

CALL AT  
J. A. SENN'S  
AND FIND J. B. PRINCE  
WITH

25 Bbls Apples.  
2000 lbs. Stick Candy.  
500 lbs. Fancy Candy.  
50 boxes Raisins.  
25 boxes Oranges.  
ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES.

# The Newberry Herald and News.

J. B. PRINCE  
IS WITH  
J. A. SENN  
AND OFFERS  
LARD.  
SUGAR.  
FLOUR.  
MEAL, ETC., ETC.  
AT LOWEST PRICES.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

NEWBERRY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1892.

PRICE \$1.50 A YEAR

## JAMIESON'S

### THE PLACE FOR

## Holiday Greeting.

# BARGAINS

To Our Patrons and Friends:

We beg to extend our thanks to our friends and customers for their liberal patronage during the past year. Wishing them all a Happy New Year, and a prosperous future, we take pleasure in soliciting a continuation of their favors and assuring them that we are still in the lead of low prices. We always expect to head the procession on this line, and a trial during 1893 of those who have not yet favored us with their custom will convince them that we mean what we say and always prove our assertions with cold, hard, solid facts that are positively indisputable.

Respectfully,

O. M. JAMIESON,  
THE LEADER OF LOW PRICES.

#### A BIRD CONCERT.

A Christmas Story for Francis, and Other Good Boys and Girls.

Once upon a time I used to walk, very often, down to your pa's grandpa's by Ebenezer meeting house, down the creek and along an old road that ran alongside of Mr. Crotwell's field. There was a good deal of wooded land along the creek for some distance. All that country was once quite heavily timbered and was full of game of different kinds, such as deer, turkeys, foxes, rabbits, squirrels, and other animals and birds; but at the time I now speak of, the game was nearly all gone, except partridges and some few others which may be considered lawful spoil. There are many birds which are not lawful game, and these abounded there, such as mocking-birds, thrushes, cat birds, red birds yellow hammers, golden-orioles and a great many others; some good singers, and many who were not singers, but mere chatters and jabberers, but who helped to keep the woods alive and jolly with their merry fuses. Most folks, or many folks at best, will not believe the story that I am now about to tell you; but nevertheless I feel confident that it is true. Birds have life and melody and language in their songs. Their music is not mere gibberish, or a soulless routine without meaning or sense; but it is really a song, and sometimes they have a grand concert, especially on Sabbath mornings in the spring of the year, when the air is balmy from the South or Southwest, and sweet with the perfume of flowers and the odor of leaves just out in their brightest and freshest green. O, but the woods are happy sometimes, and like the holy temples of God, when these grand bird concerts are at their best. Many and many a time have I stopped to listen to some solitary singer far up upon the top of some high tree. I have seen him perched right upon the top, the very highest top of a tall tree, and sing and sing, like as if he would sing his very soul out, till all the woods around were filled with his music. It seems at such times as if all the other birds were listening to see how well one solitary singer could do. It seems so, and indeed it is so, for as soon as he stops we hear a gentle chirping and a few brief snatches of song, as if though they were applauding the performance. Then again we hear two or three sing-

ing together, while all the others are silent, just as if they were rehearsing their parts in preparation for a grand concert. I have heard them often; and so may you, if you listen with your ears open. Often these mocking birds and thrushes, and some other little fellows, chatter and whistle to me and bid me good morning when I walk out into the garden. Believe me, they understand me well when I speak a kind word to them, as I always do. They know and understand a great deal more than we usually give them credit for, and I have no doubt that we could establish an intelligent intercourse with our wild feathered kindred, were we to take pains to do so. All creatures have a language by means of which they express their thoughts and wishes to each other. The note of warning the mother hen gives to her young when she sees an enemy near is very different from that gentle cluck with which she calls them to their food. Why should we suppose that the wild, sweetly singing birds are entirely ignorant of the Hand that formed them and of the Life from which they came? Why should we suppose that they do not tune their throats to sing His praise? If the heavenly Father feeds the sparrows and hears the ravens when they cry, as we are assured that he does, why should we think that they do not know and never can know the Hand that feeds them? They do know it, and they are not ungrateful, and they pour out from their full hearts notes of praise, and of adoration, and joy to the All-father. This is especially the case in the Spring and early Summer, when Earth is waking from her long sleep of the winter and feels the strong pulsation of a new life through all her veins and arteries. Then these feathered songsters of the grove, children of light and air, pour out, they cannot help pouring out in song the joy that thrills them, breathed into them from the great divine heart of the world.

