At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, \$2.00 per Annum,

Invariably in Advance.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

E> The ⋈ mark denotes expiration of sub cription.

Miscellaneous.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

FROM REV. P. N. GRANGER,

Presiding Elder of the St. Albans District

St. Albans, Vt., Jan. 20th, 1880. KENDALL & Co., Gents: In reply DR. B. J. KENDALL & Co., Gents: In reply to your letter I will say that my experience with 'Kendall's Spavin Cure' has been very satisfactory indeed. Three or four years ago I procured a bottle of your agent, and with it, cured a horse of lameness caused by a spavin. Last season my horse became very lame and I turned him out for a few years when he became better but when I weeks when he became better, but when I put him on the road he grew worse, when I discovered that a ringbone was forming. I procured a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Care and with less than a bottle cured him so that he is not lame, neither can the bunch be found.

Respectfully yours.

P. N. GRANGER.

PERSEVERANCE WILL TELL.

Stoughton, Mass., March 16th, 1880.

B. J. KENDALL & Co., GENTS: In justice to you and myself, I think I ought to let you know that I have removed two bone spavins with 'Kendall's Spavin Cure,' one very large one, don't know how long the spavin had been there. I have owned the horse eight months. It took me four months to take the large one off and two for the small one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is one. I have used ten bottles. The horse is entirely well, not at all stiff, and no bunch to be seen or felt. This is a wonderful medicine. It is a new thing here, but if it does for all what it has done for me its sale will be very great.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. E. PARKER.

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 last summer which cured a bone spavin with half a bottle. The best liniment I ever STATEMENT MADE UNDER OATH.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN .- In the year 1875 I treated with Kendall's Spavin Cure, a bone spavin of several months' growth nearly half as large as a hen's egg, and completely stopped the lameness and removed the enlargement. I have worked the horse ever since very hard, and he never has been lame, nor could I ever see any difference in the size of the hock joints since I treated him with Kendall's Spavin Cure.

B. A. GAINES.

B. A. GAINES.
Enosburgh Falls, Vt., Feb. 25, 1879.
Sworn and subscribed to before me this
25th day of Feb., A. D. 1879.
JOHN G. JENNE, Justice of the Peace, KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE ON HUMAN FLESH.

Patten's Mills, Washington Co., N. Y., Feb. 21, 1878. B. J. KENDALL, M. D.: Dear Sir—The particular case on which I used your "Spavin Cure" was a malignant ankle sprain of sixteen months' standing. I had tried many things, but in vain. Your "Spavin Cure" put the foot to the ground again, and, for the first time since hurt, in a natural posi-tion. For a family liniment it excels anything we ever used.
Yours truly, REV. M. P. BELL,
Pastor M. E. Church, Patten's Mills, N. Y.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE is sure in its etfects, mild in its action as it does not blis-ter, yet it is penetrating and powerful to reach every deep seated pain or to remove any bony growth or other enlargement, such as spavins, splints, curbs, callous, sprains, swellings, any lameness and all enlargements of the joints or limbs, or rheumatism in man or beast. It is now known to be the best liniment for man ever used, acting mild and yet certain in its effects. Send address for Illustrated Circular which we think gives positive proof of its virtues. No remedy has ever met with such unquali-

Price \$1. per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. ALL DRUGGISTS have it or can get it for you. or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. KENDALL & CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.
HUNT, RANKIN & LAMAR. Agis., Atlanta. Ga., also, THOMPSON & MUTH, Baltimore, Md.

Jun. 9, 24—6m.

fied success to our knowledge, for beast as

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THE

Sep. 22, 39-tf.

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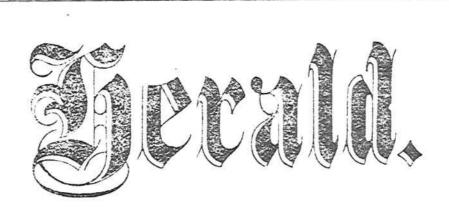
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visit me. I will still conduct the business, and solicit plain and fashionable work. Satisfaction guaran eed. I thank my numer-



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Vol. XVI.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

New Store! New Stock! Having erected a new and commodious Store on the site of our Old Stand, our facilities for conducting the Foreign and Domestic Fruit trade are now unsurpassed in

The attention of our friends, and dealers enerally, is called to this fact, and also to our fresh supplies arriving to-day.

100 barrels Northern APPLES. 50 boxes Messina Lemons.

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REFURNISHED AND REFITTED. TERMS, \$2.00 TO \$3.00 PER DAY. JOHN T. WILLEY, Propriet'r.

