

Miscellaneous.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

JOHN C. SEEGER, COLUMBIA, S. C.,

Respectfully informs the public that having placed his ICE MACHINE in complete order, he is prepared for the season to furnish.

PURE ICE in any quantities,

delivered at Depot in Columbia, at \$1 per hundred. This ice is manufactured of pure, sweet spring water, at 30 deg. below freezing, and is pronounced better and purer than any other.

Pure unadulterated Lager Beer, Wines, Liquors, Segars and Tobacco by the whole sale and retail.

Orders solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. May 17, 20—1f.

BACON, APPLES, CABBAGE, POTATOES, &c.

200 BARRELS choice Northern apples, consisting of Baldwin, Northern Spy, Detroit Reds, 20-cube Pippins, &c. 150 barrels Northern Irish Potatoes. 100 barrels selected Northern Cabbage. 50 barrels Northern Onions. 10,000 lbs. Dry Salt Sides. 25 Hams.

30 kegs tubs of buckets Leaf Lard. 50 packages selected Goshen Butter. 100 boxes Cream and Factory Cheese. 100 barrels, & barrels and kits Mackerel. 150 sacks of Fine and Coarse Salt. 50 sacks Rio Coffee. 100 barrels Family Flour. 100 boxes Family Soap.

ALSO,

Barrels Sugar House Syrup, Extra C and C Sugar, Peas, Straw Paper, cases Oysters, Sardines, Pickles, Lobsters, Peaches, Tomatoes, boxes Soda Crackers, Gingers, Lemon Crackers, Centennial and Imperial Crackers, Starch, Soda, Candles and Pipes, boxes Prize Candy and assorted Sweets, Candy, boxes Lemons, boxes Cheering Tobacco, cases Jelly, cases Bitters, Rice, Bagging and Ties, &c., &c.

The above stock is all fresh, having just arrived.

Prices guaranteed as low as Charleston or Wilmington.

C. J. LAUREY,

Commission Merchant, Nov. 22, 47—3m. Columbia, S. C.

HAMPTON HOUSE,

MAIN STREET, SPARTANBURG, So. Ca.

S. B. CALCUTT, PROPRIETOR,

(Formerly of Palmetto House.)

House well ventilated—rooms newly furnished and carpeted—tables supplied with the best in the market—attentive servants—minutiae to all trains. Terms \$2.00 per day. Jan. 17, 3—1f.

NOTICE.

The firm of McCREERY, LOVE & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. THOMAS A. McCREERY and BARRIE B. McCREERY, are authorized to close the business, and will sign in liquidation.

All persons owing said firm are requested to make immediate payment, and all to whom the firm is indebted will please present their accounts at once to the above for payment.

THOS. A. McCREERY, W. D. LOVE, BARRIE B. McCREERY.

January 2, 1877.

Notice of Copartnership.

The business heretofore conducted under the firm name of McCREERY, LOVE & CO., will be continued by THOMAS A. McCREERY and BARRIE B. McCREERY, under the firm name of McCREERY & BROTHER.

They will keep their usual full stock of Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, &c., which they will sell at the lowest possible prices for cash.

Their facilities for buying will enable them to offer unprecedented bargains in everything they keep, and by honorable and fair dealing they hope to receive the liberal patronage heretofore enjoyed by their predecessors.

Mr. B. A. RAWLINS and Mr. WM. HORSAN will have an interest in the business, and will be glad to see their friends when in want of goods.

S. L. McCREERY & BROTHER, Grand Central Dry Goods Establishment. Jan. 10, 2—1m.

WILLIAMSTON FEMALE COLLEGE,

ANDERSON CO., SO. CA.

NEXT SESSION OPENS TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1877.

RATES FOR 20 WEEKS, IN ADVANCE:

Board, except washing and lights, \$85 00

Regular Tuition, \$10.00 to 20 00

Instrumental Music, 20 00

I will pass Newberry on Monday, Feb. 5, escorting pupils to Williamston.

S. L. LANDER, President.

Jan. 3, 1—2m

THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical Cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhea, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally. Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVER, M.D., author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-Abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bleedings, instruments, rings, or cauterizations; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands, and send them to bed.

