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ADVERTISING-RATES.

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JOB PRINTING

Done with Neatness and Dispatch Terms Cash.

Poetry.

THE DYING GIRL.

I am soon to leave you mother, Soon to pass the golden door; Soon to view the world beyond us, There to dwell forever more.

Selected Story.

HOW I TOLD MY LOVE.

Oh, the glories of a sleigh ride in the sparkling, bracing air of a Canadian winter! The sky clear and exhilarating—keenly bright, but with a different degree of lucidity from that of a bright summer's day.

This said destination is a broadly spread, low-lying farmstead, with its almost numberless outhouses, consisting of cattle sheds and dairies, corn stores, roofings for winter fodder, wood stacks, and other concomitants surrounding the dwelling, all palliated by zigzag fences, as so many outworks to protect the comfortable citadel.

On we go, but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—its all right! "Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its encasement of white cooey furs.

in rags and warm furs, is Lota d'Arville, a bright eyed, rosy lipped, laughing Canadian, as lovely a girl-woman of seventeen as glance of man ever rested complacently upon.

We were bound to a merry sleighing party at Windy Gap farm—ostensibly to a hunt upon a vast scale, which accounts for my two rifles and ammunition lying in the sleigh, and for the noble deer-hound, our third companion, who had curled up his great body at our feet, and aided to keep them warm.

Driving the sleigh-tandem is the easiest thing in the world, when you are used to it. I was a member of the "Tandem club," and considered rather a crack hand. I exerted in my skill now, as I bore my rosy companion flying through the air, and the whip went "crack-crack!"

"Oh! sweet echoes of far distant wedding bells," I thought, and the crisp snow was split and shattered into diamond dust under the grinding of the hoofs and the attrition of the runners, and with an exhilaration I could not repress, I gave a vigorous "Hurrah!"

"You appear to enjoy this, Mr. Lonsdale," she said. "If I don't"—"crack-crack!" filled up the hiatus. What a pair of beauties. Phebus Apollo never drove the like down the steps of heaven!

I remark to myself that the sky has deepened into an intense, still, darkening blue—darkening with a strange, unearthly, tenebrous inkiness, betokening a coming snow storm. No matter. "Windy Gap" is right ahead, and the welcome lights will blaze out of the casements soon, for the afternoon is wearing.

On we go, but I do not see them yet; and yet—but no—its all right! "Are you warm—quite snug, dear Lota?" said I, half turning to look at the rosy face peeping forth with so much furtive coquetry from its encasement of white cooey furs.

"Oh! so comfortable," she answered, with a nestling movement, and a smile which made my heart leap joyously upward. But my attention was called away to the creeping crepuscular inkiness of the sky. It was light, yet not daylight, but blue light—to coin a word; that wintry hue of livid darkening steel, always the precursor to a fierce change in the weather.

had grown, and I was "honest as the skin between your brows," as she was in fact—I had never said "dear Lota" before, and the words were yet in mine ears like a sweet old burden.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Lota, all at once, "how strange the sky looks! I shall have more snow—a heavy fall, too." "I fear so," I replied; "but, nimporte, we'll soon be out of it."

"We are very long, I fancy," she continued, reflectively; "you have driven there quicker than this before. Oh, Heaven! what she cried, with the suddenness of a revelation, "can we have lost the track?"

The blank question warped with a horrible jar on my most vivid fears. Now or never was the time to be cool. "No, I think not," I replied, with an assumed carelessness; "we shall come to our landmark presently."

"A clump of fire—an old mill, further on," "yes," she added, "I recollect. But we should have passed them long ere this. Oh, I fear we are lost!"

A cold chill seized me as I tacitly admitted that she was in the right. I could not account for my error if such was the case. I looked round the horizon, but beheld no friendly sign; it was only a circle gathering closer and darker the while. Suddenly my brave deer-hound lifted up his head and uttered a low growl.

The horses halted trembling; only the shivering tinkle of the bells broke the death silence that fell like an eclipse over all. "What is that?" asked Lota, in a shuddering whisper, as she clutched my arm.

I listened. "It is the wind sighing and dying away in the pine forest," I answered. "And we do not go near the forest," she said. "Hark! there it is again. Oh, what—what can it be?"

myself—in an opposite direction, while Terror, my noble hound, stood up with every fang bared and every hair erect, waiting for the enemy he had already scent-ed.

