

Miscellaneous.

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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.

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May 7, 1879. 19-41.

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VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world.

VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. FIVE CENTS for postage will buy the FLOWER GUIDE, containing 100 Pages, One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 Illustrations with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with prices of seeds, and how to grow them. All for a Five Cent Price.

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VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE is published every month, and contains many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year. Five Copies for \$5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents. Address: JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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Room newly fitted and furnished, and gentleman attended with celerity, after the most approved styles. Nov. 22, 47-48.

3300 A MONTH guaranteed, \$13 a day at home made by the industrious.

Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work than any other business. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can do right at. Those who are wise will work for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those who are not satisfied by trying up large sum of money. Address: R. B. & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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CHURCH & CO'S ABSOLUTELY PURE BAKING SODA.

Impero Bi-Carb Soda is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference. See that your Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

O. B. BUTLER & CO., MACHINE SHOP AND CRIST MILLS.

The undersigned have associated together for the purpose of conducting a MACHINE SHOP and CRIST MILL, and will give particular attention to

Repairing Engines and Boilers, and persons having work of this kind to do will find it to their advantage to patronize us. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

WANTED. One Hundred Raw Hides, WEEKLY, At PINE GROVE TANNERY.

MARTIN & MOWER, PROPRIETORS.

Oct. 15, 1879. 42-44.

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XVI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1880.

No. 16.

Buggies.

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 guarantee 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.

HORSESHOEING 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.

TERMS CASH. Oct. 5, 41-6m.

Drugs & Fancy Articles.

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

Removed to store two doors next to Wheeler House.

A full stock of Pure Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Garden and Field Seeds, always in store and at moderate prices.

Orders promptly attended to. Apr. 11, 18-41.

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, VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS, SPECTACLES AND SPECTACLE CASES, WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

IN ENDLESS VARIETY. All orders by mail promptly attended to.

Watchmaking and Repairing Done Cheaply and with Dispatch.

Call and examine my stock and prices. EDUARD SCHOLTZ, Nov. 21, 47-48.

BEST IN THE WORLD! CHURCH & CO'S ABSOLUTELY PURE BAKING SODA.

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See that your Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

Homekeepers who prefer bread made with yeast, will improve its quality, make it rise better and prevent it from souring, by adding one-half teaspoonful of Church & Co's Soda to the salt. Be sure and not use too much. The use of this with your milk in preference to See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER. Apr. 7, 5-3m.

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We are also Agents for

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Oct. 15, 1879. 42-44.

Poetry.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,— Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;

The gleam of their snowy robes I see, But their voices are lost in the dashing tide,

There's one with ringlets of sunny gold, And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;

He crossed in the twilight gray and cold, And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;

We saw not the angels who met him there, And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;

Over the river, over the river, My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale Carried another, the household pet;

Her brown curls wave in the gentle gale, Darling Minnie! I see her yet: She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands.

And fearlessly entered the phantom bark, We felt it glide from the silver sands;

And all our sunshine grew strangely dark; We know she is safe on the further side,

Where all the ransomed and angels be, Over the river, the mystic river, My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores, Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,

We bear the dip of the golden oars, And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,

And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts, They cross the stream and are gone for aye.

We may not sander the veil apart That hides from our vision the gates of day,

We only know that their hearts no more May sail with us 'er life's stormy sea,

Yet somehow I know on the unseen shore, They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunner's gold Is flashing river and hill and shore,

I shall one day stand by the water cold And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.

I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail, I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,

I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale, To the better shore of the spirit land,

I shall know the loved who have gone before, And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,

When over the river, the peaceful river, The Angel of Death shall carry me.

Selected Story.

THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

It was a bright, clear, cold morning in early December. When Kathie entered the car there was scarcely a vacant seat to be seen.

To be sure there was one stout old gentleman sitting alone, but he was next to the aisle and seemed so deeply absorbed in thought that Kathie disliked to disturb him.

