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The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XVI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 26, 1880.

No. 22.

CURATIVE. NATURE'S OWN REMEDY. A VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR THE BLOOD, LIVER & KIDNEYS.

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Poetry. 'IN THE LONG RUN.' The old-fashioned saying, So lightly expressed, And so carelessly uttered, Is one of the best!

For 'in the long run,' The seed will spring up That was sown in the garden, Or dropped in the cup.

The good and the evil, That bides in the earth; The joy and the sorrow, The pain and the mirth;

Selected Story. 'A clergyman hasn't any business to be a single man,' said Mrs. Brushby.

'Certainly not,' acquiesced Miss Foxe. 'But I dare say he's engaged,' slyly remarked the plump widow.

'Humph!' said Mrs. Brushby. 'Then there's no reason why he shouldn't marry and settle here in Exmar.'

'Why shouldn't he marry either you or me, Felicia Foxe?' asked Mrs. Brushby.

'Neither am I,' said Mrs. Brushby. 'Now, Cornelia Brushby, there ain't no sort of use coming that game over me,' said Miss Foxe.

'You see, there's people older than their years, and people younger? I'm one of the latter; and I don't see why I can't marry Mr. Selwyn, if once I make up my mind to do it.'

So Mrs. Brushby took up the three pounds of brown stocking yarn that she had been buying at Felicia Foxe's thread-and-needle store, and went home.

Her niece, a tall, pale girl, with lustrous yellow hair, like braids of dead gold, a transparently pale skin and sad hazel eyes, was setting the table.

'How slow you are, Clara!' said Mrs. Brushby, snappishly. 'I supposed, of course, tea would be all ready by the time I came back.'

'I am sorry for the delay, aunt,' said Clara, timidly; 'but I was detained at the factory. There was extra work, and—'

'There—that will do!' sharply interrupted Mrs. Brushby. 'I don't see why you need be flinging the factory in my face all the time. Oh, it's bad enough to have a niece obliged to drudge for her living, without hearing of it forty times a day.'

The deep scarlet glow mounted into Clara Cone's transparent cheeks. 'I could not pay you my board, aunt,' said she, 'if I did not earn the money within the four walls of the factory. But if the subject is disagreeable to you, I will endeavor to avoid it as much as possible for the future.'

It was now six months since Clara Cone had arrived, a homeless orphan, with all her worldly belongings packed in shabby little leather traveling bag at Mrs. Brushby's door, when the evening stage rolled up the street.

'I suppose you'll have to stay,' said Mrs. Brushby surlily. But I didn't die and leave a swarm of orphans for my sisters to take care of. Oh, yes, you can stay, and perhaps I can find you a situation as dressmaker's apprentice or shop girl, somewhere! Because, of course, no one can expect me to keep a great girl like you for nothing.'

Upon which Clara bestirred herself actively, and had been heartily thankful to obtain a place in the pin factory, in the glen below the village, where half a hundred other pale-faced operatives worked for a scanty livelihood; and Mrs. Brushby charged her a high price for board and got a servant-maid's work out of her before and after hours into the bargain.

'I should like to go to church, aunt,' Clara had ventured to say one Sunday morning, when the maples in the glen were all blazing in their autumn colors, and the crisp autumn sunshine turned the village spires to gold.

'That's just like your selfishness, Clara Cone!' said Mrs. Brushby, acidly. 'And let me stay at home; for, of course, one of us must remain, to see that we're not robbed by tramps, and to cook the dinner.'

'But couldn't I go in the evening, aunt?' 'Certainly not!' said Mrs. Brushby, with emphasis. 'I belong to the 'Rebecca Band,' which always meets in the chapel of Sunday evenings, and Deacon Halstead calls for me in his box-wagon. If you feel so piously inclined, with a covert sneer, you can read your prayer-book at home.'

And so Clara Cone found herself gradually degenerating into the merest household drudge, under her aunt's iron rule. She went nowhere and saw nobody.

'Pretty!' Mrs. Brushby would scornfully remark, when a neighbor chanced to hazard an opinion concerning her niece. 'Nonsense! Just exactly like a colorless celery-sprout that has grown in the cellar—and never a word to say for herself!'

And if, by any chance, Clara was invited to join in any of the neighborhood festivities, Mrs. Brushby made haste to decline for her.

'Clara never goes out,' said she, 'she has no taste for such things, poor dear.'

Undaunted people began actually to believe that Clara Cone was either a recluse or an idiot. The pale factory-girl had just taken the tea-pot off the stove, upon this especial evening, when Mrs. Brushby uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'Whisk the things into the closet—quick, Clara!' said she. 'Put the bread behind the family Bible. Don't leave that bottle of pickles on the mantle. Mr. Selwyn is coming.'

'My visit is intended to your niece, Miss Cone, as well as to yourself,' said Mr. Selwyn, after the topic of the weather had been duly discussed and exhausted.

