

# THE NEWBERRY HERALD AND NEWS. NOVEMBER 2, 1897.

## The Herald and News

### LATEST PHASE OF DISPENSARY LAW.

Wagon Load Liquor Seized—Teams Ordered to Be Sold by Governor Ellerbe.

(Augusta Chronicle.)

Columbia, Oct. 30.—The following has been received by Governor Ellerbe:

"To Governor W. H. Ellerbe, Columbia, S. C.:

"I have seized four wagons and teams with liquor. Original packages sent by E. J. O'Connor to agent at Laurens. Must I hold liquor and teams?

"A. P. Sullivan,  
Sheriff's Deputy."

This seems to be the latest and, it might be called, a desperate move on the part of the State authorities. Some time ago the dispensary people thought they had a trump card when they bulldozed the railroads; it is claimed, into refusing to haul original packages. It was thought that this would cut off the base of supplies but, with Augusta, Savannah and Charlotte, near at hand, the wagon was resorted to, and many a carload of liquor was brought into the State by means of the old time wagon.

Some one reported the movement from Augusta and Governor Ellerbe directed the seizure to be made. Today he instructed the sheriff to have the liquor listed and shipped to Columbia and to have the teams sold and the proceeds placed in the treasury.

This seizure will bring up a new phase in the present litigation. Governor Ellerbe takes the position that a wagon is not a common carrier and that it cannot do an interstate commerce business as is contemplated by Judge Simonton's decision. The point will have to be decided by the courts.

He Sang Everything.

(Troy Times.)

One of the amusing incidents that figure in a preacher's experience is related by Rev. Mr. McIntyre of Chicago: "I cannot sing, unfortunately, and so whenever I conducted revival services I used to take along a friend of mine named Vincent, a great, strapping fellow with a voice like the north wind. He never had any musical training, but, oh, he could sing. Whenever he sailed into a hymn the cornfields would turn their ears toward the church. In those days hymn books were scarce, and it was customary for the minister to read two lines of some familiar hymn, and the congregation would then sing them, the tune being generally known. On one occasion I read two lines of a long meter hymn and Vincent led the singing magnificently. Then I picked up the book and read my text: 'Is there no balm in Gilead?' Is no physician there? I laid down the book; but before I could begin preaching Vincent's voice arose, loud and clear, and the congregation followed him in singing the text. Too much surprised to collect my scattered senses I leaned over the pulpit and in a stage whisper said to Vincent: 'The words I gave out were the text, and not a hymn at all.' This time Vincent had a monopoly of the singing, for the congregation had not caught thine words; but he never stopped or wavered until he had sung every word of my confidential remark to him. I sank into my seat. For the next five minutes I didn't dare open my mouth for fear Vincent would sing me down. I paid him off that night after services."

### Old Shoes.

How much a man is like old shoes? For instance each a soul may lose, Both have been tanned—both are made tight.

By cobblers—both get left and right. Both need a mate to be complete, And both are made to go on feet, They both need healing; oft are sold, And both, in time, turn to mould; With shoes the last is first: with men The first shall be last, and when The shoes wear out, they're remedied now,

When men wear out, they're men dead, too! They both are trod upon and both Will tread on others—not loath. Both have their ties and both incline, When polished, in the world to shine; And both peg out. And would you choose

To be a man or be his shoes?

### The Shepherd and the Lambs.

Unto the margin of a flowing river  
The eastern shepherd leads his timid sheep;  
He calls them on, but they stand still  
And shiver:  
To them the stream seems wide and swift and deep.

He calls them on, but in fear are standing;

He calls them on, but they dare not go:

They heed not now the voice of his commanding.

They only hear the river's fearful flow.

Then from the side of one protecting mother,

A lamb the shepherd takes unto his breast;

And then he gently sounds, and takes known;

And in his arms the two lambs lie, at rest.

They lie at rest, and, as he close on, tells them.

He bears them safely o'er the river wide;

The little lambs know well the man that holds them.

They nestled warmly and are satisfied.

Then the fond mothers, with mattocks, longing,

Look on beyond that river's fearful flow;

They can but follow, and behind them thronging.

Their fiery comrades are in haste to go.

Drawn by a love stronger than any shrinking.

Their lambs they follow over any tide;

They heed not now the swimming or the sinking.

They leave the stream, and reach the farther side.

And while the tender shepherd kindly feeds them.

They think no longer upon what hath been;

He gives them back their lambs, and then he leads them.

By the still waters and the pastures green,

So shall it be with you, O weeping mother.

Whose lamb the lord hath taken from your sight;

'Tis He hath done it. He, and not another,

Your lamb lies in His arms, clasped close and tight.

Across the stream your little one is taken,

That you may fear no more its quick, dark flow;

But that, with steadfast heart and faith unshaken,

You may be ready after it to go.

This is the tender Shepherd's loving pleasure,

To bless at once the little one and you;

He knows that when with Him is your best treasure,

There, fixed forever, will your heart be too.



