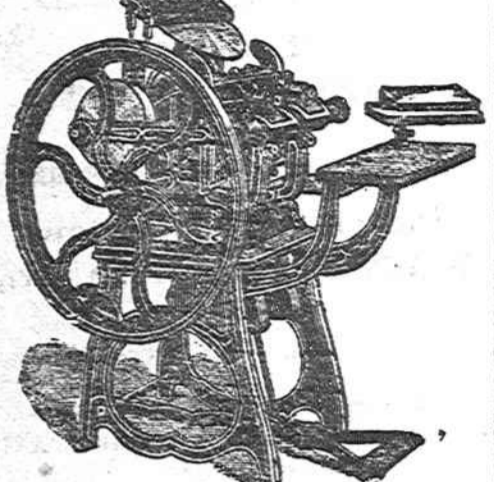


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Miscellaneous.

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NEW ROADS.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners of Newberry County, S. C., will, unless legal objection thereto be made, after the expiration of three months from this date, open and declare public a road running from Lyles' Ford, in said County, by the residences of R. P. Lightly, and J. Madison, to the residence of J. G. Hardy to the Public Road leading to Gordon's Ferry at a point near the residence of W. D. Hardy, (the same being a road now open and used as a neighborhood road.)

Election is Over.

Now go and hear the votes counted at CLARK'S GALLERY, where the finest Art Works that have ever been exhibited in Newberry, are on exhibition. And while there sit for your picture, and take to your homes some of their superior photographs.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, NEWBERRY COUNTY.

By Jacob B. Fellers, Probate Judge. Whereas, Ebenezer P. Chalmers, Clerk of Court, hath made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of Elizabeth A. Nigh, deceased.

NEW HOTEL.

This commodious edifice, situated on MAIN at the corner of NEWBERRY, S. C., and known as the BLEASE HOTEL, is now open, and invites the people one and all to call and know what can be done at all hours, to wit: An Extra Good Breakfast, Dinner, or Supper, for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c. Vol. XVII. NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1881. No. 47.

Miscellaneous.

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One of the Reasonable Pleasures of Life, a properly cooked meal, affords little or no present enjoyment, and much subsequent torture to a confirmed dyspeptic.

JAMES A. GARFIELD!

We have just engraved, at great expense, the BEST and FINEST Chromo Photograph of JAMES A. GARFIELD. This is, in fact, a work of real merit. Almost life-size. No home is complete without a copy.

H. C. STEWART,

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If you want to buy Clothing for Men or Boys either ready-made or made to order, do not fail to send for our Catalogue.

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GLENN & POOL,

(Successors to Wm. F. Nance, dec'd.) The undersigned having associated themselves together for the purpose of conducting the INSURANCE BUSINESS, would respectfully ask for a continuance of the business lately entrusted to Major Nance, and also any new business that may offer.

LIVERY STABLE NOTICE.

Having leased the Livery Stables from Mr. H. H. Blease, the subscribers take pleasure in informing the public that they will keep FIRST CLASS LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLES, Where they will be able to accommodate all who favor them with their patronage.

Poetry.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Oh, soul, a little while And thou shalt be released, And fortune shall have ceased To frown for thee or smile.

A little, little space, A few brief months or years, Two brief, O, soul, for tears, Then to thy resting-place.

Oh, where art thou stirred With weak and little rage To beat against thy cage Like to a captured bird?

Be still, poor soul, be still; He sees the sparrow fall; Thy woes he knoweth all; Hush, hush, and wait His will.

Selected Story.

"LITTLE RUSTIC."

It was a pleasant day in September, and the afternoon sunshine lighted up the cool green forest with a magic glow. The giant trees tossed their branches to and fro, as if to catch its kisses on their leaves.

'Suppose we give up the hunt for one day and look out for lodgings,' said Shelton, a fair haired youth of twenty-three, to his companion, a dark, handsome boy of nineteen.

