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Poetry. WHAT IS LOVE?

What is true love? I pray thee, O heart of mine, make known: Two souls with one emotion, Two hearts that beat as one.

Selected Story. A GALWAY ATTORNEY.

George Somerville was a poor struggling attorney of a western town, and yet his poverty was not caused by any lack of legal ability.

One evening Mrs. S. came into the office with a very long and wry expression of countenance.

"Mr. Somerville, are you aware that we are on the verge of ruin?"

"Goodness! madam, you astonish me!"

"Astonish you! I declare you take it very easy, sir. You should be ashamed to acknowledge that your wife knows the state of your affairs better than yourself."

"So madam we are on the verge of ruin?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Well, madam, what then?"

"I declare, sir, you'd annoy a saint, with your provoking coolness. How can you talk thus of a matter of life and death. Have you no way of extricating us from the peril in which we are placed? If you have not, then I tell you that you will not have a roof over your head this day month. The importunities of your creditors are growing so threatening that I can no longer stave off the fatal moment. All credit is exhausted. I repeat, sir, something must be done."

"I will leave you leisure to solve that problem, sir," said Mrs. S., slamming the door after her, leaving her worthy lord and master a perfect picture of helpless absurdity.

George was a terror to everybody he met. He could tyrannize over his own superiors in the Law Courts. All who had dealings with him felt uneasy in his presence, as if they feared the withering sarcasm of his tongue. But there was one person on this planet who wasn't one jot afraid of the lawyer, and that person was his wife.

We left him sitting alone in his office, as any consequence he had none. Something must be done," said he to himself, with strong emphasis on the "must," but the tantalizing question would again present itself—"What in the name of all that's wonderful can be done?"

"Ha!"

After that exclamation came a long, and to judge from his countenance, painful chain of thought. At last he started up excitedly.

"Yes, I will do it."

Without one moment's hesitation he opened a private bureau, and took out a beautiful smoking-cap with a gold band—a very remarkable cap indeed—and, placing it on his head, surveyed himself in the glass. A cold smile dawned on his face. Perchance it was an unmeaning, Cassius-like smile that might as well have been a scowl.

Al! George, if the countenance is an index to the thoughts, some quail of conscience had nearly shaken your purpose then. He wasn't the man, however, to do anything by halves. Going to the same bureau, he took forth a small six-chambered revolver and a pair of whiskers. Putting all three in his breast pocket, he started out unknown to his wife, muttering to himself, "How lucky I thought of it in time. In another hour it would be too late. No murder in any case whatever comes of it." Crossing a few fields he got out upon the highway, and in less than an hour was five or six miles from town. Here he paused breathless, but had scarcely time to don the cap and whiskers when the sound of wheels behind told him the time was come.

It was now pretty far advanced in the evening. Objects could not be distinguished father than a few yards. Taking a hasty backward glance to be assured it was the party expected, George allowed the carriage to overtake him at a steep hill.

"Halt! driver; if you move an inch you are a dead man," and the six-chamber gleamed before his eyes.

The driver took in the situation at a glance. He saw the utility of resisting. He saw the steady before him. He saw the deadly weapon in George's hand, and he remained a passive and timid spectator of the scene which followed.

"What's the matter?" roared the occupant of the carriage—a wealthy old usurer and banker—putting his head out of the window; but the sight of the revolver was enough for him.

"So, sir, you mean to rob me." "No bandying, old fellow. I have no time to lose. Out with that little blue bag beside you, or take the consequences."

"Suppose I refuse, scoundrel!" "Perhaps you have no objection then to an ounce of lead. Come, come, old man, you and I are men of the world. We should know how to deal with each other. You're rich, and I'm poor, poor, very poor. You have no hope to get away alive if you refuse to deliver. Quick! quick! before some stragglers upset my little plan."

"I will give you half."

"How much have you in those two little bags beside you?"

"A thousand pounds; five hundred in each."

"All right old chap. Hand out one of them, and away you go."

The old banker handed out the bag reluctantly, saying, "I will see you safe within the dock, sir."

"Don't be too sure of that, old man. By jove, you are a plucky old fellow after all." Putting his head very close to the old banker's nose, he said, by way of a parting salutation—

"Take a good look at me now, and try to remember the features of the man who robbed you. Bye, bye," and then immediately jumped inside the wall, making for his home as quick as his legs could carry him, knowing that the alarm would be all over the country as soon as the carriage could make the nearest police station. Passing a farmers house he threw the smoking cap inside the palings, and in another hour was safe and sound in bed.

Next day the whole country round rang with thrilling accounts of the daring robbery. The streets were alive in the little town of B—d. All business was suspended. Little knots of people were scattered here and there discussing all the circumstances. How the wealthy old Jacob Grimes had been robbed; how about six miles from town last night, with eight or nine hundred pounds in specie for the bank at R—d, in the carriage with him. The local newspapers had leading articles on it. Plaques were posted on every available dead wall in the locality. The police were held in custody.