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents, or two postage stamps.

Address the Publishers, THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 25 N. 3rd St., New York.

Post Office Box 4586. July 12, 23—1y.

The Newberry Herald.

A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XIII.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 24, 1877.

No. 4.

Poetry.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole soul'd honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudently guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministering to and from—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful sleep!

(ELLEN P. ALLERTON.)

Selected Story.

Mary Grey's Mother-in-Law.

—

"So your mother-in-law is coming to live with you," remarked Miss Susan Skinner, contemptuously, giving her head a toss which set all the little pink bows on her cap a dancing.

Pretty, plump, little Mrs. Grey opened her brown eyes in mild surprise at her visitor's tone.

"Why, yes, Miss Susan, mother Grey's last child has married and moved away from her, and now she is left quite alone. Henry always was her favorite, and I, knowing it would please him, suggested that she should rent or sell the farm, and make her home with us, and she has consented to do so."

"Humph! all the more fool you! You have got yourself into a pretty fix now, Mary Grey. She will never leave you as long as she lives; you can make up your mind to that, and bid good-bye to peace for the rest of your days."

"Why, Miss Susan," said Mrs. Grey, regarding her old neighbor with surprise, "I don't understand you. I am sure I never want mother to leave us, and as for peace, what difference can her coming make?"

"Oh, you'll see," replied Miss Susan, nodding her head wisely, while her knitting needles kept time to her shrill tones with a sharp click-click. "You'll see! You will repent of your bargain before a month is over, mind what I tell you. Of all the mean, cunning, meddlesome women in the world, it is a mother-in-law."

Mrs. Grey began to feel a little annoyed. "What do you know about it?" she could not refrain from saying.

"Humph! you needn't twit me with being an old maid, Mary Grey! I thank my stars that I'm not tied to any man, nor what's worse, to any man's mother. What do I know about mother-in-laws? More than I want to, goodness knows! Why, there was my cousin Lucinda, who was obliged to leave her husband, and go home to her father, just on account of her mother-in-law; and Alice Lawson, poor, little, weak creature, who used to live in this very house, was so imposed upon and ill used by her husband's mother, that they do say it killed her; anyway, she died just three months after her mother-in-law came to live with her. Why, I know of lots of such cases, and, if a woman isn't awfully strong minded, her mother-in-law just runs right over her and rules the house, and, if she is strong minded, they are continually jangling and quarreling, so you see that, altogether, a woman's best way is to keep entirely away from her mother-in-law."

"But, Miss Susan, these are only exceptional cases," said Mrs. Grey; "I am sure there are good and true women in the world belonging to this class."

"Well, I'd just like to see one of them, that's all! I see it's no use arguing with you, Mary; you're too set in your own way; mark my words, my dear, you will rue the day you ever let that woman come into your house," said Miss Susan, in a tone of settled conviction. "When do you expect Mrs. Grey?" she asked, rising, and folding up her knitting work.

"To-morrow evening."

"So soon? Well, I'm sure, I hope you will be able to get along with her," answered Miss Susan, with a little sympathetic sigh.

Often during the remainder of that day and the next, Mrs. Grey found herself wondering what her husband's mother was like. He had always seemed so proud and fond of her, that she was predisposed to love her; to regard her with that reverence and affection which she had cherished for her own dead mother. She thought how nice it would be to have some one to whom she could go with all her little troubles and anxieties, some one who would sympathize with and counsel her; and how pleasant it would be for Henry to have his mother always near him, where he could watch over and care for her.

They would make such a happy family; Henry and herself, grandma, and baby Harry.

Then, in opposition to all these pleasant thoughts, would come up, in spite of her, the gloomy warnings and forebodings which Miss Susan Skinner had uttered. Could Henry's mother be "mean, cunning, meddlesome," or disagreeable in any way? No, a thousand times no. And yet the sharply spoken words had left their sting, and she could not drive the memory of them from her mind.

When train time arrived, mamma and baby took their station at the window, to watch for "grandma." Soon the sound of wheels was heard, and Henry drove up to the door, and handed out a lady.

"Mother, this is your daughter, Mary."

Mary looked up, and met a pair of gentle blue eyes looking out wistfully from a kindly old face.

