

Miscellaneous.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The most successful remedy ever discovered...

FROM REV. P. N. GRANGER, Presiding Elder of the St. Albans District...

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL. Stoughton, Mass., March 10th, 1880. B. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS: In justice to you and myself...

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Acme, Michigan, December 28th, 1879. B. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS: I sent you one dollar for your 'Kendall's Spavin Cure'...

STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH. To whom it may concern:—In the year 1875 I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure...

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH. Paton's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., D. Dear Sir:—The particular case on which I used your 'Spavin Cure' was a man...

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH. Paton's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y.

DOWIE & MOISE, Agents, CHARLESTON, S. C. PROSPECTUS. To be published by subscription, a volume of short POEMS AND SKETCHES...

THE WILLIAMSTON FEMALE COLLEGE. Respectfully offers its services to those parents who desire to secure for their daughters the thorough and symmetrical cultivation of their physical, intellectual, and moral powers...

HARVEY REESE, BARBER, IN NEWBERRY HOTEL. Being desirous of giving general satisfaction, I have spared no pains to make my shop comfortable and agreeable to all who visit me...

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...

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The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XVI. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1880. No. 52.

Miscellaneous.

New Store! New Stock! Having erected a new and commodious Store on the site of our Old Stand...

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, (Formerly the Wheeler House), COLUMBIA, S. C.

THOROUGHLY RENOVATED, REFURNISHED AND REFITTED. TERMS, \$2.00 TO \$3.00 PER DAY.

JOHN T. WILLEY, Proprietor. Nov. 10, 46—11.

FRED VON SANTEN, 279 KING ST., CHARLESTON, S. C.

Santa Claus' Headquarters. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. NOW READY TO SUPPLY EVERYBODY.

COME AND SEE ME. HENRY BAYER, IMPORTER OF BANANAS, COCOANUTS AND ORANGES, Apples, Potatoes, Onions, &c., 215 EAST BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

C. C. PLENGE, Corner Broad and Church Streets, CHARLESTON, S. C.

DUNLAP'S FIFTH AVENUE HATS. FALL STYLES NOW READY! Fine Silk Hats, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$11.00, \$12.00, \$13.00, \$14.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$17.00, \$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00.

PAVILION HOTEL, CHARLESTON, S. C. This popular and centrally located House has been entirely renovated during the past summer and was REOPENED to the traveling public on August 16, 1880.

E. T. GAILLARD, Proprietor. Nov. 17, 47—11.

HERMANN BULWINKLE, Factor and General Commission Merchant, CHARLESTON, S. C., DEALER IN GERMAN KAINIT, or POTASH SALT, Peruvian Guano, No. 1 and No. 2, Pure Fish Guano, Nova Scotia Land Plaster, Ground South Carolina Phosphate, and other FERTILIZERS. Also, Corn, Oats, Hay, &c.

Preserve Your Old Books! E. R. STOKES, Blank Book Manufacturer and GENERAL BOOKBINDER.

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Pianos and Organs.

J. & C. FISHER'S PIANOS, NEW YORK. ESTABLISHED 1840. GATE CITY PIANOS. SEBASTIAN HERBER. I WANT YOUR TRADE. I Can Give You Satisfaction Both as to Prices and Terms.

These Organs and Pianos can be purchased on easy terms for a small cash payment. Specifications of the instruments may be seen at Mrs. Redus's Danville, N.H. Nov. 24, 48

W. M. SHACKLEFORD, room growth.

ESTABLISHED 1840. PIANOS AND ORGANS! These instruments are offered in comparison to the many cheap, trashy wares foisted upon an unsuspecting public by unscrupulous manufacturers of mushroom growth.

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Poetry.

PICCOLA'S PRESENT. Poor, sweet Piccola! Did you hear What hap'ened to Piccola, children dear? 'Tis seldom Fortune such favors grants As fell to this little maid of France.

'Twas Christmas time, and her parents poor Could hardly drive the wren from the door, Striving with poverty's patient pain Only to live till summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! Sad were they [day; When dawned the morning of Christmas Their little darling no joy might stir, St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her!

