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ADVERTISING RATES.

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JOB PRINTING

Done with neatness and dispatch. TERMS CASH.

Clothing. THE BIGGEST AND BEST STOCK OF CLOTHING EVER EXHIBITED IN NEWBERRY, CAN BE FOUND AT WRIGHT & J. W. COPPOCK'S.

Every Article in the Line of GENTLEMEN'S WEAR, FROM A FINE PAIR OF Shoes up to a Hat. UNDERWEAR a Specialty.

Clothing for Youths. Announcement No. 1! We will offer special inducements for the next sixty days to all who may want ready-made clothing or furnishing goods.

Miscellaneous. THE HOLIDAYS ARE COMING AND NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE FOR THEM.

FINEST VARIETY OF TROPICAL FRUIT IN MARKET. Fresh Oranges Every Week. BANANAS, COCONUTS, GRAPES, MALACA GRAPES, Northern Fruits.

C. BART & CO., CHARLESTON, S. C. Nov. 30, 41-6m.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY PALMETTO YEOMAN, COLUMBIA, S. C.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL, (Formerly the Wheeler House,) COLUMBIA, S. C. THOROUGHLY RENOVATED, REFURNISHED AND REFITTED.

SEASIDE NOVELS OR NOVELS For the Seaside, Chimney Side, Sunny Side, Shady Side, Right Side, Left Side, or any other side.

ALSTON DINNER HOUSE. Passengers on both the up and down trains have the usual table for DINNER at Alston, the junction of the G. & C. R. R., and the S. U. & C. R. R.

WRIGHT'S HOTEL, COLUMBIA, S. C. This new and elegant house, with all modern improvements, is now open for the reception of guests.

DR. E. E. JACKSON, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, COLUMBIA, S. C. Removed to store two doors next to Wheeler House.

Miscellaneous. A SPECIALTY Is made by SWAFFIELD.

Gentlemen's Suits, Which are CUT AND MADE BY FIRST CLASS HANDS.

Newberry Hotel, C. C. CHASE, Proprietor, Newberry, S. C.

Rooms comfortable and newly furnished. Table well supplied with the best market affords.

I Can Tell You How to Be Your Own Doctor!

SIMMONS' HEPATIC COMPOUND Or Liver and Kidney Cure. REMOVES CONSTIPATION. RELIEVES DIZZINESS.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS CHARLESTON, S. C.

Books and Stationery. ONCE MORE, AGAIN.

Keep it Before the Public. The largest and best stock of BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY ARTICLES

HERALD BOOK STORE. Comprising in part Blank Books, Memorandum Books, Pocket Books, School Books, Picture Books, Hyman Books, Scrap Books, Bibles, Catechisms, Invoice Books, Miscellaneous Books, and other kinds of books.

Thos. F. GRENEKER, PROPRIETOR HERALD BOOK STORE.

ROBSON'S COTTON AND CORN FERTILIZER. ROBSON'S COMPOUND ACID PHOSPHATE. These grades are rich in all the essentials constituting first-class articles.

Poetry. BABY CHARLEY. He's fast asleep. See how, O wife, Night's finger on the lip of life.

Heaven-lights, I know, are beaming through Those lucid eyelids, veiled with blue, That shut away from mortal view Large eyes of Baby Charley.

Selected Story. TROUBLES OF A BRIDAL PARTY.

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green looking man, as he stepped up to the counter of a Milwaukee hotel and registered his name and added "and wife" after it.

"Annoyed? That doesn't express it. We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles West of St. Paul, and traveling men put up a job to make me tired.

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had just got comfortably in bed when there was a knock at the door, and I got up, and the watchman was there, and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire-escape so I could get out in case of fire, and I went out into the hall and he took me away out into the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came in the room and told her to fly, and save herself, and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and got back into our room half froze. I have got them fellows down fine. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire-escape is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a harse factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says he would know him, because he has a big gray moustache and wears a diamond collar-button in his shirt.

