain't seen any, it's all right; and he started for the door. But as the clerk again picked up the sausage, he ventured:

"Them there sausages are all fresh," he said, "jist made this morning."

(The clerk took a bite.)

"There was a cat-fight on our roof last night, an' the way them critters howled was a caution. But I ups and gets my old shotgun, and blast me if I didn't kill thirteen of 'em."

(The clerk put down his bologna.)

"And what did you do with their bodies?" he asked a sickly smile stealing over his pallid features.

"Now see here, mister, when I tell you a story, you shouldn't ask any questions. But them there cats ain't on our roof now, you bet."

A thought seemed to strike the clerk. "You killed thirteen cats last night, you say?" he asked.

"Yes, mister, that's just what I said and just what I did."

"And these sausages were made this morning?"

A horrid smile spread over the sausage man's face.

"Again your humble servant says yes," he answered.

"One more question," continued the young man. "Are the sausages made out of cats?"

"That's a leading question, mister, which this court won't answer. But if you feel like chawing up a few rats before you get the bologna down, it ain't my fault," and he started to go.

"Here, my man," said the horrified clerk, "I guess I don't want any sausages to-day. Never mind the money. Begone!"

The bologna man went out of the door, saying to himself: "That's the fourth time I've sold that bologna to-day, which makes forty cents clear. If I keep on this way I'll get rich. Good-day, mister, I'll call to-morrow," and the inebriated just missed his head as he closed the door.

[Pittsburg Leader.]

A gentleman, meeting a Wall street friend, said: "I've just mortgaged my house, and have several thousand dollars to spare. Can't you tell me something neat and safe to go into?" "Yes," replied the broker, "I can put you to a sure thing. Buy that mortgage on your house!"

Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not own it.

Miscellaneous.

[From the Lutheran Visitor.]

WORLDLY PLEASURE.

NUMBER III.

BUT WHAT ARE WORLDLY PLEASURES?

Is it difficult to determine? Surely not. It is or ought to be impossible for them, whose vows require them to "walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit," to confound the "works of the flesh" with the "fruits of the Spirit."

Whoever really endeavors to walk after the Spirit must turn his back upon what is contrary to the Spirit. Now, a member of the church is looked upon as one who walks after the Spirit; and the word of God plainly mentions—even to the offending of worldly modesty—what must be avoided. Here they are:

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, graths, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

Gal. v. 19-21.

The words "and such like" are awfully indefinite; and fix upon us the responsibility of applying the above-mentioned standards, as tests, for establishing the character of many other kindred practices, some of which, without these hideous types, would appear innocent. Can these, or any indulgences leading to them, ever occupy common ground with the "fruits of the Spirit?" What are they?

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."—Gal. v. 22, 23.

At the risk of giving offence, I will make a tabular arrangement of these opposing types, in two lists. This will enable us, more easily, to perceive our inclinations and habits, manifestly arranging themselves under the one column or the other. I place the "works of the flesh" on the left, and the "fruit of the Spirit" on the right.

Love. Joy. Peace. Long-suffering. Gentleness. Goodness. Faith. Meekness. Temperance.

Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, Hatred, variance, Emulations, wrath, strife, Seditions, heresies, Envyings, murders, Drunkenness, Revelings.

Now let us imagine these two columns to be two mirrors; and let us hold up before them some of the practices which yield what mankind calls pleasure. Let us observe from which mirror they will be reflected; for whatever is seen in one can never be seen in the other so long as there is no concord between Christ and Belial, nor common service of God and mammon. To begin, take desecration of the Lord's day. It seems to afford much pleasure. In the large cities, throughout the world, it is a very fruitful source of amusement and sensuality. Holding it up before our imaginary mirrors, we can not expect to see any image reflected from the one where I have placed the "fruit of the Spirit"—it is too palpably carnal; but it is thrown back, in multiplied gleams, from the dark surface where "the works of the flesh," each one like the facet on an insect's eye, reveals a separate constituent sin. We see the Sunday afternoon lager beer saloon decomposed into revellings, drunkenness, wrath, strife, murders, lasciviousness, uncleanness—shall I go on? No. The array of carnal pleasures suited to every grade or taste, which Sabbath-breaking offers, is truly enticing. The neighborly visit, the pleasure drive, the loitering halt, to listen to and laugh at the "filthy communication," the stroll over the farm, the Sabbath night gallantry, to and fro, between the parlor and the church, the "pride of life" in the display of pompous trailing apparel, "walking and mincing as they go" into

the very place where it is announced that God is in his holy temple. These are only a few specimens picked up, at long intervals, from a vast field. Is not religion designed to make such pleasures less? Are they compatible with the required christian demeanor? Religion is designed to purify all the sources of pleasure compatible with christianity; all others it must drive out of the Church. It separates wit and humor from scurrility, drunkenness and obscenity. It rescues music from debasing associations. It drives from our parlors insincerity, scandal and hollow formality. It persuades woman to abandon heathenish grotesqueness in her dress, and return to the dignity of christian simplicity.

"Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord." Lev. xxvi. 2.

Unquestionably, we ought to exert ourselves to imitate Him who has kept the Sabbath for us, and declared that He is the Lord of the Sabbath. JOHN ARNDT.

WONDERS IN YOUR BODY.—Suppose your age to be fifteen, or thereabouts.

You have two hundred bones and six hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day, 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it, and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid.

Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceed 20,000 square inches.

The weight of your brain is three pounds, when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more.

Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 inches. Each square inch contains about 2,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little draining-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the surface of your body of 88,541 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost seventeen miles long.

The editor of the Columbus (Ga.) Times has met with that rara avis—a young planter out of debt. He made this year 2,000 bushels of oats on one hundred and fifty acres, corn and meat in plenty, and 12 bales of cotton. He employed only two regular hands, hiring others when necessary, by the day. He has made money, and says if he had hired eighteen hands and planted his plantation in cotton, the place would have been very heavily involved in debt. Sensible fellow.

A farmer, whose cribs were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the poor and needy might be supplied; but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little of his corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him: "Father I wish I had your corn." "Why," my son, "what could you do with it?" and asked the father. The child replied, "I would answer your prayers!"

"I would marry you," said a lady to an importunate lover, "were it not for three reasons." "Oh, tell me," he said, imploringly, "what they are, that I may remove them!" "The first is," she said, "I don't love you; the second is, I don't want to love you; and the third is, I couldn't love you if I wanted to!"

The fellow who recovered his appetite says he is now in a gnawing condition.

Everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. Just now the sergeant seemed to have caught the whole idea; and he first turned pale then red, as the eyes of the general rested on him. The adjutant entered the little chamber, and in a few minutes he lifted the curtain, leading out by the hand a bright-eyed boy—Soldier Fritz.

"Fritz, my dear Fritz! How did you get here?" exclaimed the sergeant, quite unmindful of the company in which he was.

The delighted boy made no reply, but rushed to his father's arms, that were stretched out to receive him. The scene was really affecting. Even the general himself was moved to tears. When some minutes of silence had passed by, the general told Fritz to relate the history of his journey to the company present. I would have been delighted if you could have heard him. He told everything so truthfully and earnestly. When he had finished, the general made a signal for the company to retire from the tent. But as the sergeant was about leaving with the rest he was told that his presence was further needed and was requested to go into the little room of which I have spoken before. So he and Fritz went into the room together.

By-and-by the general came in, holding a large piece of parchment in one hand, and a long purse full of gold pieces in the other.

He then said to Sergeant Bollermann: "My friend, here is your discharge from service in the army, together with the guaranty of pension as long as you live. And this purse contains a little present for your faithful son. It will help to educate him and fit him for usefulness."

"General, you are so kind! I have not deserved such favors as these," replied the sergeant, so delighted, that he hardly knew what to say.

"Yes, you have. In the last engagement with the enemy you fought bravely, and received a wound which will follow you to your grave. More than this, you have a son, whose affectionate heart and active mind will need a father's sympathy and care. Go home, old comrade, and bring all your children up as you have done this one to respect, and love, and labor for their parents."

The sergeant was deeply affected at these words. He kissed the general's hand, and thanked him for his kindness and attention.

Then the general turned to Soldier Fritz, and after kissing him several times he said: "Be good and industrious and you will become an honored man. God always loves a child who honors his father and mother; and he invariably makes such children successful and respected. Farewell, and may thy Heavenly Father bless thee!"

I will not weary your patience, by describing the journey homeward, nor by dwelling upon the joyful meeting with the loved ones again. And when everything was revealed, it was to Fritz that all eyes were turned. They heaped praises upon him, but they did not make him vain or proud. His answer to his parents when they spoke well of him was:

"My dear parents, you have prayed much for me. It is no wonder then that God has made me instrumental in doing some little good."

