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JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

Poetry.

IN TOWN.

I have a friend across the street, We never yet exchanged a word, Yet dear to me his accents sweet— I am a woman, he a bird.

And here we twain in exile dwell, Far from our native woods and skies, And dewy dawns with beautiful smell, Where daisies lift their laughing eyes.

Never again from moss-built nest Shall the caged woodcock blithely soar; Never again the hawk be pressed By foot of mine forever more!

Yet from that feathered, quivering throat, A blessing wins across to me; No thrall can hold that mellow note, Or quench its flame in slavery.

My chains fall off, the prison gates Fly open, as with magic key; And far from life's perplexing straits, My spirit wanders swift and free.

Back to the heather-breathing deep, The fragrance of the mountain breeze, I hear the wind's melodious sweep Through tossing boughs of ancient trees.

Beneath a porch where roses climb I stand as I was used to stand, Where cattle-bells with drowsy chime Make music in the quiet land.

When morning dawns in holy calm, And each true heart to worship calls, Mine is the prayer, but his the psalm, That floats about our prison walls.

And as behind the thwarting wires The captive creature throbs and stings, With him my mounting soul aspires On music's strong and cleaving wings.

Fast fades the dream in distance dim, Tears rise with a sudden shock; Lo! at my door, erect and trim, The postman gives his double knock.

And a great city's lumbering noise Arises with confounding hum, And whistling shrill of butchers' boys; My day begins, my bird is dumb.

Selected Story.

JENNIE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

It was a rainy dismal autumn day, the big country house where Jennie lived with her parents seemed so unusually quiet, that a young lady (who was Jennie's cousin, and was staying there on a visit) looked up from her work—she was at work with Jennie's mamma in the drawing-room and said:

'What can have become of Jennie? I have not heard her laugh once all this morning.'

The mamma said rather sorrowfully that it was one of Jennie's 'bad days.' She was a dear good child, but a little impetuous and unreasonable. Her papa had promised to take her for a drive that morning, as he was obliged to go to a neighboring town on business.

'But of course it was impossible to take the child in the pouring rain,' she added, 'only Jennie cannot see the matter in this light, and feels deeply injured.'

'I will go and find her,' said the soft featured lady, who looked contented and happy, although certain people had already sometimes called her 'an old maid.'

And she hunted the house through, visiting all Jennie's particular haunts, but there was no Jennie.

At last she came upon her, crouched upon a window-seat in one of the corridors looking miserable and dejected, her lips pointing, her eyes swollen and red.

At first she would not speak. But at last the coaxing manner and soothing voice of her good friend melted her somewhat.

They delight in promising me things and disappointing me at the last moment. As for papa, he is cruel.'

'I cannot bear to hear you say that, child.'

Jennie's cousin seemed transformed. She looked almost angry.

'Why not?' she asked.

'Because I once said the same thing, and was so bitterly punished for it,' was the reply.

'Tell me,' asked Jennie, subdued. 'I did not mean anything wrong.'

'That is a poor excuse for your hasty words, Jennie. However, I won't preach. My little story will do that.'

Then she began:

'When I was a little girl like

you Jennie, I had a very dear father. He was a clergyman, and though my love for him did not keep me from being troublesome and disobedient to him, I thought I loved him very dearly indeed.

'My mother had died when I was a baby, but I had a middle-aged governess, who was good to me, in her prim, dry way.

'I had birds, two dogs, a pony, and a most beautiful cat. Children in the neighborhood were often invited to spend the day, and were often allowed to roam about the gardens and grounds as we pleased. Then I went to spend the day with them.

'I had some cousins, big girls, and when I was but a little older than you, a grand party was given in honor of the twenty-first birthday of the eldest one. The latter wrote to my father, and begged that I might be allowed to come, and he consented. These cousins were rich and had a big house in the city.

'I was of course very anxious to go and made great preparations but the day before the one fixed for our departure, I fell violently sick of a cold.

'Next day I got up a trifle giddy and very hoarse, but determined to persuade them all I was quite well. I talked and laughed and made a great show of being very hungry at dinner time. But I did not like the grave look on my father's face. Surely he could not be thinking of forbidding my going to the party! He would not be so cruel!

'But my misgiving proved true. He said that on account of my illness I could not go.

'You are cruel!' I said, springing away from him and rushing to my room.

