

The Newberry Herald.

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Invariably in Advance.

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

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JOB PRINTING
DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.
TERMS CASH.

Vol. XIV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1878.

No. 20.

Miscellaneous.

THE SEASIDE LIBRARY.

- 1 East Lynne, by Mrs. Henry Wood. 10c
- 2 John Halifax, Gent., Miss Alcock. 10c
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- 32 The Queen of Hearts. Wilkie Collins. 10c
- 33 Handy Andy, by Charles Reade. 10c
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- 36 The Wooling O', by Mrs. Alexander. 10c
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- 39 Ivanhoe, by Sir Walter Scott. 10c
- 40 The Heir to Ashley. Mrs. H. Wood. 10c
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- 42 Hide-and-Seek, by Wilkie Collins. 10c
- 43 Hector Servadac, by Jules Verne. 10c
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- 45 The Secret of the Heart. Henry Wood. 10c
- 46 Heritage of Langdale. Mrs. Alexander. 20c
- 47 In Silk Attire, by William Black. 10c
- 48 The Strange Adventures of a Phoebe, by Wilkie Collins. 10c
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- 50 Under the Greenwood Tree. T. Hardy. 10c
- 51 Silvanary, by William Black. 10c
- 52 The Lost Bank Note. Mrs. H. Wood. 10c
- 53 The Monarch of Mincing Lane. Black. 10c
- 54 Under Two Flags, by Mrs. Gaskell. 10c
- 55 A Winter City, by "Ouida." 20c
- 56 Strathmore, by "Ouida." 20c
- 57 A Voyage Round the World—South America, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 58 Silas Marner, by George Eliot. 10c
- 59 Chandos, by "Ouida." 20c
- 60 A Voyage Round the World—Australia, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 61 Bebebe, Or, Two Little Wooden Shoes, by "Ouida." 20c
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- 63 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 20c
- 64 A Voyage Round the World—New Zealand, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 65 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 10c
- 66 Rory O'More, by Samuel Lover. 10c
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- 69 To the Brier End. Miss Braddon. 10c
- 70 Middlemarch, by George Eliot. 20c
- 71 Ariadne, by "Ouida." 20c
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- 74 Rupert Hall, by Mrs. Henry Wood. 10c
- 75 The Fur Country, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 76 The New Magdalen, Wilkie Collins. 10c
- 77 The Mistress of Malin, by Mrs. Gaskell. 10c
- 78 Griffith Gant, by Charles Reade. 10c
- 79 Madcap Violet, by William Black. 10c
- 80 Daniel Deronda, by George Eliot. 20c
- 81 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 10c
- 82 My Mother and I, by Miss Mulock. 10c
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- 84 400 Leagues Under the Seas, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 85 Marjorie Bruce's Lovers. M. Patrick. 10c
- 86 Put Yourself in His Place. C. Reade. 20c
- 87 A Journey to the Centre of the Earth, by Jules Verne. 10c
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- 89 The Loves of Arden. M. E. Braddon. 20c
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- 91 The Woman's Kingdom. Mulock. 10c
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- 93 The Mystery of the Abandoned, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 94 The Law and the Lady. W. Collins. 10c
- 95 Dead Men's Shoes. Miss Braddon. 10c
- 96 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 10c
- 97 Mysterious Island—The Secret of the Island, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 98 Harry Lorrequer, by Charles Reade. 10c
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- 100 A Tale of Two Cities. Chas. Dickens. 10c
- 101 Noble Life, by Charles Reade. 10c
- 102 Hard Times, by Charles Dickens. 10c
- 103 A Brave Lady, by Miss Mulock. 10c
- 104 Peep O'Day, by John Bannister. 10c
- 105 The Sign of the Silver Flagon, by B. L. Farjeon. 10c
- 106 The Master of Greveland. Mrs. Wood. 20c
- 107 Black-Grass, by B. L. Farjeon. 10c
- 108 The Sea-King, by Captain Mayhew. 10c
- 109 Eleanor's Victory. Miss Braddon. 20c
- 110 The Girls of Peversham. F. Marrat. 10c
- 111 A Tom of the World in Eighty Days, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 112 Hard Cash, by Charles Reade. 10c
- 113 Golden Grain, by B. L. Farjeon. 10c
- 114 Darrell Markham. Miss Braddon. 10c
- 115 Within the Gate. Mrs. H. Wood. 10c
- 116 Pauline, by B. L. Farjeon. 10c
- 117 The Female Minister. Eugene Lies. 10c
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- 120 Romance of a Poor Young Man, by O. Foullet. 10c
- 121 A Life for a Life, by Miss Mulock. 10c
- 122 The Privateer, Capt. Marrat. 10c
- 123 Irish Legends, by Samuel Lover. 10c
- 124 Squire Trevyler's Heir. Mrs. Wood. 20c
- 125 Mary Barton, by Charles Reade. 10c
- 126 Emma; or, My Father's Sin, by R. D. Blackmore. 10c
- 127 My Lady Ludlow, by Mrs. Gaskell. 10c
- 128 The Master of Malin, by Mrs. Gaskell. 10c
- 129 The Wandering Jew (First Half), by Eugene Sue. 10c
- 130 The Wandering Jew (Second Half), by Eugene Sue. 20c
- 131 Sermons Out of Church. Mulock. 10c
- 132 Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne. 10c
- 133 Jack Hamilton, by Charles Reade. 10c
- 134 The Duchess of Rosemary Lane, by B. L. Farjeon. 10c
- 135 My Brother's Wife. A. B. Edwards. 10c
- 136 Agatha's Husband, by Miss Mulock. 10c
- 137 A Rent in a Cloud, by Chas. Lever. 10c
- 138 What He Cost Her, by James Payn. 10c
- 139 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 10c
- 140 The Lady Lisle, by Miss Braddon. 10c
- 141 Masterman Ready, Capt. Marrat. 10c
- 142 The Head of the Family. Miss Mulock. 10c
- 143 The Haunted Tower. Mrs. H. Wood. 10c
- 144 The Twin Lutes. Mrs. Gaskell. 10c
- 145 A Million of Money, by Amelia B. Edwards. 10c
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- 147 Rattlin, the Reever. Capt. Marrat. 10c
- 148 A Blind Schooling. Mrs. A. Edwards. 10c
- 149 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 10c
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- 151 The Boy in the Wood. Henry Wood. 10c
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Poetry.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDS.

