

Drugs & Fancy Articles.

BLUE GLASS!

If you wish a soft, pleasant light to read by, get a Blue Glass Lamp Chimney, or a Combination Chimney and Shade from POPE & WARDLAW.

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

We have just received a splendid assortment of HAIR and TOOTH BRUSHES, TOILET SOAPS, from So. a cake upwards, and an entire new supply of DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES and FANCY GOODS in general, to which we invite the attention of all, more especially the ladies.

Our stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, GLASS, SEGARS, TOBACCOS, PIPES, CANDY, Brandies, Wines and Whiskeys

For Medicinal purposes, Is full and all recently purchased, which we will sell as LOW AS THE LOWEST, and upon reasonable terms.

PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED at all hours by our Dr. D. S. Pope, who can be found at night in room over rear portion of our store.

Respectfully, POPE & WARDLAW, No. 5, Mollohon Row, Newberry, May 15, 1877.

DR. E. E. JACKSON, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, COLUMBIA, S. C.

Removed to store two doors next to Wheeler House. A full stock of Pure Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, Garden and Field Seeds, always in store and at moderate prices.

Miscellaneous.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, NEWBERRY COUNTY.

By James C. Leahy, Probate Judge. Whereas, Ebenezzer P. Chalmers, as Clerk of the Circuit Court, hath made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Margaret Wearn, deceased.

These are therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said deceased, that they be and appear, before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Newberry Court House, S. C., on the 1st day of October next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my Hand, this 3d day of September, Anno Domini, 1877.

J. C. LEAHY, J. P. N. C. Sep. 5, 36-41.

MARTHA WASHINGTON COLLEGE, ABINGDON, VIRGINIA.

This Institution, beautifully situated in the mountains of Virginia, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, having accommodations for one hundred and fifty boarders, offers to young ladies superior advantages for instruction in all the branches of a liberal education. Country around abounds in fine mountain scenery and excellent mineral waters. The College grounds are interspersed with one mile of raised walks bordered with shade and fruit trees. The extensive verandas and piazzas afford ample room for exercise and recreation. Chambers all carpeted and well furnished. Music department superior. Board \$10 per week. Tuition \$10. Session begins 30th September, 1877. WARREN DU PREL, President. July 25, 36-2m

ADGER COLLEGE. The Exercises of this Institution will be opened at WALKER'S, South Carolina, on THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1877, with a corps of competent professors.

Tuition in Advance—\$20 in Collegiate; \$10 in Preparatory, and \$6 and \$3 in the Primary Departments, per session of five months. Board, including everything except lights and washing, \$10 per month, payable monthly in advance. Location noted for health, pleasant climate and good water. For particulars address J. J. NORTON, Chairman of Stockholders. Aug 29, 35-1m.

W. H. WALLACE, Attorney-at-Law, NEWBERRY, S. C. Oct. 25, 43-4f.

SCHOOL BOOKS JUST RECEIVED. McGuffey's, Wilson's and Sanders' Readers. Spellers and Primers. Histories, Dictionaries, Grammars. Geographies, Arithmetics. Copy Books, States, Pencils. Chalk Crayons, &c., &c. Just received at HERALD BOOK STORE. Aug. 8, 32-4f.

is not easily earned in three times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country, who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$20 per week, 70% on advance. You can give your whole time to the work, or only four or five hours a day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly as by this business. It costs nothing to try. Address at once, H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. Aug. 1, 31-1y

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XIII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 19, 1877.

No. 38.

Poetry.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! In youth I sheltered me, And I'll protect it now. 'Twas my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot; Then, woodman, let it stand, The axe shall touch it not. That old familiar tree, Whose glory and renown Are spread o'er land and sea, And wouldst thou hew it down? Woodman, forbear thy stroke! Cut not its earth-bound ties, Oh! spare that aged oak, Now towering to the skies! When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade, In all their gushing joy; Here, too, my sisters played; My mother kissed me here; My father pressed my hand— Forgive this foolish train, But let that old oak stand. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend, Here shall the wild-bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! The storm still brave! And, woodman, leave the spot, While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not. —Geo. P. MORRIS.

