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

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square—on each—first insertion, and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Daily column advertisements ten cents on above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tables 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 left in till forbidden and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal reductions on above rates. JOB PRINTING Done with neatness and Dispatch Terms Cash.

Poetry.

ONLY SIXTEEN DRESSES TO WEAR.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

She had only sixteen dresses, The poor, unfortunate thing! And most of this scanty wardrobe Was purchased and made in the spring. She gazed upon it with sorrow— 'Twas a terrible thing to bear; And her heart nearly died within her— Only sixteen dresses to wear!

She thought of Eve in the garden, And said that she never could see Why she should get all of the pity— She deserved as much pity as she, Was any one ever so needy? She felt on the point of despair, And thought there was no use of living With but sixteen dresses to wear!

She was not an extravagant woman, And I never would intimate so; If she was, she would have had fifty, And be better supplied long ago, But being excessively humble, Her lot had been better to bear, If a very few more had been added, And she'd thirty dresses to wear.

Her poverty worried her greatly, As of course it certainly should, And folks with so little to hide them, You could hardly expect to feel good. And how could she go to a party, Or go down the street with an air, And feel she was cutting a figure, With only sixteen dresses to wear?

She was sure that the girl in the kitchen Could not get along with so few, And she was a leader of fashion, And what was the poor soul to do? How her rivals in fashion would sneer, If it ever should get to their ear, That one of her station and standing Had but sixteen dresses to wear!

If she could have worn all together, What would she have done for a change? What a terrible thing just to think of! No wonder the woman felt strange. She buried her face in her lace, And vowed in the depths of despair That she never would venture out, never, With but sixteen dresses to wear!

Selected Story.

The Gambler's Wife.

Can a woman hinder fate? And could I hinder or stop the tide of love which came into my heart for Allan Starr? Did I not know the man as well, better than those who warned me against him? If he was in the wrong, then so much the more need of a love strong as death to set him right. How could I throw down that which had been sent to crown my life; and above all, how could I turn from him, since every step but increased the distance which might lie between us for all eternity?

Once, just once, he doubted me. He had heard that friends were trying to influence me against him, and in the heat of his mad passion he came to see me. Anger, intense anger and desperation were in his blazing eyes, and the fiercest reproach upon his haughty lips, as he faced me, the first time he ever frowned upon me in all my life.

"So you have given me over, like the rest of them? I thank you," he said, in freezing tones. "If what do you mean, Allan?" I asked.

"I mean that the one who dares to speak words which shall take you away from me, must be brave enough to face death itself; for I will—"

I sprang up and covered his quivering lips with both my hands. "Don't say it, Allan," I cried. "I am always yours. Oh, do keep back the wicked words!" He caught me in his arms and burst into tears.

I believe I never saw a man break down wholly before, and I never went to again. It was frightful to see my handsome, brave lover so shaken with stormy sobs. But I knew then how he loved me; ah, I knew then.

When he was quiet, he made me go upon my knees, and with my hand lifted towards heaven, swear that I would be his forever, in spite of all that the world might say. I was glad enough to do it; and when afterwards he added, with his hand clasping mine and both raised, "as I do by thee, so may Divine justice do by me henceforth," though his terrible earnestness made me shiver a little. I was thankful to feel that we trusted each other at last, and were past all doubting forever.

We were married soon after, and our life began together. I knew well enough what mine would be,

I had not come to a path full of soft, fragrant flowers. It was to be a fearful, if not a long struggle—likely both; for, either I must turn the current of my darling's life, or we should go down together. No earthly power could separate us now. But I was strong in the great love I bore him, and my heart never once faltered.

For a month after our marriage he came home regularly—his apparent occupation was head clerk in a well known firm; but I knew, oh, pity! that his real employment was far enough removed from anything as honorable as that—but then he began to return later, until one, two, three, and sometimes four o'clock would strike without bringing him.

I had resolved at first that I would always remain up until he came, thinking that I might thus have more hold upon him. My business was to save him. Nothing was too hard to be done if I might but reach that goal at last.