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
It scatters to the ground—to die!

Yet on the rose's humble bed,
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!

Yet ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds will wail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;

Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, at last, shall mourn for me!

Selected Story.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"Yes, I think I may say without boasting that this is the model school of the State, and Clarence Terry is its model scholar."

Mr. Pigeon, as he spoke, glanced at a slight, tall boy at the head of the class.

"Always first. Recites page after page without the break of a syllable. Obedient, gentlemanly: In short, sir, if you discover a fault in that boy, you must have keener eyes than mine."

It was Mr. Pigeon's last day in the academy. He had been appointed to a professorship in a college, and the new teacher, Mr. Nagle, had arrived to take his place. Mr. Pigeon, in fact, was inaugurating him in his office.

"Here is the roll of names," he said. "I have added a remark to each which may give you a hint of the character of the boys. You will find it useful."

Mr. Nagle looked it over.

"John Steele"—which is John Steele?" he asked.

"TL. loutish, red-haired lad at the end of the bench. You'll observe the vacancy in his face."

Now opposite John Steele's name was written, "The good-for-nothing."

As the boys changed class, Mr. Pigeon whispered, "I am almost forced to believe that that boy's mind is impenetrable—so far as knowledge goes."

Mr. Nagle paid more attention to John Steele than to any other boy that afternoon. It was undeniably a bad case. He was in the first page of the Latin grammar, while the other boys of his age were reading Virgil.

John stumbled over the first declension, breaking down invariably in the vocative. He bounded France by Russia, and moved Canada in a lump down to South America.

Mr. Pigeon had a taste for poetry; he read with fine effect, and was anxious that his boys should acquire the same taste. He was in the habit of reading some brief poems to them at the close of the morning's exercises. To-day he chose Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." The boys were encouraged to give their opinions on it.

"How does this poem affect you, Clarence?" asked Mr. Pigeon.

"They are most noble verses, sir," said the lad, fluently. "We might take some of them as a motto for our lives."

"Very true. Good criticism. And what did you think of them, John?"

"Didn't think anything."

"You must have some glimmer of an idea about them."

John's freckled face grew red.

"What was it. Out with it."

"Any man's a fool to be spending his time making footmarks on the sand," burst out John. "Why didn't he build something—something that wouldn't wash away?"

Mr. Nagle smiled, and looked at the boy, puzzled. He managed to talk to most of the boys separately during recess, and among the rest to John:

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

Arrival in London—Queer Lodgings—The Great University Race—Sights and Scenes in London Life—Brother Jonathan Abroad, &c. &c.