'All right. I am heartily tired of this hunt, any way, and I have almost decided not to continue it longer than to-morrow. I wish I had remained at Bolton,' responded Arthur, despondently.

'Oh, don't give up, old boy! Although game has been scarce so far the scenery should be sufficient compensation for your walk. I see no signs of habitation, and this road apparently leads to nowhere. Ah! perhaps that little rustic can direct us to some farm house where we can get lodgings,' said Will, as he caught a glimpse of a sunbonnet rising above a distant hill.

Quickening their pace, they soon overtook the owner of the bonnet, who turned out to be a quaint looking little figure clad in a dress of drab goods made quaker fashion.

'What a pretty form for a country girl!' exclaimed Arthur.

'But I'll bet she is as ignorant as a Sandwich Islander,' said Will, 'and I mean to have some fun.'

As they approached her he said: 'Hello! little rustic, where do you live?'

'To home,' was the response. 'No doubt of it, but where is your home?' asked Will.

'Over to grandad's,' came from under the bonnet, which was drawn very closely about the face of the wearer.

'Well, where does your grandad live?'

'Up to Vine Cottage. But what business is it of yours where he lives?'

'Simply,' replied Arthur, 'that we should like to get lodgings for to-night. Will you be so kind as to direct us to the nearest farmhouse?'

'Well, I reckon grandad will take you, if you've got any money to pay for supper.'

After assuring her as to the prosperous state of their finances, Will again opened the conversation by asking—

'What is your name, and how old are you, little girl?'

'I'm Mary Elizabeth Gray; I forget how old I am.'

'Did you ever go to school here?'

'Can you sing an instrumental solo?'

'Never tried.' 'Let's hear you try now.' 'Ain't going to do it.'

'How many brothers and sisters have you?'

'Nary one.' 'Were you ever in Bolton?'

'Ya'as, I went to a circus once.' 'What did you see?'

'A monkey, but I guess he got out. What did they feed you on?'

Will at once changed the subject and asked—

'How much material did it take to make your bonnet?'

'All that was left of your cuffs,' she curtly replied.

Now Will's special weakness was for his large and spotless shirt-cuffs, and they walked on in silence until they reached Vine Cottage, where their little guide was met by a large, savage looking mastiff, which growled ferociously at the strangers.

'Down, Tiger! Can't I teach you no manners! Quit growling at the gentlemen.' Turning to them, she said, 'Git to the house while I hold him,' which they at once proceeded to do without looking back, and when she screamed, 'look out! you, Tiger!' they bounded into the house with more haste than grace.

They were met by old Mr. Gray, a white-haired, genial looking old gentleman, to whom Arthur explained his errand, and apologized for their hasty entrance. No sooner had the door closed upon them, than the little rustic threw herself down beside old Tiger, whom time had long since deprived of his teeth and pail after pool of girlish laughter rang out on the clear evening air.

'Everything speaks of taste and refinement; both Mr. Gray and his wife are highly educated; our little guide must have been lately adopted.'

'And a piano, too, by Jove! Who in the deuce plays it?' said Will.

While thus discussing, Bessie entered bearing lights, and the two young men noticed that she had a remarkably pretty face, and the chestnut brown hair, none of which was wasted in bangs or frizzes, was neatly and becomingly arranged. Taking a seat by the fire she sat silent for some time, when Arthur asked—

'Will you favor us with some music, Miss Gray?'

'I want you to play some first,' said Bessie.

'Please excuse my friend,' said Will. 'His musical education has been sadly neglected. But, if you are fond of classic music, I will play for you.'

Bessie said she had never heard of any of that sort, but guessed she liked it. He took a seat at the piano, and proceeded to murder 'The Star Spangled Banner' in the most cold-blooded manner imaginable, ending with a few bars of something decidedly original.

'Did you ever hear that before?' he asked of Bessie, who had been nervously chewing the corner of her handkerchief.