As I said, he began to return later now, and there grew to be a haggard look upon his face which it was dreadful to see, since I knew, only too well, what brought it there. But I tried to be patient and whenever he came was careful not to make the slightest allusion to the lateness of the hour. It would not do with him. We sat down to supper, for I persisted in having it invariably at his return; and though I have seen his eyes fill many and many a time when he looked at me steadily as he had a way of doing, he did not tell me his thoughts, and I pretended not to notice them while I attended to his wants.

It is an awful thing for a woman to see the husband of her love going down steadily, but surely, before her frightened eyes, and she powerless to save. I had wondered once how miserable, ill-treated wives, whose husbands were scarcely fit to live, could still cling to them; but though Allan was tender and kind when with me, I could understand now, by my own heart, how it was that they bore everything rather than separation.

A year went by and no visible change came; but the constant anxiety told upon my face. I wanted to keep the signs back, but I could not. Friends noticed it, and among them the aunt who had taken my dead mother's place. She had never liked my husband; and at the anniversary of our marriage she came, in solemn state, "to inquire into matters," as she termed it.

"You are looking poorly, my child," she said, opening the subject at once. "Your marriage is, perhaps, unhappy?" "There could not be a kinder husband than Allan," my face flushing in a moment. "He has never spoken a harsh word to me."

"But something has worn you to a shadow," she went on, ignoring my indignation; "and we all know that Mr. Starr is not what he ought to be."

That was more than any wife should bear tamely. I rose at once.

"Such words must neither be addressed to his wife, nor spoken under his roof," I said angrily. "My home is open to you nevertheless," she urged with her keen eyes, which I hated, because I feared them, upon my face.

"My home is here where my heart is," I retorted; "I desire no other"—and with that our interview closed.

Allan heard in some way that my aunt had called; and he would not be satisfied until I had told him her exact words.

"She is right," he said bitterly; "you would be far better off under her roof than under mine." I know he did it only to try me, for he had not the ghost of a fear that I should choose my home away from him.

"I did not think fit to tell her so," I replied.

"But you believed it? You believed it, then?" His breath seemed to stop with the intensity of his desire to read what was really in my heart, and he would have wormed the truth from me whatever it had been.

"No, I did not believe it, Allan,"

Miscellaneous.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 3rd, 1877.

Both political parties are already preparing for an inauguration ball. This inauguration ball is one of the afflictions it was hoped a Democratic triumph would rid us of. The one on the occasion of Grant's first inauguration was had in the then unfinished North wing of the Treasury building. It was a terrible jam. Even Horace Greeley swore. That, too, was the time when Senator Nye said to Mr. Greeley, when the latter sat down on the Senator's hat, "D—n it, Horace, you might have known it wouldn't fit you." Four years ago an enormous frame building was erected to hold the ball in. Luckily the weather was so cold that few attended. On both these occasions the bills were left unpaid and the scandal was National. These balls answer no good social or political purpose, and the party first setting the example of dispensing with them will receive the thanks of the public. Here is a chance for the reform President-elect to do good even before he is inaugurated.

With the meeting of Congress to-day we shall have the beginning of the end of the Presidential contest. It is not now a secret that Democratic Congressmen are just now in possession of facts throwing new light on the situation in South Carolina and Florida and are more assured than ever that both those States, fairly counted, should be given to Gov. Tilden. I do not speak of Louisiana, for there has been no doubt of that. Your readers will have read the substance of the message of Gov. Robinson, of New York, delivered on the 2nd. It should be understood that the following portions of it were written while its author was in possession of all the facts of the situation as it was on that day, that they were known to Mr. Tilden in advance, and that they represent the views and determination of every Democrat in Washington at this time, and of many and influential Republicans:

"I pause here in this statement to interpose in behalf of the people of this great commonwealth a solemn denial of the power of any State government or of the Federal government to vest such powers as are claimed by the Louisiana Returning Board in any canvassing Board whatever. While these things were going on in the South a member of the Cabinet at Washington was acting as Chairman of a partisan National Committee, and with the co-operation of some of his colleagues in the Cabinet counseling and systematically stimulating these desperate measures. The people of the United States will never consent to have their representatives in Congress stripped of their powers, or tolerate this usurpation by a deputy of the Senate or by any single person, still less by an officer who is frequently interested as a candidate in the result of the count. In this sentiment and purpose the State of New York cordially concurs. Foremost among all our American commonwealths in population, in the variety and extent of her industries and interests, she has in every vicissitude of public affairs put forth all her strength, moral and physical, to maintain the existence and just authorities of the Union, and she can never consent that the time-consecrated methods of constitutional government shall be supplemented or overthrown by revolutionary expedients."