"My last letter was begun and finished on the sea, in order to get it off by the earliest ocean mail. Six days of continuous storm had made me long for the sight of land, and I felt perfectly content to leave the unstable footing and exhilarating air of the ocean to those romantic young ladies and gentlemen who delight in—

"A life on the ocean wave."

"The cry of 'Land!' sent a thrill through the passengers and crew, and all crowded forward to catch a glimpse of Holyhead, and the grim Welsh mountains which guard the western coast of Albion. The day was raw and chilly; the fierce easterly storm, which had met us as we were parting from the American coast, followed us into the chops of the Channel and up the Mersey, even to the docks of Liverpool. The debarkation was quickly made; courteous Custom House Officers completed their task with as little delay as possible. The inspection passed, I jumped into a hansom (cab), and in a few minutes was comfortably quartered in the North-western Hotel. Liverpool has a dark, smoky look, which is in a measure relieved by the dazzling brightness of the gin-shops. Squallid misery, hopeless poverty, wretchedness unspeakable, meet you everywhere; it is not only in the by-ways and the slums, but on all the great thoroughfares. You pass tattered men, women and children, with starvation gleaming from their eyes. They look as though they always had been poor, and there is about them a pale, chalky sort of look, wherein you can trace the history of the gin-shop, with all the terrible associations made immortal by the pencil of Hogarth. On every hand are the evidences of opulence and imperial power. Ships from every clime cram her storehouses with the costliest treasures of the earth. At Birkenhead, across the Mersey, the roar of blazing furnaces and the thunder of Titano hammers seem to shake the very earth, as they build those gigantic steamers which are the wonder and admiration of the world. Miles and miles of solid masonry form the great docks which have no parallel on the face of the globe. Magnificent public buildings surround you, but they look dark and grim and sooty, completely destroying the sense of beauty which would otherwise attach to them. The magnitude and solidity of everything astonishes you; in the bridges and archways and tremendous walls of masonry the work looks as though it might have been performed by a race of Titans long since extinct, instead of the Pigmies you see laboring by the wayside. From Liverpool to London the railway runs through a country which gives you the impression of being entirely finished—it seems as if there was nothing more to do. The fields are all prepared, the lawns are all mowed, the hedges are trimmed, all the little bits of straw and hay have been picked up from the road and the wayside, and there is nothing left for anybody to do. There were but few people visible in the country; all were huddled in the towns. Disembarking at the Victoria Station, I found my way to quarters just back of the Strand, and only a short distance from Waterloo Bridge and Somerset House. Within sight was the building where the traitor Benedict Arnold died. My own quarters were once the abode of the vagabond Earl of Rochester. The room I occupied had an air of faded gentility, of the gloomy and grand order, and as the gay Earl is not considered a model by the good people of Exeter Hall, it was, perhaps, as well for my sweet peace of mind that I knew no more of its history; but as I blew out the light and jumped into bed, the red glare from the grate lit up the face of a grand cavalier in high ruff and