Selected Story.

STORY OF THE ENGINEER.

"Let me put my name down first I can't stay long!"

It was a red ribbon meeting, and the man was a locomotive engineer, bronzed and strong and having eyes full of deep determination. He signed his name in a bold, plain hand, tied a red ribbon in his button hole, and as he left the hall he said:

"As the Lord looks down upon me, I'll never touch liquor again!" "Have you been a hard drinker?" queried a man who walked beside the engineer.

"No. Fact is, I was never drunk in my life. I've swallowed considerable whiskey, but I never went far enough to get drunk. I shouldn't miss it or be the worse off for an hour if all the intoxicating drink in the world was drained into the ocean."

"But you seemed eager to sign the pledge."

"So I was, and I'll keep it through thick and thin and talk temperance to every man on the road."

"You must have strong reasons!" "Well, if you'll walk down to the depot I'll tell you a story on the way. It hasn't been in the papers, and only a few of us know the facts. You know I run the night express on the B— Road. We always have at least two sleepers and a coach, and sometimes we have as many as two hundred passengers. It's a good road, level as a floor and pretty straight, though there is a bad spot or two. The night express has the right of way, and we make fast time. It's no rare thing for us to skim along at the rate of fifty miles an hour for thirty or forty miles, and we rarely go below thirty."

"One night I pulled out of Detroit with two sleepers, two coaches, and the baggage and mail cars. Nearly all the berths in both sleepers were full, and most of the seats in the coaches were occupied. It was a dark night, threatening all the time to rain, and a lonesome wind whistled around the cab as we left the city behind. We were seventeen minutes late, and that meant fast time all the way through."

"Well," he continued after a moment, "everything ran along all right up to midnight. The main track was kept clear for us; the engine was in good spirits, and we ran into D— smooth as you please. The express coming east should meet us fifteen miles west of D—, but the operator at the station had failed to receive his usual report from below. That was strange, and yet it was not, and after a little consultation the conductor sent me ahead. We were to keep the main track, while the other train would run in on the side-track. Night after night our time had been so close that we did not keep them waiting over two minutes, and were generally in sight when they switched in."

"When we left D— we went ahead at a rattling speed, fully believing that the other train would be on time. Nine miles from D— is the little village of Parto. There is a telegraph station there, but the operator has no night work. He closed his office and went home about 9 o'clock, and any messages on the wires for him were held above or below until next morning. When I sighted this station I saw a red lantern swinging between the rails. Greatly astonished, I pulled up the heavy train and got

Miscellaneous.

A SENSIBLE ARTICLE ON THE FENCE LAW.

Mr. Editor.—The writer has been fully convinced for several years that a law, requiring stock of all kinds to be kept up, so as to prevent them from invading the premises of any save their owners, was a desideratum earnestly to be desired, for the following reasons:

First. Such a law will do away with the present cumbersome, unsightly, inconvenient and exceedingly costly system of fencing out stock, in order to raise crops. The present system of plantation fencing is a relic of barbarism, a reproach to civilization, and one of the greatest and most unnecessary taxes upon the country. How many persons have taken the time or the pains to estimate the cost of a panel of fence? Something like the following will be an approximation to the cost:

Table with 2 columns: Item, Cost. Includes: Cost of timber per hundred rails, Cutting and splitting per hundred, Hauling out, Putting up, Total.