Then there was a middle-aged woman, but she had numberless wraps and parcels in the seat beside her, and her appearance, take her all in all, was so forbidding as she looked fixedly out of the window, that Kathie passed her by.

There was but one more seat unoccupied. It was beside a gentleman who sat close to the window reading a paper.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked Kathie with timid hesitancy.

"It is not," was the answer in a pleasant tone; "but," springing up as she spoke, "would you prefer the seat by the window?"

"Oh, no! Thank you! Not at all!" murmured Kathie, and she sat down beside him.

The gentleman turned his attention again to his paper, and her purse was in her cloak pocket, and Kathie immediately fell to wishing that she had taken the seat by the window. For the gentleman sat at her right hand, and had not Aunt Kate warned her over and over again to be on her guard against pickpockets, and had declared that they were quite as likely to be young, agreeable and polite as the reverse? And was not this person all three?

Kathie stole a shy glance at him. His dark eyes were intently fixed on his newspaper. He was fine looking and well dressed, and to all intents quite oblivious of her existence. Kathie wondered dearly, what sort of an expression his face would wear if he knew that any one thought that he might perhaps be a pickpocket.

She might take her purse and hold it in her hand, but that would seem ostentatious and tiresome, moreover there would be ample time for that when the gentleman—he looked like a gentleman

certainly—should put down his paper and Kathie could no longer watch his hands.

Then Kathie's thoughts slipped into a more agreeable channel. She thought of the Christmas gifts she was going to buy, and of the other shopping she was going to do. It was her first trip to Boston quite alone. Aunt Kate had always been with her before, to take care of her and help her to select Christmas gifts, but this year Aunt Kate's rheumatism was so much worse than usual that she did not hope to be equal to a trip to Boston for the winter; and as it was already nearing Christmas, there was nothing to be done but to let Kathie go alone. And so it came about that Kathie, feeling quite old and responsible, was on her way, this bright December morning, to the city. She mentally planned her day's work, and portioned out her money for the various things she was intending to buy. There was the book for her Sunday-school teacher, the shell comb for Aunt Kate, the engraving for Cousin Will, that must be especially fine and nicely framed, since it was to do double duty as a Christmas and wedding gift. Should it be a copy of some celebrated old picture, or some attractive group, full of modern life and interest? While Kathie was trying to decide this question, and was reviewing with her mind's eyes, all the finest and most beautiful engravings that she had ever seen, the train swept into the tunnel.

As it grew dark the gentleman beside her put down his paper, turning slightly towards Kathie as he did so. And then Kathie was sure she felt a stealthy motion towards her cloak pocket. Quick as thought her hand went down to seize her purse, when—oh, horrors!—there was the man's hand in her pocket! Kathie did not withdraw her hand; on the contrary, being resolved to protect her property at all hazards, she felt about with her fingers as well as she could for her purse, but could not find it. It was already gone. Then Kathie seized the intruding hand with the firmness of desperation, fully determined to make an alarm as soon as the cars emerged into daylight again. If he did not have the purse in his hand, there at least was his hand in her pocket, and some of the passengers would see her righted and her purse restored. Fortunately her purse had her name printed on the inside. How long the minutes seemed before the train came out into light! Then Kathie still grasping firmly the man's hand, looked up and down the aisle, with sparkling eyes and flushed cheek, for the conductor.

"I beg your pardon," said her captive in a low tone that Kathie could scarcely catch the words, "but have you not made a mistake in the pocket?"

Kathie gave one swift glance. Good heavens! Her hand was in his pocket! If she had touched a burning coal she could not have relinquished her hold and withdrawn her hand more promptly. She was overcome with confusion. She ventured one deprecatory glance at the gentleman. His expressive face wore a mischievous smile.

"I thou—began Kathie tremulously, but she could get no further. The revulsion of feeling was too great. The brightness of her eyes was suddenly quenched by gathering tears, and her lip quivered ominously.

