

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1879.

No. 45.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

Notices of meetings, obituaries and notices 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 the office, and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal reductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH TERMS CASH.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

At the New Store on Hotel Lot.

I have now on hand a large and elegant assortment of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware, VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS, SPECTACLES AND SPECTACLE CASES, WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

All orders by mail promptly attended to. Watchmaking and Repairing Done Cheaply and with Dispatch.

EDUARD SCHOLTZ, Nov. 21, 47—tf.

Miscellaneous.

BURIAL CASES.

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON

Respectfully announce that they have on hand the largest and best variety of BURIAL CASES ever brought to Newberry, consisting of

Fisk's Metallic Cases,

Embalming Cases,

Rosewood Cases.

Together with

COFFINS of their own Make,

Which are the best and cheapest in the place. Having a FINE HEARSE they are prepared to furnish funerals in town or country in the most approved manner.

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON

May 7, 1879, 19—tf.

NEW HOTEL.

This commodious edifice, situated on MAIN STREET, NEWBERRY, S. C., and known as the

BLEASE HOTEL,

is now open, and invites the people one and all to call and know what can be done at all hours, to wit: An Extra Good Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper, for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Forty or fifty regular boarders will be taken at proportionately low rates.

The convenience of location, excellent spring water, well furnished table, etc., commend this house to every one.

Oct. 16, 42—tf.

Preserve Your Old Books!

E. R. STOKES,

Blank Book Manufacturer

AND GENERAL BOOKBINDER.

Has moved opposite the City Hall, where he is fully prepared, with first-class workmen, to do all kinds of work in his line.

Blank Books RULED to any pattern and bound in any style desired.

My facilities and long acquaintance with the business enable me to guarantee satisfaction on orders for Bank Books, Railroad Books, and Books for the use of Clerks of Court, Sheriffs, Probate Judges, Masters in Equity, and other County Officials.

Pamphlets, Magazines, Music, Newspapers and Periodicals, and all kinds of publications bound on the most reasonable terms and in the best manner.

All orders promptly attended to.

E. R. STOKES,

Main Street opposite New City Hall, Oct. 8, 41—tf. Columbia, S. C.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

The citizens of Newberry are respectfully informed that I have opened the Gallery in the Agricultural Society building, formerly occupied by Mr. Wiseman, and that I am prepared to take

PICTURES

IN EVERY STYLE, On Very Reasonable Terms.

Give me a call and examine specimens.

W. A. CLARK.

May 7, 19—tf.

WANTED

A LIMITED NUMBER of active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance.

TO MAKE MONEY.

Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business need apply. Address: FLETCHER, HARVEY & Co., Jun 25, 26—ly Atlanta, Ga.

Any Book or Article

In the Stationery Line NOT IN STOCK,

Will be ordered and furnished at publishers' or manufacturers' regular retail price.

Leave your orders at the

HERALD STATIONERY STORE, Jan. 2, 1—tf.

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,

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

COPOCK & JOHNSON,

No. 3, Mollohon Row.

Jan. 1, 1879. 1—tf.

NEW CROP

RED CLOVER,

ORCHARD GRASS

AND

LUCERNE SEEDS,

At

COPOCK & JOHNSON'S,

Aug. 27, 35—tf.

AVERY'S PLOWS.

Avery's Walking Cultivator, four plows.

Avery's Doublefoot, iron plow.

Avery's " " wood plow.

Avery's Single, wood and iron plow.

Avery's Garden Plow.

At prices that any farmer can buy.

Call on

COPOCK & JOHNSON, Apr. 30, 18—tf.

Miscellaneous.

SPPOOL COTTON.

ESTABLISHED 1812.

CLARK'S

TRADE MARK

SPPOOL COTTON.

SOLE AGENT,

GEORGE A. CLARK,

400 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The distinctive features of this spool cotton are that it is made from the very finest

SEA ISLAND COTTON.

It is finished soft as the cotton from which it is made; it has no waxing or artificial finish to deceive the eyes; it is the strongest, smoothest and most elastic sewing thread in the market; for machine sewing it has no equal; it is wound on

WHITE SPOOLS.

The Black is the most perfect

JET BLACK

ever produced in spool cotton, being dyed by a system patented by ourselves. The colors are fixed by the

NEW ANILINE PROCESS

rendering them so perfect and brilliant that dressmakers everywhere use them instead of sewing silks.