But Piccola never doubted at all That something beautiful must fall Every child upon Christmas day, And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke, She stole to her shoe as the morning broke; Such sounds of gladness filled the air, 'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there!

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild; Never was seen such a joyful child! "See what the good saint brought!" she cried; And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard? There was a little shivering bird! A sparrow, that in the window flew, Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!" She cried, as happy as any queen, While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed, And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell you, Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true; In the far-off land of France, they say, Still do they live to this very day.

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS. A GOOD STORY FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS. One wintry day little Mina arose in the morning and found that her mother was not up.

This was strange, for the sun was high and his beams fell aslant through the high garret window upon the bare floor. The stove was cold and the coffee-pot stood empty on the shelf. Mina laughed at the thought that she had waked before her mother. She slipped on her blue woolen dress, her large checked apron, her knitted stockings, and thick shoes, and having washed her face, and braided her hair in two tight little pigtails, crept around to her mother's bed, intending to kiss her awake. But her mother's eyes were wide open, her cheeks were red, and her hair was tossed about on the pillows.

"Oh, my child," she cried, as she saw her little girl, "what shall we do now? I am ill. I have a fever of some sort. My head is as heavy as if it was made of lead. I am not even able to rise, much less to go about my work. We shall starve together, you and I, poor, unhappy widow and orphan that we are."

"Oh, no, mother," said Mina. "We need not starve. I can make the coffee, and go and buy the bread and sausage."

"Child, child!" cried the mother, "very soon there will be no money to buy anything. I have felt myself breaking down for a week. I have no hope now. I must send for the doctor, and when he finds I am not able to pay him he will send me to the hospital. You, poor little soul, you will soon be motherless as well as fatherless."

The poor woman hid her face in the pillow. Mina wept. Tears ran down her cheeks; but she soon went to the stove, and kindled a fire, and made the coffee, as she had seen her mother do it.

"The coffee will do you good, mother," she said. "But the poor sick mother was too feverish to taste it."

Then, indeed, Mina felt that everything was wrong. "Christmas time!" repeated the poor woman, talking more to herself than to her child; "and Christmas used to be so happy."

At this Mina crept closer to her mother's bed. Yes, in two days Christmas would come. She had looked forward to it so. She had hoped that she would find in her

stocking a wax doll with blue eyes, and a candy basket full of sugar plums, at least; but she should not care for them if her poor mother were so sick.

"Child! go to the old doctor," said the mother. "Go tell him to come quickly! I must be made well if he can do it! Go! Go!"

Mina put on her hood and ran away. The good old German doctor came back with her, and felt her poor country woman's pulse, and wrote a prescription, and patted little Mina on the head, and bade her take care of her mother. But the child took nearly all the small purse contained to pay for the powders he had ordered, and though she watched by her mother's bed all day the mother grew worse. She lay tossing to and fro, talking of the past.

"It was Christmas time when I ran away with your father," she said with the quick speech of fever. "My father did not like him, nor my mother either; so we ran away and were married. We came to this country in a great ship. We were very happy until he died. Mina, do you remember how good he was to us last Christmas? Ah, only for you, only for leaving you, my little girl, it would seem best for me that I am going to him."

"Christmas! Oh, in Germany, at home in Germany, we always had a Christmas tree, and we sat together in the parlor, and the window lifted and St. Nicholas came in. He gave us toys and gifts of all sorts. We were glad, and yet frightened. Our wooden shoes were set in a row on the hearth at night. In each we found some gift. Such a supper! dancing! music!"

"I wonder whether my old father is dead; whether my old mother lives; whether they forgive me?"

She wept, but little Mina sat thinking. She thought of Santa Claus—old St. Nicholas, the good Christmas friend of all good children—he would come down the chimney, or in at the window, with any gift he pleased. Surely, if he was so good to her mother when she was a little girl, he would remember her now that she was sick. But how was he to know? He could, if he pleased, give her mother plenty of money. Of that she felt certain. But how was one to find him?

"Mother," she said, "where does Santa Claus live?"

"The poor mother was fast growing delirious. "What did you ask?" she said, dreamily. "Where he lives? Oh, I do not know."

