

The Newberry Herald and News.

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

Vol. XX.

NEWBERRY, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1884.

No. 40.

FRESH GOODS

REDUCED PRICES.

Lucey Hinton Tobacco, 15c. per Plug
Salmon, fresh, 15c. per can
Horsford's Bread Powders, 15c. per pkg
Splendid Rio Coffee, 15c. per lb.
Dorham Smoking Tobacco, 40c. per lb
Several new brands of Tobacco, viz:
Maggie Mitchell
Maggie Spencer
First Pick
The Rex, dark
Several new brands of Cigars:
The Alaska, The Sensation, Laureate
and the Gem
An extra fine lot of Pickles and Sauces—
Chow-Chow, Mixed Pickles, Celery
Sauce and Pepper Sauce in large bot-
tles of a novel pattern
Fresh lot Potted Ham, 12-1-2 per can
The celebrated Aurora Roasted Rio
Coffee
Extra fine large Lemons
Extra fine Assorted Jellies, 12-1-2c. per
glass
A large lot of can goods, just received
A fresh invoice of Candy, well-assorted
New Layer Raisins, and
A General Stock of Goods, at low fig-
ures for Cash only.
B. H. LOVELACE.

CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

Lumber Mill Men
The undersigned respectfully inform
the citizens of Newberry and the
surrounding Counties that, having located
at Helena, they are prepared to con-
tract for and build Churches, Dwell-
ings and other Buildings. We guaran-
tee satisfaction both in the quality of
our work and in the prices charged for
it. Having an excellent saw mill we
are also prepared, at short notice, to
saw and dress lumber. Orders solicited.
SHOCKLEY BROS.
March 14

TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
DR. STARKEY & PALLEN'S
COMPOUND
NOT A DRUG
1100 & 1111 GIRARD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
A New Treatment
For Consumption, Asthma, Bron-
chitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Headache,
Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and
all Chronic and Nervous Disorders.

A CARD.
We, the undersigned, having received great
benefit from the use of "DR. STARKEY & PALLEN'S"
COMPOUND, prepared and administered by
DR. STARKEY & PALLEN of Philadelphia, and
being satisfied that it is a valuable medi-
cine, we hereby certify that it is a valuable
remedy for the diseases mentioned above,
and we recommend it to all who are afflicted
with any of the above diseases, and we
will be glad to furnish a list of names of
persons who have been cured by its use.
We have personal knowledge of Dr. Starkey
& PalLEN, they are intelligent, and
we are sure, make no statement which they do
not know or believe to be true, nor publish any
testimonials or reports of cases which are not
genuine.
Wm. D. KELLEY,
Member of Congress from Philadelphia.
T. S. ARIEL,
Editor and Publisher "Arthur's Home"
Magazine, Philadelphia.
V. L. CONRAD,
Editor "Lutheran Observer," Philadel-
phia.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 1, 1882.

In order to meet a natural inquiry in regard to
our personal and professional standing, and to
give increased confidence in our statements and
the genuineness of our testimonials and reports
of cases, we have caused to be printed and
issued a book containing a list of names of
persons who have been cured by our
"COMPOUND," containing a history of the discovery
of a new and powerful method of curing
consumption, catarrh, neuralgia, bron-
chitis, asthma, etc. A wide range of chronic
diseases will be seen.
Address: Drs. STARKEY & PALLEN,
1100 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadel-
phia, Pa.

PIANOS.
Grand, Upright and Square.
The superiority of the "STIEFF"
Pianos is recognized and acknowledged
by the highest musical authorities, and
the demand for them is as steadily in-
creasing as their merits are becoming
more extensively known.

Highest Honors
Over all American and many European
rivals at the
Exposition, Paris, 1878.
Have the Endorsement of over
100 different Colleges, Seminaries and
Schools as to their Durability.
They are Perfect in Tone and Work-
manship and Elegant in
Appearance.
A large assortment of second-hand
Pianos always on hand.