FRED VON SANTEN,

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HENRY BAYER, IMPORTER OF

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

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Silk Umbrellas, from \$3.00 upwards. from \$2.50 to \$4.50. 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50. Mourning Bands put on Hats, 25 Cents. Nov. 17, 47-6m.

UMBRELLAS.

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Terms, \$2 and \$2.50 per Day, E. T. GAILLARD,

PROPRIETOR. Nov. 17, 47-tf.

HERMANN BULWINKLE, Factor and General Commission Merchant, CHARLESTON, S, C.,

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. Orders filled with dispatch, and liberal advances made on consignments of Cotton and other Produce. Nov. 10, 46-3m.

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GENERAL BOOKBINDER. Has moved opposite the City Hall, where he is fully prepared, with first-class work-men, to do all kinds of work in his line. BLANK BOOKS RULED to any pattern and bound in any style desired.

My facilities and long acqueintance with the business enable me to guarantee satisfactors.

Deals Parks tion on orders for Bank Books, Railroad Books, and Books for the use of Clerks of Court, Sheriffs, Probate Judges. Masters in Equity, and other County Officials. Pamphiets, Magazines, Music, Newspapers

and Periodicals, and all kinds of publications bound on the most reasonable terms and in All orders promptly attended to. E. R. STOKES, Main Street, opposite New City Hall, Oct. 8, 41-tf. Columbia, S. C.

NEWBERRY HOTEL.

A. W. T. SIMMONS. This elegant new Hotel is now open for the reception of guests, and the proprietor will spare no effort to give satisfaction to the travelling public. Good airy rooms, comfortable beds, the best of fare, attentive, ac-

June 9, 24-tf.

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A pill that has become standard and is having an unprecedented sale throughout

> GILDER'S Pills,

They are honest,

They are certain,

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ing and doing all that the proprietors claim

They have never failed to have the desired effect where other pills have been un-

W. E. PELHAM'S. Dec. 15, 47-1y.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY PALMETTO YEOMAN,

COLUMBIA, S. C. It is an 8 page paper, designed for the people, filled with interesting matter-Family Reading, News, Markets, &c. Subscription: One Year, \$1.50; Seven Months, \$1.00; Three Months, 50 Cents—payable in advance. For Six Names and Nine Dollars an Extra Copy for one year. Specimens furnished. The DAILY YEOMAN, an afternoon paper, is \$4 a year. C. M. McJUNKIN.

Clubbed with the HERALD at \$3.25.

Poetry.

PICCOLA'S PRESENT.

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

'Twas Christmas time, and her parents poor Could hardly drive the wolf 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 befall 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;

See what the good saint brought!" she And mother and father must peep inside. Now such a story who ever heard?

Never was seen such a joyful child!

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 And danced with rapture, she was so

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.

Selected Story.

LOOKING FOR SANTA CLAUS A GOOD STORY FOR 18 7 BOYS AND GIRLS.

One wintry day little Mina arose in the morning and found hat 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

'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 kin-And are recommended by thousands as bedled a fire, and made the coffee, as she had seen her mother do

> 'The coffee will do you good, mother,' she said. But the poor sick mother was too feverish to

Theu, indeed, Mina felt that everything was wrong.

'Christmas time! 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 fruit stand. Mina looked up into looked forward to it so. She had his round, brown face with con- ing here, my little maiden?' hoped that she would find in her fidence.

stocking a wax doll with blue eyes, and a candy basket full of tell me which of those ships go to and told me how pleasant it used 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 hurried past the ferry-house, felt his 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 river, and Mina went on shore nearly all the small purse contained to pay for the powders he natured looking man sat smoking had ordered, and though she his pipe at the door of a shoe- will ask Mr. Santa Claus to help watched by her mother's bed all maker's shop. day the mother grew worse. She lay tossing to and fro, talking of softly:

the past. 'It was Christmas time when I where Mr. Santa Claus lives?" ran away with your father,' she; said with the quick speech of man, in broken English. 'Vell, fever. 'My father did not like I do not know-does he keep him, nor my mother either; so we shop or work at a trade? You look like any one you know?' ran away and were married. We tell me vot he is, den maybe I recame to this country in a great member him.' ship. We were very happy until 'Don't you know: I thought he died. Mina, do you remember every one knew Mr. Santa Claus.' man. 'Child, God has sent you. how good he was to us last said Mina. 'He-he makes toys am not Santa Claus. I am only an Christmas! What right have you Christmas? Ah, only for you, for little children.' only for leaving you, my little

that I am going to him. at home in Germany, we always you find de man dot makes toys came to America to look for our had a Christmas tree, and we sat for de children.' tngether in the parlor, and the