"But he could do anything, give anything he chose?" asked Mina. "Yes," said the feverish woman, "yes—yes; tell him to give me ice—nice, cold, glittering ice—to cool me head—ice, ice."

"Oh, I will get you some ice, mother," said Mina. "I will go to the grocer's and get some."

She took a bowl from the closet and a penny from the old purse, and ran out of the room, shutting the door softly behind her.

There was a grocery in the lower part of the house, and she went into it and up to the counter. A rosy-faced Dutch boy gave her the ice, and he looked so good-natured that she asked him a question.

"Do you know where Santa Claus lives?" she said.

"The boy scratched his head. "Yes—he lies in Germany," he said.

Mina's heart leaped high. "Biddy—little Biddy Flynn," she called to a child passing the door, "will you take this bowl of ice up to my mother, and give her some and stay by her until I come back. I'll only be gone a few moments."

Good-natured little Biddy took the bowl and ran up stairs, and Mina ran down the streets that she knew led to the river, as fast as her feet could carry her. She had two cents in her pocket, and thought that would pay her fare.

A sailor was standing near a fruit stand. Mina looked up into his round, brown face with confidence.

"Mr. sailor," she said, "will you tell me which of those ships go to Germany?"

"Why, that one yonder, my little lass," pointing to one over which the German flag floated. But Mina thought he meant the little ferry-boat that ran to Weehawken.

"Thank you," she said, and flew away. A bell was ringing; she hurried past the ferry-house, dropping her two cents into the hand of the ferry-master, and the boat was off the next moment.

It did not take long to cross the river, and Mina went on shore and looked about. A great, good-natured looking man sat smoking his pipe at the door of a shoemaker's shop.

Mina went up to him and said softly: "Please, sir, will you tell me where Mr. Santa Claus lives?"

"Mr. Santa Claus?" said the man, in broken English. "Well, I do not know—does he keep shop or work at a trade? You tell me vot he is, den maybe I remember him."

"Don't you know? I thought every one knew Mr. Santa Claus," said Mina. "He—he makes toys for little children."

"So!" said the German. "So. Yes, I know. Go up dist street and along to the next corner, den you see a little gate. Behind dat you find de man dot makes toys for de children."

Mina said that she was much obliged. She felt that people were amiable in Germany, and her hopes rose high. She followed her old German's direction and soon came to a high fence. There was a gate in it. She lifted the latch and opened it, and before her was a low, brown house. Softly she crept up to the window.

Yes, yes, she had found Santa Claus at last. There, before the fire, sat a little fat old man, with white hair and rosy cheeks, hard at work with a turning lathe. An old woman, as rosy as he was, was gluing pieces of wood together with a brush-toy chair, tables, bedsteads, wagons, milk-maids, jointed dolls; and at a table sat four little girls painting away at the finished toys with the brightest colors. Oh! this was delightful, and Santa Claus and his wife looked so kind!

Mina knocked on the door. Some one cried, "Herein," and she entered.

She stood at the threshold and dropped the little courtesy her mother had taught her, and said: "Please, Mr. Santa Claus, I want to speak to you particularly. It is about Christmas."

"So!" cried the old gentleman—and truly he was a German—rising. "But what did you call me, little one?"

"Mr. Santa Claus," said Mina. "I've been looking for you all day, and poor mother is so sick. That is why I want to see you. You used to come in at the window on Christmas eve when she lived in Germany, and you always put something in her shoe, and now she cannot earn money because she is sick. I want you to come down the chimney and put enough in her stocking to last until she is well, for father is dead, and we have nobody who cares for us. And you—oh! you are so good, always going over the roofs on Christmas eve, and giving presents to everybody."

"The child thinks you are Santa Claus," whispered the old German woman in her husband's ear. "Oh, how like she is to our little Mina, do you not see?"

"Do you speak German, child?" said the old man.

"Yes," said Mina. "It is my mother's language. Yes, I speak it very well."

"And what is your name?" asked the old gentleman.

"Mina Hoffman, Mr. Santa Claus, if you please," replied Mina.

"The old woman caught her husband's arm. "Be quiet, be quiet," whispered the old man. "It is a common name."

"And how did you think of coming here, my little maiden?"