The hotel man told him if any body came around to bother him to knock them clear down stairs and he would be responsible, and the bridegroom took his satchel and his wife and the colored man showed them a room, and they have not showed up since. It is confounded mean in traveling men to get snowed in and form a syndicate to have fun. They will cause themselves to be disliked if they keep on.

Miscellaneous. OUR NEW YORK LETTER. From our own Correspondent. MORE ARTISTIC STEALING—A WILTED BLOSSOM—ENTERPRISE OF A FAMOUS CATERER—INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS EXTRAORDINARY—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MASHERS—FEMINE QUICKNESS ON THE TRIGGER—CONNUBIALITIES OF A CONCEITED CORNETIST—A NEW WOLF FOLD—HYGIENE ON JUDICIAL BENCH.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1883. Some day, perhaps, we shall have bank directors who know enough and are diligent enough to ferret out error so quickly after it is committed as to discourage any wilful attempts on its funds. Another clerk has been discovered to have robbed that unhappy Jersey City Bank, and is on his way to join the late president, treasurer, and cashier in State Prison. His simple plan was to cash cheques ostensibly drawn by persons who had ceased to have accounts with the bank, but whose names having been on the books and thus familiar to his superior whose duty it was to check his work, would pass without comment. By this pleasing device in the course of seven years he managed to get away with \$12,000. Seven years' labor ought to have netted him more than that with such chances, and any brainy fellow could have got more honestly, but perhaps the terrible dread of being found out, which would worry most men into their coffins, acts as a pleasing excitement to a certain class of thieves, something like hunting a grizzly bear with a lame mustang and damp cartridges.

Lily Langtry has dropped among us suddenly after a 1,500 mile ride from Keokuk, in order "to get a rest." The fact seems to be that the lady who travels on her face and shape (her reputation fled long ago), finds that the "daisies" of Hoosierdom and other wild Western regions are generally preferred. The novelty has worn off and people don't care to see good plays murdered by bad acting, and the lacadaisical airs of a fat Prince's expect, and Gebby, though an assiduous monkey, is so stupid and quarrelsome that he has been an additional millstone to the fast fading beauty.

Stokes, by the way, is now in negotiation for the Madison Square Garden property, and will probably get it. He is heavily backed by men with much money and faith in his enterprise and honesty. Vanderbilt ought to be glad to sell it, for its possession has entailed plenty of (mostly well-merited) abuse that cannot have been pleasant even to the thickest hide of fools. Circuses and shows innumerable, holy and unholy revivals, walking matches, prize fights, etc., including Offenbach, the high priest of too suggestive melody, have all been exploited there, and sundry persons have been precipitated out of existence by its falling walls, the parsimony of the proprietor and the inefficiency of the Building Department. Stokes may not improve its morals, but his buildings will undoubtedly be ornamental. He has introduced a new method of utilizing reformed prizefighters as guardians of the peace in his elegant gin-mill, where a too exuberant imberber might by firing a glass at some of the pictures of nude nymphs or super fixtures of other kinds destroy thousands of dollars worth of art triumphs.

Congress is about to adjourn in the midst of a tremendous difficulty, "Richelieu" Robinson, the Brooklyn Anglo-maniac, has been pulling the British lion's tail till he is black in the face, and really some

of the late proceedings of the beast have made sensible people angry. A steamer foundered in mid-ocean the other day, and among the passengers rescued most gallantly by the crew of the Republic, a very monarchical sort of vessel by the way, was an Irish laborer whom the officers straightway put in irons and solitary confinement on suspicion of Fenianism, and so they kept him for two days while actually tied up to a New York pier till the British Consul's Deputy examined him and let him go. Then there is an attempt of no insignificant dimensions to extradite an editor of an Irish paper on suspicion of being an accessory to the political removing of two late prominent government officials, to wit, Viceroy Lord Cavendish and the permanent Under-Secretary for Ireland, a Mr. Burke.

