

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 1, 1876.

No. 9.

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 on above.

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

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch Terms Cash.

A LITTLE OUTCAST.

Poor Bob! It seemed to him that morning as though he was in everybody's way. His mother had sent him out of the wood-house because he annoyed her by hammering the toy cart he was making; going into the corner of the yard he stretched himself under a tree, and kicking the turf with his heel pondered over his many troubles. Mother said there was no peace for anybody if he was in hearing; but certainly there was no peace for him anywhere about home. He has slipped into the parlor after dinner, and was having a good chat with Mrs. Somers, and she was telling him of three wonderful black and white spotted puppies at her house, when Jennie came in and asked him what he was imposing on Mrs. Somers for. He wasn't imposing; Mrs. Somers said so. But Jennie made him leave the room without learning how the littlest and prettiest spotted puppy got out of the cistern when he fell in. Maybe he didn't get out. Bob kicked harder and wished he knew. After his rejection from the parlor Bob started for the garret to play awhile; but his eldest sister was rehearsing a tableaux, and wouldn't let him in. He sought his father's study to look at an illustrated edition of natural history. But papa objected; "he couldn't have Bob in there making a disturbance." Almost heart-broken, he returned to his mother's room. "Go right away, you will wake the baby," met him at the threshold. He went next to the wood-house and sought to assuage his sorrows by working on his wagon, and now he was forbidden that. He looked into the kitchen and begged to help make pies, but Bridget told him to clear out. Nobody wanted him at home; that was clear; yet he had a right there. The problem was beyond his six-year-old philosophy. He gave it up presently, and went into the street to find amusement. He found it in the shape of Jackie Harkins. True, mother said Jack was a bad boy, and Bob must not play with him; but if he were bad he was always kind and pleasant; and so poor Bob took his first lesson in deception, and entered the broad path of vice for companionship, because, while in the way of virtue no one wanted his society. How about the future of a boy like that, mothers? Have you a Bob among your little flock? If so, think a little upon the rights of boys, and ungrudgingly give him a place at home from which no outside circumstance shall oust him.

OLDEST TIMBER IN THE WORLD.—Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to man is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in connection with stone-work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper service. When two blocks were laid in place, then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which an hour-glass-shaped tie was driven. It is therefore, very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk wood of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile. These dove-tailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is so extremely scarce in that country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with the Arabs to heave off layer after layer of heavy stones for so small a prize.

Tight times are not confined to this sublunary sphere. The other night there was a tremendous ring about the moon. It was a fair square promise of a severe storm, and everybody prepared for it; but after several days of vacillating policy the matter was finally compromised at about thirty cents on the dollar.

CHILD LIFE ON A FARM. It was May. The tender new leaves, just unfolding, gave all the woods a misty, hazy look; the apple trees were in full bloom, the whole air was sweet with flower fragrance and trembling with bird songs, and this old earth seemed like fairy-land. Mr. Kendall and his little boy, Teddy, were working down on the meadow. Teddy was riding horse for his father to plow. His legs were so short that they stuck out each side nearly straight, and once, going under an apple tree, the low branches brushed him off. When Teddy was first promoted to riding horse to plow, he felt it a great honor and privilege, but the charm of novelty had long since fled, and "riding horse" became as stupid as any other work you're obliged to do. This morning he would much have preferred carting manure with Ralph and Aaron to joggling up and down, up and down, on old Kate's back. But boys on a farm have to work, and girls, too. This bright May morning when everything said: "Come out doors and play," when she wanted to go for wild flowers, Millie had to stay in and wash dishes, make beds, run up stairs and down on errands all the forenoon, because her mother was cleaning house. But she and Teddy both had famous appetites for the corn beef and bag pudding at dinner time, and perhaps enjoyed the afternoon's play all the better for the morning's work.

After dinner they went down into the meadow, Tip and Ty both following them, like little dogs. Sometimes they let the children carry them, but usually they preferred scampering along on their own responsibility, hiding in the grass, and pouncing out at each other, turning somersaults, prancing along sideways with high arched backs, and belting generally in a way that often appeared to very much shock their dignified mother, old Blackie.