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

buff boots, who hung against the wall, and as I sunk into an uneasy slumber, he seemed to step down from the canvas, and tell me a jumble of Cour-de-Leon and William the Conqueror; Edward the Confessor, Jane Shore, and the great Protector; and Henry the Eighth's three wives, who came out minus their heads, and good Queen Bess, with her red head and her hooked nose; of Guy Fawkes and the Lord George Gordon Riots. I was just about to fire off the great Krupp gun on a mob which had attacked Windsor Castle, and Queen Victoria was looking out at me from King William's Tower, when I awoke. The memory of a London fog is acknowledged wherever British civilization is known. The rain came pattering down, filling the streets with sloppy wretchedness and mud. The miserable weather gave no respite to the millions whose cry of want is unceasing. Dripping and soggy, a restless tide of humanity rolled down Oxford Street and the Strand. Women, with clothes all wet and soaking, push carts along the streets, loaded with vegetables or fish. Costermongers, driving little donkeys about the size of a Newfoundland dog, trotted along, whistling as cheerfully as if it had been a balmy day in June. All London was astir, and, indeed, I might say all England. The chances of a disturbance with Russia were, for the moment, forgotten, for the University Boat Race was now on the tapis, and everything else had to give way. Oxford and Cambridge were in the ascendant, and till that important matter was settled, they had no time to waste on the consideration of the probable consequences of the thunder of British guns awakening the Russian Bear, or even the assassination of the Earl of Leitrim among the hills of Donegal. If you want to see England out for a holiday, just come and take a look at her on Derby Day, or at the time of the University Boat Race. The love of athletic sports has always found a very warm corner in the true British heart. A hundred years ago, the Prize Ring sent a Member to the House of Parliament, and noblemen, whose pedigrees went back to the Conqueror, stepped into the rope circle to encourage their respective favorites. Now the boat race and the walking match furnish a healthier excitement for the million, and the elite of Britain's aristocracy, attended by all that is genteel and beautiful in the land, lend the sanction of their presence to that which may be called the National Carnival of the year. But, the Boat Race ended, the thing is done with, and business goes on as before. Nothing impresses a stranger in England more than the grand scale on which everything is done. It may possibly take them some time to make up their minds (for nobody appears in a hurry), but when they have made up their minds, it is no longer a matter of trouble or expense. It is no matter whether it is the sending an army to the mountains of Abyssinia, or fitting out an expedition to the North Pole; succoring the starving millions of India, or building a railroad depot that rivals in magnificence the palaces of her kings—the motto is 'Thorough.' The reverence of England for her honored dead greets you on every hand. The gallant Victor of Trafalgar stands guard over the priceless treasures of the National Gallery, while Howe and Napier look up from the granite base to the grandest of England's Admirals. The 'Great Commoner,' Pitt, stands enshrined over the western entrance to the Abbey, and the tablet to his great father, the Earl of Chatham, stands at the portal on the north, on which England has testified 'her everlasting gratitude to the dead son who raised her to a height of greatness and glory which she had never known before.' Passing along the hallowed aisles, in which are enshrined so much of England's greatness, I saw a little tablet on the wall to John and Charles Wesley. No greater evidence of England's progress can be found in all the United Kingdom. The Church of England has jealously guarded

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

her every right and privilege, and while all the rest of the nation, at times, has been possessed of the blind fury of the iconoclast, she alone has been the great conservative power whose business it was to guard the time-honored traditions of the past. Yet here, among the relics of her saints, among the dry bones and dust of her poets and statesmen and her kings, is a little tablet to the memory of two humble disciples of Christ, who in their day and generation were despised and cast out of men. All honor to the great Dean whose liberal heart allowed this memorial of tenderness and love to bear to future ages the testimony that all of Christian Service and Christian Faith is not confined within the Ritual of the Church of England. It has been too much the custom for travellers from my own and other countries, to attempt to belittle and ignore the Imperial surroundings of this magnificent city. The man must be a madman or a fool who can wander from day to day among institutions which glorify humanity, and splendid charities which dispense their gracious gifts with a lavishness and bounty unknown in other lands, who can see those imperial collections to which the earth, and the sea, and the sky in every land hath paid tribute, and not acknowledge freely and cheerfully that here is a people worthy to occupy the position that they do, as arbiters in the destiny of the world. The child of the English beggar to-day, can have free access to such a collection, as the grandest Imperial power on the earth could not have commanded a hundred years ago. Here are hospitals supported by individual bounty, which hold in their free service such marvellous skill and knowledge, as kings could only command. If a man wants to find fault, there is plenty to find fault with here. The Briton of all past time has manfully maintained his inalienable right to grumble,—he clings to it abroad and he fights for it at home, and he loves fair play too well to deny that privilege to his French and American cousins. The great difficulty appears to be that when brother Jonathan goes traveling, he forgets to put New York in one breeches pocket and Boston in the other. The Frenchman is compelled to leave Paris on the banks of the river Seine, and the German thinks his lager and pretzels more palatable in Vienna or Berlin. Here the contrasts of life are quick, short, and sharp. The tattered costermonger drives his donkey cart under the shadow of the proud palace of St. James, and the ragged beggar smokes his pipe among the princely club houses of Pall Mall. On all the great thoroughfares, shops rich in priceless jewels and gold stand cheek by jowl with dirty little dens, rank with the foul odor of red herrings, stale sausages, and musty tripe; the dividing lines between the lowly and the great are gradually dying out. The rich merchants whose argosies are bringing to England's shores the untold treasures of every land, are getting to be the acknowledged lords of the soil. The manufacturers of Birmingham and Sheffield and Manchester, the merchant princes of London and Liverpool, represent to-day the real power on which England depends in its hour of danger and trial. I don't blame the Frenchman whose heart beats quicker at the grand strains of the Marseillaise, or the American wandering in a foreign land, whose blood is stirred at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, but I should despise the Englishman who could forget for a moment the splendid achievements of his own imperial race, which has been glorified by the genius of Shakespeare, the humanity of Wellington, the indomitable pluck of Wilberforce, the eloquence of Fox, and the great Army of Martyrs who have offered themselves as a sacrifice to human liberty during the past eight hundred years of her advancing civilization. But good bye London. Paris and a great Exposition is still before me, and trusting that I may be able to convey to my friends a few ideas of character.

