

The Newberry Herald.

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

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No. 14.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements. Special Notices in Local column 15 cent per line. Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH TERMS CASH.

Miscellaneous.

Important Notice! Buying and selling for CASH ONLY. I am enabled to offer to the public IMPORTED AND AMERICAN Wines, Liquors, Brandy, CIGARS, AND TOBACCO, also the finest and best French Brandy, the celebrated BAKER RYE for family use, at prices which defy COMPETITION. PORTNER'S TIVOLI BEER for family use, one dozen Pint Bottles at \$1.00.

ATTENTION! Fertilizers: "Plow Brand," DIAMOND SOLUBLE BONE, Hyman's & Dancy's Premium GUANO. MY STOCK OF GROCERIES Is Full and Complete. I solicit a call from my friends and guarantee satisfaction. D.B. Wheeler. Feb. 15, 7-11

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, COCOANUTS, ORANGES, MALACA GRAPES, Northern Fruits. Apples, Figs, Peanuts, Raisins, Nuts, Citron, Currants.

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

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

A large lot just received at the HERALD BOOK STORE. Feb. 5, 6-4t

A TREATISE ON THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES.

Containing an "Index of Diseases," which gives the symptoms, cause, and the best treatment of each; a table giving all the principal drugs used for the horse, with the ordinary dose, effects, and antidote when a poison; a table with an engraving of the horse's teeth at different ages, with rules for telling the age of the horse; and other valuable information. Call and get a copy. For sale at HERALD BOOK STORE. Aug. 12, 34-1f

ALSTON DINNER HOUSE. Passengers on both the up and down trains have the usual time for DINNER at Alston, the junction of the G. & C. R. R., and the S. U. & C. R. R. Fare well prepared, and the charge reasonable. MRS. M. A. ELLIEN. Oct. 9, 41-1f

DR. E. E. JACKSON, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, COLUMBIA, S. C. Removed to store two doors next to Orders promptly attended to. Apr. 11, 15-1f

Miscellaneous.

Young men and maidens contemplating marriage, or who are about to enter into conjugal bliss in the near future, or Young men who correspond with maidens in reference to church going are cordially and affectionately invited to examine a very handsome lot of Wedding and Invitation PAPER, CARDS AND ENVELOPES, AT THE HERALD STORE.

A SPECIALTY In made by SWAFFIELD. Under Newberry Opera House. Feb. 23, 8-3m

Gentlemen's Suits, CUT AND MADE BY FIRST CLASS HANDS. Fits guaranteed. A fine stock of Gents Furnishing Goods, Always on hand. Write or when in city call on SWAFFIELD, Feb 12 1f COLUMBIA.

I can Tell You How to Be Your Own Doctor!

Simmons' Hepatic Compound. Or Liver and Kidney Cure. REMOVES CONSTIPATION. RELIEVES DIZZINESS. DISPELLES SICK HEADACHE. ABOLISHES BILIOUSNESS. CURES JAUNDICE. CURES LIVER COMPLAINT. OVERCOMES MALARIAL BLOOD POISONING. REGULATES THE STOMACH. WILL REGULATE THE LIVER. WILL REGULATE THE BOWELS. THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS Can be kept perfectly healthy in any climate by taking an occasional dose of SIMMONS' HEPATIC COMPOUND, THE GREAT VEGETABLE LIVER AND KIDNEY MEDICINE. DOWIE & MOISE, PROPRIETORS, WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS CHARLESTON, S. C. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. And in Newberry by Dr. S. F. FANT. Nov. 2, 44-1f

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.

Photo. and Auto. Albums, Visiting Cards, Plain Cards, Christmas Cards, Howard Cards, Engravings, Chromo. Portraits, Board, Bristol Board, A B C Books. Writing Papers—such as Note, Letter, Cap, Legal Cap, Bill Paper—wide and narrow, Ink—black, blue, purple, red, Envelopes, all sizes, Lead and Slate Pencils, Card Cases.

Backgammon Boards, Chessmen, Dominoes, Checkers, Games, Toy Pawns, Sinks, Toy and plain, Rubber Rings, Erasers, Chalk Crayons. Fancy Papereries, Colored Paper, Tissue Paper, Gold and Silver Paper, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Noah's Ark, Pens, Tugs, McGil's Fasteners. And many other articles not enumerated. Call and see them.