There is no better playfellow in summer than a brook. You can have no end of fun with a brook. Today Teddy said: "Let's go down to the brook and see what the freshest did." The spring freshet often altered the course of the brook, changed its banks, and made it almost a new stream.

Millie pushed and squeezed through a thick fringe of pussy willows on the brook's bank. "Oh, Teddy," she cried, "what do you think? Here's an island, a real tree island!" The brook had divided into two parts, enclosing quite a piece of land.

"What a jolly place to play Robinson Crusoe!" said Teddy. "But how can we get over there?" asked Millie, gazing ruefully at the stream which flowed between them and this promised land. "If we try to jump it, we shall tumble into the water. It's too wide to jump."

Teddy looked puzzled for a moment; then his face brightened with an idea. "I'll tell you. Here's the way." He bent down one of the supple young willows. It reached over to the island. Standing on it and holding by a branch above he slid safely across, at the same time enjoying a delightful teeter on the bending bough.

Then Millie tried the new-fashioned bridge. All went well till she jumped off on the other side, when up snapped the willow, catching Millie's skirts, and suspending her in the air about a foot above the ground.

Here was a nice situation. Teddy couldn't have reached the branch to pull it down, even if he had not been laughing so hard. There was nothing for it but that he must leap the brook, splashing into the water on the other side, to release the dangling Millie.

"Did it tear my dress much?" asked Millie, when once more on earth.

"Not much. I guess Aunt Olive'll mend it for you."

"No; I've got to do it myself. True liberty consists in the privilege of enjoying our own rights, not in the destruction of the rights of others. Purchase not friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give such will cease to love. Woman proposes and man gets up and gets, this year.

of Holy Writ, which the votaries of this pleasure would set up by the above question. The word which the Hebrews employed to signify those movements of the body, indicative of religious joy, and frequently employed for public and domestic entertainment, does not make its appearance in modern languages. The Greek, *orchesis*, *orchestra*, *choros*, and the Latin, *chorea*, conveyed the meaning, namely, that these movements were accompanied with instrumental music and singing. Under the forms of *orchestré*, *chorus* and *choir*, we retain these words in our language, so far as they express instrumental music and singing; because these arts are essentially the same now as they were in the remotest ages; but that which David did "before the ark of the Lord" has been so changed—so corrupted from its antiquated simplicity and purity, that it required a new word, and that word has been supplied by the languages which grew out of the migration of the Goths and Vandals—the German, the French, the Italian and the Spanish. These gave the word, *dance*, and the other specific names for the countless variations continually occurring. There never was a *dance*—there never was a waltz, nor a cotillon, nor a polka, nor a quadrille, nor any "such like," from the days of Miriam down to the times of Constantine. In these leapings of the ancient oriental people, there was no mingling of the sexes. The Bible cannot be quoted in support of the propriety of what is represented by the word *dance*. If there is a time to mourn, there is a time to leap for joy. JOHN ARNDT.

HAPPY HUSBANDS.—It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one, who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself wilfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man who having bound a woman to him, makes no effort to render her happy; hard not to love one who was constant and tender, and when a woman loves she always tries to please. The great men of the world have often been wretched in their domestic relation, while mean and common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves, those who desire the world's applause were careless of the little world at home; while those who had none of its egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own and were happy in their tenderness. No woman will love a man the better for being renowned and prominent. Though he be the first among men, she will only be prouder not fonder; and if she lose him through this renown, as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and her king. No less a hero to her, though he is not one to any other; no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home.

An absurd performance was the recent experiment of a ball on skates with rollers, at Brighton, England. The movements of the skaters proved to be utterly incompatible with the musical requirements at a dance.

Lovers should be careful how they act in the country, for potatoes have eyes, corn has ears and bean (s) talk.

A bill to establish the whipping post for wife beaters has been introduced in the California Legislature.

A quarrel with a friend is like an aching tooth—you should at once have it out.

A certain degree of fear produces the same effect as rashness.

