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Vol. XVI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1880.

No. 11.

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Poetry. PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Advice is cheap, the market's full, O'er ready some to teach, While o'er the eyes the wool they pull, Nor practice what they preach.

The monstrous "beam" is never seen, The "mote" provokes their scorn, The while seductive vice they screen, Nor practice what they preach.

Sweet charity take by the hand, Fair justice's height to reach, Where others slip, you firmly stand, And practice what you preach.

Precept is good, example's best, Be chary then of speech, So live that very life attest You practice what you preach. —Quincy Modern Argo.

Selected Story. A Family Reunion.

BY JUDGE CLARK. "Mr. Meade would like to see you at once, if you can come, sir," was the message delivered to Orrin Carson, a young lawyer, but the leading one, in the flourishing little country town which had been christened Dellvale by somebody not having the fear of tautology before his eyes.

Mr. Meade, let us explain, was an invalid who had come, it may have been a year before, accompanied by his daughter Elspeth, to seek from the salubrious air of Dellvale that health for which he had elsewhere sought in vain; and that was about all anybody knew of him save that the style in which he lived betokened wealth.

Elspeth Meade was a beauty; and had she been of manners less retiring, or at all disposed to use her power, she would, no doubt, have made enemies of the whole bery of Dellvale belles, for she could easily have had all their sweethearts at her feet.

Mr. Carson followed Mr. Meade's messenger, and was immediately ushered into the sick man's chamber, where he found the physician in attendance looking deeply concerned for his patient's symptoms had suddenly become alarming.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Carson alone," said Mr. Meade, with a look at the doctor, who took the hint and withdrew. Mr. Carson took the chair to which he was invited near the bed, and awaited whatever communication was coming.

"I feel that the struggle is nearly over," Mr. Meade began, speaking feebly. "The old enemy is about to triumph, as he always does in the end."

"The speech with which the young lawyer would have cheered the invalid's spirits was cut short—not rudely, but with a pensive smile which evinced how completely all hope had been abandoned.

"I appreciate the kindness of your motives," said Mr. Meade, "but nothing can alter my conviction that the end is near, and that something I desire to say to you, under the seal of professional confidence, must be spoken now or never."

"After my father's death I became a wanderer in many parts; a moderate sum inherited from my mother, and of which it was not in my father's power to deprive me, sufficing to defray the expense.

"On a homeward bound voyage, chance found me in the same ship with my brother's child and his nurse. I discovered their identity by accident. The child, I learned had been christened Allyn, after his mother's maiden name. My relationship to him I was careful not to disclose, either to the nurse or any of the passengers.

"My small fortune was nearly exhausted, and it may have been that that put it into my head—anyhow the thought came, that but for that child I would now be the possessor of the wealth of which I had been supplanted. This thought was followed by another, that if my infant nephew died, as his next of kin of the blood from which the estate came, I would be his heir.

"One night, when all the passengers were abed, the ship struck upon a rock either not laid down in the charts, or one for which a sufficient watch had not been kept.

"The vessel held her course, and, at first, it was thought she had suffered no material damage. But soon the dread alarm was given that the ship was sinking.

"No time was to be lost. The passengers and crew, with whatever provisions were at hand, were hustled into the long-boat, which was pushed clear of the foundering vessel.

"I protest and declare that it was not till we had lost sight of the ship, that I discovered that the nurse and the child were not amongst us! Had I noted the fact in time to turn back to their rescue, I trust—I believe—I should have called attention to it. As it was, to search for the ship in the darkness, if she had not already gone down, seemed hopeless, and I held my peace. Then quickly came the thought—I could not help it—"the fortune now is mine!"

But when, at length, another utterer the cry, "The woman and the child!" and amid wild exclamations from those bound to the lost by no ties of blood, the boat was put about, and hours spent in anxious though fruitless search, I felt that my previous avarice and silence had branded me as a murderer!

"I had no difficulty in establishing my claim to the fortune I had coveted so long. On the death of my brother and his child, the law made it clearly mine. But though none suspected that I knew my relationship to the poor babe, the night it was forgotten on the wreck, my conscience was far from quiet. Oh! why had I left it to the mouths of strangers first to raise the startling cry, 'The woman and the child!'"

"I removed to a distant part of the country and married. In a newspaper, one day, I saw an advertisement which seemed to have been many times repeated, inquiring for the relatives of a male infant, picked up at sea in a ship's jolly boat about the time of the wreck which I have just described. The child's clothing was marked with the initials 'A. M.', and about its neck was suspended a gold locket containing a lady's likeness of which full description was given.

"A. M.?"—Allyn Meade was the name of my brothers son! The description of the miniature tallied exactly with the features of my brother's wife, whom I had known before her marriage. The truth flashed upon me. I was not the lawful possessor of the fortune in my basis. The faithful nurse, when aroused to the perils of that dreadful night, must have launched the small boat, depositing in it her charge, and then been carried down before she had time to follow.

dress in the advertisement. But I had a child of my own then, and for her sake desired to remain rich."

"The name of the gentleman?" asked the lawyer eagerly. "Orrin Carson."