CHEAP FOR CASH. Thos. F. GRENEKER, PROPRIETOR HERALD BOOK STORE. Nov. 35, 45-1f

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WEEKLY PALMETTO YEOMAN, COLUMBIA, S. C. It is an 8 page paper, designed for the people, filled with interesting matter—Family Reading, News, Markets, &c. Subscription: One Year, \$1.50; Seven Months, \$1.00; Three Months, 50 Cents—payable in advance. For Six Names and Nine Dollars an Extra Copy for one year. Specimens furnished. THE DAILY YEOMAN, an afternoon paper, is \$4 a year. C. M. McJUNKIN, Editor and Publisher. 40-1f Clubbed with the HERALD at \$3.25.

Poetry.

Two children were making most of the day In the sand their castles building, While out in the harbor the sunset gold Was every vessel gliding. But the sea came over the castles dear; And the charm of sunset faded; Oh, after a labor is lost, may we Go happily home as they did.

There was in the State of Ohio A maiden named Helen Maria, Who ever would call Down a banister rail When she thought there was nobody nigh her, Now her brother, whose name was Josiah, Fixed the rail with a piece of barbed wire; But it wouldn't be best To tell you the rest, For we are blushing already like far.—Ex.

Selected Story.

THE IRON BOX.

"He's come, Mr. Herman." "Come? Come at last? Are you sure of it Joe?" "Sure as taxes," said Joe Poppinger, with a confident nod of his head. "He's taken that old house—The Haunted House, the neighbors all call it—and he's moved into it, bag and baggage, which ain't much by the way."

"Any servants with him, Joe?" "Only one—a crooked old woman, as threw a porringer of hot water over me when I called to ax if I could be of any use. If they only owned a black cat, I would have the whole kit of 'em up for witchcraft. I never did come across such a rum lot in all my life."

"Did you see the old man himself, Joe?" "See him, Mr. Herman? I seen a bundle of old bones tied around the middle, with a palm-leaf patterned dressing-gown and a flannel night cap on his head, and s'posed there couldn't be two such outlandish customers going. He was a running in and out from the furniture cart like a crazy spider."

"That will do, Joe. Here is half a crown for you." "Thank 'ee, sir. Much obliged to 'ee, sir." And the stable-boy, who belonged to the inn, shambled away, grinning and pulling at the front of his cap, while Herman Franklyn leaned against the pillar of the portico.

So old Milner Molineux had arrived at last, the rich and eccentric relative on the reversion of whose fortune, real or supposed, he had all his life long been building aerial castles. At last—and Herman resolved the very next day to call and pay his respects, although the old woman with hot water did not add to the delights of contemplating this visit.

"If I hadn't heard from his lawyer that he had taken a lease of the Stone House," mused Mr. Franklyn, "I certainly should have never buried myself in this out-of-the-way place waiting his advent; and if I hadn't thought I could work into his good graces, I never should have taken the trouble to hunt him up. Heigho! Sometimes I think it would be easier to work for money than to inherit it."

And so the next day Mr. Franklyn called. Mr. Milner Molineux received him very coolly, sitting among his treasures, like Maribus amid the ruins of Carthage. But Franklyn noticed that he kept one hand on the ring of a padlocked iron box beside him as he talked.

"Well, young man, and what do you want?" he asked, impatiently, when the old woman who evidently considered Mr. Franklyn no subject for the hot-water treatment, showed him in.

"To inquire after your health, Cousin Milner," said the young man smoothly. "Hump! My health is well enough! Better than you wish it, I dare say."

"My dear sir—" "But it will make no difference to you," acidly went the old man, still nervously fingering the rings

of the iron box. "I don't deny that I have a treasure to leave behind me"—Herman Franklyn's eyes glistened—"but it will be to those who consult my wishes more than you have done."

"But my dear Cousin—" "Words are all very well," said the old miser, shrugging his shoulders, "but deeds speak the loudest. You know very well my aversion to matrimony—and yet you go and engage yourself to get married to a girl who hasn't a penny. Eh? Don't you?"

"In a rising inflection like a bark." "And then, after coolly disregarding all my wishes, you expect me to leave you this—this"—tapping, as he spoke, on the lid of the box.

"But, Cousin Milner, if you wish me, I will certainly adapt myself to your opinions. I did not know that—" "Stuff and nonsense!" yelled the old man, "What you know or don't know is perfectly immaterial to me. Leave me to my books and to my writing. That's all I ask of any man living."

So Mr. Franklyn went moodily away. "I must break my engagement," said he to himself. "That's the first thing. What the second will be depends entirely on fate and fortune."