'I wonder whether my old fa- ly she crept up to the window. ther is dead; whether my old mo- Yes, yes, she had found Santa | waited outside in the entry, and Mina ther lives; whether they forgive Claus at last. There, before the went into the poor half-furnished founder of the gladsome feast of

thinking. She thought of Santa at work with a turning lathe. An Claus-old St. Nicholas, the good old woman, as rosy as he was, asked. 'The mother has been fret- dearly. It is a pleasure, a holy pleas-Christmas friend of all good was gluing pieces of wood togeth- ting for you. children-he would come down er with a brush-toy chairs, tables, with any gifl he pleased. Surely, jointed dolls; and at a table sat four when she was a little girl, he finished toys with the brightest ther! I went to Germany to find Sanwould remember her now that colors. Oh! this was delightful, she was sick. But how was he to and Santa Claus and his wife look- so much. But it was not Germany, snow? He could, if he pleased, ed so kind! give her mother plenty of money. was one to find him?

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

growing delirious. 'What did you ask?' she said, to speak to you particularly. It dreamily. 'Where he lives? Oh, is about Christmas.'

do not know.' 'Yes,' said the feverish woman, me, little one?' ves-yes; tel! him to give me ice

cool me head-ice, ice.'

the grocer's and get some.' the door softly behind her.

lower part of the house, and she in her stocking to last until she is from them forever. went into it and up to the coun- well, for father is dead, and we ter. A rosy-faced Dutch boy gave have nobody who cares for us. ture: The sleighride to the house, her the ice, and he looked so And you-oh! you are so good, the welcome at the door, the bountgood-natured that she asked him always going over the roofs on eous feast with accompanying jokes

'Do you know where Santa ents to everybody.' Claus lives?' she said. The boy scratched his head.

Mina's heart leaped high. 'Biddy-little Biddy Flynn,' Do you speak German, child?' she called to a child passing the door, 'will you take this bowl of ice up to my mother, and give ther's language. Yes, I speak it 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 if you please,' replied Mina. 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

'Mr. sailor,' she said, 'will you said Mina. 'To-day mother cried Germany?'

tle, lass,' pointing to one over which the German flag floated. little ferry-boat that ran to Wee- naughty-only what could she do his pointed nose, shriveled his 'Thank you,' she said, and flew away. A bell was ringing; she

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

and looked about. A great, good-Mina went up to him and said

girl, it would seem best for me Yas. I know. Go up dis street which I came from my fatherland. 'Christmas! Oh, in Germany, you see a little gate. Behind dat and this is your grandwother. We

window lifted and St. Nicholas obliged. She felt that people Now we are going to go and take care came in. He gave us toys and were amiable in Germany, and of her. We will go with you. And gifts of all sorts. We were glad, her hopes rose high. She follow- again I say. God sent you.' and yet frightened. Our wooden ed her old German's direction and So in a few moments Mina and buried with a stake of holly run hearth at night. In each we found was a gate in it. She lifted the across the ferry. some gift. Such a supper! danc- latch and opened it, and before her was a low, brown house. Softfire, sat a little fat old man, with room and found little Biddy Flyon Christmas, and it is in His honor that She wept, but little Mina sat white hair and rosy cheeks, hard still waiting patiently. the chimney, or in at the window, bedsteads, wagons, milk-maids, frightened to death !' sobbed the poor f he was so good to her mother little girls painting away at the

Of that she felt certain. But how Some one cried, 'Herein,' and grandmother!' she entered.

She stood at the threshold and dropped the litte courtesy her The poor mother was fast mother had taught her, and said 'Please, Mr. Santa Claus, I want

'So!' cried the old gentleman-But he could do anything, give and truly he was a Germananything he chose?' asked Mina. rising. 'But what did you call

'Mr. Santa Claus,' said Mina. -nice, cold, glittering ice-to T've been looking for you all day, and poor mother is so sick. That mary for all the members of a 'Oh, I will get you some ice, is why I want to see you. You family to collect and unite in mermother,' said Mina. 'I will go to used to come in at the window on ry making, feasting and otherwise Christmas eve when she lived in enjoying themselves. With what She took a bowl from the closet Germany, and you always put mingled emotions of joy and sorand a penny from the old purse, something in her shoe, and now row are these happy reunions and ran cut of the room, shutting she cannot earn money because looked back upon in after years she is sick. I want you to come by participants thinking of those There was a grocery in the down the chimney and put enough | dear ones now, perhaps, separated Christmas eve, and giving pres- and humor, the stories, games fectionery and toy stores.