General Wholesale Agents for
**Burdett, Palace, Sterling, New Eng-
land, and Wilcox and White
ORGANS.**
ANOS and ORGANS sold on EAST IS-
TALLMENTS.

Pianos taken in Exchange, also thor-
oughly repaired.
See for Illustrated Piano or Or-
gan Catalogue.

Chas. M. Stieff,
No. 6, NORTH LIBERTY STREET,
BALTIMORE, MD.
F. Wehr Jr., Agent, Newberry,
April 27

Cheap! Cheaper!! Cheapest!!!

WRITING PAPERS.

Commercial Note 4, 10 and 15 cents per
quire.
Billit Note, fine, 15 cents per quire.
Gilt-edge Note, 15 cents per quire.
Envelopes 5, 10 and 15 cents per pack.

THE HERALD BOOK STORE.

A NEW SUPPLY

SCHOOL BOOKS

JUST RECEIVED

THE HERALD BOOK STORE.

STATIONERY—ALL KINDS.

Music 5 cents.
Paperette 10, 15, 20 and 25 cents.
Books which cost 10, 15, 25 and 50 cents,
at 5 and 15 cents.

I want to make room for Fall Stock.
I respectfully solicit a call from my friends,
and a share of custom.
Ang 28 55 if MRS. T. F. GRENEKER.

HOW TO SAVE MONEY.

\$16 FOR \$10.
\$20 FOR \$13.
\$27 FOR \$15.

WATCHES:
ELGIN OR WALTHAM WATCHES
IN SOLID SILVER
DOUBLE CASES,
AT ABOVE PRICES
FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

EVERY WATCH WARRANTED.
GENTS' SOLID GOLD WATCHES
FROM \$25 UPWARD.

FOR PARTICULARS WRITE TO
McELREATH'S
JEWELRY PALACE,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
Nov. 15-1y.

NEWBERRY FEMALE ACADEMY.

A. P. PIFER, Principal.

THE NEXT SESSION WILL BEGIN
on 17th of September, 1884. Course
of instruction as thorough as any
female school in the State, while the
price of tuition in the Academic,
Music and Art Departments is com-
paratively low. For particulars in-
quire of the Principal, or of S. P.
Booser, Sec'y, Newberry, S. C.
Aug. 31-2m.

CONSUMPTION
CURED
BREWER'S LUNG RESTORER
AND CURE OF
COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
AND ALL LUNG DISEASE.
ALL DRUGGISTS.

Due West FEMALE COLLEGE.

NEXT SESSION begins Monday, Oct. 6th.
Number of pupils next year 187. Number of
teachers 12. Facilities for French, Music and
Painting unsurpassed. Course of board and reg-
ular tuition for year, \$165.00. For Cata-
logue apply to the President.
J. P. KENNEDY,
Due West, S. C.
Ang 28 35 2m

Hides Wanted.

Green and Dry Hides wanted. High-
est market price paid.
JAS. SINGLETON,
Sept 4 ft. Stall No. 6.

Liver, Kidney or Stomach Trouble.

Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels,
irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in
side, back and heart, yellow urine, burning
when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad
breath, no desire for work, dizziness, fever,
irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough,
dizzy head, with dull pain in back part. Loss
of memory, fatty sight. For these troubles
"SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box
(30 Pills), by mail, 25 cts., 50c. \$1.00. Ad-
dress, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadel-
phia, Pa. Sold by Druggists. Jas. 8-1y.

THE HERALD AND NEWS,

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
At Newberry, S. C.

THOS. F. GRENEKER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM.
Invariably in advance.

Job Printing.

Done at this Office.
At Low Prices for Cash.

Democratic Nominees.

FOR PRESIDENT,
STEPHEN GROVER CLEVELAND,
Of New York.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS
Of Indiana.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HUGH S. THOMPSON,
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
JOHN C. SHEPPARD,
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
J. N. LIPSCOMB.

FOR TREASURER,
J. F. RICHARDSON.
FOR ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL,
A. M. MANIGULTER.
FOR COMPTROLLER GENERAL,
W. E. STONEY.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
C. B. MILES.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION,
ASBURY COWARD.

