

The Newberry Herald and News.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

NEWBERRY, S. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1898.

TWICE A WEEK, \$1.50 A YEAR

On The Home Stretch!

I've led the race for the past six years and now there is only three more weeks 'till Christmas. We are all geared up, well trained and in good trim, to serve you better the next few weeks than we have in the past

Our stock has been renewed and is now jam full of bran new things, bought late in the season, and at closing out prices—less than the goods cost the makers. Like father like son, like I sell to you. You can buy goods at my store as cheap as most merchants buy them to sell again. You are all invited to witness the end of the race for this year. I buy for cash and sell for cash, is why I am doing the biggest Dry Goods and Shoe business in this section. You are cordially invited to look, and won't be bored to buy. If what you buy don't suit you, your money back without a word.

DRESS GOODS!

These are only a few prices, but I sell everything to wear cheaper than other stores. Our entire stock of Dress Goods at ACTUAL FIRST COST. Now is your time to buy a dress cheap. 100 Pieces Figured and Plain Dress Goods 18c, just as good as Mr. Anybody's 25 centers. Ask to see them. 100 Pieces Andresseoggin Cloth, one yard or a thousand yards, 5 1/2 cents per yard. 10 Pieces Red Flannel, regular price 15c, our price 11 1/2 cents. 10 Pieces Amoskeag Tick, others ask you 15c, our price 10c. 10 Pieces Unbleached Canton Flannel, regular price 8 1/2c, now 6 1/2c. 50 Pieces Outing, others ask 9 and 10c, our price 6 1/2c.

You can't afford to buy your Dress Goods at any other store this time.

54 Inch Repellant at 35c. The sheep spent a whole day with it when making

BED SPREADS!

100 White Bed Spreads 95c, worth \$1.50. You can't buy them elsewhere. Try it! 100 dozen Towels, extra large size, worth 15c, now 11c.

Damasks and Doilies. White Quilts and Blankets Always the Lowest CAPES! CAPES and JACKETS!

50 Plush Capes, your choice for \$1.50 worth \$2.00. 50 Plush Capes, your choice for \$1.98 worth \$2.50. 25 Plush Capes, your choice for \$3.25 worth \$4.00. 100 Beaver Cloth Capes, long sweep, at 90c., worth \$1.25. 100 Beaver Cloth Capes, long sweep, at \$1.25 worth \$1.75. 100 Beaver Cloth Capes, long sweep, at \$1.49 worth \$2.00. 100 Beaver Cloth Capes, long sweep, at \$2.00 worth \$2.75.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!
5 cases Men's high cut Brogans worth \$1 and \$1.25, your choice for 95 cents. We need room for our big spring stock. If you want good, honest Shoes cheap, come to headquarters.

DOLLS! DOLLS! DOLLS!
Dolls for the little ones. I can show you more dolls than all the other stores put together. Blow your bugle and all the company will march. Sound the bottom price and everybody will join the procession.

50 Dozen Men's Alpine Hats, Black, Brown and Grey, 50c. You can't match this in Newberry for less than one dollar.

Cheap Store!

MIMNAUGH'S

Cheap Store!

Why Aunt Mollie Was an Old Maid.

'Twas a quaint old fashioned log house, and nestled on the sunny side of a North Carolina mountain. Morning glories were trained over the low doorway, and marigolds, touch-me-nots and bachelor buttons bloomed in rich profusion in the well kept yard. On a huge flat rock used as a doorstep lay a large yellow nasturtium, the protector and companion of "Aunt Mollie" who lived there. She was an old maid, loved by all who knew her. In case of sickness she was a valued nurse, and was over-ready to render any needed service. She was somewhat eccentric as old maids generally are, and above everything in the world she hated a cat the most. We young people liked and respected her, but were a little shy of her too, for she never hesitated to correct our faults or tell us of our failings. Once she had spent the night at my father's, and next morning at breakfast I commenced to tell a dream. "Oh, mama, such a dream as I did have last night. I dreamed that—"

"Never dream, girl, never dream," snapped Aunt Mollie. "Never dream; that's how I come to be an old maid." I looked at her in astonishment, and the expression on her face convinced me she wasn't joking, but for the life of me I couldn't see how dreaming could be the cause of Aunt Mollie's single blessedness. I tried to question her, but she didn't choose to enlighten me, and a look from mama silenced my tongue; but my mind was still busy with the problem for many a day. I began to feel a new interest in Aunt Mollie. Would carry her fruit, flowers, books, new lace patterns, quilt scraps, &c., and did everything in my power to win her confidence. I found by looking in her Bible that the 15th of June was her fiftieth birthday, so on that day a nicely iced cake of my own make, decorated with candy and with Aunt Mollie's name in center, together with a pitcher of lemonade found their way to her table. That completely won her. After thanking me kindly she said: "Ethelyn, you and your friend Bettie come sit awhile tonight and I'll tell you the dream that caused me to be an old maid. But you must never mention it to me again." Of course Bettie and I went, and I will relate as near as possible in her own (Aunt Mollie's) words. She began: "I was 20 years of age and engaged to be married to Eli Higginson. Two weeks before my wedding day Eli's sister Jane spent the night with me. I showed her my wedding clothes, and as we were very close friends, we talked pretty freely to each other. We sat up very late, and Jane teased me a great deal about the coming event; said she never intended to marry, but would live with Eli and me and be old maid aunt to our chil-

SPANISH YIELD ALL.