A masher is a beast about which philologists and a good many other people seem to have troubled themselves lately. Perhaps in all their quarrels they may not be so far apart as some of them may think about the new or old name for the "lady-killer." Dropping the "lady"—and no lady ought to care for the buzzing compliments of a musca (Lat.)—it might be seen that the killing part of the business is common to all Keltic tongues. The modern Erse has been insisted on in the columns of several newspapers. An angry Spaniard would yell "Matar!" where the Rajput would shout "Maro!" Allowing for the usual philological license in interchanging liquids and consonants, these words are identical with the Gipsy "Ma-asha." Borrow and many others have always held that the Gipsies were the remnants of an expelled tribe from Hindustan. I have long believed, from similarities between Gaelic and the old Divisidian languages, but from identity of ancient customs, that the Irish are old emigrants from India. The saffron robe of the ancient Fenians is the same as the holy garment donned by Rajput warriors in their last extremity, and Erse and Sanscrit are as mutually intelligible as Norse and English. Gipsy talk is to a Hindu like Dutch to an Englishman, a sort of "bad English," as I think, Charles Lamb or somebody once remarked, something that with strained attention can be understood by speakers of either tongue.

One of the recommendations of the French flats now so popular—except to the hired girls, who find it less convenient for flirtation than basements—has been supposed to be their freedom from burglars. There is a janitor attached to most of them, and it is supposed that the certain presence somewhere about of a good many people would discourage the midnight prowler; but, somehow or other, they seem favorite objects of attack. A young and pleasing widow lady pleasantly interfered with some robbers, the other morning, in a way they'll remember. She heard a noise and, without waking anybody or making any fuss, quietly investigated. What she saw induced her to procure a single-barrelled pistol, which she carefully discharged, retiring to reload. The robbers fled before she could treat them with another shot, but a red stream of liberal dimensions testified to the accuracy of her aim. Such a woman must be handy to have around a house. Your Radix is disqualified from competition for the prize.

Blower Levy is in trouble again, Minnie Conway, whom he married some years ago, has returned to the stage, to the surprise of everybody. The reason is now apparent. It seems Levy had an Indiana divorce from his London wife, but continued to support her and then tried to get a valid divorce after his second marriage. Minnie claims that both she and Levy were deceived by ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, a prominent politician and Levy's counsel, about this Indiana divorce, and there's considerable of a rumpus. A new Stock Exchange is to be formed. As the old one is now chiefly doing business on the jack-knife swapping basis, it is difficult to see how it will work. Lambs are scarce now-a-days.

A ferocious anti-tobacco justice has declared war on the great ci-

garette interest by promulgating his intention to double the penalties of all juvenile culprits arrested for other offenses found guilty of smoking these cylindrical combinations of paper and shredded weed. He says he does it in the interest of public physical and mental health.

Radix. HESTRUCK BILLY PATTERSON. Why George W. Tillerton's Daughter Claims a Reward of \$1,000.

The Franklin (N. Y.) Register has discovered who struck Billy Patterson, Mr. Patterson, the father of Mme. Bonaparte, was a wealthy Baltimorean. Upon one occasion, while Mr. Patterson was in Franklin looking after his property, a general row occurred among the boys, in which he became involved. In the confusion, indeed, some one struck Mr. Patterson a tremendous blow, and this so angered him that he walked through the crowd, inquiring in stentorian tones: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" Mr. Patterson was a large and powerful man, and, under the circumstances, no one among the fighters appeared desirous of holding himself responsible. The inquiry passed into a byword and even to this day the inquiry can be heard: "Who struck Billy Patterson?" The original Billy pursued the inquiry with astonishing vigor, but without avail, and at his death, curiously enough, inserted a clause in his will setting apart \$1,000 to be paid to the person who should give to his heirs or executor the name of the man who struck him. The fight in which Billy Patterson was struck occurred in 1873, and it is passing strange that just one hundred years after a claim should be put in for the reward. And yet a correspondent of the Register says that such is the case.

