

Poetry.

OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning, How weary all the day, The words unkind, Would trouble your mind, I said when you went away, I had been more careful, darling, Nor given you needless pain: But we vex "our own" With look and tone We may never take back again.

Selected Story.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

Church Torrington was perhaps the greatest coward in New York. Don't misunderstand us, gentle reader—physically speaking our young hero was as brave as Bayard, as dauntless as Cœur de Lion. But it was where the fair sex was concerned that Mr. Torrington became a poltroon. A gentle glance from a pair of blue eyes was enough to throw him into a cold perspiration at any time.

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JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH TERMS CASH.

THE CZAR'S CORONATION.

How He will Reach Moscow, and the Dangers that will Beset Him.

Moscow Letter.

The Czar is the sole legislator, the sole supreme judge and the unlimited administrator of the sixth part of our globe, populated by 100,000,000 of his subjects. Indeed, he is the 'earthly god' of the Russians.

But where to look for these fireworks, underground, on the surface or in the air, nobody knows, and everybody is full of dark apprehensions. The question where the Nihilists can best deal their blow to the Czar is discussed here in whispers.

Who knows how many of the switchmen of that road are Nihilists? In the next place, after reaching Moscow the Czar will stop, according to an ancient custom, in the Petrovsky Park, about two miles from the Kremlin, where he will remain until the eve of the coronation, and then will go to the Kremlin. Now, that short journey, which will be rather a pompous procession, amid masses of people, will, of course, be extremely dangerous.

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerfulness, which, in a thousand outward and interlarding crosses, may yet be done well, in the vale of tears.

What we employ in charitableness during our lives is given away from ourselves. What we bequeath at our death is given from others only, as our nearest relations.

He who increases worldly goods increases care; he who increases servants increases theft; but he who increases in knowledge of the Sacred Law increases life.

If a man makes money at the expense of his virtue, he dishonors his soul. He sells honor for gold. All the gold on earth is of no value compared with virtue.

What a wonderful incongruity it is for a man to see the doubtfulness in which things are involved, and yet be impatient out of action, or vehement in it.

Keep up the habit of being respected, and do not attempt to be more amusing and agreeable than is consistent with the preservation of respect.

red cigar cases, and returned a gentle pressure when he had ventured to squeeze her hand at parting; and what, we ask the reader, could a girl do more? And still, in spite of all this, Mr. Torrington persisted in keeping his love to himself. In vain Aunt Serepta took herself up stairs, and left the drawing-room free to twilight and the lovers—in vain Violet put on her prettiest dresses and curled her hair, with a special eye to Mr. Torrington's taste.

'Violet,' quoth the aunt, 'what ails you?' 'I don't know, aunt.' 'How long has Mr. Torrington been visiting here?' 'I don't know; about three years.'

'Does he care for you, Violet?' 'I don't know, aunt,' she replied, blushing and rosy. 'Do you care for him?' 'I don't know, aunt,' she said, blushing still more deeply.

'Then why on earth don't you propose, and have done with it?' 'I don't know, aunt!' This time in a sort of despairing accent.

'Thank you,' said Miss Purple, depositing herself on the chair as one might set down a heavy trunk—'I've come on business.'

'What business?' 'What business?' echoed Mrs. Purple, with a beligerent toss of her head; 'as if you do not know well enough what I am talking about—why getting married, to be sure!'

'You see,' went on Miss Serepta, 'I am not blind if I am getting in to years, and I can see as well as anybody what you mean by coming so often to our house. But still I think you ought to have spoken out like a man. I'm willing,

and I don't suppose my brother will object, as you seem to be able to keep a wife!' 'You—you are very kind!' stammered Mr. Torrington. 'Is it to be yes or no—about the marriage, I mean?' 'I shall be most happy, I am sure!' fluttered our miserable hero.

'Spoken like a man! It's what I knew you meant all the time,' cried Aunt Serepta, rising to her feet, and actually depositing an oscular demonstration, meant for a kiss, on Church's forehead. 'I knew I should like you!'

'And when will you come round to brother Jacob's and tell the folks all about it—for I suppose you'd like to tell them yourself?' 'This evening?'

'It's as good a time as any, I suppose. Of course you won't mention that I said anything to you about it? I'd rather it should seem unstudied.'

'Naturally enough!' thought poor Church. But he promised, with a faint smile and parted from Miss Purple, almost shrinking from the vigorous grasp of the hand which she unhesitatingly bestowed upon him.

No sooner was Church Torrington alone than the full horror of his position rushed upon him. What had he done? To what had he committed himself?

'It serves me right,' he muttered grinding his teeth, 'when I could have won the love of the sweetest little fairy the sun ever shone on. It was simply idiotic of me to allow a middle-aged termagant to take possession of me, as though I were a cooking-stove or a second-hand clock!'

'I saw you coming,' she said, in a low, eager tone. 'I've been on the look-out. Excuse me, my dear, but I really feel as if I must kiss you once more. We're going to be relations, you know.'

'Relations? I should think so!' groaned Church Torrington, taking the kiss as a child would a quinine powder.

'Then go in,' she said, nodding mysteriously toward the door beyond. 'Go in—where?' stammered our bewildered hero. 'Why, to Violet, to be sure!'

'To Violet! Was it Violet that you meant?' 'To be sure it was! Who did you suppose I meant—me?'

