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JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

A LIVELY CRITICISM.

The following musical criticism from an Aurora (Ill.) paper is full of strong contemporaneous human interest:

The Kellogg concert, so might have been anticipated, was largely attended. The dollar freeze-out was rather rough on the hoodlums, but the audience managed to exist without the customary war-whoops. The divine Louise was as recondite as usual, which, by the way, she ought to be, being well-seasoned. The editor of this paper makes no great pretensions in the way of musical criticism, but when a genuine \$800 grand spiral subband twist, back-action, self-adjusting, chronometer-balanced, full-jeweled, fourth-proof, rip-snorting conglomerate comes to town he proposes to hump himself. Kellogg's diaphragm has evidently not, like wine, improved with old age. Her upper register is up-stairs near the skylight, while the lower register is closed for repairs. The aforesaid Kellogg performed her grand triple act of singing, rolling the eyes and talking to someone in the wings at the same time. Her smiles at the audience were calm, but determined, but her smiles at the 'feller' hid behind the scenes were divine. Her singing, when she condescended to pay any attention to the audience, or to our critical ear (the other ear being carefully folded up), seemed to be a blending of the fortissimo crescendo dam-no-or-care either. Her costume was a harmonious blending of the circus-tent and balloon style, and was very gorgeous, barring a tendency to spill some of the contents out at the top. The Italian part of the business was as fidgety and furious as usual, and demonstrated what early associations with the hand-organ and monkey will accomplish. The venerable and obese freak of nature, Brignoli, was as graceful as usual. His appearance very nearly resembles a store in a corner grocery, or a water tank on a narrow-gauge railroad. He was not fully appreciated until he turned to go off the stage. He then appeared to his best advantage, and to take an interest in getting out of sight as soon as possible, an effort in which he had the hearty sympathy of the audience.

INFERIORITY OF MAN.—This is conclusive evidence of the inferiority of the sterner sex: A woman will take the smallest drawer in a bureau for her own private use, and will store in it dainty fragments of ribbon, scraps of lace, ruffles, velvet, things for the neck, bundles of old love-letters, pieces of jewelry, handkerchiefs, fans, and things that no man knows the name of; all sorts of fresh-looking, bright little articles that you could not catalogue in a column, and at any time she can go to that drawer and pick up anything else; whereas a man having the deepest, widest, biggest, drawer assigned to him, will put into it a couple of socks, a collar box, an old necktie, two handkerchiefs, and a pair of braces and a pipe, and to save his life he can't shut the drawer without leaving more ends sticking out than there are pieces in it.

POLITENESS PAYS.—A gentleman at Bridgeport was an interested and amused party in an episode which occurred recently at the Norfolk depot. While strolling along the platform waiting for a train, he saw a woman slip on something and nearly fall. Full of sympathy and politeness, he hurried to the rescue and assisted her to rise. As she assumed an upright attitude, however, something escaped from her possession that at once caught her benefactor's eye. It was nothing less than his valise, which he had left in the depot a minute before, and which it appears the distressed female was trying to get away with. The gentleman is more than ever convinced that politeness does pay.

Mr. Bible is running for a political office and a contemporary thinks he will 'end with Lamentations.' If re-elected he should be judged by his Acts, and—but it is hard to give a new version to these old puns.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

It is a solemn thought with the middle-aged that life's past business is begun in earnest.

II—COLLECTIVELY.

Having eliminated the true doctrine involved in the words children and meat, it is easy to arrive at the collective meaning of the whole passage, and instead of saying children, have you any meat, we may express the same sentiment in the more artistic and poetical paraphrase, O! FARMER, HAST THOU ANY 'VITLES?'

'Aye, there's the rub.' Hast thou the wherewithal—not to gorge thy everlasting stomach at the next meal—but to feed thyself and thy family, thy ox and thy ass, thy hogs and thy cattle, even unto the sheep that browse upon thy pastures, and the gobbler that struts in thy barn-yard, until another crop shall come in the fulness of time. O! my brethren, if I could convert myself into an angel and soar with the speed of thought throughout the length and breadth of this Southern clime, and pausing at every doorstep, exclaim in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' FARMER, HAST THOU ANY 'VITLES?'

