

The paper is stopped at the expiration of the term for which it is paid.



SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

It is not a triumph of science, but a revelation through the instinct of the untutored savage...

After suffering twenty-five years with a painful Dry Tetter, and trying many physicians...

Argument is unnecessary to show that this is a Blood Disease...

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The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XX. NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1884. No. 33.

NOMINATIONS.

For the Senate. AT THE request of Many Voters...

For the House of Representatives. AT the solicitation of many farmers...

THOMAS S. MOORMAN. Is a candidate for nomination for House of Representatives.

THE HON. W. D. HARDY is announced by his friends as a candidate for re-election to the legislature.

MR. EDITOR: We would respectfully nominate Mr. GEORGE S. MOWER...

CAPT. O. L. SCHUMPERT is hereby announced as a candidate for the legislature.

THE friends and admirers of DR. J. WM. FOLK will be pleased to learn that he has consented to be put in nomination for the legislature.

THE many friends of ALLEN M. NICHOLS present him as a candidate for the House of Representatives...

For Clerk of Court. BENJAMIN P. CHALMERS is hereby nominated for the office of Clerk of Court for Newberry County...

J. Y. McFALL is a candidate for Clerk of Court for Newberry County...

For County Auditor. COL. JO. S. REID is announced as a Candidate for Auditor of Newberry County...

W. W. HOUSEAL is hereby nominated for the position of County Auditor...

For Probate Judge. JACOB B. FELLERS is hereby announced as a candidate for re-election to the office of Probate Judge for Newberry County...

County Commissioner. MR. JNO. A. CROMER, is nominated as a candidate for County Commissioner...

For County Treasurer. MR. EDITOR: Please announce the name of J. D. SMITH as a suitable candidate for the office of County Treasurer...

For Sheriff. THE many friends of CAPT. W. V. RISER would respectfully announce him as a suitable candidate for Sheriff...

For School Commissioner. THE many friends of G. G. SALE, Esq., nominate him as a candidate for the office of School Commissioner...

Poetry.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. There sat a crow on a lofty tree...

A young lady of strikingly prepossessing appearance—Millicent Vanjohn...

"I am fifty-five, he said to himself, 'I am—well, I am well looking, my waistcoat is of decent girth; I have a good complexion; and a man is only as old as he feels. Why shouldn't I? I may be called an old fool. Well, there are plenty of older fools in the world. I—yes, I will!'"

Miss Vanjohn was walking at the identical hour the next day after that, and so on for more than a week...

He turned away; he sang no more; How could he sing in vain? And then she bent her knee: "God of the widow, help her now, As thou hast helped me."

THE peasant had to bear? And she kissed that humble pleasant brow, And then she bent her knee: "God of the widow, help her now, As thou hast helped me."

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mutinous Sepoys; or by the stiffest bullfinch in the country. He had loved at a distant score of times, but had never placed himself with in speaking reach of the various objects to his affection.

Suddenly matters took a different turn. A young lady of strikingly prepossessing appearance—Millicent Vanjohn, only daughter of the Rev. Aloysius Vanjohn, the only vicar—had been espied by the Colonel proceeding up the lane which ran parallel with his grounds, as he paced along his favorite shrubbery walk.

"I am fifty-five, he said to himself, 'I am—well, I am well looking, my waistcoat is of decent girth; I have a good complexion; and a man is only as old as he feels. Why shouldn't I? I may be called an old fool. Well, there are plenty of older fools in the world. I—yes, I will!'"

Miss Vanjohn was walking at the identical hour the next day after that, and so on for more than a week, and each day the same little dumb comedy was played—sheeps eyes on the part of the Colonel, blushing and lookings-down on the part of Miss Millicent Vanjohn.

Did Miss Vanjohn walk up that lane so regularly with a fixed purpose? Of course she did.

Punctually at four o'clock every afternoon, Mr. Augustus Choppleigh, Jr., met her at the top of it. It was rather an odd thing to do—the laughter of a well-known parson meeting sub rosa the son of an equally well-known colonel.

The following conversation explains it: "Oh, Gus! I begin to feel so awfully guilty, meeting you like this! Why can't we love each other openly? There's nothing to be ashamed of in it."