'Ya'as, the man played that when he tuned the piano,' she replied. Arthur then insisted on her playing. Without the least hesitation she walked to the instrument, and asked, while her blue eyes twinkled merrily—

'Shall I sing an instrumental solo?'

Here she laughed outright at the horror-stricken looks of the young men, who began to realize that they were the victims of their own jokes.

'I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Gray,' stammered Arthur Scott, who had really taken very little part in the fun, while Will's lo-

quaciousness suddenly deserted him, and for once he could think of nothing to say.

'It is granted,' said Bessie, laughingly, 'but the next time you make your plans for amusement, be sure you are not overheard.'

'And when you play practical jokes on two unsuspecting butlers, you must make some allowance,' said Will, who had by this time regained his thoughts. 'And now you owe us some music; but you are not expected to have mastered the art as I have done.'

Thus they were on the best of terms. Bessie who had a good voice, gave them quite a treat in that line, and the young men soon found that a little rustic was a more interesting companion than a city belle. When they parted for the night they both declared that it was the most enjoyable evening they had ever spent.

Will told Bessie that he would not dare to leave the yard while Tiger was at large.

'I will hold him till you get out,' said she, laughingly.

The next morning, when they were preparing to depart, Mr. Gray invited them to visit him again, which they gladly promised to do.

Two years have passed. Meanwhile, Will Shelton has wooed and won the little rustic for a wife. She often says that nothing but a high respect for his musical talents induced her to accept him.

Miscellaneous.

TALMAGE ON NEWSPAPERS.

Their Cylinders the Front Wheels of the Lord's Chariot.

New York Sun.

Dr. Talmage took two texts yesterday morning for his sermon about the newspapers. One was, 'And the wheels were full of eyes.'

He said: 'What but the newspaper printing presses have all their wheels full of eyes? All other wheels are blind. The manufacturer's wheel sometimes rolls over the operative fatigued in every nerve and muscle and bone, and sees nothing. But the newspaper press has sharp eyes, keen eyes, eyes that look up and down, far sighted and near sighted, that take in the next street and the next hemisphere; eyes of criticism, eyes of investigation, eyes that sparkle with health, eyes glaring with indignation, eyes tender and loving, eyes frowning and suspicious, eyes of hope, blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, sore eyes, historical eyes, literary eyes, ecclesiastical eyes, eyes of all sorts.'

Dr. Talmage's second text was, 'For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or hear some new thing.' Dr. Talmage said: 'That text gives the cry of the world for a newspaper. In proportion as men become wise they become inquisitive, not about small things, but about greater things. The great question thunders, 'What is the news?' There is a newspaper in Pekin, China, that has been published every week for a thousand years, printed on silk. Rome answered the question with the Acta Diurna. France answered it when her physicians wrote out the news for patients. England answered it by publishing an account of the Spanish Armada, and its newspaper press went on increasing until the battle of Waterloo, which decided the destinies of nations of Europe, was chronicled in a description of a third of a column! America answered the question when Benjamin Harris published the first weekly newspaper, entitled Public Occurrences, in Boston, in 1690. The first American daily newspaper was published in Philadelphia, in 1784, entitled The American Daily Advertiser. I will give you the genealogical tree of the newspaper. The Adam was the circular; the circular begat the pamphlet; the pamphlet begat the quarterly; the quarterly begat the monthly; the monthly begat the semi-monthly;

ly; the semi-monthly begat the weekly; the weekly begat the semi-weekly; the semi-weekly begat the daily. Aias, through what a struggle it came to its present development! As soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shook it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears as the printing press. It has too many eyes. Russia, which, considering all the circumstances, is the meanest and most cruel despotism on earth to-day, keeps the printing press under severe espionage. A great writer in the South of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject but natural history. Austria could not bear Kossuth's journalistic pen plied for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that a newspaper was a regent of kings, and that the only safe place to keep an editor in was a prison.