How many in this congregation could rise up and, shaking the dew drops from their shaggy manes, answer proudly,

'YEA, FATHER, I HAVE.'

Weeping, I pause for a reply. Oh! my brethren, many are called but few are chosen, and your hang-dog looks proclaim with trumpet tongues that most of you are in the vocative. Then you unto you, foolish farmers, for verily you are laying up for yourselves hunger against the day of hunger. Wo unto you I say, for the folly of the foolish virgins that trimmed not their lamps with wisdom compared with your idiotic neglect. Wo unto you and unto your wives; wo unto your flocks and unto your children. Wo! wo! wo! Alas! echo answers wo!

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity. The son of David, king in Jerusalem, must have invented that idea on a full stomach, whereby his reason was clouded, for the doctrine which he there propounds is not altogether correct. A myriad of voices spring spontaneously from the universal animated creation, and uniting in one grand choral strain, proclaim in tones of thunder that 'vittles' is not vanity, and I feel sure my brethren, that you will all take stock with me in that beautiful and pathetic sentiment,

Give me 'vittles' or give me death.

It has been beautifully said that bread is the staff of life. I can vouch for the truth of this remark with painful fervor, for verily I say unto you that, in my meanderings through these low grounds of sin and sorrow, it hath often happened that that portion of my earthly tabernacle, which is gracefully encircled with the waistband of my breeches, hath travailed for 'vittles,' and as the ass brayeth for his provender, even so have I been forced to cry unto the children of Mammon in the language of my text,

CHILDREN, HAVE YOU ANY MEAT? If, therefore, ye raise not the 'vittles,' how can ye have the staff, and if ye have not the staff how can ye support the life, and if ye support not the life, what in the thunder is to become of the country and the preachers? I will tell you, my agrarian brethren, what will become of you. You will sit, like the prodigal son among the swine and dolefully sing,

I want but 'vittles' here below, And want that 'vittles' quick, Or I shall wipe my weeping eyes And the bucket soonly kick.

'No we won't,' some chuckle-headed brother will say, 'we will arise and go unto our merchant and buy the fatted calf on tick.' But what if the merchant should say,

'O, foolish and impecunious generation, ye seeketh after tick, but no tick shall be given you, save the tick of the prophet Jonah.'

You know, my brethren, he tried to obey the Lord on tick, and the consequence was that he got ducked in the sea and swal-

A MEAT AND BREAD SERMON FOR IMPROVED FARMERS.

BY UNCLE REMUS.

Children have you any meat?—John, chap.—V.

I once heard an old minister preach a funeral sermon from this text, and he said that it could be found somewhere in Jobn. I don't know whether he told the truth or not, but for the purposes of this sermon, I will be rash enough to take it for granted that he did.

Before proceeding to unveil the mysteries and to elaborate the beauties of my text in all their intricate ramifications, I feel constrained to say that I suspect our peculiar brother misapprehended the meaning of the language, as he stood in the midst of the weeping relatives of the defunct whose funeral he was preaching, and, with his eyes turned skyward, propounded that searching inquiry unless, peradventure, he had failed in obtaining his maternal repast, in which event it was but natural that he should have been more thoughtful of the comforts of his craving stomach, than of the bereaved hearts of his hearers.

I am not preaching a funeral sermon my beloved, but verily I say unto you, that a failure to give proper heed to the teachings of this beautiful text, will be a public invitation to the funeral of your fortunes, your farms and your country, and you will wander through the land, like the lean and melancholy ghosts that chase along the river Styx without the cash to pay their ferridge, and your voices will be heard like the voices of the Hebrews by the rivers of Babylon, howling to every passing breeze,

CHILDREN, HAVE YOU ANY MEAT? Awake, therefore, ye slothful agriculturists, awake and lend me your ears, while I elucidate and fructify the everlasting truths that coruscate along the everlasting crests of my text.

I propose, then, to consider the meaning of the words in this beautiful passage, in a two fold light:

I—INDIVIDUALLY.