Indecision keeps the door ajar; but decision shuts and bolts it.

shot to the brain through the left eye. Long slipped away in the woods, and when the boat stopped in response to the signal, they found a dead man but no one else. Harrison county was rid forever of the worst gang of ruffians in the Southwest. "An' that, stranger," said the old man in the Dallas hotel, "is a true story of the way Sam Long settled accounts with the blackguards."

Miscellaneous.

WORLDLY PLEASURE.

NUMBER IV.

SCHUTZENFESTS, THEATRES, DANCING.

Can anything less objectionable be said of the *schutzenfesten* "and such like" amusements in which so many participate? It is high time for this question to be discussed; and if such carnivals as these are consistent with our baptismal vows it ought to be acknowledged and proclaimed from the pulpits; so that, notwithstanding there be a resurrection, we may all "eat and drink" and be merry.

Multitudes of church-members seek for pleasure in theatres. The spirit of christianity must be against this. If there is a place more favorable than any others it must be the theatre, for the exercise of the "lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." Surely these phrases have startling significance. We dread to pause and meditate upon them, lest we attract their scorching applicability. But, here, in connection with the fascinations of the stage, sanctioned by society—by the many wise men after the flesh—by the many mighty—by the many noble—here, in the theatre, we are compelled to witness the exemplification of these dark sentences. After the three hours cold, petrified forgetfulness of God, when our guardian Spirit has returned to us with its gentle chidings, we are compelled to acknowledge that the opera box is the symbol of the lust of the flesh—that the opera-glass is the symbol of the lust of the eye—and that the opera-hat, with its gaudy accompaniments, is the symbol of the pride of life. Only one hundred years after the death of St. John, Tertullian, in a treatise entitled, *De Spectaculis*, [concerning shows] wrote against theatrical amusements, as unbecoming the followers of Christ. This shows, how nearly up to the times of the apostles, worldly pleasures were specifically denounced; and in what sense the ancient fathers understood the passages which I have quoted from the word of God. Are we followers of Christ? We can never follow him into a theatre. The idea is abhorrent. Actors and actresses are of the world. The world belongs to them, and all who are of the world have a right to receive pleasure from their representations; but the joys which "favorites of the heavenly king" may speak abroad do not come from such sources.

I could go on subjecting human conduct to this test, beyond the limit usually allowed to articles of this kind; but what I have written is enough to establish the undeviating divergence of the directions taken by the "works of the flesh" and the "fruit of the Spirit." They are as irreconcilable as the opposite poles of galvanism. Whatever the positive attracts, must be repelled by the negative pole; and no perversion nor compromise of laws can, in the least, diminish the antagonism. But I have to consider one more source of worldly pleasure; for the challenging inquiry comes up; is it not written, "that there is a time to mourn and a time to dance?" The amusement of dancing, then, is what I have to analyze; and I set out by asserting that no one who claims to be a servant of Jesus-Christ can indulge in what is now signified by the word *dancing*, without obscuring that light which should so shine before them, that they may be able to recognize him as one who keeps himself "unspotted from the world." The etymology of the word *dance*, destroys all claim to the sanction

of two passed, and another of the desperadoes was shot, the same terrible accuracy being exhibited in a shot in the left eye, proving all the shots to be from the same source. The robbers became alarmed and kept always together in their raids, but there was no escaping the death which seemed always to be lurking near them. One after another fell until ten men had died, each one pierced in the left eye. The woods were scoured by the terrified men in vain. On one occasion when a member of the band was killed, the shot had been heard, and once a gaunt fellow was seen running through the woods, but pursuit failed to overtake him. Accustomed to face danger as the desperadoes were, and possessed as they were of brutal courage, they trembled before this mysterious danger. It could not be faced, and it could not be averted.

The result was, that some of the band deserted and fled the region. There remained only the captain and four of the more resolute of his followers. These five hunted and made their raids together for some time without harm. Among the five was the man who had endeavored to save Long at the time of the whipping from so severe a torture. This man one morning, ventured out in the woods without his comrades. He was walking slowly along, looking for game, when the brown barrel of a rifle projecting from a bush beside him checked his course, a tall, lank figure rose from the bush, and the startled man recognized Sam Long, the hunter. Long raised the rifle, then lowered it.

