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Miscellaneous.

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R. C. CHAPMAN & SON

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

- Fisk's Metallic Cases,
Embalming Cases,
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Together with COFFINS of their own Make,

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

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON.

May 7, 1879. 19-1f.

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SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING SALOON,

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Highly recommended to the public for all diseases requiring a certain and efficient Tonic, especially in Indigestion, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Strength, etc. It is rich in the blood, strengthens the muscles, and gives new life to the system.

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Improve Bi-Carb Soda is of a slightly dirty white color. It may be compared with the best of the same kind. It is pure and of the highest quality.

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REAL ESTATE AGENT,

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Our efforts are spared to make this organ of the North Carolina Presbyterians both a treatise and a medium. To do this we present such a variety of moral and religious reading as will be read by young and old, rich and poor, clergy and lay, learned and unlearned.

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A fine assortment of Legal Cap, Foolscap, Letter, Note and Billiet Papers.

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At HERALD BOOK STORE.

Another Lot of Seaside. A large and varied lot of SEASIDE NOVELS, just received from the HERALD BOOK RE.

Poetry.

DREAM NO MORE.

Dream no more, maiden, Dream no more; Life is o'er laden With care and oppression, With grief and transgression, No ideal store; Dream no more, maiden, Dream no more.

Work, youth and maiden, Work evermore; Let the winds, laden With thy young visions, Thy pictured elysians, Joy in their store; Work, youth and maiden, Work evermore.

Selected Story.

THREE TIMES.

'Come, Helen, dear, go with us to the meadows to come home with brother John—do!' And Lilly Leslie's voice grew pleading as she watched the gayer face of the girl who stood in the door looking down across the cool green lawn that sloped away from the house toward the river.

'I wish school was not done. Is this what makes you so sober to-day?' questioned Amy in a whisper, as Lilly stood looking wistfully toward the meadows. Before the young governess could answer Lilly called: 'Will you come, dear Miss Helen, and meet brother John? There he is.'

Helen Arnold stood in the front door-way, waiting with a trembling yearning to unsay the hasty words of yesterday, but he gave her no opportunity, passing in at the side door and seeming not to notice her. All day, as Helen Arnold had toiled in the little schoolroom she had thought of John Leslie, and wished (oh, how earnestly!) that she had waited before saying that 'No,' which she did not mean.

John tossed the baby, and the baby's mother was so pleased to see the little one's delight, that she forgot her brother did not reply. However, she never forgets that. John tossed the baby, and the baby's mother was so pleased to see the little one's delight, that she forgot her brother did not reply.

'Dear me, I don't see why he doesn't come!' and she went to the window for the fiftieth time and had almost begun to imagine something dreadful had happened, when she suddenly whirled round with a cry of delight. 'I was looking at a beautiful picture,' said John, in the doorway; and as she sprang forward he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses she showered upon him.

her no intimation of it, and after supper, when the children romped about her and called brother John to place a wreath of wild flowers on her head, he showed no signs of embarrassment or emotion, but talked to her coolly as if she too had been his sister. Helen was a little angry. Is it a wonder? for she thought he had been trifling, and that she could not bear. A fire blazed up in her deep blue eyes, and burned brightly on her soft cheeks. John watched her beautiful face and varying color, and gloried in his triumph; but, oh, when was glory not bought too dearly? He leaned over her, and touched lightly her soft hand.

'Did you not mean yes? I know you love me. We shall be very happy.' 'Impudent! Do I not know my own mind? Love you?' Anger prompted the words, and as soon as they were uttered she wished they were unsaid; but John Leslie could not know it; and if he had, perhaps he would not have forgiven her. His face grew very pale, and he turned away without a word.

Years passed away, and fortune favored John Leslie. He became a successful merchant, and therefore was a mark for matrimonial speculation; but still he troubled not his head about marriage. At last the pleasant, insinuating mamma, who talked to him so sweetly and affectionately about the dear girls who were their greatest treasures, got to saying unkind things about the 'cross old bachelor' behind his back. Of what use was it, to be sure, to always behave so prettily to such a reserved old fellow? He seemed to care nothing at all for ladies.