Making \$2.10, the cost of an ordinary panel of plantation fence, to begin with. But this is not all. Every panel will render valueless 120 square feet of land, or an acre to every 367 panels. This, at ten dollars per acre will be about 2 1/2 cts. per panel, which, added to the foregoing, gives 2 3/4 cts. per panel. But this gives little more than half the cost of a panel of fence for say fifteen years. The repairing and cleaning out fence corners will average not less than a cent per panel per year, making 3 3/4 cts. per panel. It will be nothing to the point to say that the fence need not be repaired and cleaned out every year. The damage to the crops from weeds, briars and bushes in the fence corners, if neglected, together with the depredations of breachy stock, will amount to that much or more. Hence, a tax of about 2 1/2 cents per panel per year is about the cost of the ordinary plantation fences. And the cost of fencing to an individual or to a community is very large. It is stated that one shabby scrub cow was for a time the only animal running at large in a certain community in York County, yet the keeping up of over a hundred dollars worth of fencing was necessary to protect the crops of the community against that cow. The freedman who owned her acknowledged that he had lost fifteen days, in all, hunting for her, for which he could have gotten fifteen dollars at work; while the cow never would have brought more than ten dollars. Here was a shabby cow made to cost a community considerably over a hundred dollars, when with a small patch of lucerne she might have kept fat in a stable or small lot all summer.

But put the matter upon a purely moral basis; what right has A to allow his stock, many or few to run upon the lands of B, to the detriment of the latter? Or, under what moral obligation is B to incur any expense to fortify himself against the incursions of A's stock? None—whatever, in either case. Hence, the present system of keeping stock involves a stupendous moral wrong.

But the objection to the new stock law comes up as follows: "What are tenants who own stock going to do?" "What are small farmers going to do who have no lands to spare for pasturage?"

At first sight, to those who have never devoted any thought to the subject, these seem to be formidable, insurmountable objections. But we think it can easily be shown that they amount to nothing.

As to the stock owned by tenants. It is well known that this stock is, upon the whole, quite a small affair, both as to quantity and quality. Now let any person put the comparatively few scrubby trifling stock owned by tenants on one side, then put the vast expense of fencing out that stock on the other—an expense many times the amount of the value of all such stock—then ask yourself, is it right, is it politic, to burden the country with such a heavy tax, merely to keep in existence an insignificant amount and quality of stock, which, at best, does even its owners but comparatively little good? Is it not time to take into consideration the necessity of re-modelling a tenant system so expensive to the country in general? The same principle is applicable to the small farmers who have not land for pasturage. The question is, has a tenant, or anybody else, the moral right to own stock, or other commodity involving other inconvenience or expense without remuneration? Moral science would inevitably return the negative to each of these questions. The present system is therefore un-

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A SENSIBLE ARTICLE ON THE FENCE LAW.

questionably a violation of moral law, and it would be better for the country if all persons not able to keep the stock were prohibited from owning it, than that the country should be burdened with the present cumbersome, expensive, annoying system of plantation fencing; for no moral law can be violated with impunity, either by individuals or communities of individuals.

But do not understand me as suggesting as the remedy for the evils of the present system, the abolition of the ownership of stock to any extent whatever. The remedy suggested is the inauguration of a new state of things, which can much more easily be done than to continue the present system, a state of things which would do away with the evils and expenses of the present, and enable both landlord and tenant to own more and better stock. The remedy is in soiling of stock. This is far from being a Utopian scheme, the merits of which have yet to be ascertained. We write from actual personal observation, to say nothing of information concerning the practice as derived from other sources. It consists in keeping up stock in a small enclosure convenient to water, and in feeding them upon green food raised for the purpose. This may consist of rye, green corn, barley, clover, millet, or lucerne; but at the head of the list stands lucerne. To show what can be done with lucerne alone, we refer to an experiment made by Dr. Glenn, near Alston, in Fairfield County. He has been successfully sowing various grasses, with clover and lucerne during the last two or three years, and he has become enthusiastic on the subject. He has in his garden a patch of lucerne, one-sixth of an acre, planted year before last. He cut it several times last year, but it is still better this year. He commenced to cut it early this Spring, and has been feeding three horses and a hog regularly, and we believe a mule or two, giving to the four first named animals little of any other feed, and they keep fat—the two horses working all the time. Stock of all kinds are very fond of it and thrive on it almost exclusively. Now, if one-sixth of an acre will keep four animals, as in this case, it is easy to see what one acre of such lucerne would do.

