

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1879.

No. 15.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

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.

THE GIRL WHO WENT TO HEAVEN.

She Describes the Home Beyond the Grave and Goes Into Remedies Over the New Jerusalem.

Nellie Blackbird, the 13-year-old girl of Green county, Wis., who, as she claims, went to heaven during a trance, has fully recovered her former health.

And now comes the strange and miraculous story of the girl: "It seemed as though I was walking through a pleasant country till I came to a place that surely was heaven.

"Then, O! I can hardly tell, I saw Jesus all robed in white, a dazzling crown on his head. He sat on such a beautiful high seat that was on a raised platform.

There are few nations which have a stock of proverbs so extensive and racy as the Spanish. Juan de Yriarte collected 24,000.

When the druggist's trade becomes profitable—in times of pestilence.

A man need not be an artist to be able to draw a good salary.

Polite literature—Books of etiquette.

The speaker who ends his address suddenly, while the interest of his audience is at full, without any "lastly," "finally," "in conclusion," or "one word more," always leaves the best impression.

Several physicians of this city have united in pointing out the dangers incident to the smoking of cigarettes, which practice is now becoming much more prevalent than it has been at any former time.

DANGEROUS SMOKE AND DRINK.

Several physicians of this city have united in pointing out the dangers incident to the smoking of cigarettes, which practice is now becoming much more prevalent than it has been at any former time.

It is stated that not one-fiftieth as much of the mucous surface of the body is covered by cigar smoke as by the inhaled smoke of a cigarette; that in persons of nervous temperament cigarette smoking produces constitutional effects, and is prolific of vertigo, dimness of vision, dyspepsia and bronchial diseases.

Adulterated or rather miserable imitations of wines and liquors are also becoming very common. Recently an establishment in this city was seized by the sheriff, and a well known druggist was requested to analyze the compounds sold under the name of wine.

IN IRELAND.—Men and women, masters and servants, all inhabit the same room, while cleanliness is not much attended to; but poor as they are, and accustomed to great privations, they set an example of cheerful contentment.

Occasionally, indeed, business men and business hours are robbed of work and complacency by the advent of the visitor who lingers. The busy lawyer, having been made the recipient of the confidence of his client, not unfrequently finds that, business attended to, his ear is made prisoner by the parting remarks, discussions and observations of his unsophisticated patron.

Proud persons have few real friends.

Miscellaneous.

THE ART OF LEAVING.

It is Disraeli, who, in "Lothair," puts into the mouth of Theodora the sentiment that no one should ever say good bye, but in departing should fade away like a summer cloud.

Schiller wrote to Goethe concerning the visit of Madame de Staël to the Court of Weimar, "She ought to know when it is time to go;" and from what we can learn of that good lady's departure we infer that at the time of her going she still further bored the great poets by her tedious farewells.

The art of leaving is less understood by women than by men. The habits of business, the recognized fact that to a business man time is money, the throng and press and exactness of business life, all tend to make men the best possible exemplars of the fine art of leaving, and leaving at once.

It was sweet to feel that there was some one to share her trouble with her—some one to whom she had a right to look for comfort.

But a letter came, stating that the writer had thought over the story she had once told him, and had decided it would be injustice for him to hold her to her engagement.

So she sat, one afternoon, in her little lodging house room, sadly forming her plans for the future, when a tap came upon the door. It opened and there stood the manly image she had ruthlessly driven from her heart.

The poor girl rose, hesitated, and then with a low, glad cry sprang into the outstretched arms. "Oh, my precious one! can I take the right to comfort you! I only just heard of your trouble. I never once thought that your engagement was broken, I imagined how it was, and came on the wings of the wind."

He paused, and lifting the drooping head with his firm hand, he gazed long and earnestly into the lustrous eyes, and then quietly pressed his own lips to the sweet, trembling mouth. In that kiss Ethel felt all her troubles vanish.

New Haven, Conn., residents employ about 500 telephones, connected by seventy miles of wire.

perfectly candid, as was her nature, and told him all, adding that he was free to break their engagement; but if he held her to it, she would do her duty and be a faithful wife to him.

Henry Merle was a man of the world. Love was only a name to him; he had pulled off its sweets long before he met the girl now speaking to him, with the pale, pleading face and heavy eyes. He knew Ethel had a fortune, and that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, so he clung fast to his prize, and never thought of letting her go.

The preparations for the marriage were rapidly going on, when Ethel's quiet was rudely broken by one of those terrible shocks which sometimes come in people's lives.

Her brother, who had left her when their parents died, and who had seemed to have forgotten her very existence, was a stranger to a large amount. He had spent his own fortune, gone from bad to worse, and now every paper throughout the land was full of the details of his crime.