Lilly thought surely at her wedding with Dr. Maynard, brother John would come out of his retirement and make some of the marriageable ladies of her acquaintance happy thereby, and he did; but it was a short-lived happiness for it was a long time before he again left his business. The truth was not the young ladies did not seem to know it—if John Leslie had wanted to marry any one of them, or all of them together, he would have asked them. Being well satisfied to let things take their course he did not trouble himself much about what was passing outside of his business, but plodded steadily onward. Now, when he went out to Dr. Maynard's, he had the little Lillian to caress and talk to, as well as her proud and happy mamma, and he went oftener than before the baby came. One day while baby sat on her uncle's knee, Mrs. Maynard said: 'My old friend Helen Arnold is coming to stay awhile with us, John, and I want you to run out as often as you can, for she is so very quiet and reserved that I want to stir her up a little. You need not be afraid of her talking too much. She never forgets that.'

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'We are so lonely,' she wrote. 'The doctor is away, and though Helen is the best friend in the world, and baby loves her so dearly; I want you to come out. I miss my dear old brother John. Do come by the next train. I will send to meet you.'

Helen sat at the piano, singing softly, and touching the keys lightly; and Lillian played with the baby, and laughed at her punning ways one minute—the next looked out of the window and fretted at John's delay. 'Dear me, I don't see why he doesn't come!' and she went to the window for the fiftieth time and had almost begun to imagine something dreadful had happened, when she suddenly whirled round with a cry of delight. 'I was looking at a beautiful picture,' said John, in the doorway; and as she sprang forward he caught her in his arms and gave a return for the caresses she showered upon him.

just time to get into the house when the fight commenced. 'Yes,' said the major. 'Old Soup was a hundred years old. He had been trained to war, and to fight with the rhinoceros, but he was too old to hunt then.'

'And yet,' said I, becoming animated by the recollections of that day, 'what a gallant fight that was! Do you remember how we all stood on this porch and watched it, not daring to fire a shot lest we should hit Old Soupramany. Do you remember, too, his look when he drew off, after fighting an hour and a half, leaving his adversary dying in the dust, and walked straight to the 'corral,' shaking his great ears which had been badly torn, with his head bruised, and a great piece broken from one of his tusks?'

'Yes, indeed,' said the major. 'Well, since then, he is more devoted to my dear little ones than ever. He takes them out whole days, and I am perfectly content to have them under his charge. I don't like trusting children to the care of natives; but with Old Soup I know they can come to no harm.'

Besides the children, on the banks of the Ganges, stood Old Soup with a bamboo rod in his trunk, with line, hook, bait, and cork, like the children's. I had not watched him long before he had a bite; for as the religion of the Hindoos forbids them to take life; the river swarms with fishes. The old fellow did not stir; his little eyes watched his line eagerly; he was no novice in the gentle craft. He was waiting till it was time to draw in his prize.

At the end of the line, as he drew it up, was dangling one of those golden tench so abundant in the Ganges. When Soupramany perceived that a fine fish he had caught, he uttered one of those long, gurgling notes of satisfaction by which an elephant expresses joy; and he waited patiently, expecting Jim to take the prize off the hook and put on some more bait for him. But Jim, the little rascal, sometimes liked to plague Old Soup. He nodded to us, as much as to say: 'Look out, and you'll see run, now!' Then he took off the fish, which he threw into a water-jar placed there for the purpose, and went back to his place without putting any bait on Old Soup's hook. The intelligent animal did not attempt to throw his line into the water. He tried to move Jim by low, pleading cries. It was curious to note what tender tones he seemed to try to give his voice.

Seeing that Jim paid no attention to his calls, but sat and laughed as he handled his own line, Old Soup went up to him, and with his trunk tried to turn his head in the direction of the bait-box. At last, when he found that all he could do would not induce his willful friend to help him, he turned round as if struck by a sudden thought, and snatching up in his trunk the box that held the bait, came and laid it down at the major's feet; then picking up his rod, he held it out to his master. 'What do you want me to do with this, Old Soup?' said the major.

The creature lifted one great foot after the other, and again began to utter his plaintive cry. Out of mischief, I took Jimmy's part, and picking up the bait-box, pretended to run with it. The elephant was not going to be teased by me. He dipped his trunk into the Ganges, and in an instant squirted a stream of water over me with all the force and precision of a fire-engine, to the immense amusement of the children. The major at once made Soup a sign to stop, and to make my peace with the fine fellow. I baited his hook myself. Quivering with joy, as a baby does when it gets hold at last of a plaything some one has taken from it, Old Soupramany had hardly paused to thank me by a soft note of joy for baiting his line for him, before he went back to his place, and was again watching his cork as it trembled in the ripples of the river.—St. Nicholas for May.

RECENT POST-OFFICE RULES.

Feather beds are not mailable. Eggs must be sent when new. A pair of onions will go for two cents.