And whether the recent fence law be adopted by the people or not, the method herein suggested for raising and keeping stock should be adopted. It is the method chiefly pursued at the North, as we are informed, where they raise more and better stock, more milk, butter and cheese by far, than we do. The late Wm. Walker, of Spartanburg, author of several music books, told the writer that while staying in Philadelphia, since the war, superintending the publication of one of his books, he spent an evening with Mr. T. K. Collins, author of the "Timber of Zion," who at milking time invited Mr. Walker to see his cow. He found in a neat lot with stable attached, quite a fine cow. A daughter of Mr. Collins, seating herself beside the cow, took from the latter quite a quantity of the finest, richest milk. Mr. C. informed Mr. W. that this one cow was all that any common-sized family would need; that he did not think of keeping but one cow at a time. This cow was kept up in that lot and stable, soiled during the summer upon the green food, and groomed every morning like a horse.

Since we commented this article we have been informed that an intelligent emigrant from the North, at Gaffney City, thinks very strange of the practice of letting cattle run at large, because of the waste it involves. He contends that a cow kept up will yield a ton per year of a fertilizer, equal, if not superior, to a ton of ordinary commercial fertilizers, which is evidently true. But instead of this our farmers let their stock run at large, fence them out of the crops, getting by no means an over supply of milk, butter and beef, and buy commercial fertilizers at ruinous prices, while by keeping up and soiling the stock, each cow would supply a ton of excellent fertilizer with milk and butter besides. Hence, if we reduce the question to one of fertilizing alone, we find that stock kept up and soiled, will more than pay expenses in fertilizers alone, to say nothing of the increased yield and quality of milk and butter.

As to tenants' stock, landlords can well afford to arrange for the keeping and soiling of all the stock owned by tenants. Barring the saving of the cost of plantation fencing, it will be decidedly to the advantage of landlords to do this, for the reasons just indicated. Self-interest alone would prompt this, independent of law.

The whole matter may be thus summed up: To keep stock and soil them will result in the following advantages:—

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A SENSIBLE ARTICLE ON THE FENCE LAW.

First. The heavy tax of fencing out stock will be abolished.

Second. The loss of stock from straying and theft will cease almost entirely.

Third. The damage to arable lands, resulting from stock running thereon, will be prevented.

Fourth. The losses resulting from bad fences, and the consequent depredations of breachy stock, will be prevented.

Fifth. The foolish quarrels and lawsuits growing out of the depredations of stock will be prevented.

Sixth. More and better stock can be raised and kept, by keeping up and soiling, than by allowing stock to run at large or even upon the fields of their owners.

Seventh. Cattle kept up and soiled will pay, or more than pay, the expense thereof in manure alone.

Eighth. Hundreds of acres of valuable hedgerow land around old fields could be utilized, which otherwise will remain valueless.

Ninth. The time and labor necessary to keep up the present cumbersome and expensive system of plantation fencing could be directed into some profitable enterprise.

This article is already too long, but the importance of the subject to the country in general is our only excuse.

In conclusion, we would say to that class of tenants who may have taken up the notion that the new stock law is an infringement of their rights, to disabuse their minds of all such groundless notions. Look at the subject as it really is; consider the advantages that must accrue to every class of the people if the stock are kept up and soiled (not pastured) and fences dispensed with. And those who are favorable to the adoption of the fence law should lose no opportunity to explain the nature and advantage of the proposed system. Call meetings, have speeches, and by every proper means endeavor to create a wholesome public opinion on the subject. The time has arrived when a change is imperative. The old prejudicial and suicidal practices, which have already well nigh ruined the country, by destroying the forests, skinning the soil, leaving the greater portion of the surface barren or washed into gullies, must be abandoned and superseded by an intelligent system of management, adapted to the present state of things, or the country will yet be ruined beyond redemption, despite the outcry of the carpet-baggers and the inauguration of the Hampton era. The physical and political salvation of the country depends upon the intelligent and well directed industry of the people. CLODDPPER.