When Fritz grew up to manhood, he became a soldier; for that was what he had always felt it his duty to be. Step by step he rose from one position to another. Now he is a celebrated and respected general of the Prussian army.

A Missouri lawyer successfully defended a highwayman, but charged him an exorbitant fee. The highwayman paid it without a murmur, stopped his counsel on his way home at night, and recovered the cash.

The most puzzling thing about an editorial shears is the antipathy usually existing between that useful article and the italic found at the bottom of a paragraph.

passed on and Fritz did not come home. The clock struck twelve—one—two; but he was still absent. Finally the night came on; and the only news they had concerning Fritz was that he had been seen on the road about the middle of the afternoon with a large sack on his shoulders!

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed his mother. "I shall never see my son again! What madness to think of taking potatoes to his father!"

Then she went up into his room, and found his Sunday clothes, his new boots and a sack he had begged from her three days before, were all gone! "He is gone! May the Lord protect and bring him safe home again!" After this short prayer she wept as if her heart would break. It was the beginning of many a sorrowful day to her.

Now I must tell you how Fritz succeeded in his travels with the sack on his shoulders. He did not know the way to the river Rhine, but made inquiries of everybody whom he met. He had no money; in fact he had started from home with only nine cents in his pocket, and it did not take long to find some use for that. But he thought to himself, "Wherever I go the people will surely give me a loaf of bread. I need only tell them what I have in my bag, and to whom I am carrying the potatoes. Everybody will be glad enough to help me. And after a while I will reach my father. What a surprise it will be to him! Then will I say to him: 'Father, I have picked out the best potatoes in our cellar for you and here they are.'"

The hopes that Fritz had of being assisted by other people were all realized, though it was not a safe plan for him to depend upon them. He found benefactors in the inn where he stopped on the first night of his journey; for when the morning came the guests made him up a purse of eight dollars. By means of this he was enabled to ride two days in the mail coach. But when it was all gone he shouldered his sack of potatoes again and trudged on in the direction of the river Rhine. At another hotel where he halted to spend the night the landlord asked him where he was going. Fritz replied by telling him that his father was in the Prussian army, that he had written about his having eaten no potatoes for six months, and also that he had said in his letter he would like so much to have some of the good ones he had left at home. "Here is a boy who loves his parents!" said the landlord; whereupon he took a paper and pencil, and raised from his guests a subscription of twenty-eight dollars. But Fritz would only take seven dollars, for he said he would not have a cent more than would carry him to the Rhine where his father was.

Finally, after Fritz had journeyed many a long mile, he saw in the distance the first sentinel that kept guard around the Prussian army.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me where my father is?" was the question he asked of the soldier.

"Foolish boy," answered the long-whiskered sentinel, "how do you suppose I know who your father is, or with what regiment he is connected?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Soldier Fritz, hurriedly. "My father's name is Martin Bollermann, and he is a sergeant in the Brandenburg regiment."

"All right, my young friend, you can pass on."

Then Fritz walked as fast as he could, until he came to the second sentinel; then to the third; and finally to the adjutant, who took him by the hand, and after placing himself right in front of him, made a strict examination of him. But the more he questioned the boy the more friendly and pleasant did he become.

"Come along with me," he said, "I think we shall be able to find your father without much trouble."

So they walked on until they came to a magnificent tent, from the

top of which there floated a beautiful flag. It was made of fine silk, and Fritz' heart bounded for joy as he saw it streaming in the wind. He went into the tent with the adjutant, and only took his sack of potatoes from his shoulders when invited to take a seat. He was surprised to see in another corner of the tent, a man clad in brilliant uniform, who was sitting at a large table with maps and plans spread out upon it. When the adjutant went up to him he slowly raised his head; and as he did so, Fritz was convinced that he was the general of the army.

After a few words of conversation had passed between them, the general motioned the adjutant to leave, and beckoned to Fritz to come up to the table where he was.

"What is your name," he asked, as he looked at the boy from head to foot.

"Fritz Bollermann, but everybody calls me Soldier Fritz," was the prompt reply. The general smiled, and inquired further: "Where did you come from?"

"From Brandenburg."

"What brought you here?"

"I wanted my father to have some of our good potatoes, and here is a bag of them for him."

"Do you say you have potatoes in that sack for your father?"

"Seeing I believe respected general. Here they are, as smooth and round as pebbles from the brook," answered Fritz, as he tilted the mouth of his sack.