But Ethel rose superior to the blow, which would have crushed a weaker nature. She did not sit down to think, but acted promptly. And her action saved him from further dishonor. Money, some say, is the "root of all evil;" but often it is the root of a good deal of good; and Ethel, with a thankful heart, gave all of hers to cover the stolen amount, and the offender was allowed to remain in merciful oblivion in a foreign country.

Now the excitement was over Ethel had time to think. She had not seen Henry Merle during all the sad trial she had so bravely passed through; but she did not think it strange, as she knew that his time was very much taken up in business, and her thoughts dwelt upon him and their approaching marriage with a nearer approach to real tenderness than ever before.

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So she sat, one afternoon, in her little lodging house room, sadly forming her plans for the future, when a tap came upon the door. It opened and there stood the manly image she had ruthlessly driven from her heart.

"Ethel! my poor darling!" The poor girl rose, hesitated, and then with a low, glad cry sprang into the outstretched arms. "Oh, my precious one! can I take the right to comfort you! I only just heard of your trouble. I never once thought that your engagement was broken, I imagined how it was, and came on the wings of the wind."

He paused, and lifting the drooping head with his firm hand, he gazed long and earnestly into the lustrous eyes, and then quietly pressed his own lips to the sweet, trembling mouth. In that kiss Ethel felt all her troubles vanish.

And so it always is—the darkest hour is always just before the dawning.

And it was the time for Mr. Merle's return. Ethel was again

"It is too late to say that, or anything, but that I love you—with the love that comes but once in a man's life."

"So short a time—so short," she broke in. "I know it is short; but it has seemed long to me, for I loved you the first moment we met."

"Oh, stop!" she fairly groaned; "it is wicked for me to listen." "Wicked!"

"Yes!" she had also arisen, and stood facing him. "Oh, Dr. Murray, forgive me! I did not foresee this. I am engaged to another!"

For an instant the strong man reeled and the soft light which shed its subdued lustre on the fragrant flowers around him, changed to murky darkness before his eyes. With a strong effort he mastered his emotion.

"Do not reproach yourself, or say 'forgive me,' Miss Stuart, for it is all my own fault. I see I have been mistaken. What I took for love was only a kindly liking."

He offered her his arm as he finished speaking. Ethel shivered as with cold, as she placed her little white gloved hand upon it; and together they re-entered the ball-room.

As Ethel Stuart sat in her room that night, listlessly untwining the golden braids, a stormy conflict was raging in her heart. Hers was no common case—she was the promised wife of one man, and alas! felt that she loved another.

At an early age her parents had died, leaving her and an older brother alone in the world. The brother, who had always been a trial to his parents, placed his little sister in a boarding school, and taking his half of the large fortune left, had gone abroad.

Thus Ethel had grown up, never knowing the protecting blessing of parent love, compelled to think and act for herself.

She left school and entered society and at the age of twenty had never met any man to whom her heart went out, acknowledging him its master. Even those who knew her best called her reserved, incapable of passionate attachment.

Then she had met Henry Merle. From the first he made his admiration for her very evident. He was handsome, wealthy, and possessed of great culture, and Ethel, advised by all who knew her well enough to advise when he offered himself, did not say him nay, but told him frankly how she felt towards him. That she did not love him with that passionate love such as she read of, but she liked him better than any one else.

He was contented, more than contented, to secure the object of his admiration at any price; and the lovely girl, thinking that at last she had found a quiet haven from the giddy whirl of society, which she had never loved, accepted him.

His property in the West Indies needed his supervision, and placing a diamond solitaire on the slender finger of his promised bride, he had gone with the understanding that in the spring, on his return, they would be married.

It was about this time Ethel met Randolph Murray. He was a young physician of small means, but with a clear, intelligent intellect, and active hands, and it was not long before her womanly penetration recognized his worth.

Without the slightest perception of her danger, Ethel had drifted into a friendship with him, and now the end had come.

Before her on her toilet-table lay a letter announcing her betrothed's speedy return, and that evening Randolph Murray had started to life in her heart, by his unexpected arrival, a feeling which the girl felt through every fibre of her frame, would be cruelly hard to suppress. But that it must be suppressed, driven away, she knew, for her word was solemnly given.

The week passed. Dr. Murray removed to the west, much to the surprise of all his friends and patrons (but Ethel knew why.)

Poetry.

"NEBBER COME HOME NO MO."

The following little poem, which is considered by all who have read it a masterpiece, is from the pen of Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, of Charleston, S. C., and will touch a tender chord in every breast. It is particularly appropriate at this season:

I've been waiting long for de good ole time, Dat'll nebber come no mo' an' sing, In de little cabin do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle— Po' Sam—he went gone—done dead; Dead for de want ob food an' clothes, An' de shelter ober head.