'Mr. Torrington, is it you?' 'Yes, it is I,' said Church, inspired with new courage. 'Violet, darling, I love you—will you consent to be my wife?'

'Are you in earnest, Church?' 'In earnest? It's what I've been waiting to say to you for the last six months, but I have not dared to venture. Come, you will not send me away without an answer. Say yes, darling.'

'Yes,' Violet answered, so faintly that only true lover's ears could have discerned the faltering monosyllable. And Church Torrington felt as if he were the luckiest fellow in all the great metropolis that night.

When Aunt Serepta came in, looking very unconscious, to light the gas, Church insisted upon another kiss, greatly to that lady's discomposure.

Miscellaneous.

THE TARANTULA.

The Texas tarantula when it is full grown, is boss among spiders—what Jesse James is among robbers, or Jay Gould among railroad magnates. He has hair all over his legs, and wears his eyes on the top of his head to see that nobody takes advantage of him.

Like all disagreeable people, the tarantula has his personal enemies. The enemy he likes less than all the rest, is a large black wasp, whose only mission in life seems to be to take the conceit out of the tarantula.

The man who revenges every wrong that is done him has no time for anything else. If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

As frost raised to its utmost intensity, produces the sensation of fire, so any good quality, overwrought and pushed to excess, turns into its own contrary.

tarantula feels tired, and finally swoons away, whereupon the wasp alights, takes a good look at his victim, and seizing him by one of his legs, drags him off to some secluded spot where he administers on his estate. The would-be desperado can learn a great deal if he will ponder over the relations between the wasp and the tarantula.

The bite of the tarantula is not as bad as has been represented. It rarely causes death, but it is very painful, causing the bitten person to dance about as impatiently as a man who goes to the postoffice, finds his box full of letters, and then discovers that he has left the key in his other pants.

'WILD OATS.'—A young man is allowed by the strictest moralist an intermediate time in which to sow his wild oats; but who ever admitted the same necessity with girls? We say that man should have his amusements—his clubs, cigars, horse races, flirtations and liquorings; but supposing our women and girls come to us reeking with tobacco? Supposing they addicted themselves openly to taking nips of grog and absinthe when their spirits were low? Supposing they sat down to quiet rubbers of whist or ecarte, gambling away their household just to while off dull hours? We demand so much of excellence of our women that the worst of them are better than the average man.

WANTS TO BE A BIRD.

A Poetess Who Does Not Take in the Entire Situation.

An Iowa girl-poet sends us a poem, the first line of which is as follows: 'I would I were a bird.' That settles her hash. No birds need apply. What in the wide world a decent-looking healthy girl wants to be a bird for is more than we can imagine. Granting that an Iowa girl-poet is as handsome as a statue, how like thunder she would look as a bird, sitting on a rail fence on one leg, scratching her feathers with one claw, or hopping down under a gooseberry bush scratching for angleworms with her bare toenails.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in, the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful continued conversation with the other sex.

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GETTING USED TO IT BY DEGREES.

Somewhere about here, writes a Southern correspondent, lives a small farmer of such social habits that his coming home intoxicated was once no unusual thing.

'Very well, old man,' his helpmate would rejoice; 'see now if you don't fall into a hole one of these days, where you can't take care of yourself, and nobody near to help you out.'

'Look here,' he screamed, in a fury, at the last splash, 'you're doing that on purpose—I know you are!'

'Well, now, I am,' responded his old woman, tranquilly, while winding him up once more. 'Do you not remember telling me that it's best to get used to a thing by degrees? I'm afraid if I bring you right up to a sudden, you wouldn't find it wholesome.'

The old fellow could not help chuckling at the application of his own principle, and protested that he would sign the pledge on the instant, if she would lift him fairly out. This she did, and pecked him off to sign the pledge, wet as he was.

SENATOR DAVIS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—A curiosity among senators is Henry G. Davis, now nearly sixty years of age. While he was a boy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad came up the valley of the Patapasco past his birthplace, and when he was discharged from his father's farm he went to that railroad and asked for work. They made him a brakeman for a while, then he developed into conductor, and stayed with the road nearly till the time of the John Brown raid.

Affable, particular, very fond of money, yet working hard to get it, he started, at thirty-five years of age, a little money lending business at Piedmont, at the foot of the Alleghany mountains, a wild, mining town and varied the business by getting out some coal. A bank is the result of that work, of which he is president, and it is a National bank, too.

Mr. Davis probably had a hand in forming the State of West Virginia, in which his railroad had a special interest. Virginia had obstructed the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in her palmy days, and when she went out of the Union, and a State seceded from her, it was decided that this State should come right up to the Baltimore and Ohio crossing-place, so that to-day there is not one foot of this railroad on old Virginia.

Mr. Davis also moved into the new State, and began to get out lumber and buy new coal mines not much known to other people, taking into his ventures some of the Garrett family. He has accumulated about \$1,000,000 in money and property, and is now considered on the Democratic side one of the most useful men to know. Mr. S. B. Elkins, formerly an active delegate in Congress from New Mexico, who has married one of Senator Davis' daughters, is a co-operator in his enterprises, and together they are building a railroad from Piedmont to a new coal field on the Alleghany mountains, and expect ultimately to carry it across the Ohio river to some connecting point with the Chesapeake and Ohio or Richmond and Alleghany railroad.—Washington Letter.