Josie Hall was sitting in the farm-house kitchen, peeling potatoes—no very romantic occupation, and still one which was to be fulfilled, in spite of all the gritters and worsted work in creation. She was a black-eyed, demask-cheeked girl, with velvety eye-brows, and a round, red dot of a mouth; and in those dark eyes glittered a light, half resentful, half anguished, as she looked straight at Herman Franklyn.

"I understand," said she, "that you want to break the engagement. Now that your rich uncle has come to the neighborhood I am no longer worthy of you."

"It isn't that, Josie, believe me," said Franklyn, twisting himself about, with the red signals of keen mortification blazing on his cheek. "But I think perhaps it would be better for both of us—"

"And I haven't the least doubt of it," passionately interrupted Josie, with heaving breast and quivering lips. "A thousand times better; for I value the love of no man who can leave me thus. Pray don't waste your time in conjuring up any further excuses. They are quite unnecessary. I wish you a very good morning."

And she went on peeling her potatoes, while Herman Franklyn crept out of the house, feeling very like a whipped cur.

Far a day or two he was heartily ashamed of himself; but the reward—as at least he esteemed it—came at last.

Mr. Milner Molineux fell ill. Being ill, he was frightened. Being frightened, he was solitary. And consequently he sent for his Cousin Franklyn, a thing he never would have done in health.

"You don't think I am going to die, do you Herman?" he asked tremulously.

"Oh, there is no danger at all," reassured the young man, as the doctor had that morning said that the patient's spirits must be kept up at all hazards.

"And you won't leave me?" "Certainly not, if my presence can be any satisfaction to you," responded the delighted fortune-seeker.

"But that girl you are engaged to," grumbled Mr. Molineux; "she won't like it."

"Do you think I could persist in anything contrary to your wishes?" reproachfully asked Herman Franklyn. "The engagement is broken."

"My fortune is made now," thought Herman, who had listened at the door during the interview with the lawyer, and heard directions given connecting his name with the padlocked iron box whereof the key hung around the dead man's neck. And he felt that Josie had been well sacrificed.

"But you don't mean to say that old Molineux hadn't got anything after all?" said Widow Hall.

"Nothing but a few old sticks of furniture and some rusty coins as no decent shopkeeper would give change for!"

The widow's eyes shone through her spectacle-glasses. "Lor' o' mass!" said she. "And what was in the iron box as everybody had so much to say about—the iron box that was willed to Franklyn?"

"Just the sheets of paper containing a dictionary the old man had been writing all his life. Manuscript the lawyer called it whatever that may be. He thought it was worth a deal of money—and he'd spent his all in hunting up old books as nobody but himself ever heard of and traveling about the country to pick up information."

"I am glad of it!" cried Josie, springing up with sparkling eyes. "I never was so glad of anything in my life. He's served right for once."

Mr. Franklyn called the next day, meek and subdued. If Josie had been a model heroine she would have thrown both arms around his neck and vowed that she loved him better than ever. But she was only a very human little girl, so she stood up with dignity, and said, "I wonder at your assurance in coming here after all that has transpired, Mr. Franklyn."

"There is the door, sir," said Josie, "Please to walk out." "And there was nothing left for it but to 'walk out.'"

Old Milner Molineux sleeps quietly in the village graveyard and public rumor has added yet another ghost to the spectral population of the Haunted House—a yellow-visaged old bogey, who wears a wig and carries in his hand a padlocked iron box.

Miscellaneous.

THE SPINDLE IN THE SOUTH.

A STRAW SHOWING THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

The New England Manufacturers, Unable to Compete with the Southern Mills, Appeal to the Railroads for Help—A Significant Article from a Leading New York Paper.

The appeal of the New England cotton manufacturers to the trunk line railroads to help them by reductions in freight charges to meet the increasing competition of the Southern mills is natural and characteristic. A beneficent and paternal government protects them by a high customs tariff from foreign rivalry; they now ask the railroads to be equally beneficent and paternal, shielding them from domestic competition by giving them low rates on goods shipped to the West.

They want a high tariff on the other. Luckily, the Constitution forbids the levying of duties by States without the consent of Congress. Were it otherwise, they might besiege the Legislatures of the Western and Northern States to shut out the products of the Georgia and South Carolina mills by a prohibitory duty. The spirit of helplessness engendered by habitual reliance upon a protective tariff naturally and inevitably inclines these New England manufacturers to seek outside aid the moment their comfortable monopoly is threatened from any quarter; and the growing but dangerous custom among great commercial interests of forming offensive and defensive alliances with the railroads suggested to them the source from which the most effective help was to be expected. A manful contest with the Southern mills for the possession of the Western field is about the last thing they would think of. The enervating 38 per cent duty on their goods unfits them for such

exertions. Mr. John Roach would have our ships built at home though they cost twice as much as on the Tyne, and the manufacturers of New England and their representatives in this city would cheerfully beggar all the railroads in the country before the natural advantages of the South as a cotton manufacturing region should be allowed to turn the productive energy of Fall River and Pawtucket into other channels.