New Year's day was generally observed here. The White House was packed, as usual. The gold lace of the Foreign Ministers and attaches, and of the Army and Navy officers, all of whom attended, must have been a gorgeous thing to look on, but would hardly compare with the "outfit" of President Grant's grand-daughter, six months of age, if the descrip-

tion of it given is correct. Your lady readers will understand and appreciate it. She wore "a white French lawn with lace insertings over blue silk with bows of blue ribbon down the back; gold bracelets with pendants of turquoise; gold necklace; solitaire diamond ring, with turquoise guard ring;" &c. That is painting the lily. The Senate and House Committees engaged in preparing a plan for the counting of the electoral vote have made no report as yet. It is thought they will try to make such a report as will be adopted by Congress with little if any discussion. They have completed the examination of historical and legal data bearing on the subject. Senator Conkling, the member appointed in place of Logan, has met with the Committee but once. NEMO.

People sometimes ask why does Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., spend so much money in advertising his family medicines, which are so well known and surpass all other remedies in popularity and sale. It is well known that A. T. Stewart considered it good policy, and undoubtedly it paid him, to spend many hundred thousand dollars in advertising his goods, yet nobody questioned the excellence of his merchandise. The grand secret of success lies in offering only goods which possess merit to sustain themselves, and then through liberal and persistent advertising making the people thoroughly acquainted with their good qualities. Men do not succeed in amassing great fortunes, establishing thriving and permanent business, and founding substantial institutions like Dr. Pierce's Grand Invalids' Hotel at Buffalo, which costs over two hundred thousand dollars, unless their business be legitimate, their goods meritorious, and their services which they render the people genuine and valuable. Dr. Pierce does not attempt to humbug you by telling you that his Golden Medical Discovery will cure all diseases. He says, "if your lungs are half wasted by consumption, my Discovery will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all curable bronchial, throat, and lung affections, I believe it to be unsurpassed as a remedy." The people have confidence in his medicines because he does not over-recommend them, and when tried they give satisfaction. His Medical Adviser, a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated by two hundred and eighty-two engravings and bound in cloth and gilt, is offered to the people at a moderate price (\$1.50, post-paid), that it is no wonder that almost one hundred thousand have already been sold. His memorandum books are on every druggist's counter for free distribution.

GARRICK'S HUMOR.—When Garrick was in Paris, Preville, the celebrated French actor, invited him to his villa, and, being in a gay humor, he proposed to go in one of the hired coaches that regularly plied between Paris and Versailles, on which road Preville's villa was situated. When they got in Garrick ordered the coachman to drive on, but the driver replied that he could not until he got his compliment of four passengers. A caprice immediately seized Garrick. He determined to give his brother player a specimen of his art. While the coachman was attentively looking out for passengers Garrick slipped out at the opposite door, went round the coach, and by his wonderful command of facial expression, palmed himself off upon the driver as a stranger. This he did twice, and was admitted into the coach each time as a fresh passenger, to the astonishment and admiration of Preville. Garrick slipped out a third time and addressed himself to the driver, who said, in a surly tone, that he had "got his compliment." He would have driven off without Garrick had not Preville called out that as the stranger appeared to be a very little man they would accommodate him and make room for him.

AN EDITOR IN HEAVEN. — Just as if editors were not in the habit of going to Heaven! We'll venture to say that a greater portion of them go to that home of those who have performed their mission of mercy on earth, than any other profession or calling that poor mortals fill.