'And stubborn and angry, I went to bed, refusing to speak when I was spoken to. And next morning I got up late. I heard my father calling me from below, and wheels on the drive told me the carriage was coming to take him to the station. Then, as I failed to appear, he came up stairs, and knocked at my door.

'I made no reply. Miss Jones, coming into my room at the moment, said in a low voice, 'Mary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' then opened the door and said I was dressing and would not be long. I heard him take out his watch, and say in a disappointed tone that he could not wait; then he said, 'Good bye, darling, God bless and keep you, I shall soon be back,' so tenderly and sadly, that for the moment my hardness melted—I longed to throw myself in his arms.'

'But he was gone. I saw the carriage drive out of the gate and disappear where the road turns; then a dreadful sense of desolation came over me, that I never had, either before or since.'

'The morning seemed as if it would never pass. There were to be no lessons. After dawdling about I went to the window which overlooked the road, and the drive to the front door.'

'Whatever can these men be doing?' I thought, as four or five men I knew by sight came in at the gate, slowly, each one seeming to talk without listening to the others.'

'I felt something was wrong. I watched the men till they disappeared behind the bushes; they were going round to the back door; then I listened and waited.'

'Suddenly I heard a scream—my heart seemed to stop—then some one rushed in.'

'It was the housemaid looking so white and scared.'

'Don't you go down, Miss Mary,' she said, 'it's only some body got a fit or something,' but she shivered and wrung her hands.'

'I made one spring and darted down-stairs. But nurse caught and drew me aside, I don't know why, but I felt I had lost my father.'

'There had been a serious accident to the train by which he was traveling. The car he was in had been overturned, and a fellow passenger who knew him saw him taken out from among the

ruins lifeless, and had brought the terrible news back with him. I lay like one half dead too on Miss Jones's bed, listening to the cruel tale, and half hoping it was a cruel dream, a nightmare from which I should awake.

'Then, the storm of sorrow spent, I was worn out, and fell asleep.

'When I awoke the last rays of sunset were streaming into the room. Some one had drawn up the blinds and the noise had awakened me. Dreamily I listened to a whisp'ring behind the curtain of my bed. 'Do you think it would be prudent to tell her to-night?' Miss Jones was saying, 'Certainly!'

'Then followed a long sentence delivered in a voice I recognized as that of the village doctor. I caught the words 'joy does not kill.' Then by their very mockery I remembered all. I pushed aside the curtain and cried: 'Why do you come here to torment me? Why did you not let me sleep?'

'Then I stared in astonishment! Miss Jones, beaming, smiling, kissed me—wildly for her—and said, 'Mary, compose yourself, make up your mind for a great surprise, a great mercy.'

'He is alive!' I cried, and would have rushed to find him, but they held me back.'

'The good Doctor sat down and talked to me, quietly and gravely. It was true that my father was not dead, as had been supposed; but he had been brought home in a most critical state, and his recovery depended entirely upon quiet.'

'For many weeks we did not know whether he would live or die. But at last he began to get better, and before winter set in he was being wheeled about the garden, and I was walking by his side, an altered child, because the daily anxiety had taught me more than I had learned during the years I lived in the world; I knew how selfish I had been; what a needless life was mine compared to that precious one I had so little valued, and had so nearly lost.'

'I have told you this story, dear, as a little warning. I cannot wish you to learn the value of your parents at so great a cost.'

'I shall not,' said Jennie wiping her eyes, and nodding her head, 'next time, I will indeed think before I speak; I did not really mean what I said, you know.'

ing car uninjured. Robert Robertson, an iron merchant of New York city, was injured badly. A grocer named Edison, of Branchport, was crushed terribly. James Brooks, of the firm of Brooks & Dickson, theatrical managers, had his collar-bone broken. Morris H. Brown, son of Thomas J. Brown, Superintendent of the Erie Railroad, received a severe blow on the head, and his back is injured. C. J. Fox, of Richmond, Virginia, had his hand crushed. James E. Mallory, 202 Broadway, was so badly crushed that he cannot recover.