"Mary, will you let me be your mother as well as Henry's?" asked the lady, holding out her hands; and Mary answered, embracing her warmly:

"Indeed, I will. Welcome home, mother."

Miss Skinner, peeping from between her blinds across the street, saw the act and understood it.

"Oh, that's all very fine," she muttered, contemptuously. "A new broom sweeps clean. Wait a few weeks, and then we shall see."

It was two weeks before Christmas, and Mary was busy preparing for the holidays. One evening, after putting baby to bed, she ran down to the parlor to get her sewing, which she had left on the table before tea. The door did not open readily, and she tried it again, but found it was locked. She was sure she had heard Henry's and his mother's voice within, and thinking the door had become fastened accidentally, called out to Henry to open it.

"Oh, is that you, Mary?" he answered. "Run up stairs and get my cigar case, will you?"

Mary did so, and when she came down again, found the door open, and Henry sitting by the table reading.

"Where is mother?" she asked.

"Wasn't she up stairs with you?" replied Henry, keeping his eyes fixed on his book.

"Why, no; I thought she was here."

"Well, you see you are mistaken," he answered.

Mary did not reply, but took up her work and sewed away busily, her thoughts keeping time with her fingers. She was positively certain she had heard Mrs. Grey's voice in low toned conversation with Henry, and yet he had the same as denied her presence there. It was the first time he had ever evinced to his wife, and she could not overlook it lightly without knowing the reason. Why had he done so?

Was there anything secret between him and his mother from which she was excluded, and if so, what could be the nature of it?

Well, never mind; it might have been about Mrs. Grey's affairs, and had nothing to do with her; but then, why need Henry have equivocated about the matter?

The little affair troubled her considerably, and her uneasiness was very much augmented a few days afterward.

She was in the kitchen one morning, putting the finishing touches to the preparations for breakfast, when she heard Mrs. Grey and Henry enter the dining-room.

"Are you sure Mary knows nothing about this matter?" Henry was saying.

"Yes, I am quite certain of it; and I think we have been so fortunate to keep it from her."

"Yes, it would never do for her to find it out now," Henry answered.

Mary wanted to hear no more, but ran out into the back hall and up stairs, whence she appeared in the dining-room as the breakfast bell rung, looking a little flushed and excited, but not enough so to cause comment.

After breakfast Mrs. Grey went out to make some little purchases, and Mary sat down in her husband's big arm chair in the sitting-room, and tried to reason herself out of her absurd fears and suspicions.

What was it that her husband and his mother were trying to keep from her? Why did they treat her like a child, in her own house? she thought indignantly; it was shameful!

Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Miss Susan Skinner, who "had run over to have a chat with her," as she said:

"Why, my dear!" she exclaimed at first sight of Mary, "how poorly you are looking! What is the matter?"

"Nothing serious. I was very busy yesterday, and am a little tired."

"Ah, one more in the family makes more work, I know. It won't do to wear yourself out this way; you must let your mother-in-law do her share of the work."

"Ah, indeed she does," exclaimed Mary, quickly, "even more than I wish her to, sometimes."

"Well, it seems to me she goes out more than you do."

"And so she ought. I have Harry to claim my attention."

"And she receives callers, too."

"I think you must be mistaken, Miss Susan. She has made no acquaintances since coming here."

"But I certainly saw a gentleman come here, two days ago, when you were down town."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, and she met him at the door herself. Mr. Grey came in about half an hour and took him away with him."

"Oh, it was probably some friend of Henry's."

"Perhaps so," replied Miss Susan, doubtfully. She soon took her departure, leaving Mrs. Grey's mind in a very troubled state.

In vain did she try to reason with herself; to persuade herself that all this was no concern of hers, it should not trouble her; still she could not help connecting the visit of this gentleman with the mysterious private conversations. Why was she not thought worthy their confidence? Why all this secret plotting and scheming?

In spite of herself, all Miss Skinner's warnings of a few weeks before came back to her mind with redoubled force, until she could have wished herself deaf before ever listening to that hateful woman.

Suspect her husband's mother, that sweet, gentle faced woman, of any treason toward her! No, indeed, she would not!