"That it was your pocket, of course," said the gentleman, completing her sentence. "I understand perfectly. Pray do not let the mistake disturb you," he continued, with imploring earnestness.

In the midst of her distress Kathie could not help thinking how musical his voice was. Then, with much tact, he took up his paper, and devoted himself with great assiduity, to reading an article, which, if Kathie had but known it he had read twice already since she sat beside him,

without knowing in the least what it was about.

Kathie became outwardly composed after awhile, but her mind was still in a tumult. Suppose he had turned the tables upon her, and denounced her as a pick-pocket as he might have done! She shivered at the mere thought of it.

Once or twice, as they neared the city, the gentleman glanced at her as if he would speak, but Kathie's resolutely averted face and downcast eyes gave him no opportunity, and not another word was spoken till they reached the station, where he left her with a courteous bow and "Good morning."

"Hateful thing," said Kathie to herself, "I hope I shall never set eyes on him again," and then she watched him, with admiring eyes, as long as she could distinguish his fine form in the hurrying crowd.

Her purse, it is scarcely necessary to say, was safe in her pocket, and she soon set about diminishing its contents. Notwithstanding the inauspicious beginning of her trip, her day proved quite successful and satisfactory. Her own errands and Aunt Kate's commissions were all executed, and there was still a half-hour to spare for a call at Cousin Will's office and when the time drew near for her train to leave he escorted her to the station. The train was in readiness when they arrived, and, as they walked along to reach the right car, a form approached them from a side entrance, a glance at which sent a thrill through Kathie's veins and the hot blood to her cheeks and brow.

"Ah! here's Harry Thorn, going down on your train, Kathie," said her cousin.

"He will be agreeable company for you, and will see to your parcels," and then, before Kathie was at all prepared for it, came the inevitable introduction.

Kathie could hardly force herself to meet the glance of the mischievous dark eyes bent upon her, or to touch the proffered hand. It was utterly impossible for her to speak a word, but the gentleman talked on till Will left them at the entrance of the car.

"You will take the seat by the window this time?" said Mr. Thorn, and Kathie silently took it.

After he had arranged her parcels in the rack, and seated himself, Kathie remarked, with a frank smile, "I really hoped that I should never see you again."

"Did you think I deserved eternal banishment?" he asked, lightly.

"Oh, no! It was rather I who merited it," said Kathie. "So long as you did not know me, it did not matter what you thought of me, but now,—ah, where were Kathie's words leading her?—but now, if you should tell Cousin Will," she continued quite illogically, "he would tease me unmercifully, and I should never hear the last of it."

"I assure you," was the earnest answer, "that I will never mention the mistake to which you refer to Will or any one else. No one besides ourselves need ever know aught of it." And then he skillfully turned the conversation, and Kathie was soon quite at her ease, and they were conversing like two old friends.

That memorable ride through the tunnel occurred some years ago, and Kathie's relations with Mr. Thorn have changed so greatly, that now, instead of suspecting him of taking her money, she appropriates with great coolness, funds from his pocket-book for her Christmas shopping.

Mr. Thorn sometimes laughingly declares that instead of his wife's waiting for him to offer his hand, as ladies usually do, she took possession of it the first time that she ever saw him; but his most intimate friends ask in vain for an explanation of his jest.

The amount of money a man leaves is the kind of a funeral pile his relatives take the most interest in.

Miscellaneous.

OLEOMARGARINE.

Congressman Aiken Tells Us All About It.

To the Editor of The News and Courier: Your editorial of the 26th just proves an article, not with a disposition to strike back, but to edify upon the manufacture of oleomargarine.

The question of the adulteration of food is perhaps a legitimate one for Congressional legislation, and through that channel this article of oleomargarine has been brought before two of the Congressional committees—manufactures, and agriculture. Where-ever manufactured each State requires that every kit containing it shall be plainly marked "Oleomargarine" before being exposed for sale.