George Somerville's thoughts were not the pleasantest as he strolled through the streets, listening to the exagg rated accounts of his little adventure. "How lucky no one ever said that cap with me, or those whiskers," he muttered, "not I even my wife. No human eye ever rested on them since the night Harry Weldon threw them in my office after the theatricals at Jackson's."

Harry Weldon is now at the Anti-palms and is not likely any one will remember a cap he wore one night, twenty years ago."

On the following day the excitement was at fever heat when the news spread that the robber had been captured, and the astonishment of all was great when Farmer Brown's son was marched in custody to the police station. None were willing to believe him guilty. Besides, the money had not been found upon him. But then, old Grimes positively asserted that it was the man who robbed him. The cap he wore was a very remarkable one. It was found upon young Brown, and was now in the hands of the authorities. A richly got up smoking-cap with a gold band.

We find George Somerville sitting alone for the second time in his office brooding.

"Funny affair altogether, by jove," he ejaculated. "I wonder how will I get the unfortunate fellow out of it. I've had a mind to confess the whole thing."

"Come in."

Enter Farmer Brown.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown. Take a seat."

"Good morning, Mr. Somerville. I suppose you guess my business with you?"

"I was sorry to hear of your son's arrest for this robbery. It must be

a case of mistaken identity." "Certainly. But at any rate, he must be defended, and I suppose I can count on you to do your best for him?"

"Of course. What is the defence?" "An alibi."

"Why, yes. I believe so. He never left the house the evening the robbery occurred."

"But the cap—"

"Oh! I forgot. He found the cap next morning about twenty perches from the door, and foolishly wore it all day. It must have been thrown there by the real robber. The police, when searching around the place, found it with him. Hence the arrest, and now you have all I know myself."

"I see, I see. The case comes off at the next assizes. In the meantime I will hunt up all the evidence I can in his behalf. Depend upon it no stone shall be left unturned."

"Thanks good morning."

The expression of George's face when the farmer left was a study for an artist. There was a merry twinkle around his eye that would make you laugh, if the determined aspect of the rest of his features hadn't held you in check. He never could look serious about the eyes. They were made for fun. No matter how firmly the lips compressed themselves, or the frown darkened on his forehead the eyes refused point blank to join the general humor of the countenance. They were always merrily twinkling like two little stars, as if they scorned to be in earnest about anything. George was terribly in earnest now. The web was thickening around him. Nothing short of some unheard of coup de main could save him. He was in a dilemma. Would Old Grimes recognize him at the trial. Terrible thought!

"Heigho!" said he, "here goes for one never failing remedy to soothe the troubled mind, and he pulled out a cigar, lit it, and rocked himself in a large arm chair, with his hands locked behind his neck, and the eyes twinkling merrily up toward the ceiling.

If George continues long in this posture Brown has a good chance. George is brooding.

It is Assize day in the town of B—d. Crowds of people are bustling toward the court house. The topic of the hour is the trial of young Brown for robbery. The judge having taken his seat on the bench at 11.30 a. m., the business of the day is opened. Brown is the first case called. After the jury having been empanelled, Jacob Grimes stepped into the witness-box. His evidence is brief and to the purpose. "He was stopped by the accused when about six miles from the town of B—d, on the evening of the 26th May last. Prisoner must have known that he was to pass that way at that hour, etc.," all of which our readers know already.

The driver corroborated all this. It was evident the case of the dead against Brown. The fact of the cap was damaging.

George Somerville stood up for the defence. All eyes were turned towards him. He was visibly excited. Every one who saw him felt that a new feature was to be introduced into the case.

"You say, sir, that you were robbed on the evening of the 26th May last, six miles from B—d?"

"Yes."

"How much money had you?" "A thousand pounds."

"How much was taken?" "Five hundred."

"You say you had two separate bags—five hundred in each?"

"Yes."

"Did the robber know he left one of those behind him?"

"Yes, he did. Because as I—"

"Stop now, please. You've answered my question sufficiently."

All this was irrelevant. George was only beating about the bush yet. He appeared sanguine now. His eyes were twinkling. The coup de main was coming.

"I think, sir, you don't know who robbed you."

"I am quite positive about it, on the contrary."

"Are you? Quite confident it was the prisoner at the bar?"

"Undoubtedly."

An ashy hue came over Grime's face, as he recognized the voice and tone. He saw his friend of the 26th May before him. The next moment he was all aflame with passion. He could not contain himself any longer. Jumping from off his seat he collared George, shouting—

"You are the man who robbed me. I see my mistake, now. That cursed cap misled me. You did it cleverly, sir, but you're caught now. I said I'd see you safe within the dock yet, and I will."