ACCEPT THE AMERICAN CONDITIONS WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

A Last Protest—Says the Demands are Illegal But That They Can Only Submit to the Power of the Victor.

Paris, Nov. 28.—The joint peace commission's met promptly at 2 o'clock this afternoon and the Spanish commissioners immediately announced their acceptance of the American demands. The Spanish acceptance was made verbally. The commissioners announced that they were authorized by their government to reply that though the American propositions are inadmissible on legal principles, that on the Spanish part all diplomatic resources are exhausted and that Spain, inspired by reasons of patriotism and humanity and to avoid the horrors of war, resigns herself to the power of the victor.

She accepts the offer of conditions unconditionally in order to conclude a treaty of peace.

The American demands include the acquisition of the whole of the Philippine and Sulu groups for \$20,000,000 and it also understands that the United States will purchase the Caroline group.

BLIZZARD AT THE NORTH.

New England Struck With Wrecks of Vessels—Many Lives Lost.

Boston, Nov. 28.—All the coast of New England is strewn with wreckage. Tugs are returning to the city this afternoon after a tour of the harbor and report thirty-five vessels of all sizes and classes ashore or sunk in and near Boston harbor.

Seven large schooners and two Baltimore coal barges are completely wrecked and it is estimated that between twenty-five and thirty lives have been lost. More than a dozen bodies are in the surf at Hull and efforts are being made to recover them.

Nine ships were lost off Gloucester and two off Salem. The death loss is enormous.

New York reports all railroad traffic paralyzed by the blizzard. Two trains are stuck in the snow.

THE ARMY MULE.

A Deserved Tribute to a Much Maligned But a Very Useful Animal.

(From the New Haven Journal-Courier.)

The army mule came out of the civil war not exactly haloed, but much respected. He has won laurels in the Yanko-Spanko war, and though he will probably not get all the praise due him, he will be occasionally mentioned in song or story, and possibly in a Government report. His achievements in Cuba have been very meritorious. He went there a stranger to the climate and all unused to the horrors of war. From the quiet and peace of a Southern plantation he was plunged into the tumult and disorder of the Cuban campaign. He stood the plunge well. Serene amidst alarms, patient in toil and courageous in the fiery tests of battle he has proved himself a hero. If he has occasionally kicked, it is not more than most of those who have had anything to do with the Cuban campaign have done, and his kicking has not been called hostile to the Administration. So he has not done much harm and has probably done some good.

Twelve hundred robust and heroic army mules have been sent to Cuba, and it is recorded that only twenty-two have died. They have defied all the rules of sanitary science. They haven't drunk boiled water or slept on platforms lifted from the ground. And yet they live to tell the tale and wag the tail. Much longer life to them, and more fun. They are interesting warriors and much more useful and heroic than some of the young noblemen who were "pulled" into the army.

Two Kansas Beverages.

(From the Kansas City Journal.)

If an Abilene paper correctly reports the testimony given last week in a whisky trial before District Judge Humphrey a new drink has been born in Kansas.

A witness upon the stand gave testimony as contained in the following cross examination:

"What did you drink?" was asked. "Hop tea."

"What was it like?" "Hop tea."

"Did you ever drink beer?" "No, sir."

"Don't know what it is like?" "No, sir."

"Have you drank anything that resembles hop tea?" "Yes."

"What was it?" "Pillwink."

"Well, went out the country at-torney, 'what is pillwink like?" "It is like hop tea," was the answer.

And all the attorney could further get out of that witness was the statement that pillwink tasted like hop tea and hop tea tasted like pillwink.

HOW WOMEN SWEAR.

A Comprehensive Vocabulary of their Command in Times of Mental Disturbance.

(From the New York Times.)

A book might be written about the things the girl says when she "says things." She does not recover from the habit, either, when she ceases to be a girl, though her expressions of disapproval of many things at large and her special present trouble in particular are apt to be sobered by time. But, woman or girl, the vocabulary of things that may be said without a very great disturbance of the feminine conscience in times of mental disturbance is comprehensive. It is sad to relate that "damn" is not an unknown expression among refined femininity, although it is modified by never being used with an "it" following, which would give it an impious and unladylike sound. A Bostoness is responsible for the statement that this is a favorite expletive of the Boston girl at home. It is also a Boston girl who in times of very great need remarks in excited tones: "My gracious dumb," an expression for which no derivatives are given. A Rhode Island matron, fair, plump and placid, over whom the cares of the world pass lightly, gives the little State one of the strongest of feminine expressions, for when some unusual calamity has overtaken her—such, for instance, as a good gown with a bad fit—she delights her feminine friends by remarking in placid peaceful tones, "Dara devil!"