An' little Mose, well, he's dead, too; How he used to dance an' sing! While Jim and Polly, an' 'all de res', Went round 'n round' de ring.

Old miss—bless her dear ole soul— Would luff till her sides gib way, An' massa'd stop at my cabin jest To say, "How's ole mammy to-day?"

De boys—I mean ole massa's boys— Dey labbed ole mammy, too, Who nussed 'em ob'y blessed one, Clean down to little mas' Loo.

Po' Massa Loo! He went to fight But he nebber come back no mo'; We heard dat he fell wid a ball in his breast In front of de battle roar.

He put his arms aroun' my neck An' say; "Mammy, I love you so!" He didn't see no harm in dat, Do his mammy was black an' po'.

Ole miss is died wid a broken heart When de lass of de boys was killed, An' massa bowed his head an' cried— Dat his cap ob sorrow was filled.

An' here I've sot a waitin' an' a waitin' For de good time comin' no mo', An' I see ole miss a callin' mammy Across from de udder sho'.

Selected Story.

ETHEL.

"Into each life some rain must fall, Some days must be dark and dreary."

Mrs. Forrester's ball was the most brilliant affair of the season. Every one said so, and, of course, "every one" could not be wrong. A dazzling mixture of lights and flowers; flashing jewels on gleaming white necks and arms; an atmosphere of "tropical odors sweeter than musk;" and floating around in the kaleidoscopic mazes of the dance, men and women with beautiful faces and eyes of a tropical dusk.

But the bright particular star of the evening—the lovely girl over whose patrician beauty society raved—was missing. In a flower-embowered retreat, with her satin robes trailing in shimmering folds softly around her, Ethel Stuart sat alone. The sweet face was bent thoughtfully downward, and the thick, tropical foliage concealed her from the passing glance. But some one has discovered her.

"Miss Stuart, so you are here! (with a sign of relief.) I arrived about half an hour since, and was just making up my mind to go when I remembered your fancy for stealing away from your importunate admirers to sit and muse in some silent conservatory."

The thoughtful face lighted up with a radiant smile as the girl made room for the speaker by her side.

"And why should you have determined to take your departure so soon? It were scarcely complimentary to our hostess and your many fair friends."

"Ethel!" It was but a word softly spoken, and the silence that followed was painful, for at the sound of her name uttered in a tone which was in itself almost a caress, the girl started, the delicate cheeks blanched, and a gloom of pain gathered like a shadow in her eyes. Putting up her hands as if to ward off some impending evil, Ethel exclaimed:

"Oh, Doctor Murray, don't—don't speak any farther!" Randolph Murray impulsively sprang to his feet.

"And why should I not speak farther? You have seen what was in my heart these past weeks. Ah, Ethel! I read my answer long ago in your beautiful eyes!" "You do not—cannot mean it?" she began in a dazed sort of way; but he interrupted her in a slow, deep voice that carried his whole soul in its tone:

Hardware and Cutlery.

LOW PRICE COTTON.

The undersigned ask to call attention of the Farmers and Mechanics to their new supply of

STEEL PLOWS, of all kinds, STEEL SHAPES, PLOW STOCKS Of the "Avery Patent."

AXES, Of all grades and prices.

SPADES, SHOVELS, MANURE FORKS, Of all kinds.

Picks, Grubbing Hoes, &c. Also, a splendid lot of

Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools, All laid in at prices that will meet the low price of cotton. Call and see for yourselves, at the Hardware Store of

COPPOCK & JOHNSON, No. 3, Mollohon Row.

Jan. 1, 1879. 1—of

GRAIN CRADLES. Senn's, Conitt's and Northern make, at the lowest prices. Call and see samples. COPPOCK & JOHNSON.

Apr. 2, 14—of

NEW NOTICE. Look out for the best Swede's Iron, Bruce's Crown Hoes, Axes of all kinds, Trace Chains, &c. They can be found at the Hardware Store of

COPPOCK & JOHNSON. Also, Agents for best make of Buggies and Carriages. Jan. 15, 8—of.

NOTICE TO FARMERS. Also, a fresh lot of Wagons and Riding Saddles, Wagon Hitching, Lines and Collars, Sole and Upper Leather, Harness and Whang Leather. All of which will be offered at low prices. COPPOCK & JOHNSON.

Sep. 2, 1878—36—of.

Clothing.

CLOTHING FOR EVERYBODY!

NEW STOCK!

NEW PRICES!

WRIGHT & J. W. COPPOCK

Respectfully call attention to their splendid stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

THE CHEAPEST AND MOST COMPLETE Ever Offered to the Public.