"For more than one reason, my darling, I've a bad reputation down here; all fellows have in country places who go up to town, belong to a club, drive down to Ascot, and so on. If the old man were to know that I was spooning you, he'd rush off to your father and warn him. If your father were to know, he'd rush off to mine and tell him that I wasn't to fit aspirant for the hand of his daughter."

"But is your father such a terrible old gentleman, then? What is he like? I've never seen him."

"No, I don't suppose you have. He fights shy of anything with a petticoat on it like the plague. I've known him cut a good run short because there were ladies alone with him in the same field, and he was afraid that in case of accident he'd have to assist them. He's a tall old fellow, with a fresh complexion and a gray wig, and always wears shepherd's plaid trousers, summer and winter. Why, what's the matter?"

"O dear! O dear! Gus, don't go on, please don't, or I shall die of laughing!"

"Why, what is it? Are you laughing at me, Millie? By Jove, if you saw him in a temper you wouldn't laugh!"

"Why, my dear Gus! he's—he's in love with me!"

"The old boy—my father—in love with you? Nonsense, my dear—nonsense, I say. Why, he's more afraid of a girl than of an earth quake, or a bob-constructor, or anything. What on earth makes you think he's in love with you?"

"Why, Gus, every day when I come along here he's walking in the garden. I've always taken him for the steward, or some one, and he makes such eyes at me. Oh, you'd laugh if you could see him. I try not to, but I know I blush and look awfully silly."

"By Jove, Millie, it's no laughing matter—that it isn't. A man's father his rival in love!"

That evening Mr. Gus appeared at home at an unusually early hour.

"Well! what is the greeting of his parent. 'You're not here so precious early, with that goody-goody face, for nothing, I'm sure, you young scamp! When you turn up punctually to dinner, I know you want something out of me. But, mind, not another halfpenny do you get. I've already advanced your quarter's allowance, and if you've been squandering it on actresses and race-meetings, and unlimited loo, and dinners at the Bristol, I don't help you. And not only that, sir, but I'm going to put a stop to it. Once for all—Augustus Choppleigh's a man of his word—I don't care if Stultz, or Gilding, or Moses, or any of them come down and dun you at this very door, not a rapce do you get out of me."

"What a deuce of a hurry you're in, father!" said the young man. "I don't want any money."

"Well, what the dickens is it then?" said the old gentleman, seeing that his son looked confused.

"Why, well, I'm in love that's all," replied Gus; "and I'm going to be married to the best girl in England—a perfect lady, well bred, well connected, and—"

The effect of this speech upon the old colonel was electrical. He jumped up from his end of the table, almost upset Parker, who was handing him the coffee, rushed

toward his son and shook his hand heartily; his face beaming with pleasure as he exclaimed: "You're sure of what you say? It isn't Fifi, the Jolly, hey? A lady, well bred, well connected."

"I've been a bit of a scamp, perhaps, father," said the young man; "but I've never gone in for low form, so when I tell you she's all that could be wished, you must believe me."

"Of course I will; of course I do!" roared the colonel. "Who is she?"

"Well, I don't want to give you her name just now, for many reasons, but she may take my word for it that she's nobody to be ashamed of," said Gus.

"All right; all right; I won't ask any more questions. So long as you are going to steady down with a good, ladylike wife, I don't care," said his father. By gad, Gus, I thought you were going to be a millstone round my neck for the remainder of my life. And now, my boy, you've astonished me, I'm going to astonish you. What do you think is about the most unlikely thing I should do?"

"Give up hunting?" replied Gus. "or sell your orchids? or put up for the county?"

"No, no; nothing of that kind," said the Colonel, chuckling. "I'm—I'm going to be married, too."

The son affected the greatest astonishment. The Colonel continued: "But look here, my boy, it won't interfere with your prospects, and and—when I say I'm going to be married, I mean that I have my eye on some one, and I rather think about that that some one has a reciprocal eye on me. I'm not such an old bird, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," replied Gus; "and may I ask you the fortunate object of your attentions is?"

"Well," answered the Colonel, laughing, "I've a good mind not to tell you, you dog, as you keep me in the dark about your inamorata. But I will. Do you know Miss Vanjohn?"

"Tall girl, brown hair, brown eyes?" asked Gus, innocently.

"Yes, yes—that's the one! She's going to be Mrs. Choppleigh the second," said the Colonel, rubbing his hands gleefully. "I think—then that if I can screw up my pluck, I shall speak to her to-morrow."