FOR CONGRESSMAN THIRD DISTRICT,
D. WYATT AIKEN.
FOR SOLICITOR SEVENTH CIRCUIT,
D. R. DUNCAN.

For the State Senate,
J. A. SLIGH.
For the House of Representatives,
S. POPE.

O. L. SHURPHERT,
W. D. HARDY,
For Sheriff,
W. W. RISEB.

For School Commissioner,
G. G. SALE.
For Judge of Probate,
J. B. FELLEES.

For Clerk of Court,
J. Y. McFALL.
For Coroner,
J. N. BASS.

For County Commissioners,
E. C. LONGSHORE,
J. A. GROMER,
A. J. LIVINGSTON.

For County Auditor,
W. W. HOUSEL.
For County Treasurer,
A. H. WHEELER.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following is a list of the ap-
pointments that have been made by
the State Democratic Committee
and the dates on which the several
mass meetings will be held. Each
mass meeting in the State will be
addressed by Senator Hampton
or Senator Butler, several of the
candidates on the State ticket, the
candidate for Congress in the sev-
eral districts, the candidates for
Presidential electors, the candi-
dates for Solicitor and other em-
inent members of the party:

Newberry C. H., Friday, Oct. 3.
Winnsboro, Saturday, Oct. 4.

Laurens C. H., Saturday, Oct. 5.
Abbeville C. H., Tuesday, Oct. 7.

Camden, Tuesday, Oct. 7.
Lexington C. H., Thursday, Oct. 9.

Edgefield C. H., Thursday, Oct. 9.
Aiken, Friday, Oct. 10.

Barnwell C. H., Saturday, Oct. 11.
Orangeburg C. H., Saturday,
Oct. 11.

Chesterfield C. H., Tuesday,
Oct. 14.

Walterboro, Tuesday, Oct. 14.
Hampton C. H., Thursday, Oct. 16.

Bennettsville, Thursday, Oct. 16.
Darlington C. H., Friday, Oct. 17.

Marion C. H., Saturday, Oct. 17.
Beaufort C. H., Saturday, Oct. 18.

Corway, Tuesday, Oct. 21.
Georgetown C. H., Thursday,
Oct. 23.

Kingstree, Friday, Oct. 24.
Sumter C. H., Saturday, Oct. 25.

Manning, Tuesday, Oct. 28.
Charleston, Wednesday, Oct. 29.

Mount Pleasant, Berkeley Coun-
ty, Thursday, Oct. 30.
Columbia, Friday, Oct. 31.

**LOVE FROM THE SECOND
STORY.**

The particulars of an interesting
love escapade near Gloucester
Court House, Va., is given in a
recent Baltimore dispatch as fol-
lows: The participants were Clar-
ence Jenkins, aged 30 years, and
Miss Jessie Blake, aged 17, daughter
of a prosperous and highly re-
spected farmer, residing near
Gloucester. The couple have known
each other many years, and their
friendship gradually ripened into
love. Owing to his daughter's
lover being a poor man, the father
of Miss Blake objected to the in-
timacy, and a few weeks ago told
Jenkins not to come to the house.
The lovers met clandestinely. Final-
ly arrangements were made for an
elopement. On Wednesday night,
soon after midnight, Jenkins en-
tered the yard of the Blake dwell-
ing, placed a ladder against the
porch and ascended to the portico
in front of Miss Blake's window.
The young lady, attended by her
elder sister, was in waiting. While
the bride-elect was in the act of
descending upon the ladder, it fell
out of position, and she narrowly
escaped injury. Jenkins was com-
pelled to reach the ground by a
rope made of the bed clothing. The
lovers went to the river landing,
where a rowboat was in waiting.
They then went to Yorktown, where
they took the train for New-
port News, thence to North Caroli-
na, where the marriage was solemn-
ized. The newly married couple
returned and were forgiven by
Blake.

A coronal story—the grain report.

Poetry.

A DREAM OF HOME.