'Oh, Clara,' said Mrs. Brushby, simpering—'Clara wishes to be excused. Clara sees no company. I really regret the dear girl's eccentricity, but—'

And she rolled her green eyes heavenward, with a deprecating motion of the hands. 'She never comes to church,' said Mr. Selwyn, gravely. 'Ah-h-h!' groaned Mrs. Brushby, 'her heart is like the nether millstone. If you knew, dear Mr. Selwyn, how I have striven with her!'

'I am beginning a series of sermons to young people this next Sunday evening,' he said. 'Pray your utmost endeavors to induce this young girl to attend!'

'You must!' said Mrs. Brushby. 'Please, please, aunt, don't ask me!' said Clara, with tears in the dark, limpid eyes.

'What a goose you are!' said Mrs. Brushby. 'As if I made any earthly difference! And I must have the dress to wear to church to-morrow evening. Mr. Selwyn, is to preach the first of a series of sermons to young people, and I'm specially interested in 'em.'

'But I never sewed on Sunday in my life.'

'The dressmaker has disappointed me, and I tell you I must have the dress. A few seams and bounces more or less—what do they matter? I'll risk your soul! And nobody need ever know. And only think, Clara Cone, what I've done for you!'

'Oh, aunt, I can't!' cried Clara, in a choked voice, 'it wouldn't be right!'

'And who set you up as a judge of right and wrong, I'd like to know?' almost screamed Mrs. Brushby. 'Now take your choice—either finish up this cashmere dress for me by Sunday noon, or leave this house!'

Clara was silent for a moment, then she spoke: 'I will leave the house,' she said.

'And I fully indorse and approve your decision,' said Mr. Selwyn's voice as he stepped in from the open-doored parlor, where his knock had been drowned by the high accents of Mrs. Brushby's vituperations. 'Leave the house, Miss Cone, and I will see that a refuge is provided for you at the home of Miss Foxe.'

Mrs. Brushby stood startled and dismayed. Clara Cone, pale and silent, laid her hand upon the minister's offered arm, and left the room and the house.

Miscellaneous. HOW NOT TO PRAY. A Curious Example Cited by the Congregationalist.

The Congregationalist, in an article headed 'Poor Preaching in Public Prayer,' wonders 'if some of the ministers of the gospel have any idea how much and how poorly they preach when they think they pray in public.'

The speaker informed the Lord that it was a singularly beautiful morning, and that after the storm the ocean was very quiet; that calms after storms are exceedingly pleasant, and indeed useful; that after a man has been very angry, and gets over it, he has a chance to be ashamed of himself; that storms themselves are salutary, and do things good in a general way; that the sun never seems so bright, and earth such an agreeable residence as after a few days of cloudy weather and the gloom of storms; that it is a blessed thing to have sunshine in our hearts, and we all may have it if we will but remember that God is the great Sun who shines for all, and open those hearts to His gracious shining; that our tears of penitence may be considered rain-drops which will fertilize the dry and thirsty earth of our good resolutions, desiccated by procrastination, which is the thief of time; that the brightness of morning, it behooves us to remember, however, introduces quite often the fervors of the mid-day of toil, and the lengthening shadows of senility; that we all must die, and that some die in the morning of life, while others last till the sere and yellow leaf of a tremulous old age flutters to the ground, and leaves them—to die at last; that many of us are now in the mid-day of the world's anxieties and sublunary concerns; that each morning sees some task begin, each evening sees it close. O may something attempted, something done, have earned a night's repose; that the past week has been one of good health generally in this congregation for which we hope we are duly thankful; that the fields seem to promise to be fertile, and the husbandman may reasonably anticipate a prosperous season, provided in the morning he sow his seed, and in the evening withhold not his hand from the (why didn't he say potato bugs and be done with it?) protection of his nascent crops from those mysterious marauders which seem to have been permitted by an infinitely wise Providence to remind us once more that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance; that—we stopped, remembering just then, and our mind wandered.

He kept on about ten minutes longer.

And a happy looking gentleman, seeing we were a stranger, asked in a pleasant way as we came out if we didn't think 'that was a great prayer—such as them Episcopalian fellows don't get out of their book you know?' And we said 'we thought it was—quite so.'

Virtue is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

Alexander being asked how he conquered the world, replied: 'By not delaying.'

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.

BROAD RIVER IMPROVEMENT. Columbia Register.

The favorable report of the United States Engineer upon the practicability of opening the Wateree and Santee Rivers to navigation should encourage renewed effort to secure boating facilities on the Broad and Congaree Rivers, so that boats may have unobstructed passage from the mountains to the sea.

A small appropriation having been made by Congress for a survey of Broad River, Mr. J. P. Carson, Chief Engineer, under the direction of General Gillmore, of the United States Engineer Corps, made a survey of the Broad River last Winter, assisted by our townsman, Mr. J. Reed Stoner, Mr. Carson, at the request of Colonel S. P. Pearce, Chairman of the Committee on navigation of the Columbia Board of Trade, gives a summary of his report, which is as follows, viz:

I recommend that the river be opened to a uniform channel of five yards wide and two feet deep from Bull sluice to the foot of Ninety-Nine Island Shoals, a distance of ninety-four and a quarter miles, at a cost of \$37,000; repairing the old Lochhart Canal \$5,000; a channel from Ninety-nine Islands to Green River, N. C., forty-six and three-quarter miles, \$38,000; total \$80,000.