I am,
Truly yours,
BROADBRIM.

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

He seized the life-preserver. John quietly took it from him, and buttoned it about the old woman's waist.

Then he began to drag out one or two benches and boxes that were in the cabin.

Mr. Nagle noticed how cool and alert the boy was in spite of his deadly paleness and trembling.

"We had better tie ourselves to these," he said. "This deck is so shattered it will go to pieces before they see us from the shore."

Mr. Nagle, without a word, followed his advice. John was not a Latinist and no poet, but he had one quality which made him a leader just then.

A few moments later, the deck broke up, and Mr. Nagle found himself in the rushing current, but was picked up by one of the boats which were out in search of the victims.

The banks were lined with pale, terrified faces. As he was lifted on shore, he saw a boy dragged out of the water, and a poor little woman in black fly to him with a wild cry.

"I'm all—all right, mother," gasped John; and then he cried over her breast like the child that he was. "I thought I'd never see you again!" he sobbed.

Now there had been a stranger on board,—a queer, wizened little man with a foxey wig. This man, who was among the saved, took up his quarters at the village inn, and presently there arrived by express a mysterious engine or pump, directed to him, which was placed in the hall way of the inn.

It seemed to have a curious fascination for John. He spent half his leisure time poring over it,—measuring the tubes with his inch rule.

In front of the case there was a square of plate-glass. Now it happened that one day, while John was relaxing his mind by a game of ball in the street, he threw the ball plump into the chesty bit of glass.

The other boys ran, and John ran too,—but only for a few steps. Then he went to his savings-bank, and took out the money which was meant for the holidays. He presented himself before the old man, who was looking at his shattered glass and taking snuff violently.

"I did that, sir. There is the money for it. Will it be enough?"

"Oh, you did it, eh?" scowling at him. "Well, give me the money. What are you eternally prying into my press for, anyhow?"

"It's not a press. It's a pump. I understand it all but that wheel. I can't make out what that wheel is there for," starting for it, his hands in his pockets.

The old man talked to John awhile. That evening he called on Mrs. Steele, and sent up his card. "Peter Copley, Machinist."

"I've had my eyes on your boy, ma'am," he said, abruptly, "for some time. Noticed him the night of the explosion. I'd like to take him with me and teach him my trade. He has a sound, practical head, that boy."

Mrs. Steele accepted the offer, and went with her boy.

Twenty years afterwards, Mr. Nagle, then a judge in the Supreme Court, tried a case in which the firm of Copley and Steel, engine builders, was plaintiff.

In the course of the suit, he became acquainted with the junior member of the firm, a man of high standing in his business, and of equally high repute as a man of probity and honor.

One day there was a sudden recognition.

"John Steele, the?"

"Good-for-nothing? Yes," said John, with a laugh; "and no better acquainted with the classics or belles-lettres than then, judge. I had but one talent, and I came very near burying it for life. Whenever I hear a boy despond because he has not a dozen talents, I say, 'Look for the one talent, boy! Look for the one!'"

[Monthly Companion.]

However little we have to do, let us do that little well.

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER FROM LONDON.