'But the great battles of freedom of the press were fought in the court rooms of England and the United States. One was when Erskine made his great speech on behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's Rights of Man in England. These battles were the Marathon and Thermopylae of the fight which determined that the printing press was not to be given over to handcuffs and hobbles of literary and political despotism. Thomas Jefferson said: 'If I had to choose between a Government without newspapers and newspapers without Government, I would employ the latter.'

'Stung by some fabrication in print, we talk of the unbridled press. Our new book is ground up by unjust criticism, and we talk of the unfair press. Through some indistinctness of our utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and we talk of the blundering press. We take up a newspaper with a social scandal or a case of divorce, and we talk of the filthy and scurrilous press. But this morning I address you on a subject you have never heard presented—the immeasurable, everlasting blessing of a good newspaper. Thank God that their wheels are full of eyes. I give you this overwhelming statistic: that in the year 1870 the number of copies of literary and political newspapers published in this country was 1,500,000,000! What church, what reformer, what Christian man, can disregard these things? I tell you, my friends that a good newspaper is the greatest blessing that God has given to the people of this century—the grandest temporal blessing. The theory is abroad that anybody can make a newspaper with the aid of a capitalist. The fact is that fortunes are swallowed up every year in the vain effort to establish newspapers. The large papers swallow up the small ones. The big whale eats about fifty minnows. We have 7,000 dailies and weeklies in the United States and Canada; and only thirty-six are half a century old. The average life of a newspaper is five years. Most of them die of cholera infantum. [Laughter.] It is high time that it was understood that the most successful way to sink a fortune and keep it sunk is to start a newspaper. A man with an idea starts the Universal Gazette or the Millenarian Advocate. Finally the money is all spent, and the subscribers wonder why their papers do not come. [Laughter.] Let me tell you that if you have an idea, either moral, social, political, or religious, you had better charge on the world through the columns already established. If you can't climb your own back yard fence, don't try the Maternhorn. If you can't sail a sloop, don't try to navigate the Great Eastern. To publish a newspaper requires the skill, precision, vigilance, strategy and boldness of a commander-in-chief. To edit a newspaper one needs to be a statesman, a geographer, a statistician, and so far as all acquisitions are concerned, an encyclopedic! If you have a notion

to start and publish a newspaper, take it for granted that you are threatened with softening of the brain. Take your pocketbook and throw it into your wife's lap. Rush up to Bloomingdale asylum and surrender yourself before you do something desperate. [Laughter.]

'Our newspapers are repositories of knowledge and are constantly lifting the people into the sun light. Newspaper knowledge makes up the structure of the world's heart and brain, and decides the fate of churches and of nations. Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Clinton, all had their hands on the printing press. Most of the good books of the day have come out in periodicals. Macaulay's essays, Carlyle's essays, Ruskin's, Taftford's, and others have first appeared in periodicals. If one should see in a life nothing in the way of literature but the Bible, Shakespeare, a dictionary, and a good newspaper, he would be fitted for all the duties of this life and for the opening of the next. A good newspaper is a mirror of life as it is. Complaints are made because the evil is reported as well as the good. But a newspaper that merely presents the fair and beautiful side of society is a misrepresentation. If children come into the world's active life and find it different from what they had believed, they will be incompetent for the struggle. Complaint is sometimes made that sin is set up in great primer type and righteousness in nonpareil. Sin is loathsome; make it so. Virtue is beautiful; make it so. A great improvement in newspapers would be to drop their impersonality. It would add potency to articles to see articles signed. It seems to me that no honorable man would write an article that he would be ashamed to put his name to. What is a private citizen to do when a misrepresentation is multiplied 20,000 or 50,000 times? A wrong done a man's character in a newspaper is more virulent than one done in private life. It seems to me that it would be a great advantage to the literature of this country, if men could get the credit for the good they write, and be held responsible for the evil they write. Another improvement would be a university education for journalists, as for the other professions. No profession requires more culture and education than that of journalism. There must be editorial professorates in our colleges. The newspapers serve an important function as the chroniclers of passing events. They describe for the benefit of future historians all events—ecclesiastical, literary, social, political, international, hemispherical. They are the reservoirs of history. They are also a blessing in their evangelizing influences. The Christian newspaper will be the right wing of the apocalyptic angel. The cylinders of the Christian printing press will be the front wheels of the Lord's chariot. The music that it makes I mark not in diminutive, but in crescendo!'

