

The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 16, 1879.

No. 16.

Miscellaneous.

LIVER

This important organ weighs but about three pounds, and all the blood in a living person passes through it at least once every half hour, to have the bile and other impurities strained or filtered from it. Bile is the natural purgative of the bowels, and if the Liver becomes torpid it is not separated from the blood, but carried through the veins to all parts of the system, and in trying to escape through the pores of the skin, causes it to turn yellow or dirty brown color. The stomach becomes diseased, and Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Jaundice, Chills, Malarial Fevers, Piles, Scurvy, and Sour Stomach, and general debility follow. MERRILL'S LIVER, the great vegetable discovery for constipation, causes the Liver to throw off from one to two ounces of bile each day, and the blood passes through it, as long as there is an excess of bile; and the effect of even a few drops upon yellow complexion or a brown dirt looking skin, will astonish all who try it, by being the first symptoms to disappear. The cure of all bilious diseases and Liver complaint is made certain by taking Merrill's Liver in accordance with directions. Headache is generally cured in twenty minutes, and no disease that arises from the Liver can be cured if a fair trial is given.

SOLD AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR PILLS

BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price 25 Cts. and \$1.00

GLOBE FLOWER SYRUP.

The Faculty of Consumption or Throat and Lung Diseases, which sweep to the grave at least one-third of all death's victims, arises from the Opium or Morphine treatment, which simply stupefies as the work of death goes on. Syrup can be paid for Opium or Morphine, or all Druggists in 25 cent and 50 cent bottles. No greater wrong can be done than to say that Consumption is incurable. GLOBE FLOWER COGNAC SYRUP, which has cured people who have been living today with but one remaining lung, has been failed. Also, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Read the testimonials of the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Gov. Smith and Ex-Gov. Brown of Gay, Hon. Geo. P. Jones, and others. You can get the most reliable cures in our book, free to all at the drug stores, and be convinced that if you wish to be cured, you can be by taking the GLOBE FLOWER COGNAC SYRUP. Take no Traces or Lozenges for Sore Throat when you can get GLOBE FLOWER SYRUP at same price. For sale by all Druggists.

Price 25 Cts. and \$1.00

BLOOD

Grave mistakes are made in the treatment of all diseases that arise from poison in the blood. Swelling, Ulcers, Sores and Skin Diseases, in a thousand, is treated without the use of Mercury, and the diseases it produces are worse than any other kind of blood or skin disease can be. Dr. F. MERRILL'S SYRUP, or QUEEN'S DELICIOUS is the only medicine upon which a hope of recovery from Scalds, Syphilis and Mercurotic diseases in all stages, can be reasonably founded, and that will cure Cancer. Symplocos will be paid for the proportion of Mercury, or any ingredient not purely vegetable and harmless can be found in it. Price by Mail, 25 Cents and 50 Cents. GLOBE FLOWER COGNAC SYRUP and MERRILL'S LIVER, for the LIVER for sale by all Druggists. A. F. MERRILL & CO., Proprietors, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dec. 4, 10—ly.

BUGGIES!

BUGGIES!

The subscriber having bought the stock of the firm of J. Taylor & Co. will continue to conduct the business in all of its various branches of

Wheelwright Work,

Blacksmithing,

Painting and

Trimming.

All of which will be done in first class style. I have choice and well selected stock of seasoned material and will build

DOUBLE AND SINGLE SEAT

BUGGIES

For sale and to order, of any style or pattern, promptly, and guarantee satisfaction, as I will employ none but the best and most careful workmen; and spare no pains to make my work first class.

OLD CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES renovated and made to look equal to new.

REPAIRING done in the best manner and with dispatch.

HORSESHOEING and PLANTATION WORK promptly done.

All of the above will be executed AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

A liberal patronage respectfully solicited.

J. TAYLOR,

SHOP OPPOSITE JAIL,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

Mar. 12, 11—2m.

BRICKS, BRICKS, BRICKS.