"Didn't I tell you lordship, he didn't know who robbed him."

"Yes, I do, but too well, I know it now. By all my hopes of—"

"You may go down now, sir," said his lordship. "As the gentleman engaged for the defence has said, you don't know who robbed you. You may retire, gentleman of the jury, to consider your verdict. I will not insult your intelligence by addressing you after what you've heard."

The jury came out almost immediately with a verdict of acquittal, and Brown was discharged.

After this famous success, crowds of clients poured in to George. He is now a thriving lawyer, with a large and increasing practice. One morning, about six months after Brown's trial, old Jacob Grimes found a little blue bag, containing five hundred pounds in gold, inside his hall door, left there by some unknown hand. Not one farthing of it was ever touched. Nay, the bag even was never touched. George was sorry from the very moment after the act being done. Mrs. Somerville never knew anything about it. Reader, forgive him if you can. As he himself said—

"Those whiskers and that smoking cap in my bureau first suggested the wicked thought."

Miscellaneous. WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent. WASHINGTON, D. C. Mar. 11, 1884.

Business is moving along quietly in Congress, but there are indications that rapid progress will be made hereafter. The committees of the House have worked like beavers piling up and marking out business for consideration on the floor and when the reports begin to come in there will be lively work. President-making is the chief business of interest outside of Congress, and on the Republican side a great deal of anxious attention is being given to the contest now going on in the State of New York over the selection of delegates. The friends of Mr. Arthur are straining every nerve to capture a majority of the delegation and hope by that means to secure the solid vote of the State for the man who John Sherman, when Secretary of the Treasury, said was not worthy to be entrusted with the office of collector of the port of New York. But they have found a good deal of strong opposition which develops more and more every day. The tools and methods relied upon by Arthur to secure the State for him are not satisfactory; to the better elements of the party. They belong purely to the lowest machine workers and tactics. The strongest point made by the President's friends in his favor is that he has done nothing to offend anybody; and it is true that a large quantity of empty champagne bottles are the sole monuments of Mr. Arthur's official career. He don't even fill vacancies in office when they occur, lest the unsuccessful applicants should be against him, but holds them open to promise and trade on for delegates. There are many vacancies which have been accumulating for several months and old politicians are beginning to remark that the President is overdoing the thing and that it will finally do him more hurt than good.

In this connection I may state that Mr. Springer's proposition for an amendment to the Constitution, making the Presidential term six years, and rendering the President ineligible to reelection for the next succeeding term, is received with great favor. It provides for a direct vote for President in each State, and abolishes the electoral college. Each State shall have a number of votes equal to the number of its Representatives and Senators in Congress, to be given to each candidate in proportion to the total vote cast for each. The term of Representatives in Congress is fixed at three years, and Congress shall meet each year on the first Wednesday in January, the first session to convene in the January succeeding the November election. There are many considerations to recommend these changes, not the least of which would be raising the Presidential office and administration to something above a scheming machine for the succession.

Some idea of the danger we are approaching through the destruction of our forests may be gathered from the fact, reported by one of the

first lumber statisticians now living, that the entire stock of standing white-pine in the United States does not exceed 80,000,000,000 feet, which includes the small interior trees which used to be thought not worth cutting, and 10,000,000,000 feet out of these 80,000,000,000 are cut every year, with the demand steadily increasing. The annual value of the product of our mills as it falls from the saw is \$300,000,000. To replace this from other countries, which by the way is an impossibility, would require more than all the tonnage of the world for its transportation, and it would then cost in the yard more than twice what it does now. Here then we have an annual deficit of \$1,000,000,000, to say nothing of the loss from the crippling of manufactures depending on working wood, and the derangement of the water supply. In Michigan to day, good standing pine, bought of the United States Government for \$2 50 per acre, is valued at \$200 per acre, and yet the remorseless slaughter of our remnant of timber goes on at increasing speed; and the cut of last year was the greatest ever known. One out of the eight years' supply is thus entirely taken away, and the end is therefore close at hand unless we begin to economize. These are cold facts to which Congress should promptly apply remedial legislation.

Hon. John B. Alley and family, of Massachusetts, and Col. Bob Ingersoll and family left Washington a few days since for New Mexico where they have gone to take possession of the Bosler interest in Dorsey's ranch, which is 60 miles long and 24 miles wide, and watered by the Chico Springs River. There are now on it 45,000 head of cattle and 600 horses, divided into small heads, each of which has its corral and herdsman's houses. Dorsey mortgaged one-half interest in this estate to the late Mr. Bosler, to raise the ready cash necessary for his defense when he stood his trial in the Star route cases, and the death of Bosler placed him in an unpleasant pecuniary position. Col. Ingersoll extricated him by convincing Mr. Alley that it was a good investment, and Mr. Alley drew his check for \$400,000, to clinch his bargain, following it in a few days by \$300,000 more. Mr. Alley may, after all, have the seat in the United States Senate which his friends have claimed for him, coming from New Mexico, however, instead of Massachusetts.