"If my good horses had gone on so admirably at first, they sped off now like arrows from the bow, for the madness of fear added wings to their speed, as that of hunger did to the panting pursuers. I was growing cool. Lota was pale and calm. I felt proud of her, though it was certain if we escaped not speedily the brutes would run us down; and then horror of horrors, what a fate for her!"

I had two rifles, a revolver, ammunition, a spear, and a wood-hatchet in the sleigh. I conveyed my intention to Lota. "Can you load these weapons with those cartridges?" I asked. "Yes," was the answer; and she loaded a "Fuller" and a "Manton" with true hunter's skill.

"I hear your words—I echo them. You have my heart, Richard." "Oh, Lota, best beloved, what a moment to confess! and I know not if I feel pain or gladness most."

"There are no secrets between us," said Lota, smiling. "Take this rifle; give me—the pistol; one kiss—so! they come. Save me from them at any cost."

I thought my ears would have split at their dreadful yells, for they were now upon us, opening out to surround us, and though the horses held bravely on, I dreaded every instant that sheer terror would paralyze them. It is scarcely possible to conceive the unutterable horror that was circling us both; young lovers with beating hearts forever from that hour interchanged with each other.

With lolling tongues, eyes of flame, hoarse, deep growls, they had ceased to bay and howl; they were closing in upon us. I remarked one huge monster in advance of the rest; his object evidently being to leap into the sleigh from behind. I fired—and missed him! The next moment his huge bulk came scrambling over the back; his paws were on me; his fiery breath on my cheek; and I expected, as I murmured a short prayer, to feel the fangs of the abhorrent brute in my flesh.

A flash—a crash!—a gush of blood—and the creature tumbled backward, shot through the throat to the spine by my brave Lota! Then I plied hatchet, and split skull after skull, while the sleigh tore on; but I was giving up all hope and turning round—oh, Heaven! to spare my darling a more hideous fate—when shots and shouts rang around, and troops of dogs and hunters came swiftly to our aid—and we were saved! Providence had directed the sleigh to "Windy Gap," our firing reached the ears of our friends, and brought them out in hot haste to aid us. We were saved! And as I bore her fainting form into the hospital hall, and clasped her tenderly to my breast, you may guess how sincere was the gratitude I breathed in silence to Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

SCUDDER'S DOG CASE.

A man came into the office of Judge X., the well-known Philadelphia lawyer, the other day, and when the Judge had time to listen to him he said:

"Judge, my name is Scudder. I called to see you about a dog case that kinder bewilders me, and I thought maybe you might throw some light on him—might just give me the law points so's I'd know whether it was worth while suing or not. You see me and a man named Potts went into partnership on a dog. We bought him. He was a setter, and me and Potts went shares on him so's to take him out a hunting. It was never definitely settled which half of him I owned, and which half belonged to Potts, but somehow I kinder formed an idea in my own mind that the hind end was Scudder's, and the front end Potts'. Consequence was that when the dog barked I always said, 'There goes Potts' half exercising itself,' and when the dog's tail wagged, I always considered that my end was being agitated. And, of course, when one of my hind legs scratched one of Potts' ears or shoulders, I was perfectly satisfied; first, because that sort of thing was good for the whole dog; and, second, because the thing would reach around and bite a flea off my hind legs or snap at a fly."

"Well, things went along smooth enough for a while, until one day that dog began to get into the habit of running around after his tail. He was the foolish dog that I ever used. He'd chase his tail round until he'd get so giddy he couldn't bark. And you know I was skeered lest it might hurt the dog's health, and as Potts didn't seem to be willing to keep his end from circulating in pursuit of my end, I made up my mind to chop the dog's tail off, so's to make him return and behave. So last Saturday I caused the dog to back up agin a log, and then I suddenly dropped the axe on his tail, pretty close up, and the next minute he was booming around that yard, howling like a boat-load of wild cats. Just then Potts came up, and he let on to be mad because I'd cut off that tail. One word brought on another, and pretty soon Potts sicked that dog on me—my own half, too; mind you—and that dog bit me in the leg, bit a piece out. See that; look at that leg. About half a pound gone; eat up by that dog. Now what I want to see you about, Judge, is this: Can't I recover damages for assault and battery from Potts? What I chopped off belonged to me. I owned an undivided half of that setter pup, from the tip of his tail clear up to his third rib, and I had a right to cut away as much of it as I'd a mind to; while Potts, being sole owner of the dog's head, is responsible when he bites anybody."