The dead man has been identified as Jas. L. Bradley, produce dealer, of New York. G. W. Demarest is dead. President Galaway of the elevated Railroad is slightly injured. Wm. R. Garrison has been unconscious since the accident. He is suffering from concussion of the brain. Geo. R. Blanchard, Vice-President of the Erie Railroad, Robt. M. Minturn and Ex-President Grant are among those slightly cut and scratched. Wm. A. McCall, brakeman is most fearfully injured. His throat was badly cut. Mr. Mitchell's condition is precarious, and he has sustained internal injuries. Mr. Woodruff and Mr. Mallory are about breathing their last. John T. Raymond, actor, has his collar bone broken and is otherwise severely injured. G. W. Demarest, produce dealer, of 151 Reade street, New York, has just died. The other dead man is E. L. Bradley, of 150 East Seventy-second street, New York, whose body is yet lying in the up-turned coach, waiting the result of a quarrel between three county coroners, each of whom claims the body.

SENATOR HILL'S CONDITION.—Mr. Hill's life is an uneventful one. His home is pleasant, cool and shady. The long piazza runs to the front of his library and morning and evening he may be seen sitting there talking with his friends, or watching the carriages go by. He sleeps well, taking a nap daily in his chair and resting easily at night. The pain of his wound is frequently deadened by morphia. His food is simple, consisting of liquids entirely. He can neither chew nor swallow solid food. He drinks milk punches, with once in awhile a piece of egg in the milk. Latterly the egg has made him sick, and he has not tried it since. One of the difficulties of his case is an occasional aversion to taking any food at all, deglutition giving him pain. He does not read the papers much but takes a vivid interest in current affairs, and likes to hear them discussed. He does not talk much and what he says is frequently indistinct. His mouth is filled with absorbent cotton, which adds to the indistinctness. After he has been talking for a sentence or two he can be understood perfectly and some phrases he speaks as well as he ever did. For example he said to me, 'Perhaps it is better as it is,' with every letter and accent perfect. It is no secret that Mr. Hill's family believe that the last operation was a fatal mistake. Mr. Hill himself still doubts if he ever had a cancer. As for me I still have a hope that he will recover. Garfield's case, if there were no other proof to offer, is enough to convince us that science is not unerring, and that doctors may sometimes be mistaken. In the meantime Mr. Hill continues to receive his friends, goes to ride in the evening, and sits on the piazza in an easy chair as he sat in the days of yore.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

A hen to-morrow is better than an egg to-day.

Little things console us because little afflict us.

THOUGHTS ON COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

All over this sunny land of ours there is feverish excitement. Once happy homes, that in days gone by resounded with the merry laugh of childhood are now filled with uncertainty, corrected manuscript, dismay, ribbons, starch, and unabridged instrumental music.

The distracted mother superintends the goring and shirring and bias cutting of muslin dresses, while the exasperated father smokes in the wood-shed that he may escape the inharmonious combination of the sewing machine, piano, and baby, in the house. The young people prowl around the premises declaiming speeches, and being stuck full of pins in trying on basted and unfinished garments. The school commencement season is upon us. It is in the Female Seminary that the commencement rages with most fury, and in the homes of the girls about to graduate that there is the devil and the dressmaker to pay. There is grief and sorrow in the bosom of Mary because she has to wear some of Julia's last year's garments, and Julia stamps her foot and dishevels her temporary bang because she has not been appointed to deliver the valedictory wail of the graduating class.

On the evening that the exercises take place, the school house will be full of the relations of the pupils and the friends of education; most of the latter are bald-headed, and would much prefer being in some cool cellar playing crack loo for the beer, but they feel that the cause of education, and their wives, demand their presence and countenance.

The principal of the school reads some statistics regarding the success of the institution. Then there instrumental music and a duet with a chorus. The little girl who seems to be pined on to a large blue sash, recites a little speech with hesitation and much prompting from the teachers, and all the ladies, except the mothers of several other little girls, say, 'Ain't she cute?' while the gentlemen applaud. Some more music and a cantata, and onepores and things, and then a young lady who is said to be engaged to be married as soon as she graduates, reads an original essay on 'The Profundity of the Infinite,' which depresses the spirits of the audience, and puts them in a proper frame of mind to bear a song and accompaniment, of the operatic sky-rocket style, by another young lady who sings in a soprano voice and the Italian language.

This sort of thing continues for two hours, when the principal presents each member of the graduating class, with a parchment diploma tied with a red ribbon, and then turns the audience out into the cool embrace of 10 p. m., 'everyone highly pleased with the evening's entertainment,' as the papers say.