A STORY FROM ELI PERKINS.—There are about twenty-five young colored men from Hampton College, Virginia, at the United States Hotel, Saratoga, acting as waiters, and gaining means in this way to continue their studies in the winter. According to "Eli Perkins" they keep their eyes and ears open. He says:

Yesterday my waiter, who is a good Greek and Latin scholar, told me that he heard a rich old lady from Duluth say she was "going to cut Mrs. Dobson dead."

"Why cut Mrs. Dobson?" asked a lady friend.

"Because her husband has lost all his money, and she wears a machine-made dress. Do you think I want to associate with any such dresses as she wears—me!" And this indignant and aristocratic old lady from Duluth went on eating fried potatoes with her knife.

"How do you know it is a machine-made dress?" asked her friend.

"Me know! me!" she exclaimed. Then this aristocratic old lady leaned forward and whispered so low that nobody but the Hampton student and her friend heard her—"I'll tell you how I know that Mrs. Dobson wears a machine-made dress—I used to be a seamstress and I saw the stitches clear across the room."

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A SENSIBLE ARTICLE ON THE FENCE LAW.

Electricity has been applied to a strange use in the East Indies. A platinum wire, connected with the poles of a battery, is stretched around a tree, and as it becomes immediately red-hot, it is gently sawed, with the requisite pressure against the tree, and rapidly burns its way through. It is thought that a tree can be cut down, without any waste of timber, in about 15 minutes, that would require two hours to fell in the ordinary way.

Young Lady—"It was a stylish dinner!" Learned Uncle—"Stylish! are you using the word correctly? Do you know the derivation of stylish?" Young Lady—"Certainly, from sty, a pig-pen, and lish, the noise made by the ho—animals when eating." Learned Uncle in despair.

The center of gravity—An undertaker's nose.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GOAT IN A GARDEN.

Last Monday afternoon the eleven Boblink boys surrounded and caught an enormous, shaggy, strong-smelling, wicked-looking goat of the masculine gender, turned him loose in Burdock's garden, nailed up the gate, and then went home and flattened their eleven little noses against the back windows to watch for coming events.

Before his goatship had spent three minutes in that garden he had managed to make himself perfectly at home, pulled down the clothes-line, and devoured two lace collars, a pair of undersleeves and a striped stocking belonging to Mrs. B., and was busily engaged sampling one of Burdock's shirts when the servant girl came rushing out with a basket of clothes to hang up.

"The saints preserve us!" she exclaimed, coming to a full halt, and gazing open-mouthed at the goat, who was calmly munching away at the shirt.

"Shew! shew! shew, there!" screamed the girl, setting down her basket, taking her skirts in both hands, and shaking them violently at the intruder.

Then the goat, who evidently considered the movement a challenge, suddenly dropped his wicked old head and darted at her with the force of an Erie locomotive, and just one minute later by the City Hall clock, that girl had tumbled a back somersault over the clothes-basket, and was crawling away on her hands and knees in search of a place to die, accompanied by the goat, who butted her on the battle ground every third second.

It is probable that he would have kept on butting for the next two weeks if Mrs. Burdock, who had been a witness of the unfortunate affair, had not armed herself with the family poker and hurried to the rescue.

"Merciful goodness! Annie, do get up on your feet!" she exclaimed, aiming a murderous blow at the beast's head, and missing it by a few of the shortest kind of inches. It was not repeated, owing to the goat suddenly raising up on his hind feet, walking towards her, and striking her in the small of the back hard enough to loosen her finger-nails and destroy her faith in a glorious immortality.

When Mrs. B. returned to consciousness she crawled out from behind the grindstone, where she had been tossed, and made for the house, stopping only once, when the goat came after and butted her head first into the grape arbor.