But no State can by law require the manufacturer thus to mark it when he ships and offers it for sale in another State, and hence Congressional interference is asked to prevent its shipment across State lines unless plainly branded.

But to its manufacture. Every one who has seen the inside of a beef knows that in the region of the heart of a fat beef there is a considerable quantity of fat, and that the "paunch" is enveloped in a thin film, which is known as the "caul" fat.

From these two sources come the material from which oleomargarine is made, the simple process of which is as follows:

This fat is washed, first in lukewarm water and then in icy cold water to harden it. Then being cut into small pieces it is thrown into a hopper resting over a mammoth sausage cutter, which receives it rapidly, masticates it thoroughly and discharges it into a large cauldron, or series of cauldrons, that are kept at a uniform temperature of about 112 Fahrenheit. This degree of heat melts the fat and tallow, separates them from each other and forms the fibrine or other solid matter contained in the caul. The fat is the lightest and floats above the melted tallow, and is drawn off by means of a siphon into large troughs in an adjacent room kept at a uniform temperature of about 80 degrees, in which temperature the liquid solidifies or becomes crystallized into a substance resembling granulated tallow.

In this room is a large table covered with a frame of moulds about the length and width and half the thickness of the old-fashioned brick moulds. In each mould is laid a piece of clean, heavy cloth or duck, and the mould filled with the granulated substance. Wrapped in this cloth, making a block about the size of a thin brick, each mould is laid upon the follower of a press nearly until covered; then a sheet of galvanized tin is laid over these, and another layer of cloth-blocks, and then tin and so alternating until the pile is about as high as a bale of cotton and two thirds as long. Steam is applied, and the pile of blocks is subjected to a pressure of from 1,500 to 1,700 pounds to the square inch. Each little block is pressed to about a half inch in thickness, the residue being pure stearine, which is packed in hogsheads and sold chiefly to candle manufacturers. The pure oil is caught in a gutter that encircles the press, and carried off by pipes to another portion of the building. This oil is as translucent as the white of an egg, and perfectly tasteless, smacking neither of lard nor tallow.

In the room to which the oil is taken stands a churn, capable of holding 685 pounds of the mixture of 500 pounds of this oil and 125 pounds of fresh milk. The dasher is vertical with horizontal paddles and is whirled by steam. In the churn is placed whatever of coloring matter is needed to improve the color of the mixture. The churn stands upon a pedestal about three feet high, and has near its bottom a faucet. After the mixture is churned for ten minutes, looking identically like a mass of egg custard, the faucet is opened and a portion of the mixture is flooded into a large box lined with metal, and containing about two, perhaps three bushels of crushed ice. As the churn empties its contents into the box, a couple of stalwart men keep the ice and mixture moving by stirring them together with strong flat-tined forks, and by the time the churn is empty the box is full of a congealed substance exactly like fresh yellow butter, and the ice has been entirely absorbed.

This box on small wheels is rolled off and emptied into a horizontal trough, through which runs an axle with flattened teeth projecting from it, and as the axle revolves these teeth press or work all the water out of the substance or mixture; and from this trough it is taken by hand (its first handling) and thrown upon a large table, backwards and forth upon which, by means of cog gearing runs a heavy iron flanged roller, which works it that much more, and presses all the water out upon the table, which being slightly inclined allows the water to run off. At this working it is salted, and handled by turning it around and around so as to present every possible atom of it to the pressure of the roller, that it may be deprived of all its water.

From this table it is thrown by hand into a flue leading to a room below, where it is packed into kegs, boxes and kits marked and shipped. When it is sent to Charleston the euphonious name of Oleomargarine is left off; your green grocers and ripper-grocers buy it and sell it as butter, and your citizens eat it and enjoy it as "gilt edged Goshea."

I asked the president of the company where was his best market. He replied, "the Southern cities, especially New Orleans."