The special favor asked of the railroads is a change in the classification of domestic dry goods and a reduction of charges. These "domestics" are now shipped as first-class freight on the railroads of the trunk line pool. At the present rates the Eastern merchants and manufacturers complain that they cannot compete in Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and other distributing centres in the West with the Southern manufacturers, who have not only the advantage of working with their raw material at their very doors, but are able also to effect a considerable further saving in commissions, as their sales are made to Western merchants by their own agents. The margin of difference is already wide enough to cause genuine alarm for the future of the cotton manufactures of the New England States. What this margin will be when the Southern manufacturer has learned by experience to make fuller use of his advantages the Eastern mill-owners have as yet scarcely dared to inquire.

Yet this is a point which neither the railroad managers nor the manufacturers can afford to overlook. It was made sufficiently clear at the conference in Commissioner Fink's office on Wednesday, the proceedings of which were reported in the Times, that the relief afforded by lower freight rates from New England to the West must be temporary in character. The Southern railroads will make corresponding reductions, and, as their rates are high, they can go further in such a war than the trunk lines. But the rapid extension of manufacturing in the South and the introduction of improved methods, added to the advantages already mentioned, must within a short time leave the New England mills out of the race for those coarser and heavier grades of cotton goods in which the value of material employed, rather than the labor expended upon it, determines the selling price of the finished article. The competition of the Southern mills is not as yet formidable in the amount of product. The Northern States had, in the census year, 291 cotton mills, running 10,094,850 spindles and 214,962 looms, and consuming 1,381,598 bales of cotton; while the Southern States had 160 mills, running 583,696 spindles, and consuming 188,744 bales of cotton. The rate of yearly increase in consumption, as shown by Mr. Atkinson's supplementary inquiry, and by more recent unofficial reports, is considerably greater at the South than in the Northern States.

So long as the New England manufacturer must pay for \$2.20 to \$4 a bale for freight on his raw material, making his yearly freight bill on the same amount of cotton from seven to ten times that of his Southern rivals so long as he must pay also a considerably higher rate of wages, and, on the average, a higher price for the power that drives his spindles and looms, he cannot reasonably hope to compete, on similar grades of goods, with the mills of Georgia and the Carolinas. The advantages at present enjoyed by the Southern manufacturer upon a protective tariff naturally and inevitably inclines these New England manufacturers to seek outside aid the moment their comfortable monopoly is threatened from any quarter; and the growing but dangerous custom among great commercial interests of forming offensive and defensive alliances with the railroads suggested to them the source from which the most effective help was to be expected. A manful contest with the Southern mills for the possession of the Western field is about the last thing they would think of. The enervating 38 per cent duty on their goods unfits them for such

preparations for a long time to come. It would be wiser for them to acknowledge defeat on the coarser grades of goods in which the Southern manufacturer finds his chief profit, instead of attempting by scarcely legitimate means a hopeless resistance, and turn their attention to branches of manufacture in which climate, a more skillful class of operatives, and a far readier market give them an unquestioned superiority.

MR. GRENEKER: I clip and send you the enclosed article, written by a lawyer of the Richmond Bar. A sacred theme, ably handled and stamped with the signet seal of genius, it touches a tender chord to which every Southern heart responsive vibrates.

MAGGIE, Williamston, S. C.

HOLLYWOOD MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA.

BY FRANK E. ANDERSON.

Upon the summit of a frowning Virginian hill in the lovely cemetery of Richmond—that pantheon of departed greatness—there towers grimly to the sky a colossal heap of rugged stone which to the Southern heart brings a feeling akin to tears; for on it are the simple words, simple yet how eloquent, "To the Confederate Dead." A cenotaph to the ashes of a people's hopes, this stately gray pile of un-hewn granite is in the shape of a pyramid, facing all four quarters of the compass as the deathless fame of the dead whom it commemorates confronts the nations of the earth—and clambering vines, the ivy, the Virginia creeper, the fragrant English honeysuckle, clasp it in their arms as our hearts, the stainless names of the heroes now no more. In the Spring, the grass mats the soil about it, as though a very mussulman it spread its green carpet for angels' feet to tread in prayer, and the white daisies blend with the violets, and those quaint humpty-dumpties of the floral world, the saffron-hued snapdragons, to make the spot one of peculiar loveliness. A short distance to South, the James—historic stream of song and story—sweeps on toward the sea, but pauses as it passes to chant a diapason mass for those, "the dead but living," east, north and west, the Southern Mecca Lost Cause hems it in; and crowded at its feet, lying in their last, long sleep, their generals in their midst, the Confederate warriors, wrapped in their winding-sheets of earth, are slumbering in that bivouac which only the reveille of the resurrection-morn shall break. No monumental marble marks each soldier's head (for as yet the Union mothers but the Northern dead, step-mothers her Southern sons), yet on a simple slab of locust wood there is a numbered strip of zinc, and but too often on the muster-rolls which keep their names, it answers to the single word "Unknown"—unknown to men, but known to God and Fame. Fitting surroundings, these, to this memorial raised by gracious Southern women's hands to mark the spot where the sons of the South are buried.