Once inside the house the door was locked, and the unfortunates sought the solitude of their own rooms, and such comforts as they could extract from rubbing and growling, while the goat wandered around the garden, like Satan in the Book of Job, seeking what he could devour, and the eleven little Boblink boys fairly hugged themselves with pleasure over the performance.

By the time Burdock returned home that evening, and learned all the particulars from his arnica-soaked wife, the goat had eaten nearly all the week's washing, half the grapevine, and one side of the clothes basket.

"Why in thunder didn't you put him out and not leave him there to destroy everything?" he demanded angrily.

"Because he wouldn't go, and I wasn't going to stay there and be killed, that's why!" answered his wife, excitedly.

"Wouldn't fiddlesticks!" he exclaimed, making for the garden, followed by the entire family.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents 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.

yourself before the neighbors," advised his wife.

"Come in, pa, and let him be," begged his daughter.

"Golly, dad, look out; he's coming agin!" shouted his son enthusiastically.

Then Burdock waxed profane and swore three-story oaths in such rapid succession, that his family held their breaths, and a pious old lady who lived in a house in the rear, shut up her windows and sent out her cook to hunt for a policeman or a missionary.

"Run for it, dad," advised his son a moment later, when the goat's attention seemed to be turned away.

Burdock sprang to his feet and followed his offspring's suggestion. He was legging it in superb style, and the chances of his reaching the house seemed excellent, when the fragrant brute suddenly clapped on more steam, gained rapidly, and darting between his legs, capsize him into an ash box.

His family dragged him inside, another candidate for rubbing arnica and a blessed haven of rest. The back of the house has been hermetically sealed, and Burdock now proposes extending an invitation to the militia regiment of Brooklyn to come down and practice marksmanship off the roof, promising to furnish a live goat for a target, and a silver-plated napkin ring as the first prize. The goat still holds the fort.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DON QUIXOTE. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. The absent feel and fear every ill. Self-praise depreciates. The dead to the bier; the living to good cheer.

All women, let them be ever so homely, are pleased to hear themselves celebrated for their beauty. Squires and knights errant are subject to much hunger and ill luck. Liberality may be carried too far in those who have children to inherit from them.

Virtue is always more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the righteous. Every one is the son of his own works. Honey is not for the mouth of an ass. No padlock, bolts or bars can secure a maiden so well as her own reserve.

Wit and humor belong to genius alone. The wittiest person in a comedy is he who plays the fool. There is no book so bad but something good may be found in it. We are all as God made us, and oftentimes a great deal worse. Let a hen live, though it be with a pip.

We cannot all be friars, and various are the paths by which God conducts the good to heaven. Covetousness bursts the bag. It is easy to undertake, but more difficult to finish a thing. The term is equally applicable to all ranks—whenever is ignorant is vulgar.

By the streets of "By and By" one arrives at the house of "Never." Between the "yes" and "no" of a woman I would not undertake to thrust the point of a pin. Patience, and shuffle the cards. A soldier had better smell gunpowder than musk. Pray devoutly and hammer on stoutly.

When a thing is once begun it is almost half finished. Lay a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. The jest that gives pain is no jest.

WORTH OF A DRINK OF WATER.—In one of the terrible battles in Virginia, a Union officer fell wounded in front of the Confederate breastworks, and while crying for water, James Moore, of Burke county, N. C., a Confederate soldier, leaped over the fortifications, and crawling up to the poor fellow, gave him a drink. The wounded man took out his gold watch and offered it to his benefactor, but it was refused. He then asked for the Confederate soldier's name and the two men parted. Moore subsequently lost a limb in battle, and returned a cripple to his home. The Raleigh News now says that a few days ago Moore received from this Union soldier a letter announcing that the sum of ten thousand dollars would be paid to him in four annual instalments.

An exchange says: A West Hill man named Rodolph Khanew was arrested last night for slapping his wife. We suppose he thought a man had a right to paddle his own Khanew.

"Don't make a living show of