BUSINESS AND DRESS SUITS AT ROCK BED PRICES!

Which Defy Competition.

Hats, Shoes, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises.

SHIRTS, LOWER THAN EVER.

And all other kinds of GENTLEMEN'S and YOUTHS' FURNISHING GOODS.

No. 4, Mollohon Row.

CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

R. H. WRIGHT. J. W. COPPOCK. Sep. 25, 39—of.

Notice of Settlement and Final Discharge.

The undersigned, Executor of John H. Graham, deceased, will make a final settlement on the said estate on the Fourteenth day of April, 1879, in the office of the Judge of Probate for Newberry County, and immediately thereafter apply for a final discharge as such executor.

F. D. GRAHAM, Executor of John H. Graham, deceased. March 12, 11—5t.

FOUNDRY NOTICE. THE undersigned would respectfully inform his friends and the friends of Mr. PETER KIND, that he has bought the PHOENIX IRON WORKS, of Columbia, S. C., and is now prepared to do all kinds of work in the manufacture of STEAM ENGINES, from five-horse power to any size. Boilers, Saw, Grist and Cane Mills, all kinds of Agricultural Implements, Iron and Brass Castings, Columns for stores, of all descriptions, Railings for Balconies and Cemeteries, and Repairing of all kinds of machinery.

Mr. Peter Kind will superintend the business, and all orders sent shall have prompt attention. Reasonable prices, and good work done by the best mechanics. Direct all orders to G. DIERCKS, or, PETER KIND, Superintendent, for G. Diercks, Columbia, S. C. Mar. 18, 12—4f.

Miscellaneous.

BUGGIES! BUGGIES!

The subscriber having bought the stock of the firm of J. Taylor & Co., will continue to conduct the business in all of its various branches of

Wheelwright Work, Blacksmithing, Painting and Trimming.

All of which will be done in first class style. I have a choice and well selected stock of seasoned material and will build

DOUBLE AND SINGLE SEAT BUGGIES

for sale and to order, of any style or pattern, promptly, and guaranteed satisfaction, as I will employ none but the best and most careful workmen, and spare no pains to make my work first class.

OLD CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES renovated and made to look equal to new. REPAIRING done in the best manner and with dispatch.

BORSEHOELS and PLANTATION WORK promptly done. All of the above will be executed AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

A liberal patronage respectfully solicited.

J. TAYLOR, SHOP OPPOSITE JAIL, NEWBERRY, S. C.

Mar. 12, 11—3m.

POMARIA NURSERIES.

Thrifty, healthy and acclimated

FRUIT TREES, From earliest to latest.

Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Shrubbery, GRAPE VINES, STRAWBERRY PLANTS, Roses, Dahlias, Etc., Etc.

For sale at Pomaria Nurseries.

Orders filled correctly and satisfaction guaranteed.

For Catalogue or information, address J. A. SUMMER, POMARIA, S. C.

Jan. 15, 3—3m.

EMBALMING BURIAL CASES.

The subscribers inform the public that they have on hand EMBALMING CASES, and are prepared to EMBALM in a satisfactory manner. By the use of these cases bodies can be kept through all time with perfect preservation of features. Those who wish our services will call on us. These embalming cases are beautiful in their make and we guarantee them to be all that is said of them, or take back and refund the price.

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON. Dec. 11, 50—1y.

WOOD'S HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, (Vol. 16) for 1879, enlarged to 100 pages, contains the cream of the world's literature arranged in twenty departments, for the entertainment, instruction, and profit of every reader. Yearly, \$2.00; sample copy, 10 cents. Order from newsdealers or direct. Unprecedented terms free to agents. Send 10c. for outline, worth \$1. S. S. Wood, Tribune Building, N. Y. City.

The above popular Magazine and the Newberry Herald will be furnished to new subscribers at the low rate of \$3 for the two. Feb. 5, 6—4f.

NOTICE!

I would announce to my friends and the public generally, that I have the agency for the sale of the following named Fertilizers:

Palmetto Acid Phosphate. Eutaw Ammoniated Fertilizer.

Merryman's Ammoniated Dissolved Bones. Allison & Addison's Complete Manure for Cotton.

Bradley's Patent Phosphate. All of which will be sold on as good terms as any other Fertilizers of the same grade, either for cotton or money. I respectfully solicit your patronage.

W. W. HODGES. Office at Jones & Satterwhite's Store. Feb. 12, 7—2m.

ALSTON DINNER HOUSE. Passengers on both the up and down trains have the usual time for DINNER at Alston, the junction of the G. & C. R. R., and the S. U. & C. R. R. Fare well prepared, and the charge reasonable. MRS. M. A. ELKINS. Oct. 9, 41—4f.