A word in particular as to this monument. It is ninety feet high and covers forty-five feet of ground, built of quarry faced stone in irregular blocks, and at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars. Under the supervision of the talented architect, Charles H. Dimmock, the corner-stone was laid, December 3d, 1868, and finished by the superimposition of the cap-stone, November 8th, 1869. Its inscriptions are not very good. On the northern face is, "Memoria in Aeterna," a motto of which it has been wittily said, "It will, we fear, be Latin belonging to a lost language as well as to a lost cause;" on the east, "To the Confederate Dead," an inscription faultless and Greek in its pure simplicity; on the south, "Numini ad patriae asto," the punning maxim of the house of Astor; and on the west, "Erected by the Ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association, A. D., 1869," another most sensible legend of love and tenderness.

In all other respects what more appropriate memorial could we have? Its weather beaten gray

brings back to mind the tint of their tattered uniforms; its varying blocks of rugged stone are but too expressive of hopes shattered by the lightnings of defeat; and massive it is, as of right it should be, because it has its foundations in their immortal fame. On the hillock where the Spartans made their last stand at Thermopylae, the Greeks reared a marble lion to the memory of Leonidas—an idea which Tharwaldsen had in memory, perhaps, when the lion of Ligerne came from his hand—but grander far than these, as the name of our dead is greater than their own, our tribute to departed valor is a mighty pyramid which forever points its finger to the skies and to God, in token that the South's history has irrevocably made her own, the poet's lines: "Erect monument aere perennans, Regalique sita pyramidi altius, Quod non umbrae claris, non Aquilo impotens Possit dirivare, aut laetumera Mili Annorum series at ruga temporum."

NOTE.—In the preparation of this article, I have been deeply indebted to the courtesy of Captain M. J. Dimmock, of Richmond, Va., for data which I found it impossible to obtain elsewhere and I desire to adopt this method of returning fitting acknowledgements of the same.

SENATOR BUTLER'S TRIP.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Sun says: "Don Cameron will be accompanied on his Southern trip by Senator Butler, of South Carolina, his chum and crony. There is a question about Senator Butler's depth, although there is none about his brilliancy; but he is the typical Southerner, the best specimen of what the South has claimed. He is extremely handsome, in a delicate and refined style; his manners are entirely elegant, and he carries his affliction of the loss of a leg with positive grace. He is cultivated in many ways, and women are invariably captivated by his soft manners."

A LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYER.—A friend tells us this about a little girl four years old. She had been got ready for bed, and when her aunt went in the room to say good night she found the little one saying her prayer. This was what she said: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake—"

Here a thought struck her, and, after pausing a moment, she added: "What a rumper there would be in this house!" She then repeated the concluding line of the prayer and scrambled into bed.

HOW OUR RICH MEN BEGAN LIFE.—Many of the wealthiest men in New York began poor. Jay Gould was a cowboy; James R. Keene came from England with twenty dollars in his pocket; Rufus Hatch began by dealing in "garden sass;" D. Appleton kept a grocery store; James Watson Webb was a country clerk; Henry Willard was a reporter; Leonard W. Jerome was a printer; H. C. Clafin was a Vermont school teacher; Charles O'Connor was born of the poorest of Irish parents, and Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice.

In 1870, the United States had 28,000,000 sheep yielding 100,000,000 pounds of wool; and in 1880, 43,000,000 sheep yielding 235,000,000 pounds of wool.

He who stabs you in the dark with a pen would do the same with a penknife, were he equally safe from detection and the law.

It is said that within the last year the sale of the Revised Testament has fallen off to almost nothing.

The murders in the United States last year averaged two a day; the executions two a week. No comment.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow. If you are to do a noble thing, do it now.