As I walked that road once upon a time, Francis, down to your pa's grandpa's, it was the brightest and balmiest season, almost that I had ever felt. At that time I was engaged in writing that book called Within the Veil, and sometimes I would stop by the way-side, no matter where I was, and write down with a pencil the thoughts that rose in the mind from some preceding cause, or suggested by some object that met my vision, or some sound heard

afar off. I have always been friendly with the birds; always loved to watch their sportive ways, and always fancied—no, it was not a fancy—that I could perceive in the music a deep undertone, almost, if not quite, angelic and seraphic in its nature. I have felt often that I could even frame their songs into English words and verses. At any rate, I could feel and hear the words even though they were only suggested by the rich melodious tone of the bird notes. I have just told you, Francis, that on my walks I was in the habit of stopping by the wayside and writing thoughts or verses that might come into my head. On this particular walk I had just stopped and taken a seat on a smooth rock near the roadside by Mr. Crotwell's field. Some lines had come to me, suggested by a note of a bird that had just settled himself on a small hickory tree near by. He looked at me for a moment with his bright clear shining eyes, when, without warning, he burst into a delicious, long drawn, half-dozen notes of richest bird melody. Then stopping a moment as if to tune his throat he rose into a high and triumphant song, and darted like a bright beam of mingled light and music to another tree almost a hundred yards away. I immediately wrote:

"And O, such blissful songs the birds do sing  
Hid in their leafy coverts in the woods!  
They know no fowler's gun with deadly aim,  
Will ever harm them in these green retreats."

I was writing for the ideal world into which it is possible to translate this. Immediately, as though in response to my just written thoughts, the same bird burst forth into a rich and glorious melody just over my head, on the limb of the tree near which I was sitting. Soon afterwards far down the creek, so far that I could just hear it, there rose an answering melody, in a tone slightly different but sweeter if possible than the first. Then another one over beyond the creek joined in, as though to say "I too am ready and will be ready and will be with you." And another and another, some far and some near make response. It soon became evident to me that there was something more than common in the wind. They were coming nearer and nearer to where I was seated, just as if they were getting up an entertainment for my especial benefit. Ah, could I think so? It was evident that they

were not afraid of me, for they knew that I was there. He who seemed to be the leader hopped down from the limb of the tree upon which he had first taken his position and lighting on a little bush near me, he softly whistled. I smiled, and even laughed out somewhat loudly, when with a joyous chirp he flew up to his first position, and poured forth a long, loud, glad melody, almost enough, it would seem, to burst the little fellows throat. But it did not hurt him in the least. No, he knew what he was about. His song was answered in a similar strain by that same one whom I had just heard far down the creek. Ah, thought I, is it possible that they are getting up a concert for me? This is more than I dared to hope for. Surely the millennium is not far off. But suddenly a strange warning note was given by the leader and all was still and hushed. Not a note was sung; not a bird chirped for a long time. The silence was profound. The birds hid themselves in every leafy covert so that it was impossible for an unfriendly eye to see them, they sat so still and motionless. They had detected, long before I could, the approach of an influence unfriendly and hateful to them.

Here was a wonderful instance of sympathetic antipathetic feeling. These birds had felt the approach of an enemy; they felt it in the tone of voice in which that enemy had sung a few lines and notes of a carousing or drinking song. I had not heard nor seen the approach of any one; but their senses were so acute that they knew of the approach of a baleful influence long before they could see the person from whom the influence emanated. It was not so much the fear of immediate danger that made them hide themselves, for they knew it was the Sabbath and that it was not usual for even evil and lawless men to go gunning on that day. The spell cast upon them by his influence was of such a nature that they could not do otherwise than cease their singing and hide themselves until he had passed. He passed near where I was sitting, merely said "good morning," and, walking rapidly, was soon out of sight. The leader of the bird musicians watched him, and even followed him, but without a single warbling note of song, until he was far away. Then on his return the leader gave a joyous and merry demisemiquaver trill; then all at once the woods were alive and you ought to have seen

## CLOTHING! CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

## SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

## HATS! HATS! GENTS' FURNISHINGS

# AWAY DOWN

## THE BOTTOM IS OUT ON PRICES! COME WHILE YOU CAN GET A

\$21.00 SUIT FOR \$17.00.	\$18.00 SUIT FOR \$13.00.	We have a few odd Coats and Coats and Vests which we will dispose of at GREAT BARGAINS. Our line of Hats cannot be surpassed, and will sell them at prices that suit everybody, from 25c to \$3.50. Our Wool Under Suits and Vests are so cheap, I will not quote prices.
16.00 SUIT FOR 12.00.	15.00 SUIT FOR 11.00.	
14.00 SUIT FOR 10.00.	12.50 SUIT FOR 8.00.	
11.00 SUIT FOR 7.50.	7.50 SUIT FOR 4.50.	
6.00 SUIT FOR 3.50.		