After the committee had spent near two hours examining this manufactory and were talking of returning to Washington from Baltimore, where the factory described is located, the company insisted we should dine with them. The invitation was accepted, and as we sat down to dinner the host announced that he had by order of the company procured a few pounds of the best butter from the best creamery in Delaware and as many pounds of the oleomargarine and placed them in cakes promiscuously upon the table.

Within reach to my right upon the table was a round cake of beautiful butter. On my left sat a Northwestern friend who comes from a land better than Goshea, and within his reach to the left was a square cake of as beautiful, and perhaps somewhat darker colored butter. While dining we enjoyed butter from both plates and pronounced them both "gilt edged." Presently my Alderney friend said, "Aiken, one of these cakes is oleomargarine, and I can prove it to you." Taking a little from the round cake and spreading it upon his bread, he remarked, "Now don't you see that this is butter? see how beautifully smooth it spreads?" Then taking as much from the square cake and spreading it, he said, "Don't you see how fatty and globulous the surface looks? I am sure that is not butter."

When we had dined the landlord was asked how he distinguished the cakes? Said he, "the square cakes are butter, and the round cakes are from the factory and are oleomargarine."

The president of this company said he would defy the most delicate palate or most experienced eye to distinguish his "butterine" from the best dairy butter, unless when subjected to melting heat, in which case butter would gradually soften, but in hottest weather retain some consistency. Oleomargarine will melt if exposed to this heat and run into oil. But he averred that they had experimented with it in every possible way in comparison with butter: of the purest quality, both on land and sea, and found that under ordinary temperature subject to any exposure the oleomargarine will keep sweet and fresh where butter will become rancid.

The manufactory in Baltimore is the smallest in the United States, and its daily product for eight months in the year averages thirty-five hundred pounds. It is not manufactured during the hot summer months. There are manufactories in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, and the aggregated daily product reaches nearly half a million pounds. The greater portion of it is shipped abroad, and chiefly to Berlin, Amsterdam and other German towns and Liverpool, and the supply has not equalled the demand in any of those cities.

On my return from Baltimore I bought a cake of oleomargarine and had it subjected to the microscope and analyzed at the Agricultural department.

The microscopic examination made it appear very unlike butter, but the chemical analysis showed it contained 88 per cent of fatty matter, 8 per cent of water, 2 per cent of salt, and 2 per cent of animal matter. Of the 88 per cent of fatty matter 95 per cent was butter. So it only lacked 5 per cent of being the genuine article at the worst.

One of the committee expressed it when he facetiously remarked, "I understand it all; we are living in a progressive age, and the inventions of the day have enabled us in this instance to 'go behind the returns,' we have gone to the fountain head, and by a mechanical operation produced from the same source in an hour the identical substance that nature would have consumed; twenty-four hours in producing through the slow operations of lactification, if I can coin a word, milking and churning."

So much for the manufacture and consumption of oleomargarine.

Very respectfully, D. WYATT AIKEN.

SWEET COURTSHIP.

They were sitting on a stile—Sary and Steve. He at one end, solemnly gnawing his tawny moustache; she at the other, solemnly knitting, cotton lace. He smiled. She smiled. He slipped up close to her side, took a big sweet potato out of his pocket and wiped it carefully on his sleeve.

"Les swap," said he, in deep, rich tones, as he handed her the potato, and, taking the dingy cotton lace from her hands, he coggettishly wrapped it around his hat.

"Well, less," she replied, gnawing at the raw potato. Ten minutes of dead silence. Then from another pocket he handed a bundle tied up in a handkerchief.

"Guess what I've got," said he, archly.

"Mo' taters?"

"Ginger cakes?"

"No."

"Chinkypins?"

"No."

"Warnuts?"

"No."

"Goobers?"

"Yaas! Now guess who they're fur?"

"Fur yo' mar?"

"No."

"Yo' pa?"