I would remark that there are only two words in the text which I deem it necessary to individualize and catch the true ring of, as the miser catcheth the ring of his coin before he drops it into his old sock and hides it under the hearth, and those two words are 'children' and 'meat.' I opine; my beloved, that the word children in the text has a much broader signification than that segment of the human family which the old women of the country spank with impunity, and glory in the blessed consciousness that they can do again if they want to. I am persuaded that in the full amplitude of its height and depth, its length and breadth, it includes every native born American citizen, white and black, blue, yellow and gray, male and female, old and young, together with all the rest of man and woman kind on the face of this time-bound earth, and I do not think, therefore, my benighted friends, that I would be stretching my imagination too far if I were to venture the assertion that it includes even you.

The word 'meat' meaneth not alone the aggregated globules which formeth the fleshy portions of the corporeal tabernacles in which the spiritual essences of the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the deep 'live and move and have their being,' but to every eatable thing under the sun which the tongue of man bankereth after, or which he hideth beneath the broad bosom of his abdominal ocean, for it is said 'this meat was locusts and wild honey.' I say, therefore, my brethren, that meat here means 'vittles,' whether it be 'chicken fixens' or 'four doins,' hambones or corn dodgers, pickle pork or biled cabbage, and I challenge the universal creation to refute the correctness of my doctrine.

heard at a distance of one hundred miles. It is very well known, he thinks, that the roar of the guns at Waterloo was heard on the English coast, more than one hundred miles from the battlefield.

The vineyards of Russian Turkistan are being destroyed by a parasitic fungus known as crysiple.

The sand of the Sabara desert is sometimes heated to a temperature of 200 degrees Fahrenheit by the vertical rays of the sun. This gives rise to a scorching wind—the dreaded Simoon—which is rendered still more terrible by the burning particles of sand it carries along. In 1813, Burkhardt recorded 122 degrees in the shade during the prevalence of this pestilential blast.

The ventilation of the great Alpine tunnels under Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard so as to free them quickly from the smoke of trains has been a work of much difficulty. It has been proposed to create a current of air by the keeping of large fires at one end, but the expense has been found excessive. A French engineer, M. Pressel, suggests that the same object may be attained by cooling the air at some point in the tunnel by water, which would give the difference in density of the atmosphere necessary to cause a draught. Cool mountain streams are numerous in the Alps, and could be readily applied to the purpose.

The sale of 300 telescopes in France during the two years ending last October is cited by M. Camille Flammarion as showing to some extent the remarkable growth of astronomical taste in that country. The demand for M. Flammarion's books is, however, a more striking proof, two of them having quickly reached an aggregate circulation of 88,000 copies, while a third has lately appeared in its thirtieth edition.

The librarian of the Alessandrina Library at Rome, Prof. De Maes, claims to have evidence that a great Egyptian obelisk is buried in the vicinity of the Piazza di San Luigi di Frances, near the side entrance to the Senate.

The ground in the Jura mountains is in a state of movement, as is shown by some curious observations pointed out by M. Girardot. Villages that were invisible to each other at the beginning of the century, or even thirty or forty years ago, are now visible. First the roofs appeared, and then the upper part of the walls. Such is the case with the villages of Doucier and Marigny, near Lake Chalain. Important changes have been noted even within ten years.

Sixty per cent. of the mechanical energy converted into electricity and applied to a Faure storage battery has been reconverted into work on discharging the battery.

The story is told of the famous German scientist, Alexander von Humboldt, that, being engaged in experiments with Gay Lussac in Paris and needing a large number of glass tubes on which a very heavy duty was imposed, he instructed the manufacturers to seal the ends of the tubes and label them 'German air.' The air of Germany was not on the list of duty paying articles—and the tubes duly passed the customs officers without any demand.

The desirability of connecting lightning conductors with gas and water mains has been recognized by the Saxon Government, which has issued instructions as to the best methods of making the connections.

Assays of several hundred million dollars' worth of the native gold of California have shown an average proportion of 880 thousandths of pure metal. The gold of Australia gives an average of 960 thousandths.

In the initials of Guiteau, C. J. G., the successive stages of a criminal's career are readily traced. First the Crime, second Justice, third Gallows.

cover of the book, and there, likewise, fast to its sides, was a document, a deed of valuable estate—the large domain of her deceased aunt—the bulk of Aunt Hester's mysteriously-hidden fortune!

How the girl's heart throbbed with joy and gratitude! A thousand visques sprang up before her, framing themselves into air castles, faltering, then vanishing and drifting silently afar, as they came.