A Mrs. Jennie G. Covely, of Athol, New York, daughter of George W. Tillerton, has written to the Ordinary of Franklin County, claiming this legacy of \$1,000. She states that she is an invalid, aged and infirm, and in great need of the money. In 1783 her father was quite a young man, and being in great fear of Mr. Patterson fled the country at once and never heard of the reward or legacy. She says she has often heard her father speak of the fight and the blow he gave Mr. Patterson and the fierce anger of the latter. The thumb of Tillerton's hand was disjoined by the blow and was so severely injured that it remained a useless member to the day of his death. As the facts she gives correspond so exactly with the facts of the case, the correspondent presumes that Mrs. Covely will receive the legacy without delay.

A DRUNKARD ALL HIS LIFE. Colonel Randall in the Augusta Chronicle.

A friend of mine, suffering from calculus and failing to obtain relief from celebrated physicians and loudly advertised patent medicines, was told that there dwelt in the pine woods of a Southern State an old doctor who could cure him. Reaching the city nearest to the specified locality, he made inquiry of an acquaintance and was told that the skillful person sought dwelt near a small country hamlet, thirty miles away. Hiring a buggy and horse the sick man was driven all day long over a road of the worst description, finally halting before a hut that only a poor negro, in his worst estate, would tenant. Knocking at the door, a voice within bade the traveller enter. The squalor that confronted him was staggering and only matched by the filthy human wreck who demanded to know why he had been disquieted. The pilgrim started back in amazement at the ghastly spectacle of a man over eighty years of age with none of the cleanly habits that so often consecrate senility. But when this hideous apparition began to talk it was palpable that a wonderful intellect had been buried in a pig sty. It was revealed that the old doctor was a graduate of a medical university, and that he had been an eminent professor in a celebrated college of the North. Hidden in the wilderness, the fame of his cures occasionally found him out, as it had on this occasion.

"How does it happen, doctor, that I find such a man as you have been in a place like this?" queried my friend. "Sir," replied the doctor, "I have been a drunkard all my life; and that is why you see me here!" Dismissing that theme, he made examination of his patient, divined the nature of his trouble and gave him a prescription that delivered him from pain and death. He was warned that restoration to health would be very slow, but none the less thorough, if the prescribed method were faithfully and patiently pursued. The basis of the remedy is phosphate of ammonia. I shall procure the entire formula and put it in the hands of one who will make the best use of it.

SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES ARE DISCUSSING THE PROPRIETY OF THE WHIPPING POST, IN VIEW OF THE PREVALENCE OF THE CRIME OF LARCENY. We have long been convinced that this is the only effective remedy. The penalty, as now provided by law, has been, and is still, being enforced to its utmost extent, at each session of the Courts. The cells of the Jails and Penitentiary are being crowded with convicts, without apparent diminution in the number annually sent forward, and it is not unfrequently, that the criminal is committed for a second or third term. The Greenville News remarks correctly, that "imprisonment has been used as a punishment, because it is a punishment, to men with a sense of shame and longing for liberty; but to a man without a sense of shame, a term of a few days or a few months in jail, is no punishment at all." We have heard parties speak of the satisfaction they experienced in prison; it is an indisputable fact that crimes are committed without the least dread of punishment except that which may be inflicted on their person, at the time, by the party on whom the deprecation is committed. Are we, then, to tolerate crime because the application of the remedy is distasteful? Is it more palatable to the civilization of the age, to endure the commission of crime, rather than apply the remedy and suppress it? We think it rather the demand of civilization. A sentiment of feeling which operates to prevent the suppression of crime and lawlessness, is pernicious in the highest degree, and can lay no claim to the exponent of virtue and refinement. Besides, this evil is progressive. Simple larceny leads to robbery, to burglary, to arson, to murder; and on through the catalogue of crimes. We would go a step further than the whipping post, and apply an "ounce of prevention." We would enforce the law against vagrancy, which is the most prolific source of crime; and until this source is shut off, we may resort to all the remedies of this or a past age, with but little success. [Salvata Argus.]

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