Take me to the dear old farm, when the
clover is in bloom;
Let me wet my feet in the dew-bathed grass,
and breathe its sweet perfume;
Give me a seat beneath the old roof-tree,
a draught from the homestead well,
A romp in the meadow or up on the hill,
where the echoes used to dwell;
And in one hour of calm delight, I'll live
again the years.
When the uttermost grief was swept away in a
flood of transient tears,
When the brightest gleams of sunset seemed
to love to linger late;
The gray barn in the distance, the spring
house near at hand,
The crystal spring, and the limplid stream
with rustic bridges spanned;
The orchard and the garden, the fields of
waving grain,
The cattle in the meadow, the pet lamb in
the pen;
And I hear the reaper's voices, and see the
blades, rippling sweet,
The whistle of the mow-lark, the beat-
ing of the sheep,
The rustling of the leaves of the tree that
rob the jasmine,
The laughing of the summer day, and all the
farm-yard's din;
The distant sounds to others' ears, but now
they come to me
More welcome than the dulcet notes of
sweetest harmony.

It was a dream. No more for me those slight
and so-called joys;
My home has been an orange's for so many
and many a year,
The house is gone, and on the spot where
memory sees it stand
Looms up a towered mansion for a child
of fortune fame.
And art has changed the orchard, the
meadow and the field
To "greenhouses" that but the ripened fruits
and choicest dowers may yield.
I would not know the spot again, but hard
it is to grope
Where rest the mouldering forms of those
whom I once loved;
And in the grass, and by that side, beneath
the locust's shade,
Some day, ere many years, perhaps, my body
will be laid.
—Guth B. Little, in De Socors's Monthly.

Miscellaneous.

**BROADBRIE'S NEW YORK
LETTER.**

A traveller passing along Mad-
ison Square looking in at the differ-
ent hotels could not fail to notice
the extraordinary change that has
taken place there in the last two
years. Two years ago the Fifth
Avenue hotel, which was always
respectable, was comparatively a
plain house—that is to say, that
while the traveller could find there
every substantial comfort that a
reasonable man could look for there
was but little of what fashionable
noddies call style, but plenty of
what sensible people call comfort.
But as I said a change has come
over us, and now "Solomon in all
his glory was not arrayed like unto
one of these."

When Ed. Stokes was released
from State prison he started for
Leadville, and there in the flush
time discovered the goose that laid
the silver eggs, and secured the eggs
and the goose too. Though he
might not be fortunate in his love
affairs, he inherited the Stoke's fin-
ancing ability, and they were a
race of money getters, and what
they got they kept. The family
was one of the most respectable in
the city, and ranked with the old
blue blood. They have been mer-
chant princes and bankers for
several generations and occasionally
they have furnished an eminent
lawyer and preacher, but most of
the Stokes were merchants and fin-
anciers, and they were almost uni-
versally successful. The first great
shadow that fell across the family
pathway was one afternoon several
years ago when New York was
sartled with the intelligence that
Jim Fisk had been shot. It is not
often that the death of any man in
a great city like ours, makes much
impression on the passing hour.
The tide is too mighty and the cur-
rent too swift for one man's life to
be of much account in its daily
record, where hundreds die. But
Jim Fisk was not an ordinary man.
From a peddler's wagon in five
years he had worked his way up to
the head of one of the greatest rail-
road corporations in the world, and
he then deliberately sat down to
plunder it. What mystic influence
was it that drew him to an in-
significant little man, between him
and whom it would seem there never
could be anything in common?