An editor in Heaven! There's nothing strange about that, at all. It's almost a moral as well as professional impossibility for them to go anywhere else. Once upon a time, after the demise of a member of the "corps editorial," he presented himself at the gates of the Holy City, and requested admission. The doorkeeper asked him what had been his occupation on terra firma. He replied that he was an editor. Well, said the watchman, we have a crowd of your kind here, now, and they all came in as dead heads. If you can pay your passage you can come in, if not you must place yourself under the control of a personage you ruled tyrannically below (meaning the Devil). Not having the wherewith to go in, our brother of the quill and scissors posted off and presented himself at the entrance of Clotie's dark domains. A very dark-complexioned gentleman stood sentry, and asked in a gruff voice, "Who comes?" "An humble disciple of Faust," was the calm reply. "Then hold on, you can't be admitted," exclaimed the gentleman in black, evincing considerable agitation, and fiercely scowling on him. "Why not?" demanded the type, who began to get huffy, and looked around for a "sheep's foot," with which to force an entrance.

"Well, sir," replied his sable majesty, "we let one of your profession in here many years ago, and he kept up a continual row with his former delinquent subscribers, and as we have more of that class of persons here than any other, we have passed a law prohibiting the admission of any editors, only those who have advanced our interest in their papers on earth, and even those who keep in a separate room by themselves. You have published many things that operated against us, and always blamed the Devil for everything that went wrong, so you can't come in. We enforce this rule without respect to persons, for our own peace and safety. You can just travel."

Casting a droll leer at the outside sentinel, our typographical friend started off again, determined to get in up above. This time he took with him an old file of his paper and presenting it to the guardian of the Celestial City, requested that it might be carefully examined, and they would see whether he was entitled to a free ticket. In due course of time the conductor came around and took him in telling that he published many good things and had been a martyr to the cause of human improvement, and that resolutions had been passed to admit all members of the "art preservative" who had abused the Devil while below. He further added that they were punished enough by their being with the "devil" all their lives, their future punishment was commuted. He further stated that not one delinquent subscriber could be found in all Heaven.

GIVE HIM A CHANCE.—That honest man who is hopelessly in debt. An honest man's note never goes out of date. An exempt homestead does not pay a just claim. This is true, but it is evident that many men cannot pay all they owe, and if creditors press them they can pay only a very small part of it, and may be forced into bankruptcy to protect innocent creditors.

Let every man find out exactly what he owes. Let him find out as nearly as possible what he can pay this fall, and what the next, and let him call all his creditors together and make a proposition for settlement. If he can pay five, ten, twenty-five, fifty or seventy-five per cent in one, two or three years, make the proposition and let the creditor accept it, and get out of debt.

It is evident that old debts can not be paid dollar for dollar, and because that cannot be done there

are those who will pay nothing. There are creditors who will have all or no part of the claim. When these two meet there can be no settlement. How much better it is that there should be a mutual sympathy and a mutual effort to settle the matter. Put the debtor on his feet by showing him the way out, and in his future prosperity the creditor will be as much benefited as he will be. Sometimes it is well to forgive him all his debt and let him go free. This at least would be christian like, and oftentimes would be wise. [LaGrange Reporter.]

BROGGS' EXPERIMENT. — Says the Yolo (Cal.) Mail: Broggs, who lives in Elliott's Southern Addition, ran across the item the other day that "at night that a horse would refuse to step on or over the body of a man laying in the road, but, as if impelled by instinct, would stop and remain motionless until the matter should be investigated." Grave doubts as to the truth of the statement rose in Broggs' mind, and to settle the matter for himself he resolved to give the thing a practical test. Now Broggs has no horse, but does own a very intelligent and frisky young mule, so he thought it just as well to try the experiment with him. There is a narrow lane leading from the clover patch to the water trough, and he sent his little son Bobby to open the gate and turn the mule out; meanwhile Broggs lay down full length across the lane, assuming an apparently lifeless attitude. The mule had been kept in the pasture all day, and consequently was very dry, so he came waltzing down the lane at a great rate, and everything denoted a fair trial to the test. And so it was; but not exactly as Broggs desired, although it confirmed him in his skepticism. When within a yard or two the mule perceived the prostrate form of his master, and with an explosion of sound which was a compromise between the shriek of a locomotive and the yell of a frightened maniac, he bowed up his back and flung his tail to the breeze, elevated himself about fifteen feet in the air, and, with all four feet in a bunch, lit on the pit of Broggs' stomach. Then with a fiendish laugh, he spread out his feet with a scraping, lacerating sound, and was off like a flash, not omitting, however, to give the experimenter a parting kick in the small of the back as he departed. The price of the mule did not near pay the doctor's bill, and Broggs is now calculating how many post-holes he will have to mortice before he will get even on his experiment.