"You're the man who said a good word for me, an' you may go, bad as you are. I won't take your miserable life. Go!" The man needed no second invitation to go. He hurried to the camp and told his story. The captain and the other three men started out in pursuit of Long, and but two men accompanied Dick Reddett when he returned. The third man had fallen, shot in the left eye, and no search of the underbrush revealed the hunter.

The next day another man was killed in camp, and again the hunter escaped. On the next day the two remaining men fled the country, leaving the fierce Reddett alone. The leader of the desperadoes dared not remain where he was. He knew he was the man whom Long sought above all others.

Concealing himself until night, he mounted his horse and fled for the nearest point on the Arkansas river where it would be possible to take passage on a steambot. Two days later he reached a small landing in the woods on the bank of the river, where the steamer stopped for passengers when there were any to take. He learned from the occupant of the cabin in the neighborhood that the boat would be down in the afternoon, and so, having put up the signal to secure a landing of the boat, established himself on the bank and waited. He deemed himself safe from pursuit, and took no precautions. Throwing himself on the ground, he slept until late in the day, when he was awakened by the sound of the boat in the distance. She would round a point in a moment or two, and he waited expectantly.

As suddenly as though risen from the ground, a lank figure stood before him, and the muzzle of a rifle peered into his face. The terrified desperado had no difficulty in recognizing the man as the one he had injured. With the rifle held steadily upon the face of the startled Reddett, Long hissed out:

"I've got you! You whipped me—whipped me like a dog! I swore I'd kill you before I called myself a man again, and I'm going to do it! I've cleaned out your band, and now it's your turn! Oh I've got you!"

The ruffian in abject fear pleaded for his life, groveling at the feet of the hunter. He clung to his words as a drowning man clings to straws. The boat was very near. Should she round the point in time he would be saved.

Already the smokestacks showed through the brush, when the hunter pressed the trigger, the sharp report rang out, and Reddett fell dead,

gaged in shooting matches, and it was upon one of these occasions that Sam Long, the hunter already mentioned, happened to be present. Long was a quiet, modest fellow, who lived with his wife and child in a small cabin in their neighborhood, and who made hunting his constant occupation. He never appeared at the store save to exchange skins, and was favorably known for his sobriety and honesty. Upon the occasion just referred to, when Sam Long chanced to come while the desperadoes were engaged in one of their shooting matches, they wished him to take part in the sport. He hesitated at first, but finally, not wishing to incur the ill will of the ruffians, consented. His skill with the rifle was known to be something remarkable, and the desperadoes were not greatly surprised when he defeated them all save the captain of the band. This man had not engaged in the sport, but when Long had vanquished all others, he came forward with the assurance of an easy victory. The shots were made, and, to the surprise of all, Long gained the day.

The rage of the leader of the ruffians knew no bounds at thus being defeated in the presence of his followers, and, although refraining from any violence on the spot, he intimated darkly to the hunter that he would "yet get even with him." Long paid little attention to the threat, and soon afterwards returned to his cabin.

At just dusk, some days later, Sam was lying on the floor of his cabin playing with his child, while his wife was getting supper. The wife, busy with her cooking asked Long to go to an adjacent spring and bring some water, a request which he promptly complied with, leaving his gun in the house, a somewhat unusual course with him. He had reached the spring and was just stooping to fill the pail which he carried when he was borne down by a sudden attack from behind, bound securely, and dragged some yards into the woods. When he recognized his assailants he knew what to expect. He had fallen into the hands of the Reddett gang, and the leader was about to "get even with him."

Long was stripped and bound to a tree by order of the captain. A supply of hickory switches was obtained, and then the captain took one of them and began the whipping, announcing with an oath that no man could beat him or his men at shooting and stay in the country. The sufferings of the victim were terrible. The flesh was cut from his back in strips by the blows, and when the leader of the ruffians had gratified his rage, others of the band continued the punishment. But one man among the number showed any mercy, and his assertions that Long had been punished enough were received with derision.