This little man was Jay Gould—a
name destined to be heard in
financial circles throughout the
world; a name before which Bulls
and Bears should tremble in the
zenith of their power; a name to
conjure with as with a magician's
spell, and which in its day should
represent a vaster railroad interest
than any other man in this great
globe, among the living or the dead.
Nothing could be conceived more
opposite than these two men. Fisk
was an obese giant, turning the scale
at 278 and sometimes reaching near
300. Gould was an attenuated an-
atomy, scarcely reaching ninety-five
pounds and who considered himself
corpulent at 100. Fisk was a de-
bauchee, a spendthrift and a rake.
Mr. Gould was a pattern of con-
jugal continence; he loved his home,
and when not engaged in making
money was generally to be found
there. Fisk was a loud mouthed
braggart and a boaster, telling
everybody what he was going to do.
Gould seldom if ever spoke of his
affairs and never trusted any one
with the secrets of his business.
Fisk delighted in good chum and

good suppers, and was never so
happy as when surrounded by a
dozen harlots and a few friends as
loose as himself; he indulged in
those costly and lavish feasts at
which New York stood aghast four-
teen or fifteen years ago. The fact
was, that we were rushing headlong
to shame and degradation, when
suddenly the pistol of Ed. Stokes
awakened us from our dream. What
depth of infamy we would have
reached if it had not been for that.
God only knows, for in the wake of
this notorious man were following
thousands and thousands of young
men who were led to believe that
money was the "Open Sesame" to
every good thing. The Ninth Regi-
ment of War Veterans had dis-
graced itself by making this pol-
troon its Colonel—a man who had
never seen a battle and knew no
more about the duties of a soldier
than a horse. On the fourth of
July before his death, Tammany
Hall had received him with open
arms, and standing beside the great
Sagamore Tweed, Jim Fisk made
his first and last public speech, but
the pistol of Ed. Stokes dissolved
the firm of Fisk & Gould, and hence-
forth Gould, as the Man of Destiny,
was doomed to tread the wine press
alone.

For two mortal years of agony
Ed. Stokes stood under the shadow
of the scaffold. Twice the sentence
of the Courts was affirmed, and
twice the gallows was erected on
a few short hours seemed to inter-
vene between him and a shameful
death. No wonder that his hair
turned white as snow when he
thought of the priceless treasure he
had thrown away forever for a har-
lot's smile. But his lucky star was
in the ascendant. The Court of
Appeals gave him a new trial. The
grade of his crime was changed
from murder in the first degree to
the third. He served his term out,
made another fortune in Leadville
and returned to New York. Many
people circumstanced as Ed. Stokes
was would have avoided observa-
tion, but he did not; he sought it
in the most public place in the city,
and took the Hoffman House, just
above the Fifth Avenue Hotel. His
first attempt at notoriety was his
barroom, which was admitted to be
one of the most magnificent in the
city. Costly statuary, magnificent
bronzes, rare articles of vertu and
ornaments, met you at every turn,
and finally New York was amazed
at the purchase of a Boninger—the
price was said to be \$40,000. No
such picture had ever been seen in
America before, and there are few
such in the world. It is not such a
picture as one would like to see in
any public gallery (and I believe it
was denied a place in the Grand
Salon at Paris), but it is a marvel
of art and has drawn thousands
of visitors to Ed Stokes' bar. All
the appointments are costly and
rich, and it is the central place in
town where you can meet all the
fast young cracks—fellows who drive
their fast coaches on Harlem Lane,
antiquated rovers who take their
sherry and eggs, and sporting men
from all parts of the country who
drop in to chat and get the latest
tips from Jay I see or Maud S.
When the Fifth Avenue Hotel be-
gan its alterations, Ed. Stokes wait-
ed till they had finished and then
went there one better. I dropped
into the Hoffman the other day and
was struck with wonder at the
change. It is the headquarters of
the Democratic National Commit-
tee, but there is nothing Demo-
cratic about it. Gold, gold, gold,
is around you everywhere, rich
armoirs, carvings, frescos, and
everything else on a scale of lavish
extravagance, wonderful to behold.
As far as display is concerned the
Fifth Avenue Hotel and every other
in town is distanced and eclipsed.
Who will be the next aspirant for
fame? I know not, but in the midst
of all this bewildering beauty Ed.
Stokes stalks about, a spectre gloom
seems to hang on him like a pall.
Perhaps it is the shadow of the gal-
lows, the memory of which will not
pass away. If so, I do not envy
him all his splendid surroundings.