In our mind's eye we see the young lady—who was educated to write essays on 'The Profundity of the Infinite,' and kindred subjects—we see her in the course of time marry a man who clerks in a dollar store and reads the New York Weekly serial stories in bed. We see her trying to compass the duties of cook and housekeeper, while the cares of several children add to her responsibility. And there is the girl who played and sang that segment of an Italian opera, she is married to a man who cuts inscriptions off tombstones for a living, and who wouldn't know the difference between a note of Italian music and a counterfeit Confederate bond. These girls do not seem after marriage to take such depth of comfort out of their education and parchment diplomas as one would expect, but nevertheless there must be Italian operas and essays on 'The Profundity of the Infinite,' or our school commencements and our modern system of education would not be the successes that they are.—Texas Siftings.

Defeat is a school in which truth always grows strong.

A WEAPON OF EVIL.—A horrible crime was committed in Cincinnati on Tuesday night. Henry Cole, a lawyer, shot and killed his wife, his daughter, and himself. According to a Cincinnati newspaper, the pistol which he used is the very weapon with which Edward S. Stokes killed James Fisk, Jr. It is said to have been presented to Mr. Cole when he resided in this city.

Under the old common law, any personal chattel which was the immediate occasion of the death of a reasonable creature was known as a deadand, and was forfeited to the sovereign, to be applied to pious uses. The law of deadand was abolished in this State in 1813, and in England about thirty-five years ago; but there would be at least one element of good in its restoration. A pistol or a knife with which a homicide had been perpetrated would not then circulate through the community from one owner to another, carrying its murderous suggestions where they will do the most harm.

To an insane man, or a man of weak nature, the mere possession of such a weapon, with knowledge of its history, may be an incitement to crimes which would never have been thought of without it. He thinks of murder whenever he looks at it, and finally he finds something attractive in the idea of adding to the tragic interest connected with it, by making it the instrument of some tragedy himself.

Every weapon used in the commission of a crime should be confiscated by the State, and destroyed, or placed in some public depository whence it can never be taken to serve a second unlawful purpose.—New York Sun.

THE STAR ROUTE COMEDY.—An intelligent correspondent in Washington, whose letter is printed elsewhere, declares that the case which has been so long on trial against the Star route scoundrels was purposely selected with a view to secure their acquittal; that the Government had another case in which there was positive evidence of corruption, and on which conviction would have been certain, but that this particular case was carefully kept away from the Grand Jury; also, that still another case where this same evidence was conclusive, was deliberately abandoned by the prosecuting authorities, for the reason that a certain notorious United States Senator was involved in it!

We do not pretend to know that these allegations are true; we only know that they come from a well informed source. We also see plainly that the trial on which so much time and labor have been spent must inevitably come to nothing.

There are two men who will be especially injured in the public estimation by such a farcical result. One is George Bliss and the other is Chester A. Arthur.

[New York Sun.]

ALAS! ALAS!—Thomas has gone! Jefferson has left us! Mackey has returned to his first love! For is it not so written in great swelling words and ponderous periods in the National Republican? We may now pause before this stupendous prodigiousness and wonder, while we weep, as well as at the celerity of its tergiversation as at the sublimity of its self-conceit. The Democratic party has proved false! Hampton, the pure and spotless, has proved recreant to the solemn pledges he made before high heaven! Mackey alone is found faithful among the faithless many. His sensitive nature shrinks from contact with the false and base. He therefore shakes the Democratic dust from his feet and seeks more congenial association in the bosom of Radicalism. Whether his old associates will kill the fatted calf for the returning prodigal remains to be seen.—Chester Reporter.

One voice worn out makes us wiser than fifty tutors.

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Exchange. The author of the well known song, 'The Sweet By and By,' S. Filmore Bennett, of Elkhorn, Wis., denies in the Chicago Indicator that he and the composer were drunk when they wrote the words and music of that song, as has been charged. Neither of them were drunk. Bennett was at his place of business when Webster, who was of a nervous and sensitive nature and easily susceptible to depression, came in, in one of his melancholy moods. 'What's the matter now?' asked Bennett. 'It's no matter,' he answered; 'it will be all right by and by.' 'The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash,' says Bennett, 'and I replied, 'The Sweet By and By!' Why would it not make a good hymn?' 'May be it would,' he said indifferently. Turning to the desk, Bennett then wrote the three verses of the hymn. 'In the meantime two friends—N. H. Carswell and S. E. Bright—had come in,' says Bennett. 'I handed the hymn to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled, and his demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk he began writing the notes in a moment. Presently he requested his violin, and played the melody. In a few moments more he had the notes for the four parts of the chorus jotted down. I think it was not over thirty minutes from the time I took my pen to write the words, before the two gentlemen before named, myself and Mr. Webster were singing the hymn, in the same form in which it afterward appeared. While singing it, Mr. R. Crosby, now a resident of Richmond, Ill., came in, and, after listening awhile, with tears in his eyes, uttered the prediction: 'That hymn is immortal.' I think it was sung in public shortly after, for within two weeks almost every child on the streets was singing it. It is translated into several languages and sung in every land under the sun.