It is a down East girl who says "Gorrynine!" in excited tones when the world goes wrong with her, and a sea captain's daughter says "My stars!" A New York woman is a good illustration of the fact that the most refined woman finds it necessary to have some vocal outlet for an overwrought mind. She is a woman of super refinement. Everything about her house—dress, manners and children—shows it. Each and all are exquisite. Her nursery, which gives the keynote of refinement in the home, is perfectly conducted, and her children models of good breeding. Yet her friends, who use other expletives themselves, remark sadly that in times of great stress this cultivated woman exclaims, "The devil!" The "it" in this case is a feminine subterfuge. A woman who would be checked to use it with an "e" saves her conscience with the "it" and is happy.

But neither one nor two words are sufficient to express the depth of a real feminine woe, one of the large small ones which are most difficult to bear. An up-town artist tells what she does on such occasions. It is very expressive, and covers very well the action of the much grieved woman who doesn't "stamp it out."

"I talk just as fast as I can," she says, "and no one understands me, and then I wail loudly. I never cry unless I am mad."

One View of It.

To The Herald and News: The following is, according to the Courier Journal, of Louisville, the plight in which the recent elections leave the Democrats in the United States Senate after March 4th next. So much for the free silver handling party: B. O. D.

The Democratic side of the Senate will be greatly weakened by the retirement of Gorman, Mills and Gray, all superb debaters. Vest is old and feeble and it is doubtful if he will ever again be able to take part in a stirring debate. Smith, Murphy, Mitchell, Turpie and White all go out March 4. In the solid North only one man remains in the Senate who was elected as a Democrat—Rawlings, of Utah. There are several Populists and a handful of silver Republicans. But of the Democrats of the old-fashioned stripe not one remains. On a call of the roll of the Senate after the 4th of March, 1899, the North will respond with only a single Senator who calls himself a Democrat and he was elected by a fusion of parties opposed to the Republicans.

Lindsay, Morgan, Caffery and Vest will be the ablest men left on the Democratic side—the only men who can pretend to cope with Allison, Aldrich, Hear, Chandler, Burrows, Davis, Foraker, Frye, Hale and Lodge. And Morgan and Vest are super-annuated, while Lindsay and Caffery are discredited by the Democratic leaders. Daniel is a brilliant man, but a poor debater. Jones, of Arkansas, is a dull, heavy man, no match for the least of the Republicans named. Chandler is too busy attending to the appropriations to devote any attention to politics. Tillman is only a truculent ruffian, as ignorant a man as there is in the Senate. Chilton is young and flip-pant and has much to learn before he is in the class of Burrows or Lodge, who are far below Hear, Allison, Aldrich and Davis. With Lindsay and Caffery out, and Morgan and Vest in the hospital, there is the man on the Democratic side who can meet Thurston or Fairbanks, both new Senators and lawyers more than statesmen or politicians?

Mr. Newed—Was nervous, dear, during the ceremony?

Her Friend—Well, a trifle at first, darling, but not after William had said, "Yes"—T. B. S.

Arrest

disease by the timely use of Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures SICK HEADACHE, sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases. TUTT'S Liver PILLS

AUGUSTA MILLS RUN SHORT.

Some of the Heads Go Back When the Bells Ring But Others Stay Out.

Augusta, Ga., Nov. 28.—All the mills here are running today but the Sibley, King and Langley mills are very short of hands. When the bells rang this morning the strike leaders made desperate efforts to induce those going to work to turn back and though they succeeded with some, others preferred to work and sufficient hands were obtained by all the mills to run the departments in part.

Curious Cognomens.

(From the San Francisco Call.)

"Admit that I have rather a hard name to spell or pronounce, and that is why I encourage my friends in their proclivity to call me Zig," said C. O. Ziegenfuss. "But while I make this confession as to my outlandish patronymic, I want it understood that mine is not the worst name in the world. Once while I was doing newspaper work in Denver our editor advertised for a new office boy. A bright appearing young fellow, with a mild look in his eye, said he was ready to go to work.

"All right," said the city editor, "let me ask your name." The lad hesitated a moment and eventually fished out a card which bore the name "Herman V. Morgengausgola-gen."

"Very well, Mr. Morgengausgola-gen," said the editor, "take that desk and answer any calls that may be made. But first let me introduce you to the members of the staff. My name is Dickensiest. The fair-haired gentleman here is Mr. Folewisch. The brunette on your right is Mr. Eekinggreen, and the gentleman with the sylph like form is Mr. Ziegenfuss."

"These were all genuine names, but the new office boy would not believe it. He was on his dignity in a moment and said: 'I will have you to understand, sir, that I came here to work and not to be joshed. I do not propose to stay in a place where I am insulted. Good-day, sir!'

"Clapping his hat on his head he left. We tried to call him back, but it was no use."

This story led to others in regard to strange names. "I used to know a man in Missouri named Annie Anchie Benzui Maria 'nouth Hildreth Dickenson Tompkins," said Bob Davis. "I have heard Dan de Quille tell of a colored boy in Washington city who bore the cognomenic burden of Thomas Didymus Christopher Holmes Henry Cadwalder Peter Jones Henry Clay Anderson."

40,000 Men Will be Mustered Out.

Washington, D. C., November 28.—Orders to muster out 40,000 volunteers at once were issued on receipt of the news from Paris.