Still almost daily Mary found herself interrupting stolen conversations, and stumbling upon evidences of the secret, and add to this Miss Skinner's almost daily "chats" with her, which always left her feeling uncomfortably with the world in general and

her mother-in-law in particular, no wonder that she grew thin and pale, and lost her appetite. Mr. Grey and his mother wondered at it and tried in vain to raise her spirits. Her husband took her out driving daily.

The day before Christmas came. Mary pleaded that she was too busy when the time for her drive came; but Henry would not listen to it, and she put on her wraps and went. The air was clear and keen, and Mary felt much refreshed and invigorated when at last they drew up before the door.

"Run up stairs and take your wraps off, Mary, and then come right down; I want to show you something," said Henry, as he helped her out of the sleigh.

When she came down stairs, he was waiting in the hall; and, drawing her hand through his arm, conducted her to the parlor.

"What is it you wish me to see, Henry?" she asked, as they entered the room.

"Find out for yourself," he answered, playfully.

She raised her eyes, and then gave a shrill scream of delight, and with a bound, was across the room, standing beside a superb pianoforte.

"Oh, Henry, where did this come from? What a perfect beauty! Is it really for me? Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"One question at a time, my dear; but I will answer your last one first. You have no right to thank me for this Christmas present. Here is the giver," replied Henry, going up to his mother, who had stood a quiet spectator of Mary's pleasure, and putting his arm around her.

"Mother! is it possible? Oh, you darling! how can I ever thank you?" cried Mary, throwing her arms, too, around Mrs. Grey, and giving her a rapturous hug.

"I am well surrounded, I see," said she, smiling on them proudly.

"I am glad you are pleased with your piano, Mary, and you shall repay me by getting all the enjoyment from it that you can."

"It is something I have wanted ever since we were married," said Mary, "but Henry could not quite afford it."

"And now you have your heart's desire," said Henry, "but at the expense of a little sinning. I am afraid. Do you remember one evening, about two weeks ago when you found the parlor door locked? Mother and I were holding a consultation when you came and I sent you after the cigar case to give her time to run away. I came very near telling a fib that night."

"Yes," said his mother, "such planning and plotting as we have had. The other day, when the man came to make the final arrangements about bringing the piano, you were down town, and I was so afraid you would return unexpectedly; and this afternoon they came and put it up while you were out driving; but I knew Henry would not bring you home too soon."

Mary felt herself turning sick and faint. This, then, was the secret which had tormented her so; these innocent plots and plans prompted by loving hearts! What a monster she was to have suspected this noble woman of any wrong! She felt like humbling herself in the dust before her.

"How white you are, child! The excitement has been too much for you," said Mrs. Grey.

But Mary knew better. Still, she kept her secret locked in her own breast; not by a word would she let this gentle woman know how she had been tempted to doubt her.

Mary had gradually dropped Miss Susan Skinner's acquaintance, and that worthy spinster often complains how "dreadfully uppish some folks have grown;" but Mary is only too glad to be able to keep out of the reach of her tongue; and finds her greatest comfort and delight in the society of her mother-in-law, than whom she thinks there is no better woman on earth.

Miscellaneous.

HISTORY OF A PICTURE.