He every right and privilege, and while all the rest of the nation, at times, has been possessed of the blind fury of the iconoclast, she alone has been the great conservative power whose business it was to guard the time-honored traditions of the past. Yet here, among the relics of her saints, among the dry bones and dust of her poets and statesmen and her kings, is a little tablet to the memory of two humble disciples of Christ, who in their day and generation were despised and cast out of men. All honor to the great Dean whose liberal heart allowed this memorial of tenderness and love to bear to future ages the testimony that all of Christian Service and Christian Faith is not confined within the Ritual of the Church of England. It has been too much the custom for travellers from my own and other countries, to attempt to belittle and ignore the Imperial surroundings of this magnificent city. The man must be a madman or a fool who can wander from day to day among institutions which glorify humanity, and splendid charities which dispense their gracious gifts with a lavishness and bounty unknown in other lands, who can see those imperial collections to which the earth, and the sea, and the sky in every land hath paid tribute, and not acknowledge freely and cheerfully that here is a people worthy to occupy the position that they do, as arbiters in the destiny of the world. The child of the English beggar to-day, can have free access to such a collection, as the grandest Imperial power on the earth could not have commanded a hundred years ago. Here are hospitals supported by individual bounty, which hold in their free service such marvellous skill and knowledge, as kings could only command. If a man wants to find fault, there is plenty to find fault with here. The Briton of all past time has manfully maintained his inalienable right to grumble,—he clings to it abroad and he fights for it at home, and he loves fair play too well to deny that privilege to his French and American cousins. The great difficulty appears to be that when brother Jonathan goes traveling, he forgets to put New York in one breeches pocket and Boston in the other. The Frenchman is compelled to leave Paris on the banks of the river Seine, and the German thinks his lager and pretzels more palatable in Vienna or Berlin. Here the contrasts of life are quick, short, and sharp. The tattered costermonger drives his donkey cart under the shadow of the proud palace of St. James, and the ragged beggar smokes his pipe among the princely club houses of Pall Mall. On all the great thoroughfares, shops rich in priceless jewels and gold stand cheek by jowl with dirty little dens, rank with the foul odor of red herrings, stale sausages, and musty tripe; the dividing lines between the lowly and the great are gradually dying out. The rich merchants whose argosies are bringing to England's shores the untold treasures of every land, are getting to be the acknowledged lords of the soil. The manufacturers of Birmingham and Sheffield and Manchester, the merchant princes of London and Liverpool, represent to-day the real power on which England depends in its hour of danger and trial. I don't blame the Frenchman whose heart beats quicker at the grand strains of the Marseillaise, or the American wandering in a foreign land, whose blood is stirred at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, but I should despise the Englishman who could forget for a moment the splendid achievements of his own imperial race, which has been glorified by the genius of Shakespeare, the humanity of Wellington, the indomitable pluck of Wilberforce, the eloquence of Fox, and the great Army of Martyrs who have offered themselves as a sacrifice to human liberty during the past eight hundred years of her advancing civilization. But good bye London. Paris and a great Exposition is still before me, and trusting that I may be able to convey to my friends a few ideas of character.

I am,
Truly yours,
BROADBRIM.

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This beautiful, well made, heavy and first-class Cooking Stove has just been received, and is offered to the public as low as any Stove of its class can be bought in the neighborhood. Call and see before you purchase elsewhere.

W. T. WRIGHT,
Nov. 21, 47-1f.

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Oct. 31, 44-1f.

NOTICE.

To the Traveling Public.

The undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the general public, that he has opened a BOARDING HOUSE at the corner of Nance & 4th St. Streets, not far from the Depot, where the rooms are well appointed, the table abundantly supplied with well cooked food, and the servants polite and attentive, he hopes to give satisfaction.

A. W. T. S. MMONS.
Mar. 28, 13-1f.

W. H. WALLACE,

Attorney-at-Law,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

Oct. 25, 49-1f.

TOBIAS DAWKINS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

SHOP NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POST OFFICE.
A clean shave, a neat cut, and polite attention guaranteed.
May 9, 18-1f.

Mr. Nagle paid more attention to John Steele than to any other boy that afternoon. It was undeniably a bad case. He was in the first page of the Latin grammar, while the other boys of his age were reading Virgil.

John stumbled over the first declension, breaking down invariably in the vocative. He bounded France by Russia, and moved Canada in a lump down to South America.

Mr. Pigeon had a taste for poetry; he read with fine effect, and was anxious that his boys should acquire the same taste. He was in the habit of reading some brief poems to them at the close of the morning's exercises. To-day he chose Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." The boys were encouraged to give their opinions on it.

"How does this poem affect you, Clarence?" asked Mr. Pigeon.

"They are most noble verses, sir," said the lad, fluently. "We might take some of them as a motto for our lives."

"Very true. Good criticism. And what did you think of them, John?"

"Didn't think anything."

"You must have some glimmer of an idea about them."

John's freckled face grew red.

"What was it. Out with it."

"Any man's a fool to be spending his time making footmarks on the sand," burst out John. "Why didn't he build something—something that wouldn't wash away?"

Mr. Nagle smiled, and looked at the boy, puzzled. He managed to talk to most of the boys separately during recess, and among the rest to John:

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