'What boundless wealth!' she whispered to herself, hardly daring to trust her senses for fear the reality would vanish into dream.

'Is it a dream?' But no! it could not be—there it was, the clustered harvest before her, unchangeable still, and real.

Out, out into the street hastened the happy girl, into the din and bustle, past the great warehouses that loomed up giant-like in the distance, picking her way through the traffic about her, down one avenue, then another, until foot-sore and weary she reached the outskirts of the city. At the terminus of a road, before a poor-looking cottage that bespoke the poverty of its inhabitant, Faith paused. Here dwelt her sister—the once beautiful and proud Maud—friendless, and forsaken by every one except the trusty little sister. Fate had strewn her path with the thorns of misfortune. Faith entered and found her listlessly gazing out of the small window that fronted the barren fields beyond. 'Maud—Maud! You shall be happy again—you are rich—here take it! It is yours!' And in another moment Faith had thrown herself and her precious burden about her sister's neck, and was weeping tears of joy.

Then she told her how the dear old Bible had proven faithful, how its pages had brought her heavenly riches and worldly wealth. And Maud listened, in silence, of the wondrous book that had hidden in it the 'largest of gain,' and Aunt Hester's 'hidden treasure so dear to the hearts of mortals.'

In the beautiful home of advanced thought lives Faith and her husband. With them, contented and happy, dwells Maud, their sister, for she never could be brought to accept aught of that harvest which her sister alone had reaped and won.

Their home is one of splendor and elegance; yet, conspicuous above all its luxury, upon a simple stand lies a simple old book, its leather back golden-lettered with three simple words: 'Faith Irwin's Legacy.'

Miscellaneous. FOR THE HERALD. SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

The element caesium has been secured in an isolated condition by a German chemist, Herr Setterberg. It is found to be a silvery-white metal, resembling sodium and potassium in general behavior. Caesium had hitherto resisted all efforts to separate it from its combination with oxygen.

According to Mr. P. L. Sclater, F. R. S., the term litypote, which is comparatively new to science, is employed to indicate animals which we should naturally expect to meet but do not find in certain parts of the earth. For instance, Australian litypotes are monkeys, vultures and woodpeckers.

Prof. Dufour has presented a new and interesting proof that the earth is round. The images of distant objects reflected in the Lake of Geneva in calm weather show just the degree of distortion which a careful mathematical calculation would predict on account of the shape of the earth.

Mr. W. H. Preece, F. R. S., states that the explosion of a cannon can be heard to a distance of twenty to twenty-five miles; and instances are known where the bombardment of a town has been

stalked haughtily from the room. 'I am glad, then, this is not the tone of contention,' said Faith, reverently carrying the book to her lips.

'But it seems strange, that, whereas every other article of virtue is specified, no direct heir to it was named in the will,' remarked Harry.

'Auntie had such strange notions—eccentricity, they call it. I suppose that explains her apparent poverty, which Maud so unjustly censures.'

'Perhaps.'

He was toying with the pages of the book as he spoke, when his eye suddenly caught the fly-leaf. Yellow and faded, yet distinctly visible, were registered a line of names dating back to the age of a century, and beneath of more recent date the following:

'I feel that a day will soon come when I must part with this, my dearest friend on earth. Throughout life this precious volume has been my sweetest comfort. Certain beautiful passages therein have inspired me to make occasional notes on the margin of its pages bringing to mind dear and familiar text of my childhood. I entreat ye, my beloved nieces, to read these carefully, for every hour spent with God reaps a harvest of gain, and in this godly book are hidden treasures dear to the hearts of mortal.'

HESTER HARDIN PRYMM. Boston, 1874.

'Eccentric, surely, but you will do so, Faith?'

'I will, indeed.'

The dreary autumn and the snow-robed winter days sped by, and once more beautiful spring burst forth in all her glory.

And during all the long, weary months, Faith had kept her covenant, studying the leaves of her sacred legacy with patience and fervor. Indeed, she had become so attached to the old book that the reading of it was to her now a sweet delight.

One lovely morning she sat reading a chapter of the Proverbs. Thus far had she advanced since the memorable day of the will, ever and anon reading with interest the notes she occasionally came across.