Also, that for improving the Tyger and Paeolet Rivers \$5,000 be expended. A channel of this size will be sufficient for pole boats of more than double the present capacity of those now used. To construct a channel 70 yards wide and 80 inches deep, suitable for steamers for the 94 miles, without considering the difficulties to be encountered on some of the shoals where the grade is from 10 to 15 feet to the mile, would cost ten times the above amount, which the condition of the country will not justify. The population is 42 to the square mile. Cotton produced per square mile 31.5 bales, and of country on either side of the river which would be benefited equal to 62 miles.

Colonel Pearce has received further information upon this subject, which the following communication will show:

U. S. ENGINEER'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, May 6, 1880. S. A. Pearce, Esq., Chairman Committee on Navigation, Columbia (S. C.) Board of Trade.

Sir—In reply to your enquiry of the 24th ultimo I have to inform you that my report on the examination of Broad River, S. C., was submitted to the Chief of Engineers on the 15th of April. It will probably be referred to the Committee on Commerce of the House of Representatives, and printed during the present session of Congress.

Very respectfully, Your obedient servant, Q. A. GILLMORE, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, brevet-Major-General U. S. A.

In a communication to the Hon. J. H. Ewins, member of Congress, upon this subject, the Chairman of the Committee says: 'It strikes me that this condition does justify and loudly call for a cheaper method of transportation of his cotton and other productions to market for one-third its present cost. With cheap transportation a larger area would be planted, lands would increase in value and emigrants would be attracted; to say nothing of the effect it would have upon the development of the mineral resources of the State and in giving additional value to timber lands.'

The opening of these rivers to navigation is of greater importance to the State than even cotton manufacture. Will the State Convention, which assembles here on the 1st proximo, take a little time to consider these questions which affect the material prosperity of the State? Will our Senators and Representatives in Congress take up this matter in earnest? Will not the people of the State join in petitioning Congress to open the Broad, Congaree, Wateree and Santee Rivers for steam navigation?—no pole boat arrangement;—that is too slow for South Carolina.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.

An artist's views of a subject are not always the best.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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JOB PRINTING.

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH AT TERMS CASH.

THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.

An Important Decision Against Lotteries.

John B. Stone et al vs. the State of Mississippi. The question presented by this case is whether a State after having chartered a lottery company and entered into a contract with it still has a constitutional right before the expiration of the time of the company's charter and in the absence of any default on the company's part to pass laws making the conducting of a lottery, whether authorized or unauthorized, an offence against the State.

In the present case the State brought suit to suppress the lottery known as the Mississippi Agricultural, Educational and Manufacturing Aid Society, chartered by the State in 1867, but forbidden by Article 12, Section 15, of the State Constitution of 1868. The Circuit Court entered judgment of ouster against the respondents, which, upon appeal, was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the State. This Court holds that although the lottery company of the plaintiffs in error was duly chartered by the State, the Legislature which granted that charter had no authority to bargain away the police power of the State, that is the regulation of all matters affecting the public health and public morals; that lotteries are demoralizing in their effects, no matter how carefully regulated, cannot, in the opinion of this Court, be doubted. There is now scarcely a State in the Union where they are tolerated, and Congress has enacted a special statute, the object of which is to close the mails against them. This being the case there can be no question that lotteries are proper subjects for the exercise of State governmental or police power. Contracts which the Federal Constitution protects are those which relate to property rights, not to governmental rights. Lotteries belong to the latter class. They are a species of gambling and wrong in their influences. They disturb the checks and balance of a well ordered community. Society built on such foundations would almost of necessity bring forth a population of speculators and gamblers, living on the expectation of what chance might award them from the accumulations of others. Certainly the right to stop them is governmental and can be exercised at all times by those in power at their discretion. Any one therefore who accepts a lottery charter does so with the implicit understanding that the people in their sovereign capacity and through their properly constituted authorities may take it back at any time when the public good shall require, and this whether it be paid for or not. He gets in legal effect nothing more than a license to continue on terms named for a specified time unless sooner abrogated by the sovereign power of the State. It is a permit as against existing laws, but subject to future legislation or constitutional control or withdrawal. Decree affirmed with costs. Opinion by Chief Justice Waite.

To feel much for others and little for ourselves, to restrain our selfish and to indulge our benevolent affections, constitute the perfection of human nature.

Man, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy as well as his beauty and glory; and labor, like everything else that is good, is its own reward.

There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years.

A work of art is said to be perfect in proportion as it does not remind the spectator of the process by which it was created.

Look at the pages of your own heart and you will see a dim reflection of what the recording angel has written about you.

Let men laugh when you sacrifice desire to duty, if they will. You have time and eternity to rejoice in.

Absence destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.

An artist's views of a subject are not always the best.