With a trembling hand the man drew a locket from his bosom and touched the spring displaying the likeness of a beautiful woman before the eyes of the invalid.

"It is her face!—my brother's wife!" cried the latter in a terror of excitement.

"And Orrin Carson was the generous benefactor who gave me his name and brought me up to his profession!" exclaimed the other, not less excited. "I was picked up at sea just as you have described, and that locket was found with me."

Miscellaneous. A BOY'S FORTUNE.

Hal, a boy of twelve, after a season of discontent, concluded that he was not going to stay at home, and work "for nothing."

So he told his little sister that some dark night, when the wind blew a gale, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, he was going to "light out," to seek his fortune, and was not coming back either until he brought oceans of money; then he would be considered of some account, and not told to do this, that and the other for nothing.

The little girl became so nervous and unhappy, whenever a storm was brewing, the mother noticed it, and questioned her for the cause, and so found out the true story. There was a family consultation, and Hal was told by his father that, if he was not satisfied with his home, he need not wait for an inclement night, but could go in broad daylight, right out of the front door with his clothes in a new valise instead of tying them up in a bundle; some money in his pocket, accompanied by the best wishes of his friends, and, if not successful in his endeavors to earn "oceans of wealth," could return and be warmly welcomed home.

Hal hung his head, but said he had better be earning something. Father said, "Yes, it's manly to wish to work." And that he knew of a man in the neighborhood who was then hunting some one to do a man's work for boy's wages. When told who the man was Hal looked disconcerted, but said he supposed he need not be too particular, as it was wages and not the man he was after. "All right, I'll try it," was the decision; so Hal was off with the birds next morning—and this was his experience:

When Hal arrived at Mr. Van Nest's he was received with these words: "So you are on hand; your father spoke to me about you yesterday, and engaged a day's work for you. It's a bargain, is it?"

Hal said; "Yes, sir," but was too much abashed to say a word about the wages. "Had your breakfast?" And when Hal shook his head, said, "That's bad, but come in, I s'pose you'll have to eat something."

Hal did not mind stooping over so many times in a minute, at first, though the birds sang their love songs in the trees around him, and the breezes whispered in his ear, as they fanned his cheek, to "Come, come o'er the hills and away, fishing." He resisted the impulse to fly, and did stick to business most assiduously. After a while he ventured to ask again:

"What are you going to do with all these worms, sell them to the students?" And he was told again: "Never you mind what I'm going to do with them; you just stick to your business."

When noon came, and they went to dinner, poor Hal had become so disgusted with his work, that eating was a farce. Before starting for the field again, he made a protest, but was, "See here, boy, you and I made a bargain for a day's work, you do what I tell you, or I'll make you."

Hal was subdued, and marched off, and went to work. He was dizzy, faint, tired, hungry, sick, but he dragged himself after everlasting plough. And so the long afternoon wore away, for all things have an ending, and so did this wretched day. They went to the barn, unbitched, and the man took up the bucket, shook his head, said "not half enough," and putting a penny in Hal's extended hand, said "Now, cliket for home, youngster, before dark."

Hal threw the money at the man's head, and started on a run. How he got over the ground, he said he never knew, but he burst in upon his astonished family looking delapidated enough and very considerably demoralized. He sobbingly told the story of his wrongs, and as he sat in the large rocking-chair, looking into the glowing embers of a Spring fire, which burned low upon the hearth, he soliloquized thus:

"I don't believe as long as I live, I shall ever care a cent for a live worm again, and you'll never catch me complaining again, I can tell you."

How DOCTORS THRIVE.—Excited and anxious patient—"Doctor, I do wish you would tell me what's the matter with me; I'm clear out of sorts this morning and I'm afraid I'm going to be down sick. What is the matter with me?"

Doctor (gravely)—"Let me see your tongue." Patient thrusts it out. "What have you been eating?" Patient, reflectively—"Well, I was out late last night, had a bit of supper at midnight; oysters, raw and stewed, lobster salad, cold tongue, pressed chicken, curds and cream, coffee, some fruit cake, a little cheese and a handful of bickory nuts."

Doctor, doubtfully—"Let me see your tongue again." Looks at it thoughtfully, then in authoritative tones: "Ah, yes, I see; you have been eating something that doesn't agree with you."

Grateful patient gives him \$1. Beauties often die old maids. They set such a value on themselves that they don't find a purchaser till the market is closed.

CENSUS CONUNDRUMS. Fully and Satisfactorily Answered by a Member of Congress.

Correspondent of the News and Courier. WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 18.—It is with no purpose of asking you to become a free advertising medium, but simply pro bona publico, that I respectfully ask you to publish the following. Members of Congress are in daily receipt of letters asking about the Census arrangements, and although I have not read the law since last spring, I know the following ideas are therein contained, and if you will publish them, and other papers throughout the State will "follow suit," you will deserve the thanks of the "M. C.'s," and confer a favor upon the public:

The State of South Carolina is divided into three census districts. In the first are the Counties of Abbeville, Anderson, Chester, Edgefield, Greenville, Fairfield, Laurens, Newberry, Oconee, Pickens, Spartanburg, Union and York.