The intense heat which made us
think that the earth's crust was
growing thinner and that a possible
volcano was under New York, has
passed away. It was dreadful. It
was calculated to exercise a whole-
some influence on sinners, for they
said if it is as hot as this here what
must it be in Gehenna (latest trans-
lation), but it did not. I heard
more profanity in those five days
than I usually hear in an average
three months; but a change has
come, delightful and refreshing, and
now we are fairly launched into the
pleasant fall. Business is improv-
ing, notwithstanding the roar of the
coming election.

Both parties are now fairly in the
field and each day sees increased
activity at the different headquar-
ters. Tammany has spoken, but
there are many here who think it is
not much of a speech after all. The
great body of the people here are
in as much of a fog as they were
before the pronouncement. Few
people here take much stock in
Tammany's declaration, and it is

the belief of those who know the
leaders best that Tammany will
knife Cleveland at the polls.

Patrick Egan's letter to the Ne-
braska editor has caused an im-
mense sensation. The Indepen-
dents, though few, are working like
beavers and asking themselves
"What will the Harvest be?" An-
swer—Nix. Their grain has fallen
on the rock and the winds blew it
away. They are a lot of weak
sisters.

Stocks and oil are still on the
ragged edge.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIE.

THE HURSTS ON THE ROAD.

Miss Lula Hurst is at this moment
in San Francisco, unless some
accident has happened to the train
by which she has been traveling
Westward for the past week. Miss
Hurst is due to open in the prin-
cipal city of the Pacific slope this
evening. So is Mr. Paul Atkinson.
Mr. Atkinson will open his mouth.
It is intimated that Miss Hurst
has recently developed some new
and rather startling characteristics,
which are more or less shared by
the interesting family party of
which she is so ornamental and use-
ful a member. Before the Hurst
family began to gyrate through the
country in pursuit of the dollars of
the inconsiderate they had been en-
tirely content to feast upon a pen-
sionable of that Southern delicacy
of all seasons, which goes by the
technical though not involved name
of hog and hominy. It is still further
given out that they were perfectly
satisfied to partake of it from a
plain board table, or a log, or even
a shovel. But up to a month ago,
since they began to make money
with the entertainment at their com-
mand, the ordinary, everyday table
of the ordinary hotel has not been
good enough for them. On the
other hand, their meals have been
consumed entirely in their own
rooms. Since their recent vacation,
however, they have assumed a hor-
ror-stricken view of useless expen-
ditures, and some of the perform-
ances of the people on the way to
San Francisco have been highly
edifying. In the first place, they
were unwilling to go, ostensibly be-
cause under their contract they
were expected to pay their own
fares, but in reality because they
had understood that the manager
had received a large certainty for
their appearance on the Pacific
coast by which he was likely to
make as much money as they did.
That obstacle having been ever-
more, they set about getting their
tickets, the formula being some-
what curious. First, Mr. Atkinson
went to the agent of one railway,
brought his double-edged smile to
bear upon him, and secured a rate
that he reported to Miss Lula, who
reported to Papa Hurst, who re-
ported to Mamma Hurst. Mamma
Hurst told Papa Hurst it was too
much, Papa Hurst told Miss Lula
it was altogether too much, and
Miss Lula told Mr. Atkinson it was
outrageous. Then Mr. Atkinson
arose and girded up his smile, and
went for the agent of the opposition
line, who gave him a slightly lower
rate. The same process of report-
ing was again gone through with,
the same system of replies was fol-
lowed, and the same smile was once
more wrapped about Mr. Atkinson,
who again went to the original
agent. This business was carried
on for the best part of a day, and
it ultimately saved the Hurst fam-
ily some \$20, though it produced
wear and tear on Mr. Atkinson's
smiles to an extent largely in excess
of that amount. Finally, Mamma
Hurst gave the ticket money to
Papa Hurst, who gave it to Miss
Lula, who gave it to Mr. Atkin-
son, who gave it to the agent. For
several days the Hursts traveled in
the day coaches in order to avoid
paying sleeping car fares, but they
finally capitulated after an unsuccess-
ful attempt to exchange their
tickets for others giving second
class accommodations, with the
proviso that they might ride in
the Pullman cars at night. Absurd
as this story seems, it is, neverthe-
less, an exact record of actual
events; and it goes to indicate that,
if there is no error about the cher-
ished declaration that economy is
wealth, the Hurst "boodle" must be
in an exceedingly opulent condi-
tion.—New York Times.