PHONO.

THE WANT OF SYSTEM.

It is astonishing how much time people lose for want of system. A girl rises, dawdles about dressing, gets late for breakfast, and then the best part of the day is gone.

A young fellow has finished his work; he idles about with a few friends, and before he knows it, it is past nine o'clock, and the evening is practically wasted.

Any quantity of work can be done in a lifetime if there is only organization and application.

No matron or maid, sitting down, for instance, to make a knitted counterpane, could do the whole at one sitting; but a quarter of an hour's work every day would accomplish the whole task long as it is in the course of a few weeks.

The minutes, too, have an old trick of slipping away so swiftly that, if they are not caught and applied to a good purpose, they are wasted in a manner which leaves the years periodically a blank.

The young husbands who come home in the evening and grow sulky because their wives are untidy, and the fire place dirty with the ashes, and who are told by their spouses there has been "so much to do" that time for "tidying up" could not be found, may make sure that "system" is lacking somewhere.

The heaviest days' work can be got through, either by the fireside on the wife's part, or out of doors on the husband's side, if time is only taken by the forelock, everything begun early, and everything, too, systematically carried out.

Jack is a coach dog that found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office and asked by telephone if the man had lost his dog. "Yes, where is he?" was the reply. "He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone." The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece, and his master said, "Jack! Jack! how are you, Jack?" Jack instantly recognized the voice, and began to yelp. He licked the telephone cord, seeming to think that his master was inside of the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognized the bark, and shortly afterwards he reached his friend's office to claim his property.

HEART-BROKEN BUT LEVEL-HEADED.—A lawyer for a husband who is being sued for divorce had a visit yesterday from the client. The client is madly in love with his wife and believes that she wishes to be rid of him only to be free to marry another. "I can't live without her," he said to his legal adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her. He pulled out a pistol and said: "I am going to be with this and say: 'Here, shoot me down; I don't care to live any more.'"

"You had better not," said the cautious legal man; "she might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heart-broken husband. "I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges!"

ADVERTISING RATES.

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JOB PRINTING DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH TERMS CASH.

A WORD ABOUT ECONOMY.

But very few people seem to understand the principles of true economy. If some persons have money, they are never satisfied until they have spent it. It seems to burn their pockets. When it is all gone, they then have to struggle for existence. Such persons are very poor managers. They live on the principle of "live-to-day and let to-morrow provide for itself." Now that is a very poor plan. Every person should learn to save at least a small portion of their daily or yearly earnings. This they can do by proper management. They must economize in their expenditures. They must deny themselves of such luxuries as their income does not justify. Every person, who has ordinary intelligence and good health, can earn something more than a mere living. They can then learn to lay by a little of their surplus earnings for a rainy-day. These savings, judiciously invested will soon begin to increase their income, and will add additional comforts to their former style of living. When their income is sufficiently large, from their investments, to justify it, "good living" is commendable, but wasteful extravagance is always wrong. Economy is a "science," and you must study it well to know how to practice it.

There are plenty of people who would be poor with a pocket full of money, so to speak; while there are plenty of others who are "well off" with scarcely a cent in their pockets. This is because the former don't know how to manage, and the latter do. The lesson of life is learned from hard study and bitter experience, but those who learn it leave their fortune made. Let every one study these rules and we are sure that they will profit by it.

WHERE THE RICH MAN WENT.

A boy who rejoiced in bare feet six days of the week was compelled by his mother to put on shoes when he went to church or Sunday-school in a village a mile distant from his home. No sooner, however, was he out of maternal sight than he pulled off the heated leather box, because they made his feet swell, and trying them together by the string threw them over his shoulder and jogged on barefooted, as usual. He was soon overtaken by a rich neighbor in a fine family wagon who asked him to ride. The boy was bound for the Baptist church and the wealthy farmer to the Presbyterian. Slinging his brogans under the seat he enjoyed the proffered ride and was set down at his own church, forgetting his shoes, while the rich man went on to his destination. In Sunday-school the teacher was prosy and the boy got to sleep during the lesson, which was on Lazarus and the rich man. The teacher concluded his lecture on the lesson of the day with the question, "What became of the rich man?" The boy roused up from his snooze just in time to answer, "He drove up to the Presbyterian church." "No," answered the teacher, "he lifted up his eyes in hell." "No, he didn't," persisted the boy, "he went up to the Presbyterian church, and he's got my new shoes under his wagon seat."