A Gold Medal was awarded this spool cotton at Paris, 1878, for "great strength" and "superior excellence" being the highest award given for spool cotton.

We invite comparison and respectfully assure you that we have no equal in the market. To be had at wholesale and retail at

J. D. CASH'S

July 16, 23—tm.

SOUTHERN RAISED

GARDEN SEED.

Who will help me sell them? I will pay the freight and send to any reliable party an assortment of my Garden and Field Seeds and give 30 per cent. commission for selling, and take back any part that may not be sold at the end of the season.

Five cents per packet is too little, but as large Northern houses put them down from ideas of monopoly, no doubt, I shall freely sell accordingly, and take my chances. I have, however, two grand advantages:

First, I sell to a population having decided preferences for Southern enterprise and Southern men; and secondly, there is not a dear old woman in the South that does not know that Burcombe Cabbage Seed are the best in the world. Females make first rate agents.

I don't keep such a variety as to make a bewildering list, but the best of the usual Garden and Field varieties, and try to keep them fresh and sound, and sell them cheap. Send your orders early.

Respectfully,

J. W. VANDIVER, Garden and Field Seed Producer, Weaverville, N. C. Oct. 15, 1879—42—6t.

TOBIAS DAWKINS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

SHOP NEXT DOOR NORTH OF POST OFFICE. SHAVE NEAT, SHAVE NEAT, and polite attention guaranteed. May 5, 18—tf.

Poetry.

UPON THE NASHUA.

BY EVA L. SMYTH.

Last night, while sailing on the sea, The tender moon looked down on me, And seemed to write upon the tide This legend strange, in letters wide: "Tho' storms be rude, fear not, fear not, For God hath never yet forgot."

A storm came down, and reckless bore Our groaning bark from shore to shore. Ere long, upon the inky main, That same sweet legend shone again: "Tho' storms be rude, fear not, fear not, For God hath never yet forgot."

So tho' my soul be troubled now, And tempest bid my courage bow, Still will I chant the sky-born hymn I read upon the waters dim: "Tho' storms be rude, fear not, fear not, For God hath never yet forgot."

Selected Story.

BRAVE DICK.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

One or two young men came out of the Academy of Music when the opera was over, and lingered in the lobby to watch the passing of the crowd. Young Fred Sautler came up to them while putting his pearl lorgnette in its case.

"Nice house, eh?" he said, languidly. "Well dressed. See Fanny Swan. Wretched taste for young girls to wear diamonds! What d'ye think of the new tenor, eh? Miserable, I say."

The older man answered him civilly and walked on, leaving him with some lads of his own age.

"What would Miss Swan say if she heard that cub criticizing her?" said Dr. Pomeroy. "The most insufferable creature in the world to me is a conceited boy, assuming the tone of a man of position, when he has not yet proved his right to be alive."

"I thought young Sautler had money," said one of the party. "He drives a fine horse, wears clothes made by a better tailor than I can afford, and lunches at the best restaurant."

"Money!" said the doctor, angrily. "Why, his father is head bookkeeper for Smiles & Son, with a family of six. He strained every nerve to educate this boy, who now looks upon every practicable way of earning his living as plebeian. I'll warrant you the fellow never had twenty cents in his pockets of his own earning. His restaurant and livery stable bills come in to his poor old father at the end of every month."

Meanwhile, young Sautler stood complacently twirling his opera hat and watching the pretty girls as they passed. He caught a glimpse of his dapper little figure in a great mirror—the waxed moustache, lavender gloves, wired roses in his button-hole—and looked pityingly after the doctor and his friends.

"How those old fellows must envy us!" he said. "Wine, with life in its sparkle, and dregs, eh? Oh, by the way. I saw a curious thing to-day! Dick Knight—you remember Knight in our class, who took the scientific course to fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it appears that, times being so hard, he could get no proper work to do; so he has taken to improper. Instead of laying by as I have done, waiting quietly for an opening for an educated man to step into, he actually is—"

"I'm ashamed to tell it!" "What? What is he?" asked his listener.

"Driving an engine on the Central road! Fact! I saw him, all grimy with smoke in his little caboose to day. 'Good heavens! I said, 'Knight, are you mad?' 'Not so mad as to starve,' he said, laughing."