THE PLATFORM.—Julia wants to know 'what a party platform is.' Well, a platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-essentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on principle, and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform, with a reserved definition of civil service reform: down on corruption, loud in praise of purity, and to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform, you understand, Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pomp and circumstance; it goes along with the banners, transparencies and torches, and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like the campaign torch, indeed; it gives out a great deal of small and smoky with a very uncertain, flickering light.

[Hawkeye.]

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and of making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens far more hearts than tears.

It is strange that men will talk of miracles, revolutions, inspirations, and the like, as things past, while love remains.

Pleasure may be aptly compared to many good books, which increase in real value in proportion as they are abridged.

Faith and persistence are life's architects; while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavor.

Chapin once said beautifully: 'The fatal fact about the hypocrite is that he is a hypocrite.'

Apprehension of evil is often worse than evil itself.

SAD FATE OF A CRIMINAL'S FAMILY.—A recent letter to the

worth (Kansas) Times says: The readers of the Times will remember that during the Platte City fair last fall the details of a terrible stabbing affray were published. The substance of the report was that Clay Snell, a young man of good family, had stabbed a young man named Nathan Andrews. As the prisoner is in jail awaiting trial little can be said about the merits or demerits of the case. There is one fact, however, that is too terrible to be suppressed, and that is the death of the entire family of the Snells. Shortly after the murder Mrs. Lucy Ann Staniford, mother of Clay Snell, became excited over the murder and grew ill. Within a short time she died. Then Robert Snell became ill, from what is supposed to be the same cause, and after a lingering sickness, during which time he talked constantly of the family trouble, he passed away, soon followed by his little six-months old baby. John Snell, another brother, succumbed to the strain of family excitement, and after a short illness died. Within the last three days a telegram was received in this city by Mr. Shackelford announcing the death of Miss Nettie Snell, the last but one of the family of one blood. It was ascertained yesterday afternoon that a little seven-year-old half brother of Clay Snell, Thomas Staniford, is not expected to live. Clay Snell, who is the only survivor of this unfortunate family is now in jail at Platte City awaiting trial for the murder of Andrews. He takes the death of the various members of his family much to heart. When his mother was buried it is said that he begged permission to attend the funeral, saying, 'Send a hundred men to guard me; cover me with chains, double locked, but for God's sake let me see the last of my poor old mother!' He was not permitted to go.

A little boy, who was accustomed to say grace in the absence of his father, had a younger brother who found it hard to wait until grace was over without helping himself to some of the good things near. On one occasion, when company was present, the young master of the ceremonies observed the small boy helping himself liberally to cake before the blessing was asked, so he deliberately said: 'For what we are about to receive, and for what Charlie has already helped himself to, the Lord make us truly thankful. Amen.'

The young man who hammers his thumb nail this spring while putting down carpets, or who is violently caught under the chin by a clothes-line when he goes out in the yard after dusk, should remember that in the revised edition of the New Testament the words have been changed to 'hades' and 'condemnation.'

Some people are too smart. A man saw a pocketbook lying on the pavement, and was about to pick it up, when he remembered what he read about 'tricks on travellers' and let it alone. A man behind him picked it up. 'Got fooled, hey?' chuckled the first man. 'No,' said the second, 'got ten dollars!'

The worth of a stage, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

To know how to serve is to have learned one of the lessons of divine wisdom.

The wise man knows the fool, but the fool knows not the wise man.

Power, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer.

An absolute freedom in religious discussion has never yet existed.

If you would know a bad husband look at his wife's countenance.

It is a barren kind of criticism which tells you what a thing is not.

It is much easier to settle a point than to act on it.

The height of meanness is to exult in its excess.