### OUR SHOES ARE CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST!

Come and ask for these things! It's no trouble to show them.  
**COST IS NOTHING TO US NOW!**  
Money is what we want, and for the Cash we defy competition. We mean what we say.

## I Cannot and positively will not do a CREDIT

business, but oh, my! for the Cash there's no telling what I will do.

Come and See and be convinced. Don't stand still and wonder why there's nothing in this world for you.

Yours for the Cash  
**S. E. BROWN,**  
AT BLALOCK'S STAND.

all the little singing birds, and all the little chirpers and whistlers,—how they all came flying in from all directions, up the creek and down, and from over beyond, and from across the fields until the leaves on the trees in my immediate neighborhood seemed all turned to birds—all quivering with the desire to express the joy they felt. I tell you, Francis, it was one of the most wonderful and remarkable incidents I ever witnessed in all the days of my life. When the bird company had all assembled the leader gave a signal and such a burst of melody, as I then heard that I thought, "no, is seldom heard on earth. I have heard bird music many times, and it is always good, but never have I heard it since equal to that. There are many lovely, elemental things, children of light and air, who know us, though unseen by us, and who know the birds and can commune with them. It is with these beings that the old Greeks peopled the fountains, sylvan streams and woods, named them naiads and dryads, nymphs of the fountains and the woods, through the influence of these beings I have never seen them, but I have made to assemble at that time and place, to witness that grand concert of bird for which they knew that I loved that I had never harmed one of the birds; and it seemed that far off, from another body of water beyond the hill in front; yes, the very sky overhead, and the clouds and naiads hovering

and hiding behind the trees about, songs of joy and gladness; of grief and sorrow and reproach, were heard mingling their notes and tones in such a way as to be absolutely inimitable, but melodious and beautiful beyond expression. Francis, I am not ashamed to say that my heart was melted and that I cried.

"What did you cry for?"

"Oh, because I could not help it. It was joy, not sorrow. It was an indescribably deep and tender sadness that made me cry. Ah, boy, never hurt a little bird, or any other harmless creature. They are all children of earth; they are all children of God."

The joyous, glad music continued for awhile, say half an hour, when it took on a higher and more solemn tone. And then it seemed as though other creatures of nobler natures than the birds had joined the company. How this may be I do not know, but it is not improbable, for wherever the sphere of good will is, towards that point all creatures of good will have a natural tendency to move. Be this as it may, the melody rose to a grand and solemn strain and then subsided and almost entirely ceased, when it gradually glided into and assumed that slow, grand movement used in singing the long-metre doxology; and I could hear, yes, I could hear the very words I have heard so often at church.

"Did the birds use them?"

"I do not know; but they were there floating around and filling all the woods with their grand tones; and floating far out, far away until, it seemed to

me, that the whole universe was filled with the song:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Then for a little while there was deep, still silence. And then I heard, or seemed to hear, coming from far up, from the very sky overhead, words, the song of redemption, sung once before by the angels to a band of shepherds in Judea: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." To these words a voice added speaking very low and tenderly, "Treat kindly the songsters of the grove for they sing also in heaven."

And then the meeting broke up. With happy chirps and greetings to each other and to me, the birds dispersed, each singing as he went to his own home. I fancied that I caught glimpses of lovely dryads and naiads, nymphs of the stream and wood, as they dodged behind the trees and passed to their several haunts. But I suppose that was only a fancy, though I sometimes doubt it.

I, too, went on my way down to your pa's grandpa's; found all well; had a pleasant day; returned home in the afternoon well and cheerful, with the words of an old poet in my heart: "Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new." Materially, they were the same old woods and pastures. Spiritually, they were fresh and new, and so they will ever remain without growing old.

Why, Francis, this is Christmas Day and—will this do for a Christmas Story?  
GRANDPA.

#### THE NEW RAILROAD DEAL.

Duncan, Thomas and Sligh to Run the Railroads of the State under the Wilson Law.

[Special to News and Courier.]

COLUMBIA, December 22.—The Administration slate for railroad commissioners had a great big hole knocked into it to-day. Every one understood that the programme as arranged here during Fair week was that Messrs. J. A. Sligh, of Newberry, H. Y. Thomas, of Sumter, and W. H. Yeldell, of Edgefield, were to be elected railroad commissioners. But too many strong supporters of E. R. Walter, of Orangeburg, D. W. McLaurin, of Marion, and T. W. Stanland, of Berkeley, came out against the combination, and by their combined efforts and the natural popularity of Col. D. P. Duncan elected him as the third member of the board.