Ink bottles must be corked when sent by mail. Over three pounds of real estate are not mailable. Parties are compelled to lick their own postage stamps and envelopes; the postmaster cannot be compelled to do this.

An arrangement has been perfected by which letters without postage will be immediately forwarded—to the dead letter office. Parties are earnestly requested not to send postal cards with money order inclosed, as large sums are frequently lost in that way. Nitro-glycerine must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hands he cannot be held responsible.

When letters are received bearing no direction, the parties for whom they are intended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that he may at once forward. A stamp of the foot is not sufficient to carry a letter. As all postmasters are expert linguists, the address can be written in Chinese, Choctaw, or any other language. Spring chickens that are old enough to vote, when sent by mail, should be enclosed in iron-bound boxes to save their tender bodies from injury.

It is unsafe to mail apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them, as some of the clerks have a weakness for such things. It is earnestly requested that lovers writing to their girls, will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of the envelope. Ducks cannot be sent through the mails when alive. Their quacking would disturb the slumbers of the clerks on the postal cars. This rule, however, does not apply to a 'duck' of a bonnet. When watches are sent through the mails if the sender will put a notice on the outside the Postmasters will wind up and keep in running order.

Poems on Spring and Beautiful Snow are rigidly excluded from the mails. This will be joyful news to the editors of this land. Old maids are unavailable. John Smith gets his mail from 674,279 Post offices, hence a letter directed to John Smith, United States will reach him. When candy is sent through the mails it is earnestly requested that both ends of the package be left open so that the employees of the Post office may test its quality. Babies can be sent as third class matter provided sucking bottles accompany them.

When eggs are sent through the mails and chickens are hatched out on the journey the chickens become the property of the Government. When you enclose a money order in a letter always write full and explicit directions in the same letter so that any person getting the letter can draw the money. Alligators over ten feet in length are not allowed to be transmitted by mail. Young ladies who desire to send their Saratoga trunks by mail to watering places during the coming summer should notify the Postmaster-General at once. They must not be over 7 feet long by thirteen feet high.

Cologne of delicate odors like assafoetida is not mailable. When you enclose money to any of the parties on the list of official frauds please say a little prayer. Letter carriers are required to have penetration enough to know when letters should be delivered to jealous wives, hence if he delivers a letter from your girl to your wife you can have him discharged. The placing of stamps upside down on letters is prohibited. Several postmasters have recently been seriously injured while trying to stand on their head to cancel stamps placed in this manner.

LANGUAGE OF THE BROOM.—We have the language of the flowers, the fan, the handkerchief, and so on, and now we shall have the language of the broom, which is intended more especially for the ladies.

Taking it in the hand properly—I shall sweep the floor. Bringing it up over the shoulder, brush end foremost—Look out—it's loaded. Holding it across the person—I love another. Moving it along near the ceiling—I see a cobweb in the distance. Sweeping the floor very industriously—My sweetheart cometh, and he will consider my usefulness when he observeth me busy. Striking viciously with the stick end—He is my husband, and he needs a correcting hand. Handling very carefully and tenderly—Brooms have gone up, and you can't get one for less than 25 cents.

Putting a string to the handle and banging on a nail—I know all about it. Throwing the old stub over the back fence—A new broom sweeps clean. JUST MARRIED.—He was tall and awkward, and she was short and bashful; both wore a nervous aspect of exceeding great joy. They entered a hotel in St. Louis, and after he had registered his name and lady, he said to the clerk: See here, mister, me and my wife have just been spliced, and I am going to show Amanda the town if it takes a mile a day. Now give us one of those rooms like the temple of Solomon, you know.

The clerk called to a hall boy and said, show this gentleman to the bridal chamber. At this, the tall rustic became instantly excited. Not by a long shot! ye slimy-haired bled-shirted dollar-breast-pinned grinning monkey, you can't play that on me! If I am from the country, ye don't catch me and my wife lodging in your dog-goned old harness room. A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he reprehends others and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand many shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation. Who will feel the tenderest participation in joy let him not look at happy children, but at the parents who rejoice to see them happy.

Our striving against nature is like holding a weathercock with one's hand; as soon as the force is taken off it veers again with the wind. He who boasts that his heart has remained whole, confesses that he has only a prosaic, out-of-the-way-corner heart. There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the way, for such wisdom is wholly wasted. In New England alone there are now over 2,000 freight cars being built for various roads. The total debt of France, national and local, is estimated at \$5,200,000,000. Knocking a friend down is a sure way of dropping an acquaintance. Mildness governs better than kindness. There is no real life but cheerful life.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. above. 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.

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