In the second are Aiken, Barrowell, Beaufort, Charleston, Colleton, Hampton, Lexington, Orangeburg and Richland.

In the third are Chesterfield, Clarendon, Darlington, Georgetown, Horry, Kershaw, Lancaster, Marion, Marlboro', Sumter and Williamsburg.

For each of these districts the President appoints a supervisor. The Congressional delegation selected Mr. J. K. Vance of Greenville, Mr. Harry Hammond of Barrowell, and Judge Townsend of Marlboro', and submitted their names to the President as suitable persons for supervisors. He returned the names of Mr. C. H. Pride of Chester, a Mr. Breeden of Darlington, and Mr. Hammond to the Senate, and subsequently withdrew the name of Mr. Hammond, and to this writing has not, that I am aware, sent in a substitute. The result is that up to date the Senate has confirmed no supervisor for South Carolina. When once confirmed (and their confirmation will be known in Charleston as soon as it will be here) each will be immediately put to work upon a stated salary of five hundred dollars (\$500.)

One of their first duties will be to divide up their respective districts into areas containing not more than 4,000 inhabitants each. Each supervisor will then select an enumerator for each such sub-division of his district, and submit the names of the appointees for the approval of the general superintendent of census at Washington. As soon as approved each enumerator will be advised and supplied with suitable blanks and instructions as to his duties. On the 1st day of June next he is to begin work, and will be required to wind up the job by the 30th of the same month.

The pay of each enumerator is two cents for each inhabitant and something for each farm, but his salary cannot exceed one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125) for the month's work.

So far as "taking the census" concerns any of the thousand and one letter writers, who are inquiring about the duties (&c.), with a view to secure an appointment, the above are all the points that are necessary for the information of the public.

Apart from these, however, the superintendent of census has already placed in the field, (whether by the approval of the President, or the confirmation of the Senate, I am unable to say) what he calls "expert agents" to report upon such subjects as the following: Fisheries; mining industries; power and machinery used in manufactures; defective, delinquent and dependent classes; social statistics of cities; statistics of special branches of agriculture, and mortuary statistics.

To collect the agricultural statistics Prof. Hilgard of the University of California has been appointed. He was once a professor in Oxford, Miss., and is a first-class man; but why the government should have crossed the Rocky Mountains to hunt up a man to give us special information upon a subject about which he must be comparatively ignorant, is an enigma to me. No art or science has been more variedly developed than the culture of cotton since Prof. Hilgard went to California, and there are scores of men in the cotton belt who could give the particular information asked for in half the time and at less cost than Prof. Hilgard can, and who know

ADVERTISING RATES.

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more about the subject in hand to-day than the Professor will when he concludes his labor. He has selected as his assistants Prof. this and Prof. that all over the South, and if the final report is not so scientific that the common cotton farmer will not be able to read it intelligently, this corps of Professors will deserve credit.

Prof. Brewer of New Haven, Conn., is to furnish the report upon the "Production of cereals;" Prof. Sargent, of Massachusetts, on "Forestry;" Mr. Dodge, of Washington, on "Fruits, tobacco and hogs;" and Mr. Gordon, of New York, on "Meat production in the grazing States."

Others might very well inquire why such selections? Does a New York man know as much, or more about "Meats in the grazing States," than a Northwestern man would? Or does a Connecticut man know more about cereals than a Northwestern man? It may be a foolish idea, but to my mind there is an inkling of the carpet-bag system in all this that I do not admit. More earnest workers and sympathetic reporters could have been found among those who lived in the regions where these several branches of information were so investigated. The President never has risen above party in any of his appointments, except where he was forced to do so, and possibly party may have had something to do with these selections.

Be their party what it may, it is only asked of the census officials, from the general superintendent to the humblest enumerator, to do their work truthfully and faithfully, and we will issue a census report next winter containing more valuable statistical and practical information than any other document ever issued by the Congress of the United States.

Very respectfully, D. WYATT AIKEN. Pierre Valcour's Frenchman of Lockport, N. Y., claims to have invented a deep-sea telephone by which vessels can be kept in constant communication with the shore while crossing the ocean. He has discovered how to insulate a single wire so that immersion in water does not impair its transmission of electricity, and this wire is to be paid out from a cigar-shaped metallic float, thirty feet long, in tow of the vessels. Lead sinkers are to be automatically detached every two hundred miles to keep the wire on the ocean's bed, and if the inventor's claims are realized, the ocean passage will lose much of its present isolation.

Kindness is stowed away in the heart like rose leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them, and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

Faults are pliable in infancy, changeable in childhood, more resolute in youth, firmly rooted in manhood, and inflexible in old age.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life, or temperate who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

Most of the evils of life are not the things which happen; but the things we fear will happen.

The stoutest armour of defense is the brave spirit within the bosom.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decency. Our grief may be guessed from the solace and self-deception we resort to. It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside. We seek to control others, yet how few of us are masters of ourselves. No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it. Don't try to do too many things at once, or you will do none of them well.