That evening the Reverend Aloysius Vanjohn received an unexpected visitor in the shape of Mr. Augustus Choppleigh. Urged by the desperate aspect of matters, the young man had resolved to face the terrible parson, as he believed him to be, and to lay the whole state of affairs before him. To his glad surprise, the reverend gentleman, who was really a good fellow, and thought very well of Gus, laughed heartily at the notion of the Colonel's suit, and promised Gus, that Millicent should marry him when and where he pleased.

"I say, Gus," roared the Colonel, as they were leaving the smoking-room for bed; "promise me you'll bring Mrs. Choppleigh here directly after you're married."

A few days after, Millicent Vanjohn was quietly and unostentatiously made Mrs. Augustus Choppleigh in London. Faithful to his word the young man wrote informing his father of his marriage, and telling him that he should run down on the following day to introduce his bride to her new father.

The Colonel was at dinner—that is to say, he was playing at dinner, for what with his own expensiveness and the eager expectation with which he awaited the arrival of his son and his daughter-in-law, he sent away almost unattended every dish that was set before him.

The door-bell rang. The Colonel jumped up to answer it himself, but checked the movement.

"No, no," he said; "I'll have it a surprise to the last."

Gus entered.

"Here I am, father!" he said. "Yes, yes; but where's—?"

Gus went out, and reappeared with Millicent.

The Colonel staggered at first, and something like a frown gathered on his brow. But he recovered himself, and with a smile that illuminated his face, said addressing Millicent:

"I am indeed delighted to welcome you to my house as a—daughter." Then turning to his son, he added, "Gus, my boy, you've had an uncommonly narrow escape!"

Plant sunflowers everywhere, where you can find a place, about the barn or fowl house. It is well known that this plant is especially valuable for its health giving qualities. All that is needed is to press the seed under the soil, and the plants will care for themselves. On the margin of the sink drain, near the out-house or pig-sty, or in the unused runs of the poultry yard, these plants will be filling the place of the health committee, and the fall crop of seed will make a valuable change of diet for the fowls during the winter and spring.

Singing dolls, like fashionable girls, must be looked to sing.

Miscellaneous.

BROADBRIE'S NEW YORK LETTER.

How shall I pass the Sabbath I said to myself last Sunday. If I go to hear the music at Central Park, they will say I am a heathen and if I go to Coney Island they may think I am a publican. I will bide me to Greenwood, and there commune with the spirits of the departed. Here repose hundreds of thousands of those who were once the moving spirits of the two great cities near it. As you enter the stately gate—before you is the tribute which the trustees of Greenwood have raised to the memory of the late treasurer of the corporation, and who may be said to have guided its destiny for over forty years. Much of the beauty and order that glorifies this City of the Dead is due to him, who now reposes peacefully in its bosom. A few yards to the left is a rich cross which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have raised to the memory of Louis Bonnard. Louis Bonnard was a Frenchman, who came to New York many years ago, and engaged in the manufacture of scientific instruments; he lived in two wretched rooms in the most respectable part of the city; he denied himself the commonest necessities of life; and was found dead in his wretched apartments. To the great astonishment of a few who knew him—a will was discovered leaving \$200,000 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to animals; and the secret of the bequest was supposed to lie in the fact that Louis Bonnard believed in metempsychosis, and thought that when his spirit left his body, it might be transferred to a horse or a dog, and he did not want it to be abused. At all events the bequest was scarcely out of his body when an army of relations, who never knew or cared for him in his life, appeared to contest the will—they fought Henry Bergh in all the courts—and the case was finally decided in favor of the Society. Thousands pass the Frenchman's grave without stopping to take a second look, but if the dumb brutes of the land could sing or speak not one in this vast assemblage of ghosts would have a grander pen or a louder praise—than Louis Bonnard.