EQUAL TO A REGIMENT.

"Pa," said a little Kentucky boy,
"what is the title of a man who
commands a regiment?"
"Colonel, my son."
"Do you command a regiment?"
"Yes, somewhat. I don't com-
mand a regiment of soldiers," the
colonel explained. "We are hav-
ing times of peace, now. I only
command your mamma."
"Is my mamma a regiment?"
"Yes, indeed," he replied, with a
sigh, "your mamma is a regiment—
a whole regiment."—Call.

The girl whose face invariably
wears a sweet smile must be con-
stantly eating taffy.

EVILS OF THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Among newspaper publishers in
this country outside of our leading
cities, there prevails an almost uni-
versal credit system—a system
that is as old as the newspaper press
itself, and a system that is fraught
with disadvantages and difficulties
in every direction. We believe we
hazard nothing in assuming that no
class of business men in the com-
munity suffers to so great an extent
from the evils of extended credits
as the newspaper publishers. In-
stead of decreasing with the rapid
growth and general prosperity of
the whole country, the system ap-
pears to be getting a stronger foot-
hold from year to year, and it would
seem high time that publishers
should take cognizance of the fact,
and cut loose from its pernicious
influences and demand from patrons
the same consideration that other
tradesmen receive. The average
country publisher takes subscrip-
tions on a year's time. When due
perhaps twenty-five to fifty per cent.
pay promptly, twenty-five per cent.
pay when it suits their convenience,
and the remainder never pay. In
the latter instances the amounts are
so small and the chances so slim
that the publisher does not care to
take the risk of paying out more in
the effort to force collections than
he is likely to get back again. He
endures the imposition until he can
stand it no longer, and finally cuts
off the "dead beats" and relegates
their worthless indebtedness to his
profit and loss account. What
greater right has a man who sub-
scribes for a newspaper for one year
to ask or expect credit from the
publisher than he has to ask his
grocer, hardware or dry goods deal-
er to trust him one year for \$1.50
or \$2.00 worth of goods? Custom
is the only excuse for it, and we
feel fully justified in denouncing it
an abominable custom—the un-
doubted curse associated with coun-
try newspaper publishing and the
one that keeps many a publisher's
"nose to the grindstone" year in
and year out. It's baneful effects
are visible everywhere in his busi-
ness. He cannot afford to furnish
a paper as he would wish; neither
can he afford to make needed im-
provements in the mechanical de-
partments of his office to sustain
his paper in typographical appear-
ance to the standard of metropoli-
tan sheets with which he is obliged,
in a measure, to compete. He buys
only what he cannot get along with-
out, and frequently runs in debt for
that, thereby paying considerable
more than he would if he could go
into market with the cash for his
purchases. In short, he is placed
at a great disadvantage, no matter
in what direction he moves, and his
lot is a discouraging one. Thus,
also, those who force him into this
position by asking credit, not only
strike a blow at their country paper,
but at themselves as well, and
would reap part of the benefit of a
reformation. Very frequently those
who subscribe for the home paper
also take one from abroad. They
never think of asking for credit
from the foreign publisher; then
why from the home publisher? The
practice is one that should no longer
be tolerated, and publishers who
have their own welfare at heart
should lose no time in abolishing
it. In our judgment a list of 500
advance paying subscribers is of
greater advantage to the publisher
than a list of 1000 on the credit
plan. The adoption of the advance-
pay system would doubtless result
in the loss of some subscribers, but
we imagine the loss would only be
temporary. Those who subscribe
for the local news—news that can-
not be obtained elsewhere—and as
soon as they learn that the publisher
conducts his business on business
principles, they will fall into the