'The child thinks you are Santa | the unveiling of the children's Claus,' whispered the old German | Christmas tree in the evening. 'Yes-he libs in Germany,' he woman in her husband's ear. 'Oh, and finally the farewell for the key and goose, and lean towards how like she is to our little Mina, | night. do you not see?'

> said the old man. 'Yes,' said Mina, 'it is my movery well.'

'And what is your name?' asked the old gentleman. 'Mina Hoffman, Mr. Santa Claus, The old woman caught her hus-

these stockings in the morning 'Be quiet, be quiet,' whispered and shout gleefully as each treasthe old man. 'It is a common ure is brought to light. Christmas has many happy 'And how did you think of com. memories to set against the sad

ones that tell of loss of time and 'Because you were so good,' friends.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertior, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cent

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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 CHRIST-MAS .- Oh! but he was a tightfisted hand at the grindstone. grasping, clutching, covetous old sinner! The cold within him froze in his old features, nipped if they wouldn't let father come | 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 iced his office in dog days; and didn't thaw it out one

degree at Christmas. Once upon a time, old Scrooge caught the child in her arms and 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 phan-

> 'A merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!' cried a cheerful voice. 'Bah!' said Scrooge. 'Hum-

'Christmas a humbug, uncle! You don't mean that, I am sure?' 'I do,' said Scrooge. 'Merry 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 shoes were set in a row on the soon came to a high fence. There her grandparents were on their way through his heart. Keep Christmas in your own way and let me

> He who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me' was the great we uphold the feast and gladden the 'What happened ye, Mina?' she hearts of the little ones he loved so ure to make their smiles brighter, Oh! my child! I am nearly their laughter cheerier and more musical. Let us all, then, properly celebrate Christmas Day.

Happy, 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 Mina knocked on the door. mother-I found grandfather and youth; that can transport the sailors and travelers thousands of miles away, 'Mother! Father!' cried the poor back to his own fireside and his quiet

> 'Mamma,' said the little one, 'do you know what you are going to give me for Christmas?' 'Why, yes,' said the mother, 'of course I know.' 'Well, for mercy's sake, don't tell me,' responded the puss with great vehemence.

How time changes, exclaims an exchange. In the good Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now nothing short of a miracle will keep one quiet.

with your means in buying presents for your parents. At such a time and in such a cause no one will blame you for being the Prodigal Scn. The small boy now puts in eight hours a day flattening his

Young man, don't hesitate at this

holiday season of the year to be lavish

It is said that a child born on Christmas will always hate tur-

nose against the windows of con-

codfish and bacon. Then there is the jolly mys-The man who takes unto himself a wife on Christmas eve will who comes in his sleigh drawn by be sure to have well-filled stockreindeer, over the tops of houses, pops down the chimneys, never

> Hose more despised by little children than the man who takes no stockin' Santa Claus? Chtistmas is the anniversary of

dyspepsia's fowlest conspiracy against comfort. As the Christmas tree is bent so is the youthful heart made

The muss that children are anxious to get into-Christmus.

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

ous patrons for their generous support in commodating servants, and moderate charges Sep. 22, 89-tf. will be the rule.

No. 52.

to be in Germany; and oh, Mr. 'Why, that one yonder, my lit- Santa Claus, you must know Scrooge! A squeezing, wrenching where her father and mother are. She said she ran away from them; But Mina thought he meant the and I know she thought it was

> '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,'

The old lady began to cry. She kissed her fondly. 'Oh, good Mrs. Santa Claus you

mother won't you?' pleaded Mina. But now the old couple took her by the hands and led her away to an 'Please, sir, will you tell me inner room, where the old lady rumaged in the drawer of a little bureau 'Mr. Santa Claus?' said the | and brought out an old-fashioned | toms daguerreotype. 'See, child,' she said. 'Don't this

'It looks like mother,' cried Mina, bug!' only-only not so old.'

'It is enough,' said the old gentle old toy-maker, working here in Wee 'So!' said the German! 'So. hawken-in a strange country to and along to the next corner, den But my dear, I am your grandfather. daughter when we heard she was a Mina said that she was much widow, but we could not find her.

It was late in the afternoon when keep it mine.'

they climbed the stairs of the tene-

ment house. Then the old people

'Mother!' cried Mina. 'Oh, mota Claus-for we never needed him

woman; and the next instant they home!

and I did not find him; but-oh,

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 RE-

UNION .- On Christmas it is custo-

and other pastimes that follow,

tery of famous old 'Kris Kringle,

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, laugh-

ing, happy faces that peep into