Finally the hunter fainted under the pain, and the ruffians, having satisfied their grudge, departed, leaving the object of their spite still bound to the tree.

In this position he was found by his wife, who had become alarmed for his safety, and who, searching for him, had been attracted to the spot by a faint moaning. She assisted him to reach the cabin, which he did with difficulty, and then nursed him to recovery. It was weeks before he was well enough to move about.

Scarcely had Long recovered from his wounds when his cabin was found deserted, and members of the Reddett band thinking he had fled from the country, boasted openly of what they had done. At the same time they became bolder than ever in the commission of crime, always hunting or traveling together in a company between twenty and thirty, and defying attack from any quarter.

One day as they were engaged on a hunt, a member of the band became separated from the rest in the excitement of the chase. "He was found lying dead, shot in the left eye. A few days later, one of the ruffians, riding alone, was killed. Again the bullet was found to have entered the left eye, but no trace of the slayer could be discovered. A week

Poetry.

AFTER THE BALL.

BY L. H. HOOPER.

I sit beside my midnight fire. The ball room roses in my hair; Without the rain is falling fast, And strange storm voices fill the air. My feet are weary of the dance, The revels whirl within my brain, And something deep within my breast Throbs with a ceaseless pulse of pain.

Yes, I have plucked the Dead Sea fruit, And savored long its rind of gold; Its ashy core now frets my lip, Its dust is falling from my hold; And though I struggle to forget, And though my heart be triply steel'd, I cannot banish from my brain A vision of a battle field.

A vision of that solemn hour, When won and ended is the fight, And when upon the awful scene Look down the tender eyes of night; While pillowed on his prostrate horse, And pale beneath his roven hair, The old man lies upon his lips, The smile I loved lies lifeless there.

He loved me as such men can love, The brave, the noble and the true; He loved me as a gallant hero, And poet soul alone could woo; He told in burning words his love, I listened with a startled smile, And spoke of friendship and regret— And yet I loved him all the while.

I loved him—but I loved still more Gay balls, flirtations, stylish dress, To hold these fast I spurred away, Too true to heaven's wealth of tenderness, He left me with a calm farewell, Too fond to frown, too proud to sigh; I danced and flirted as of old— And he went forth to fight and die.

And still I read the self-same record Of balls and operas and dress, But o'er my life is creeping slow A mist-like pall of weariness. The gayest girl falls to my lot To bounding life my languid feet; Listless I drop my rich bouquet, My senses sleep in his sweet.

Cold lie the members on the hearth, The dark without is growing gray, And I must woe reluctant sleep Before the dawning of the day. Back, ghostly Past, into your tomb, Close, eyes, upon the unwelcome light; I am engaged for every dance, At the grand ball to-morrow night.

Selected Story.

A Texas Hunter's Vengeance.

A gentleman who has lately returned from a visit to Dallas, Texas, tells a story which is rather dramatic. The story was told to him by an old hunter, who had become domesticated and was lounging about one of the Dallas hotels.

"I could tell you a good many queer stories, stranger," said the old fellow, in conversation with the gentleman but I don't know of any that 'ud be more likely to strike you than an experience of Sam Long's in Harrison county years ago. Texas was wuz a rough place then; you kin bet on that!"

And then the old fellow told his story, which can scarcely be as graphic in print as in his terse idiom:

Years ago Harrison county, in Texas, was the haunt of about as desperate a gang of ruffians as ever infested any district west of the Mississippi. Their number was so great, and their organization so complete, that they set the but half administered law at defiance, carrying on a career of daring crime with impunity, and making the region an undesirable place of abode for all honest citizens. Ostensibly hunters or horse traders, the desperadoes made stock stealing their chief occupation, never hesitating to commit a murder when necessary for their safety or for the execution of any of their rascally plans. The controlling spirit in this desperate organization was a giant named Dick Reddett, who from his exceptional ferocity and daring, exercised almost despotic control over his followers. A special pride of this man was in his extraordinary skill in the use of a rifle, no one of the band being able to compete with him in what was at that time considered the chief accomplishment of a Western man.

It was a favorite practice with the band to congregate at some of the few small stores scattered through the country and there en-