"I asked him why his father did not support him, and keep him from such degradation. Then he was mad."

"Do you think I, with my big strong body, will be a burden on an old man?" he said; and began to talk nonsense about laziness degrading man and that no man was ever degraded by honest work,

with more of the same sort of bosh, all very ridiculous and very disgraceful. You'll see him to-night, if you take the 11 p. m. train."

"Tut, tut!" the lads said; and "Poor Knight! he was a good fellow," precisely as if he were dead.

Indeed, from the light and brilliancy of the scene above them—the music, the beautiful low-voiced women, themselves daintily attired, that gay and happy part of the world—there was a gulf like death to the grimy engine-driver in the dark depot, a gulf which none but a madman, they thought, would willingly cross.

They sauntered out of the opera house, and a few minutes before eleven, reached the depot, in time for the train that ran out to the suburban town where they lived. "There he is," whispered Sautler. "He takes our train out; but the engine is not yet put to it."

The engine was on a siding, puffing and spitting little jets of steam, and Dick Knight, a tall, manly young fellow, was coming at that moment down from the superintendent's room. He caught sight of his old classmates, laughed, hesitated, and raised his hand to his hat.

"Going to speak to him, hey?" said little Billie McGee, anxiously.

The young men grew red and embarrassed. Some of them nodded to Knight awkwardly, and seemed inclined to go and meet him.

"I say no," said Sautler, peremptorily.

"If he chooses to leave the companionship of gentlemen I shall not follow him, I talk to mechanics and that sort of people who never had a chance to be anything better; but Knight is a social suicide, sir."

"That's true," said McGee. "How well Sautler puts things!" he added aside. "Social suicide! Well, I shall not bring him to life."

Knight saw that the young men wished to avoid him, and turned aside with a bow and brightened color, while they hurried into the train.

It was yet five minutes until the time of starting.

The train of passenger cars was on the main track (the engine still being detached), and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theaters and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gabgery between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages.

Just then, a short distance up the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked out in horror: "A runaway train on the main track! A runaway train on the main track! Passengers in the depot! Out of the cars!—out of the cars!"

A runaway freight train was on the track. The fireman had started it for the purpose of taking it into the freight depot. By some accident, before it had left the main track, the man had stumbled as he was at his work, and had fallen nearly upon the ground. Laif-tallen, he had jumped up; but could not catch the moving engine, which was gaining speed every second, and had shrieked out his warning.

It so happened that the switch-tender, through fright, or from some unexplained cause, did not move his switch in season to run the train off the main track; and now the huge machine, with its train behind, was rushing toward that promised fatal disaster.

The few officials who were near had time but to gasp with horror. At the moment when the cry of danger was shrieked out upon the night air, Dick Knight was attacking his engine to the passenger train. From the cars and platform rose a yell of frantic terror, in which Sautler's voice was highest.

Death seemed rushing upon the people, who had not time to get out of the cars before the driving train would be upon them.

The officials in the depot watched Dick Knight with blanched faces.

"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomeroy.

But Dick had put steam upon his engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood, with his hand on the lever, calm and determined.

His huge machine sprang forward. It met the coming locomotive with a crash that threw both monsters upward, as if they had risen to wrestle and throw each other. Then Dick's engine was thrown on one side; but the force of the runaway train was overcome, and the machinery of the engine so injured that all movement was stopped. Dick was hurled senseless several feet from the place of the collision.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomeroy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting room, where he was left with the physicians.

"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomeroy came out, "how is it? Will he live?"

"I think so. God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"

"You know him, then? Who is he? Why, do you know what I love him?" and his voice broke.

"My little girl is aboard that train."

Dr. Pomeroy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.

"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble that a man cannot show the best qualities of manhood in it, as we have seen to-night. It is not the daring courage I approved in him so much as the presence of mind, the keen eye, to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call on me at ten to-morrow," he said to the station-master.

"Who is that?" asked Fred Sautler breathlessly of the official.

"The president of the road. Dick Knight, if he lives, has an open road to fortune now, and he deserves it."

Fred Sautler crept into the car to go home. His lavender gloves were soiled, and the wired roses in his button-hole was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. Life itself was sickly and decayed, he thought with a yawn; and he threw the wilted rose out of the window. Yes, and to all conceited, effeminate natures like his, it is likely to prove as Sautler's imagination pictured it that night.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S STORY OF OLD GAFFER.