We may compare the soul to a linen cloth; it must be first washed to take off its native hue and color, and to make it white; and afterward it must be ever and anon washed to preserve it white.

All the good things of this world are no further good to us than as they are of use; and whatever we may heap up to give to others, we enjoy only as much as we can use, and no more.

Worldly faces never look so worldly as at a funeral. They have the same effect of grating incongruity as the cound of a coarse voice breaking the stillness of night.

Experience and enthusiasm are much like the two buckets of a well; as the one rises the other sinks, and they are found only for a moment together.

Great wealth is a great blessing to a man who knows what to do with it; and as for honors, they are inestimable to the honorable.

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 till forbid and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

OVER-EXERTION.

Long-continued exertion, without proper intervals of rest, is followed by a peculiar sensation of fatigue, and often by tremor or cramp. Fatigue is due, in part, to the failure of contractile material, and an accumulation of waste-products, in the muscles, but, in the main, to the exhaustion of the nerve centers that supply stimulus to contraction. Both tremor and cramp are probably caused by excessive muscular irritability, the former being due to short, irregular explosions of muscular force, the latter being a prolonged contraction of the muscle.

When over-exertion is confined to a small group of muscles, these, instead of becoming enlarged and strengthened, as is the case when exertion and rest are duly interchanged, suffer chronic exhaustion, which shows itself in a species of paralysis—as in palsy, or cramp, severally peculiar to writers, telegraphers, type-setters, violinists, pianists, tailors, milkers, and men of various trades whose work is mainly with the hammer.

It is computed that the pen-blade forger, if industrious and disposed to do full work, delivers nearly 29,000 accurate strokes a day, and in ten years over 88,000,000, each stroke involving expenditure of nerve force, both in the nerves of the brain which calculate the distance and amount of force necessary, and the nerves of the muscles engaged in the act.

Another result of over-exertion is irritability of the heart, similarly due to exhaustion of nerve-force. The heart may become dilated, so that valves—one or more—cease fully to close the openings, or the valves become thickened and incapable of ready and complete action. The elastic tissues of the great arteries leading out of the heart may be weakened by over-dilation, and the walls may, during some strong effort, so far give way as to form a pouch, or even to stretch out into a fatal aneurism.

This irritability of heart gives rise to palpitation, cardiac pain, and rapid pulse.

It is estimated that 38 per cent. of cases of this affection among our soldiers during the late civil war were due to long and rapid marches, or other forms of over-exertion. Professional pedestrians are proverbially short-lived. Mountain-climbers, and persons who carry gymnastic or athletic exercises to excess, and, especially, laborers whose work is severe, and who also suffer from intemperance, foul air and improper diet, are peculiarly liable to heart disease.

A BACHELOR'S DEFENSE.—Bachelors are styled men who have put their foot into it as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other like things; while, on the other hand, the bachelors extol their state as one of perfect bliss. Most men get married in order to have some one to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts and trot their babies—that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, 'to pull off their boots when they come home a little balm.' These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness indeed! Who is pelted to death by ladies who have daughters, invited to tea and evening parties and told to drop in when it is convenient? The bachelor! Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? His widow? Not a bit of it! She pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again—she does! Who has wood to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the servants to look after? The married man! Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man! Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side? The bachelor! St. Paul knew what he was talking about—He that marries does well; but he that marries not does better.'