Publishers of newspapers—and more particularly local newspapers, have to depend mainly upon their advertising columns for their support. Yet how many are there who seem not to realize this fact. Instead of giving their paper a liberal advertising patronage, they perhaps give it none; and if a levee or entertainment is got up in the place, the paper is expected to notice it for nothing.

Now if all the patronage that a paper can expect is that of the locality for whose interest it works, it would seem that every one should give it the advertising that legitimately belongs to it, and not try to get it without paying for it. There is a class of people that seem to begrudge every dollar that goes to their local papers; and still borrow it and read it, and are the severest critics of its shortcomings.

The publisher has to pay for labor and paper, and every notice of any kind, in the nature of an advertisement he ought to have his pay for. He has got to get his living out of his advertising columns, and any society or individual can with just as much propriety beg five dollars of any other individual, as to expect it gratuitously of a newspaper.

Any man who does not think enough of his town's paper; and every trader who does not believe in advertising, should move into some town where they have no paper.—Gardiner Journal.

THE CAREFUL MOTHER AND THE MODEL BOY. — The two didn't belong to each other; and this very good boy may have been a little too smart and saucy.

Little Mary was prettily dressed, and standing in front of the house waiting for her mother to go out to ride. A tidy boy dressed in coarse clothes, was passing, when the little girl said:

"Come here, boy, and s'ake hands w' me. I dot a boy duns' like you, named Joey."

The boy laughed, shook hands with her, and said:

"I've got a little girl just like you, only she hasn't any little cloak with pussy fur on it!"

Here a lady came out of the door, and said:

"Mary, you must not talk with bad boys on the street. I hope you haven't taken anything from her? Go right along, and never stop here again, boy!"

That evening the lady was called down to speak with a boy in the hall. He was very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap in his hand. It was the enemy of the morning. "I came to tell you that I am not a bad boy," he said. "I go to Sunday school, and help my mother all I can. I never tell lies, nor quarrel, nor say bad words; and I don't like a lady to call me names, and ask me if I've stolen her little girl's clothes off her!"

"I'm very glad you're so good," said the lady, laughing at the boy's earnestness. "Here's half a dollar for you."

"I don't want that," said Ben, holding his head up very high. "My father works in a foundry, and has lots of money. You've got a boy bigger than I, haven't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"Does he know the commandments?"

"I'm afraid not very well."

"Can he say the sermon on the mount, and the twenty-third psalm, and the golden rule?"

"I'm very much afraid he cannot," said the lady, laughing at the boy's bravery.

"Doesn't he ride on his pony on Sunday, instead of going to church?"

"I'm afraid he does, but he ought not," said the lady, blushing a little.

"Mother don't know I came here," said the little rogue, "but I thought I'd just come round and see what kind of folks you were, and— I guess mother would rather your boy wouldn't come round our doors, because she don't like little Susan to talk to boys in the street. Good evening." And the boy was gone. [Providence Journal.]

"My son, my son," mildly exclaimed a reproving mother, "untie that cat from the gate latch, take in that rope you've stretched across the sidewalk, let your little sister out of the wood shed, unfasten the cellar door and let the hired girl come up and get to her work, take that sign of 'Boards Wanted' off Mr. Ponsony's front door, let Mr. Jasper's dog out of that barrel, throw that paper of gunpowder in your pocket out into the street, and then come here and tell me where you were Friday and Saturday, that you weren't at school." The boy said he wasn't prepared to answer just then, but he would insist on throwing out the report of the school teacher, on the ground that he (the boy) had been unduly intimidated from attending school by the terror of long, hard lessons, and further by the practice of bullying in the parish, as he could establish by trustworthy witnesses. Pending the decision of the Board he filed a number of protests, but his mother pronounced his attitude revolutionary and sent to his father's office for troops, which arrived about tea time, and the local government was at once supported and order enforced, and as the boy went up to bed without any supper, and in custody of the troops, the throes of a free people, struggling in the iron grasp of a domestic despotism, could be heard away down on the next street, where the other boys were lifting gates off their hinges and carrying them down to the creek.—Burlington Hawkeye.

Hesitation—venation—darnation. Who's who?