"I don't know," replied the Judge, musingly. "There haven't been any decisions on cases exactly like this. But what does Mr. Potts say upon the subject?" "Why, Potts' view is that I divided the dog the wrong way. When he wants to map out his half, he draws a line from the middle of his nose, right along the spine, and clear to the end of the tail. That gives me one hind leg and one fore leg, and makes him joint proprietor in the tail. And he says that if I wanted to cut off my half of the tail I might have done it, and he wouldn't have cared; but what made him mad was that I wasted his property without consulting him. But that theory seems to me a little strained, and if it's legal why I'm going to close out my half of that dog at a sacrifice, sooner than hold any interest in him on those principles. Now what do you think of it?"

"Well," said the Judge, "I can hardly decide so important a question off-hand; but at the first glance my opinion is that you own the whole dog, and that Potts owns the whole dog. So when he bites you a suit won't lie against Potts, and the only thing you can do to obtain justice is to make the dog bite Potts also. As for the tail, when it is separated from the dog it is no longer the dog's tail, and it is not worth fighting about."

"Can't sue Potts, you say?" "I think not."

"Can't get damages for the meat that's been bit out of me?" "I hardly think you can."

"Well, well, and yet they talk about American civilization, and such temples of justice, and such things! All right. Let it go. I kin stand it; but don't anybody ever undertake to tell me that the law protects human beings in their rights. Good morning, Judge."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Scudder," said the Judge; "you've forgotten my fee."

"F-fee! Why you don't charge anything when I don't sue, do you?"

"Certainly; for my advice. My fee is \$10."

"Ten dollars! Ten dollars! Why, Judge, that's just what I paid for my half of that dog. I haven't got fifty cents to my name. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make over all my rights in that setter pup to you, and you kin go round and fight it out with Potts, as sure as my name's Scudder."

Potts owns the whole dog now, and Scudder guns without one.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.—Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, as the boat "Good Templar" was passing under the Ferry street bridge, that spans the Erie canal, in Albany, New York, a little daughter of the captain of the boat, (Johnson about eleven years old, took it into her head to swing from one of the iron rods of the bridge, and before she could release herself, the boat passed on, and left her suspended over the water. Her cries attracted the attention of the workmen engaged on General Rathbone's new foundry, but her position was such that it seemed almost impossible to render her any assistance, she being about midway under the bridge, and the only alternative left her, apparently, was to drop into the canal, and take the chances of being rescued by some of the spectators. This she would not do, yet it was but a question of time before she would be compelled to relinquish her hold and drop exhausted into the canal. At this juncture relief came to the little sufferer. A man named Michael Casey, residing on Ferry street, seeing the crowd, had come to learn the cause of the excitement. A glance was sufficient. With a coolness worthy of record, he divested himself of coat, hat and boots, and getting down the side of the bridge, took a flying leap and caught the iron rod on which the little girl was suspended. He then walked hand over hand, until he reached her, and having got his arm around her waist, lowered her down until she rested her arms on his feet. In this way he returned to the tow path by the side of the canal, and deposited his charge in safety on the bank. It was a herculean task, and one which would reflect credit upon a professional gymnast, not to speak of the coolness and bravery displayed by Mr. Casey at the time.

A perfect contempt of the world, a fervent desire to go forward in virtue, the love of discipline, the painfulness of repentance, the readiness of obedience, the denying of ourselves, and the bearing of any affliction for the love of Christ patiently, will give us great confidence; we shall die happy.

A bachelor made a will, leaving his property to the girls who had refused him: "For to them I owe all my earthly happiness." Young man, your bride must be won before marriage, but you must both be one afterwards. Grumble kills goodness.

THE LADIES' DARLING.

A writer says of "ladies' darlings." The creature is delighted if he can persuade himself that he has reason to think that a score or so of girls are over head and ears in love with him, and there is ground for believing that he would become exhilarated to the last degree if he were informed that some foolish damsel had pined away and died of a broken heart on his account. The fact that so long as his vanity is ministered to he is indifferent as to what unhappiness devolves upon others affords a not altogether agreeable but thoroughly reliable index to his character. If he had any conscience deserving of mention, he would not systematically make love—directly or indirectly—with whom he is thrown in contact, but being, as he is, utterly reckless of the feelings of his neighbors, he does his best to enslave the fancy of nine-tenths of the attractive ones whom he meets under circumstances favorable to flirtation.

It would be injudicious to deny that he achieves success. It would be unwise to declare that he does not obtain many triumphs; for some girls are so silly and have such susceptible hearts that they would become fascinated with a mop stick provided that it was skillfully set up and dressed in male habiliments, and called a man, and others, who are a trifle wiser than to be guilty of such stupidity, are still foolish enough to believe nine-tenths of what every shallow pated noodle tells them.