The chapter before her was the twenty-first, but she had come to an abrupt pause at the twenty-first verse: 'He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness and honor,' for on the left blank of the page were added and underlined these strange words: 'and riches. See within the cover of this Bible!'

At first Faith could not clearly comprehend the import of these strange words. Mechanically she turned to the lid of the book.

A sudden faintness came over the girl, as the mystery slowly began unraveling itself.

Pale, yet calm, she proceeded to look about the swollen cover for an opening, when suddenly her eyes fell upon a worn lap, carefully doubled and fastened down over the binding.

With beating heart she took a tiny knife and began loosening the spreading that held it firm. Once, twice, thrice she uplifted the creased fold, then turned back the limp cover.

There, tremblingly, the eyes of the bewildered girl beheld a mass of papers stitched to the side of the book, each sheet revealing as she took it from its place, a \$1,000 U. S. government bond, stamped and dated, with its bunch of glittering coupons, drawing the national interest from the time it was issued! And as the last golden paper was drawn forth, Faith, dazed and bewildered, counted them; and there they were—ten of them!

Ten thousand dollars, bearing their interest for six years! And as she placed the last bond upon the heap, she saw written on its back these words: 'Respicere finem!'

'Look to the end,' muttered Faith; 'can it be—then a light broke unto her, and, awed and trembling, she turned to the rear

Poetry.

SPINNING SONG.

Come hither, happy birds, With warbling woo me, Till songs that have no words Melt through and through me! Come, bees that drop and rise Within the clover, Where yellow butterflies Go glancing over! And hills, and slinking Oh roses red and white, Like glided goblets bright With silver lining; Each to my window send Gifts worth the winning, To cheer me as I bend Above my spinning, O ripples on the sand, That break in beauty; O pines, that stiffly stand Like guards on duty; Green meadows where, this morn, The scythes were moving; Soft slopes, where o'er the corn The wind is blowing; White clouds above the hill That sail together; Rich summer scenes, that fill This summer weather; All bring the sweets you've found Since morn's beginning, And come and crowd them round My day of spinning!

Selected Story.

FAITH IRWIN'S LEGACY.

MONROE H. ROSENFELD.

'Faith!' exclaimed Maud, her sister, 'I always thought Aunt Hester was rich! Here are nothing but a few gimcracks and relics, extremely extrinsic and ancient!'

She curled her mouth disdainfully. 'There is absolutely nothing desirable among them all, excepting perhaps this casket and brooch and the old family diamonds. The two former belong to you, my dear, and the latter have been kindly bestowed upon your humble servant, or, in the words of our dear and lamented kindred, etc., 'to Maud, elder of my two worthy nieces.' She approached her sister with the brooch in hand and proceeded to fasten it on her.

'Nay, nay, I could not wear it. But I shall ever treasure it as a dear gift and keepsake,' said Faith, laying it away tenderly.

Then the two girls proceeded to read the further disposition of the will. There were shawls, Indian and Persian, antique books, water color paintings of rare art and beauty, silks, linens, laces, etc., and—a Bible! And, strange enough, there was an emphasized clause relating to this book. After detailing various other articles to the two heiresses, the will concluded with these words:

'The old family Bible, a legacy and sacred relic of generations, I bequeath to the one of my beloved nieces who shall read it the most industriously, and love it the most fervently; hoping that, therefore, it will have no individual possessor, but be shared with mutual ownership.'

'What a great, darling old tome,' cried Faith, as Harry Rose, her affianced husband, placed the important volume in her hands.

'Perhaps its very dimensions accounts for our aunt's infinite area of benevolence,' observed Maud. 'Judging from her earthly residence her beneficence must have been astonishingly great, especially to her own kith and kin,' she added, sarcastically.

'Fie, fie, sister, how can you speak so ungratefully?'

'These banbles,' continued Maud, apparently unheeding the reproach and pointing to the diamonds, 'constitute, then, the nucleus of our worthy kindred's specific wealth! Ingratitude's not I, but when I expend a year's income on the resetting of these antique ornaments, gratitude, I fear, will be sadly marred by the item of dollars and cents? Pausing, she went on:

'As for the much-envied Bible, since your aunt has made such minute stipulations as to its future career, I resign all claim of it to you, trusting you may glean from its pages a like magnanimity of heart as that of its quondam possessor.'

Which Miss Maud Irwin