Facing his tomb on the Hillside to the East is a beautiful little Grecian Temple, beneath which lies all that was mortal of John Anderson, the inventor of Solace Tobacco. John Anderson may not have been the greatest man whose remains repose in Greenwood, but in his day and generation, he brought much consolation and comfort to the chevers of the end. As great a man as General Scott, sent all the way from Mexico for a 10 pound box of John Anderson's Solace; and an eminent Presbyterian divine whose eloquence electrified New York forty years ago, seldom went into his pulpit of a Sunday without a paper of Anderson's fine cut in his pocket. John Anderson's shop stood on Broadway at the corner of the City Hospital grounds and almost opposite to Pearl Street; and it was at his store that the young dudes of a couple of generations ago, used to buy their cigars of the pretty cigar girl, who was murdered at the Elysian Fields. The girl was the great attraction of John Anderson's store, and he never fully recovered the shock of her loss. He retired from business many years since, and dying left a fortune estimated at two or three millions of dollars. The Anti-Tobacco League may have but little reverence or respect for this dead benefactor of his race; but the soldier on the march, the hunter in the forest, the sailor called out of his warm bunk of a stormy night to clew up and clew down, the hod carrier staggering under his tremendous load, and the ragged homeless tramp without a roof to cover him, will with kindness remember John Anderson.

A few yards from John Anderson's imposing mausoleum—a magnificent granite shaft—perpetuates the fame of Mrs. Oswald Ottendorfer, the publisher of the greatest German newspaper in the United States, the Staats Zeitung. This great paper was started by Mr. Ule, who died some years ago, leaving his widow with a large family, and the control of a great city journal. Mrs. Ule was equal to the task, she not only qualified herself to perform and understand the minutest detail of her exacting business; but she guided it on to a course of prosperity, which it had never known in her husband's life. But even the management of her great business; nor the care of her family; were enough to occupy her capacious heart and brain. The cry of want and the demands of charity ever found a response in her sympathetic soul; and no worthy poor ever left her door unsatisfied.

New York has many noble women whose lives have been beautified

and glorified, by every good and gracious deed, and yet among them all it would be difficult to find a match for his dead saint. Her loving benefactions were of themselves a colossal fortune; and dying—she did not forget in her bonny the humblest workman who was associated with her in her life. She lies beside her first husband, Mr. Ule, who helped to found the great fortune which she used so wisely and so well; and as I passed their graves which a wild briar now unites. I reverently uncovered, remembering the gracious promise, "Blessed are the merciful for they shall receive mercy;" and few on this earth were more merciful and charitable than she of whom I write.

In a little dale a hundred and fifty yards to the south, Lola Montez, the Countess of Landsfeldt, quietly sleeps after a boisterous and stormy life. She was an extraordinary woman. She spoke, with the fluency of a native, every language of Europe, and while there was a slight foreign accent in her English, her French, German, Italian, Spanish and Russian were so perfect that natives of the different countries insisted that she was a countrywoman. She was born in Hindostan and spoke Hindostanee as her native tongue. She saw every phase of life from the slums of Paris to the hardiest women in Europe, the favored mistress of a King, a woman who went decked with jewels that would have paid a Prince's ransom. She who spent millions in her time died in this city in the extreme poverty; and charity, which weeps at the sins of the Madalene gave a few feet of earth in Greenwood to Eliza Gilbert Countess of Landsfeldt. But I feel that I must hurry away.

The city is greatly exercised, that is to say she is pious port of it, at the Sunday Music in Central Park. Petitions are being circulated in all the churches against it. That is to say that the million of people in New York are to have no voice as how they shall pass their Sabbath, but they are to be controlled by the three hundred thousand nominal church members, the great part of whom are now enjoying themselves in the mountains or by the seaside. The absurdity of the demand is more apparent when you reflect that there is not a church in the city of any consequence, which is now ministered to by its regular pastor. The great majority of these christian shepherds have gone to Europe,—foreign air and foreign travel being absolutely necessary for them to recuperate from the dreadful mental strain of getting up one sermon a week, on a salary of from \$5,000 to \$20,000 per annum. Does it occur to these saints that there are four hundred thousand people in this city who daily toil for ten hours; but to reach that daily toil they have to rise at five in the morning, and some of them walk miles to work, and miles home again at night. During six days they are penned up in close factories where hundreds work in a room, and where a breath of pure air never comes. No wonder they seek the Park on Sunday and listen to the sweet strains of the music and breathe the fresh air, and smell the grass and the flowers and thank God for even these blessings, brief though they be. One half of our churches are closed; pastors and people could not endure the air of the city. Let the poor people enjoy what God and the corporation give them; green fields, fresh air and music. It will do them more good than all the orthodox sermons that were ever preached and bring them "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The running down of old Mother Mandelbaum, the notorious receiver of stolen goods, by Pinkerton's detectives, has been one of the marked events of the week. The associate and protector of thieves for a generation, she has accumulated over a million of dollars. The police are said to have protected her—at any rate, she has continued for twenty years to slip through the meshes of the law. Should justice fail this time it would be a public calamity.