A mother pays a heavy price for the privilege of motherhood. The days of waiting and hoping and anxiety come; the after years of care and solicitude, nursing the little life into physical completeness; guiding the little footsteps, the little hands and the gradually expanding mind—all this is part of the burden of motherhood. Yet a complaint mother is happy with all the bliss and anticipation of the dear, soft, nestling little bit of humanity which is all her very own.

If the mother is physically weak or ill, the burden of motherhood is far heavier than it ought to be. The greatest lightener of the load is the medical science ever discovered is Dr. Pierce's Homeopathic Prescription. It was devised by an expert specialist for the express object of strengthening and healing the organs which make motherhood possible.

Taken before the baby comes, this wonderful "Prescription" relieves the ordeal of all mother and nearly all pain. It gives both mother and child a permanent increase of constitutional vigor.

The properties and uses of this wonder-working "Prescription" are more fully described in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great "Some Medical Adventures." The People's Compendium of World's Dispensary Medicines, Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. W. Robinson, of Springfield, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, writes: "I feel that I cannot say enough about the value of this prescription. I was confined on the 8th of April, and I was only sick about thirty minutes in all. I can truthfully say that your medical work did wonders in my case. A number of physicians were in the house I did not seem to require his aid."

### Builders of Newberry and Vicinity

WILL

Consult their interest by writing to the

STANDARD MANUFACTURING CO.,

of AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,

FOR PRICES ON

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS,

SHINGLES, LATHS,

LUMBER,

Or anything in Yellow Pine.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

### EXTRA CONSTABLES.

Two "Specials" Retained for the Tigris.  
Will Assist in the Rural Districts, but  
Will Do Nothing to Do with  
the Towns.

[Register, Oct. 30.]

For several days recently there has been a report current on the streets of Columbia that Governor Woods had released a large score constable forces to be distributed throughout the state to assist the commissioners that he had withdrawn. So far, however, Governor Woods has not given any information concerning this matter, and the constables remain in the districts.

The liquor men have been quite excited about the matter, and have been keeping a "peeled eye" on everybody that had the slightest suspicion that he might be a constable.

A reporter for The Register saw Governor Ellerbe yesterday and commented to him the rumors.

"It is not true sir," said the chief executive most emphatically. "I have retained two extra men besides Fishelberger and Newbold," said his tutor. "But I don't want their names published. They are to assist in hunting down the blind tigers in the rural districts."

"What do you call these two extra men?" was asked.

"Specials," was the reply.

The governor went on to explain that the "Specials" would work only in the country districts, that the towns would be left entirely in charge of the municipal authorities. They stand their individuality on the books and positions which they send out, and the voice of the college is heard in conventions of various kinds.

We are not expected to do the impossible, but are we doing all we can? Are we close students of ourselves, of the child-nature? Are we thorough and systematic in our studies and in our teaching? Do we go to the right sources for help? Do we lean too much on the opinions of others? On the other hand, do we soon a timely suggestion new and then? Do we help our pupils too much? Do we help them enough? Have we given them something to work up to? Is there anything in us for them to imitate? Is there a definite aim in our teaching? Do we "teach on our knees?"

These are searching questions but they face every teacher both in Sunday-school and in secular schools! Can we face them?

Before attempting to answer this question, let us answer the question, What is education? Plato has answered it beautifully. He says, "Education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable." But let us get at the etymology of the word: education is, literally, a drawing out.

Some one is ready to say, "Teaching is comparative easy if that is all it implies, for any one can draw out from a child's mind that which is already in it"; but we shall find that it is not so easy as it appears to be.

Having defined education, let us now answer the query, "What is Normal Work and what is its aims?" Normal means, literally, according to a plan or rule; normal work means special training for systematic study and the best methods of teaching. Not a mere question and answer method, but a deep, earnest searching into the depths of the child's heart, mind and soul in order to enable it to bring forth all the hidden knowledge and beauty, and clothe with living forms all the mental pictures engraven there, to lift the child out of himself and place him on a higher plane spiritually, mentally, morally; to teach him out of Nature's Book. This is teaching indeed. Such teaching implies training, culture, care and it means

patient labor to both teacher and taught.

With this standard before us (and it is none too high), we see that everybody can not teach. And does the normal college supply all those needs? The college can not make teachers, but it certainly helps. Teachers love, faith, patience, perseverance, firmness, tact, brains, and learning to make good teachers, and a normal college can not give this these qualities; it can not do it. And the common school masters did not receive such an education as did our fathers.

Mr. E. D. Jenkins, of Lithonia, Ga.,

says that his daughter, who inherited a severe case of eczema, which the usual mercury and potash remedies failed to relieve, went to school where she was treated with various medicines, external applications and internal remedies, without result. Her sufferings were intense, and her condition greatly modified.

She was treated with the following:

"S.S. has given when an improvement was at once noticed.

The medicine was continued with favorable results, and now she is cured sound and well, her skin is perfectly clear and pure, and she has been saved from what threatened to blight her life forever.

S.S. (Gentian, Peruvian Bark, Sassafras, Camphor, Quinine, Salicylic Acid, etc.) cures Eczema, Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, or any other blood trouble.

It is a real blood remedy, and always cures even after all else fails.

## Eczema All Her Life.

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