"Because you were so good,

and told me how pleasant it used to be in Germany; and oh, Mr. Santa Claus, you must know where her father and mother are. She said she ran away from them; and I know she thought it was naughty—only what could she do if they wouldn't let father come in?"

"Hans, Hans, it is our daughter!" cried the old woman. "What was the name of your mother's father?"

"It was Ansen, Mrs. Santa Claus," said Mina.

"The old lady began to cry. She caught the child in her arms and kissed her fondly.

"Oh, good Mrs. Santa Claus you will ask Mr. Santa Claus to help mother won't you?" pleaded Mina.

But now the old couple took her by the hands and led her away to an inner room, where the old lady rummaged in the drawer of a little bureau and brought out an old-fashioned dagger-repente.

"See, child," she said. "Don't this look like any one you know?"

"It looks like mother," cried Mina, "only—only not so old."

"It is enough," said the old gentleman. "Child, God has sent you. I am not Santa Claus. I am only an old toy-maker, working here in Weehawken—in a strange country to which I came from my fatherland. But my dear, I am your grandfather, and this is your grandmother. We came to America to look for our daughter when we heard she was a widow, but we could not find her. Now we are going to go and take care of her. We will go with you. And again I say, God sent you."

So in a few moments Mina and her grandparents were on their way across the ferry.

It was late in the afternoon when they climbed the stairs of the tenement house. Then the old people went into the parlor, and Mina went into the poor half-furnished room and found little Biddy Flynn still waiting patiently.

"What happened ye, Mina?" she asked. "The mother has been fretting for you."

"Oh! my child! I am nearly frightened to death!" sobbed the poor woman.

"Mother!" cried Mina. "Oh, mother! I went to Germany to find Santa Claus—for we never needed him so much. But it was not Germany, and I did not find him; but—oh, mother—I found grandfather and grandmother!"

"Mother! Father!" cried the poor woman; and the next instant they rushed and had her in their arms.

So Mina had a merry Christmas after all; and you may be sure that her mother got well, and that Santa Claus did not forget her.

Miscellaneous. THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS REUNION.—On Christmas it is customary for all the members of a family to collect and unite in merry making, feasting and otherwise enjoying themselves. With what mingled emotions of joy and sorrow are these happy reunions looked back upon in after years by participants thinking of those dear ones now, perhaps, separated from them forever.

Let us make a Christmas picture: The sleighride to the house, the welcome at the door, the bounteous feast with accompanying jokes and humor, the stories, games and other pastimes that follow, the unwinding of the children's Christmas tree in the evening, and finally the farewell for the night.

Then there is the jolly mystery of famous old 'Kris Kringle,' who comes in his sleigh drawn by reindeer, over the tops of houses, pops down the chimneys, never spoiling with soot the pretty things he brings, to stuff full the row of stockings that hang from the mantel. Let us imagine for an instant the little, rosy, laughing, happy faces that peep into these stockings in the morning, and shout gleefully as each treasure is brought to light.

Christmas has many happy memories to set against the sad ones that tell of loss of time and friends.

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. on above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements. Special Notices in Local column 15 cent per line. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in full force, and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. TERMS CASH.

A TIGHT-FISTED MAN'S CHRISTMAS.—"Oh! but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone. Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching grasping, clutching, covetous old sinner!" The cold within him froze in his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek; made his eyes red, his lips blue, and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. He carried his low temperature always about with him; he led his office in dog days; and didn't thaw it out one degree at Christmas.

Once upon a time, old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. He could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that the houses opposite were mere phantoms.

"A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. "Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

"Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?" "I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, "what right have you to be dismal? You're rich enough."

"What else can I be when I live in such a world of fools as this? Out upon merry Christmas! If I could wish my will every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly run through his heart. Keep Christmas in your own way and let me keep it mine!"

He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me" was the great founder of the gladsome feast of Christmas, and it is in his honor that we uphold the feast and gladden the hearts of the little ones he loved so dearly. It is a pleasure, a holy pleasure to make their smiles brighter, their laughter cheerier and more musical. Let us all, then, properly celebrate Christmas Day.

Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailors and travelers thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home!

"Mamma," said the little one, "do you know what you are going to give me for Christmas? '