Two of the most celebrated artists the world has ever known dwelt in the same city. One delighted in delineating beauty in all its graces of tint, form, and motion. His portraits were instinct with the charm of physical vigor. The graceful, half-voluptuous outline of form and feature harmonized with delicately blended tints. On his canvas, the homeliest faces had an almost irresistible charm. The other found pleasure only in depicting weird and gloomy subjects. Above all, did he excel in painting the portraits of the dying. The agonizing death-throe, the ghastly face and form, were all depicted with marvelous fidelity. There existed between these artists the most intense dislike. At length this dislike culminated. The beauty-loving artist had been engaged in painting the portrait of a beautiful woman. Connoisseurs pronounced it the most wonderful piece of art that had ever been produced. His brother artist was jealous of his fame and sought revenge. By bribing the keeper of the studio he gained access to the picture each night. At first he was content to only deaden the brilliancy of the complexion and eyes, efface the bloom from cheek and lip and paint a shadow on either cheek. Later, his strokes grew bolder and freer, and one morning the artist awoke to find the entire outline of the portrait changed. He could scarcely recognize in the emaciated form and haggard countenance the glowing conception he had embodied. The pallid face and expressionless eyes he had attributed to a lack of gentleness in his materials; but when the outlines were changed he suspected the cause and indignantly dismissed the keeper. What the revengeful artist marred by a few rapid strokes of his skillful brush was only restored by years of patient industry. Reader, need we name the artists?—Health, who paints the flowers and "grassy carpet" no less than the human form divine;—Disease, the dreaded artist who revels among the ruins both of nature and humanity;—and Carelessness, the keeper to whom Health often entrusts his portraits. And is it not the beauty of woman, the most admired of all the works which adorn the studio of Health, that Disease often seeks to mar? The slightest stroke of his brush upon the delicate organization leaves an imprint that requires much skill and patience to efface. Restoration must be prompt. Carelessness must be dismissed. Let suffering women heed the warning ere Disease has marred their chief beauty!—Health—beyond reparation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been used by thousands of these sufferers, and they are unanimous in their praise of its excellence. If you would be transformed from the pallid, nervous invalid into a happy, vigorous woman, try it.

OWNING A HOME.—The strength of an American republic is the universal desire to own a home. It is moulding all the people, native and foreign born, into one homogeneous mass. The ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish nor the German laborer have, in their own country, any conception; but here it is the goal of their hopes and desires. Education comes next; is something the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems by nature adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations. It is the link which connects the man with the government; it adds to his interest in the making and execution of the laws, and identifies him with the usages and customs of the people. It is this element which gives the people of Switzerland their utility and power, and the lack of it causes nine-tenths of the unrest in Ireland. No feeling is stronger than the attachments of home, and no nation whose people possess this as a common sentiment can lose its liberties.

NO CAUSE FOR GLOOM.—The year has opened on us with everything to encourage. We have, on the side of the government of the tax payers, a lawfully elected Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, a House of Representatives adjudged to be the only lawful House, a strong body of Senators, lacking only three to form a majority, the entire Judiciary enlisted on the side of the Constitutional House. And these factors of a complete and lawful government are sustained by that without which no government can stand—the support of the entire property-holding portion of the people. Against us are the non-property holders and non-tax payers, who are the only support of the Chamberlain conspiracy, which boasts a feeble majority of the Senate, acting against the Constitution, as its sole claim to the semblance of lawful organization. With these points in the game, and time and public sentiment working every day more and more in our favor, we must win. We have, therefore, no cause for gloom.—News and Courier.

THE APPLE CURE.—The apple cure is the use of apples as food on the same principles that grapes are used. The cure by apples might be equally popular if introduced. Who has an orchard where it can be tried? A writer states that after being troubled with heartburn, wakefulness, indigestion, etc., he adopted the practice of eating apples with each meal daily, and it cured him. When he began he weighed 130 pounds. Two months later he had increased to 160 pounds, his strength being similarly increased. Instead of "bitters" for the stomach, cathartics for the bowels, iron for the blood, all of which weaken the vital organs and give a relief that is only temporary, apples are a natural stimulant.

HOW ONE NORTH CAROLINA EDITOR CONGRATULATES ANOTHER.—Mallard, of the Statesville Landmark, has at length found his long-sought duck, and is as happy as a buck. We wish him lots of luck; may he nevermore be stuck, in misfortune's mire and muck, but have abundant pluck and worldly gear and truck to run him filled up chuck, till by death's dart he's struck and up to heaven "tuck."—Raleigh Sentinel.

There are four indictments against the Northfield bank robbers, and if all these fail the citizens stand ready to invite the boys down under the hill to a ready tree.

A Chinese official named Man-Hap was found to be a defaulter to the government, and fifteen minutes after the figures were balanced he had no head on him.

Information wanted as to the whereabouts of any article which did not receive the highest award at the Centennial. Needn't be particular about enclosing stamp.

Boys and Their Mothers.—Some one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences: Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is a pure love and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out bad" who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaved autumn as in the daisy springtime.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$2.50 per square—one inch—for first insertion, and 75c. for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special notices in local column 15 cents per line.