The votes by which the commissioners were elected are: H. Y. Thomas 88, J. A. Sligh 82, D. P. Duncan 75. The election was spirited from the very jump, and it was not until the announcement of the result on the second ballot that the friends of Col. Duncan felt anyway certain of the result. The second ballot, which decided the fate of Col. Duncan, was an exciting and close as any that have ever been held. By a margin of two votes Col. Duncan was elected. Had not the forces of Walter and Stanland combined on Duncan he would have gone into a third race with a somewhat doubtful result.

#### THE BALLOTTING.

At 1 o'clock the Senate was announced, and the work of electing the commissioners was begun in short order. By a joint resolution there were, no nominating speeches, and the following candidates were placed in nomination:

Senator J. A. Sligh, of Newberry.  
Mr. J. M. Galloway, of Fairfield.  
The Hon. D. W. McLaurin, of Marion.  
Col. D'Arcy P. Duncan, of Union.  
Commissioner H. R. Thomas, of Sumter.

W. H. Yeldell, of Edgefield.  
Capt. Eugene R. Walter, of Orangeburg.  
Commissioner E. P. Jervey, of Charleston.

Capt. T. W. Stanland, of Berkeley.  
G. Walt Whitman, of Union.  
N. W. Hardin, of York.

There was every desire to get at the voting as soon as possible. The first ballot resulted in the election of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Sligh as predicted, and strange to say indicated the third man in the race.

The Charleston delegation voted solidly for Mr. Jervey on the first ballot, with one exception for Capt. Walter and for Capt. Stanland. On the final vote the delegation was somewhat divided.

The first ballot resulted: Thomas 88, Sligh 82, Duncan 55, Yeldell 62, Walter 46, McLaurin 37, Stanland 30, Jervey 21, Galloway 23, Hartin 5, Whitman 1.

On the second ballot the vote, after the changes were announced, stood:

Duncan 75, Yeldell 62, McLaurin 4, Stanland 3, Walter 4.

The Orangeburg and Berkeley delegations changed their votes from Stanland and Walter to Duncan and that, with the votes of Blaise and Anderson, elected him.

#### The Testimonials

Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence, as if they came from your best and most-trusted neighbor. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

#### What is "Reform?"

[Greenville News.]

This is certainly a day of new things in South Carolina, R. Y. H. Bell advertises that at Ranno on Monday two Jersey bulls will fight. Not to omit the gentle sex of the bovine kind, an unlimited number of cows will be admitted to a contest in the matter of milk giving for a prize of \$25. "Adults" will be permitted to behold this interesting exhibition of varying talents for 11 white "ladies" will be charged but 50 cents, the advertiser apparently proceeding on the gallant hypothesis that ladies never become adults.

The legislature should stop at Ranno on its way home and see the bulls fight and the cows give milk for twenty-four hours for a twenty-five dollar purse.

#### Don't Overdo the Thing.

[Augusta Chronicle.]

The Hampton, S. C., Guardian in its last issue contains the following:

Mr. Alfred Shepperson, the well-known cotton statistician, estimates the cotton crop of 1892-93 at 5,500,000 bales or less—a falling off of 5,645,000 bales from the preceding year. On the strength of this statement the Augusta Chronicle thinks cotton "is necessarily obliged to advance sharply in price \* \* \* and that all the chances are in favor of a firm and advancing market." This is cheerful news to the farmers; but the rise in price it is hoped, should not have the effect of stimulating over-production.

This is good advice from the Guardian, and it only emphasizes what we have said before. Our advice to the farmers has been to continue their economical habits for another year; to hold down their cotton acreage as they did this year and to carry to a greater extent the resolve to raise food for man and beast on the farm. If our southern farmers will raise at home all the provisions they need, and not have to buy it all in the west, they will soon be able to snap their fingers at that grim spectre "Hard Times."

The South could not make a graver mistake than to produce another big cotton crop next year. They are on rising ground now. Let them continue to be economical, and pitch another small cotton crop if they want to be prosperous.

#### It Takes the Cotton.

[Greenville News.]

Fifteen years ago in the old radiest days the governor's salary represented about fifty eight bales of cotton and the clerk of the house for a month's work received sixteen bales of cotton. Under the present reform administration the governor's salary represents eighty bales of cotton and the clerk of the house receives for his month's work—and not very hard work, either—twenty-three bales.

With many clergymen, public speakers, singers, and actors, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the favorite remedy for hoarseness and all affections of the vocal organs, throat, and lungs. Its anodyne and expectorant effects are promptly realized.

Just as Good Without Mistakes.

They were standing under the chandelier when he suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Why," she exclaimed, as a scarlet flush arose to her cheek, "there is no mistletoe there now."

"That's why I did it," he said, with smiling effrontery, "in short, to show that it's just as good when the mistletoe isn't there."

Not every woman, who arrives at middle age, retains the color and beauty of her hair, but every woman may do so by the occasional application of Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures all scalp diseases.