I don't know that it has any reference to the election, but the Brooklyn Common Council, this week, advanced the salaries of the city officials 20 to 25 per cent. Political banners must be paid for, and provision made for soap, and as the day has long since gone by when we may look for flights of quails and showers of manna, we have to take our chance, milking the city cow.

The weather has been intolerable, Thursday being away up among the nineties. To cap the climax, stocks took an upward turn, and for a day or two the market was in fever heat. The election, too, is firing our blood and it must be gratifying to the country to know that both parties are going to be successful, and consequently everybody satisfied.

Yours truly, BROADBRIE.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent. on above. Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rate per square as ordinary advertisements. Special Notices... 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 discounts on above rates.

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH. TERMS CASH.

A LIGHTWOOD KNOT OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The following bit of wit upon the part of a North Carolina girl comes to us from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable Virginia summer resort and watering place:

Among the regular habitues is Colonel B—, a well preserved, handsome old bear of uncertain age. His society record is brilliant and though he has raised many hopes, yet season after season has ended and the Colonel has yielded his liberty to none. His special strength is pride of family, boasting as he does, in season and out of season, not only the bluest South Carolina blood, but the most direct Huguenot descent.

During the past summer there appeared flitting about the broad piazza and through the long drawing-room a bright dashing girl from the "Land of the Sky." The Colonel, as usual, began the scheme of monopoly, and the ambitious young belle seemed nothing loth to accord to him the coveted position as chief of staff. It began to be whispered about that the colonel was really in earnest for once in his life. Those who knew him best watched him closest, and were sure he was on the eve of a victory. His gait was more martial, his manner more lofty than ever before, and the poor ancestral Huguenots were dragged to the front without mercy.

Unfortunately a bit of eavesdropping in the dim star-lighted seclusion of what the Colonel thought to be a deserted corner of the piazza told the story of such woful discomfort that he fled the place within twenty-four hours afterward. He had evidently proposed in his most pompous and condescending manner, and had heard with amazement a quiet negative from the young lady's lips.

"But I think—I am sure," said the Colonel, hardly able to control his indignant pride, "you do not understand, you do not appreciate, Miss, the honor that has been conferred upon you, that you slightly decline. I am a Huguenot of South Carolina!"

"Ah, Colonel, it is you who forget," said Miss —, with her most roguish smile. "You do not appreciate the honor to which you aspire. I am a Lightwood Knot of North Carolina!"—Harper's Magazine.

KERR KRUPP AND HIS GUN FACTORY.

Herr Alfred Krupp, the proprietor of the great steel-works, at Essen, Germany, where the guns which bear his name are manufactured, employs 20,000 men, who operate 1,541 furnaces, 439 steam boilers, 450 steam engines, and 1,622 machines for working iron. Besides being the owner of the works at Essen, he is the owner of 547 mines in various parts of Germany. His entire possessions are said to be worth \$40,000,000. He is described as a tall and rather stern-looking man, with sloping shoulders, a long neck, and full white beard, hiding a sensitive mouth, and a face narrow at the jaw and broadening above the thin, well-shaped nose. His dark eye is keen and penetrating, his forehead expansive. He is delicate, nervous and intellectual, and looks like a clergyman. His only son and heir, Fritz Krupp, who will succeed to his immense estate, is a young man of fine education, who is already acquainted with all the details of his father's business. He traveled considerably in this country. He is an inventor of very many valuable contrivances used in the works at Essen. Herr Krupp's establishment has turned out 20,000 cannon.

A SHEET-IRON HEN.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean is responsible for the following: "Charles Kugle, an ingenious fellow in Barnesville, O., has constructed a sheet-iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. It is finished up to life, full size, cackles, clucks, and looks with one eye at a time so naturally that it will deceive the oldest hen-hawk in the county. It is so arranged that when a hawk, mink, or polecat pounces on to it the back springs open and the wings fly up and force the assailant on to a ravenous buzz-saw that makes 1,705 revolutions per minute. After moving half a minute the saw stops,