AND now for a story about old Gaffer Peters.

One day Jack Brily, which is the wicked sailor, swears and everything, that he was going by ole Gaffer's house, and he found him digging a well, and a boy was pullin up the rocks in a bucket with a winlass. So Jack he give the boy 2 bits, and sed:

"You go and git sum candy, and I'll pull up for you when I get back," and the boy done it. Then Jack he put his bull dog in the bucket and let him down, and the dog it jumped out in the well with Gaffer, which hollered wild, and the dog too. Then Jack he got ole Gaffers' cat, and pitched that down too, and the dog tackled the cat between Gaffers' legs, and the cat ran up it Gaffer like he was a tree, and all yellin' like ingens. There wasent never such a fit.

After a while Jack he let the bucket down and hauled ole Gaffer up with the winlass, looking mighty beat, and his clothes tore bad. Pore Gaffer end got his breth, Jack sed: "Toll you wot, Gaffer, if I hadent come along yude had a pretty rough time of it, eos that boy's gone for another cat."

Then Gaffer he helped Jack git the dog out, which had killed the cat, and Jack and the dog they went away, and when the boy come in site, Gaffer he met him morn half way, and licked him til he was sick abed.

Miscellaneous.

A WORD ABOUT NEWSPAPERS.

Respectfully Dedicated to Those who Never Pay the Printer.

The Gainesville Eagle is the last to let fly a few sharp pointed and well-timed arrows at bores and dead beats who are always to be found wherever a newspaper is published. The following is to the point, and we move its unanimous adoption by the press of the country:

There is not perhaps in the whole range of business professions or callings, one that is so little understood, and about which there are as many erroneous ideas as that of the conduct, privileges, purposes and rights of a newspaper. From it people expect more, and propose to pay less than they would dare to ask from any other business in the world.

A great many very good people seem to forget that newspapers are business enterprises. They ignore the fact that a newspaper man is flesh and blood, and that he must eat, drink, wear, live, more and have being as any other human biped. They seem to forget that he has like passions, like necessities, like cares, troubles and anxieties with other men. Hence, when he differs with them, when he expresses an opinion in opposition to their own, with warmth and vigor, they are ready to denounce him, and seem as much astonished as if an angel had flown down from the outposts of heaven and pelted them with a brickbat. He is expected to be above and beyond the small weaknesses of humanity, and soar around in the elysian fields of grandiloquent genius, or leisurely browse in the vernal pastures of pure wisdom, and see everything as every body else sees it, and reconcile the vast differences of opinion of imperious thousands.

But it is not in this alone that the world mistakes us. Very many, very good people, good honest souls, who would never think of asking their grocer to give them a dime's worth of cheese, will ask a newspaper man to sacrifice his space, pay his printers to set up the type, and wear out his material to do them a service, and expect him to acquiesce as a matter of course. It is astonishing how many people have axes to grind which from their standpoint are "matters of public interest," and woe to the poor editor who cannot see it in that light.

There are two or three things which many good honest people need to be educated to understand. One is that editors are human. They are liable to be mistaken, and are entitled to the same charity as other people who may do likewise. Second, that they cannot live on wind and sleep on fumes, and must be paid for their stock in trade, the same as a merchant or any other business man. Think, that a newspaper does not belong to the world at large, but to its owners and conductors, and that it cannot be made a slat-box through which to flow all the surplus bile of a community or the trashy off-spring of the brain of every ninecopper who itches to see his name in print.

HISTORICAL.—"Now, ladies and gentlemen," shouted the book agent, "before the picnic concludes I want to sell 'every one of you a copy of the 'Life of Pocahontas.' She was an Injan girl, Poky was—"

—but she wasn't the kind that went around peddling baskets and blow-guns. Not frequently. She staid at home playing croquet in the front yard, or went to the Ladies' Aid Society, didn't take no coppers off o' nobody. The celebrated John Smith came traveling through them parts as agent for a family paper, but Poky wouldn't let her father raise a club. She married Smith afterward, and the last act of her life was to die of consumption." Just here Officer Uncle Sammy Jones approached with a shot gun and the meeting adjourned.