But though this is so, there is cause to hope that the career of the would-be ladies' darling is not one of uninterrupted success, and that he is not the object of so much admiration as he generally imagines. Occasionally he receives a prompt and decided check from ladies who have no wish to be made fools of, or to suffer in reputation, however slightly, in order that he may be glorified; while not a few females play up to him before his face and pour unmeasured contempt upon him behind his back. Nor is it surprising that they should do so, for he gives them every reason to think that he is a shallow and egotistical fool. His conversation consists of a series of dreary insanities, ridiculous compliments, which are as insincere as they are in bad taste, and melancholy jokes which consist for the most part of ill natured speeches at the expense of some unfortunate victim or other.

He seldom assumes that his lady friends have brains enough to understand anything except the most superficial matters, and when he does venture to touch on the last new book, new play, new parson or new sensation, he merely repeats the cant jargon which is current in the set in which he moves, and which frequently condemns what is good and praises what is bad. Beside his manner is affected, he wears on his face a continual grin, and he is dressed up in such a fashion and has such a slinking way about him that he appears altogether as much unlike a genuine man as he could well be. For the rest, he lowers the moral tone of those with whom he associates, and scoffs at everything in which people of correct feeling take an interest.

Those old soakers never lack for argument. Lately one replied to a temperance lecturer by the following: "If water rots the soles of your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

The way they weigh hogs in Kansas is as follows: They first tie the hog to one end of a rail, balance the rail on a fence with rocks tied to the other end, and then guess how much the rocks weigh.

Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions.

Grumble kills goodness.

THE FARMER'S HOME.

Webster defines home as 'a dwelling place,' but it amits of a broader meaning. There are brilliant and elegant homes. Some are wise, thrifty and careful, and others are warm and genial, by whose glowing hearths, any one at any time, may find enough and to spare. There are bright homes and gloomy homes. There are homes that hurry and bustle through years of incessant labor, until one and another of the inmates fall like the falling leaves, and the home turn to dust. We do not say that the dairyman's homes compares with this last view. Science has done much to remove the drudgery in our homes, introducing ease and comforts. An ideal home must first have a government, but love must be the dictator. All the members should unite to make home happy. We should have light in our homes—heaven's own pure, transparent light. It matters not whether home is clothed in blue and purple, if it is only bright with love, smiles and gladness. Our boards should be spread with everything good and enjoyable. We should have birds, flowers, pets; everything suggestive of sociability. Flowers are as indispensable for the perfection of a home as for the perfection of a plant. Do not give them all the sunniest windows and corners, crowding out the children. If you cannot have a large conservatory, have a small one. Give your children pets, so that by the care and attention bestowed upon them they may learn the habits of animals. Of the ornamentation about a house, although a broad lake lends a charm to the scenery, it cannot compare with the babbling brook. As the little streamlet goes tumbling over the rocks and along the shallow pebbly bed, it may be a marvelous teacher to the children giving them lessons of enterprise and perseverance. In our homes we must have industry and sympathy. In choosing amusements for children, the latter element must be brought in. To fully understand the little ones you must sympathize with them. When a child asks questions don't meet it with an "Oh don't bother me." Tell it all it wants to know. Never let your angry passions rise, no matter how much you may be tried. For full and intelligent happiness in the home circle, a library of the best works is necessary. Don't introduce the milk-and-water fictions of the present day, but books of character. Our homes should have their Sabbaths and their family altars. Around these observations cling many of the softest and most sacred memories of our lives.

AN ECCENTRIC DIVINE.—Some years since there resided in R. an eccentric but most worthy divine of the Baptist persuasion by the name of Driver, yet more familiarly known by name Tom Driver, who loved a good joke, no matter who it hit, provided it wounded not too deeply. One day while returning from a visit to a brother clergyman of an adjacent town, meeting a man with an exceedingly poor yoke of oxen, and an unusually large load of hay, which was so deeply in the mire that the united efforts of the cattle could not start it from its position, he accosted him with: "Well, friend, what is the matter?" "Matter enough; I'm in the mud and can't get out." "Your oxen are too lean for such a load. You should give them more to eat, for you know that the Bible says, 'Whoso giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'" The farmer replied that that was not the reason. "Well what is it, then?" asked the divine. "Why, they are just like the North Baptist Church at R.," replied the farmer, pettishly, "they want a darn'd sight better driver than they've got." Difficulties strengthen the mind, as well as labor does the body.