"Very well," my son. "They are indeed excellent potatoes, and sharpen up your appetite amazingly. But do you go into that little room yonder, and stay until I call you. Leave your bag here; it will be safe in my care."

So Fritz lifted the little curtain that served for a door, and entered the room at the back of the tent. As the large arm chair was empty he sat down in it, and being weary, from his toilsome journey, he soon fell asleep there. He was sporting loud enough, I can assure you, when the general went in and looked at him a half-hour afterwards. But while he was sound asleep, the general was busy in arranging for a supper. He invited Sergeant Bollermann, and all the highest officers in the army, to come to his tent that evening for tea. Then he gave the necessary orders to his cook, as to what he and his guests should have to eat.

The hour for supper arrived. All who had been invited came in good time. It was a matter of surprise to the high officers to find that Sergeant Bollermann had been requested to take supper with the general, as he had never before received such an honor. Indeed, the sergeant himself was almost overpowered when he read the invitation, and at first thought there must be some mistake.

The most remarkable thing on the table was a large covered dish. Everything else was handed round, but this was not touched. Occasionally some of the officers glanced at it in curiosity. The general noticed it and smiled at his adjutant who was the only one besides himself that knew the secret. Finally the order was given to the waiter to take the lid from the dish. What should everybody see but potatoes with the skins on them! Truly this was not expected. Some greater luxury was looked for. But you could not have pleased Sergeant Bollermann better. He would rather eat a good potato than the richest dainty.

"Thus far in our supper, my friends, you have been my guests," said the general, as a smile played on his lips. "But for the remaining part of our meal—that is for the potatoes—you are the guests of Sergeant Bollermann!"

The officers inquired, with one voice, how this could be. "Tell us," said they, "how this has come to pass."

"Oh, no. I can't tell a story well," answered the general. "But I have a good historian near at hand. He will satisfy your wishes. A adjutant, call our little friend from my private room."

Poetry.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

I love it, I love it—the laugh of a child, Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild; Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush, Like the thrill of a bird at the soft twilight's hush; Floating up on the breeze like the tones of a bell, Or the magic that swells in the heart of a shell. Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free, Is the pleasantest sound in the world for me.

Selected Story.

SOLDIER FRITZ.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Adapted from the German of Franz Hoffman.

A certain bright-eyed boy, whose history I wish to relate, was known throughout the whole city of Brandenburg by the name of Soldier Fritz. He looked for all the world like a little general, and was always chosen one of the commanders-in-chief when his friends had mock battles. In fact everybody said that Fritz was born to be a soldier.

When he was in his thirteenth year, the war with France broke out and the Prussian regiment, in one of which his father was an inferior officer, received orders to march to the river Rhine. A sad day was it when that man took leave of his family and kissed them all good-bye; perhaps, the last for life. Fritz cried to go with his father, but that could not be; he was too young and weak for such an undertaking.

Six months passed away without a word from the distant father and husband. But one morning shortly afterwards, the family received a letter from him containing intelligence that he had been in good health, and had been raised from his humble position, and made a sergeant. "But what is the use of this new honor," he continued in his letter, "if one has nothing to eat? Oh, if I only had a single peck of our splendid potatoes! How delicious they would be! We have to hunger here on the Rhine for three days together; and indeed, I have not had a single potato since I left home."

This part of the letter aroused Fritz so much that he stood up in the middle of the floor, and would not let his mother read another word until she had read this over again three times, nor did he soon forget it. It pained him severely to think that his father had no potatoes to eat, while their cellar was full of the choicest kind.

Several days elapsed and Fritz could think of nothing else. So, on one occasion, he said to his mother:

"Mother give me a sack and I will take two pecks of potatoes to my father."

"Are you not dreaming?" replied his mother smiling, "just to think of it. You would have to carry a sack of potatoes four hundred miles on your young shoulders! away with such a thought!"

These words were much quicker said than obeyed. Soldier Fritz tried very hard to forget the potatoes, but he could not. Wherever he went they would come afresh into his mind. Even when he lay upon the bed at night he could get no rest; and often he would start up in his sleep and say to himself: "Father, you shall and must have some of the potatoes in our cellar."

One bright morning everybody wondered why Fritz was not down to breakfast. He was always an early riser, and no one ever thought of awaking him. By-and-by his mother went up stairs and knocked at his door. But she received no reply. So she went in; but her boy was not there. She concluded, however, that he had gone out into the meadow for a morning walk, and would be home again sometime during the morning. But time