Having leased the well known "KINSLER BRICK YARD" for a term of years I am prepared to furnish

First-Class Brick

In any quantity desired. My facilities for manufacturing and shipping are such that I can sell CHEAPER than any man in the State.

J. A. BONDURANT,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

Feb. 26, 9—3m.

FRANK W. FANT,

Attorney at Law,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

Office on Law Range, in building formerly occupied by J. A. Chapman as a Book Store.

Jan. 29, 5—6m.

W. H. WALLACE,

Attorney-at-Law,

NEWBERRY, S. C.

Oct. 25, 43—ft.

TO MAKE MONEY

Pleasantly and fast, agents should address

FINLEY, HARVEY & CO.,

22—ly, Atlanta, Ga.

Poetry.

THE CARELESS WORD.

'Twas but a word, a careless word,
As thisle-down it seemed as light;
It passed a moment in the air,
Then onward winged its flight.

Another lip caught up the word,
And breathed it with a heavy sneer;
It gathered weight as on it sped,
That careless word, in its career.

Then rumor caught the flying word,
And busy gossip gave it weight,
Until that little word became
A vehicle of angry hate.

And then that word was winged with fire,
Its mission was a thing of pain,
For soon it fell like lava drops
Upon a wildly-tortured brain.

And then another page of life
With burning, scalding tears was blurred,
A load of care was heavier made,
Its added weight, that careless word.

That careless word, oh! how it scorched
A fainting, bleeding, quivering heart!
'Twas like a hungry fire, that scorched
Through every tender, vital part.

How wildly throbbed that aching heart!
Deep agony its fountains stirred;
It calmed, but bitter ashes mark
The pathway of that careless word.

Selected Story.

TRICKING A RASCAL.

A MEXICAN STORY.

A lady of fortune, living in the city of Mexico, during the latter days of the occupation of Mexico by the Spanish, owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties, and in immediate want of a small sum of money. Don—being her godfather, and a respectable merchant, she went to him to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as a security for repayment, provided he would advance her eight hundred dollars. At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her godfather's house to repay the money and receive back her jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to his astonished goddaughter that as to the jewels, he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place. The senora, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the palace of the Vice King, hoping for justice from this Western Solomon, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained.

She was instantly received by Revillagigedo, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances.

"Had you no witnesses?" said the Count.

"None," replied she.

"Did no servant pass in or out during the transaction?"

"No one,"

The Viceroy recollected a moment.

"Does your godfather smoke?"

"No sir," said the lady, astonished at this irrelevant question, and perhaps the more so as Count's aversion to smoking was so well known, that none of his smoking subjects ventured to approach without having taken every precaution to deaden any odor of the fragrant weed which might lurk about their clothes and person.

"Does he take snuff?" asked the Viceroy.

"Yes, your Excellency," said his visitor, who probably feared that for once His Excellency's wits were wool-gathering.

"That is sufficient," said the Viceroy; "retire into the adjoining chamber, and keep quiet—your jewels shall be restored."

His Excellency then despatched a messenger for the merchant, who immediately presented himself.

"I have sent for you," said the Viceroy, "that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the State."

The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy; while the Viceroy entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profession.

Suddenly the Viceroy put his hand first in one pocket, then in the other, with the air of

a man who has mislaid something.

"Ah!" said he, "my snuff box. Excuse me for a moment while I go and fetch it from the next room."

"Sir," said the merchant, "permit me to have the honor of offering my box to your Excellency."

His Excellency received it as if mechanically, holding it in his hand and talking, till, pretending some business, he went out, and calling an officer desired him to take that snuff box to the merchant's house, asking his wife, as from him, by that token, to deliver to the bearer a case of jewels which he had there. The Viceroy returned to the apartment where he had left his flattered guest, and remained in conversation with him until the officer returned; and, requesting private speech of the Viceroy, delivered to him a jewel case which he had received from the merchant's wife.

Revillagigedo then returned to his fair complainant, and, under pretense of showing her some rooms in the palace, led her into one, where, among many objects of value, the jewel case stood open. No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it than she started forward with joy and amazement. The Viceroy requested her to wait there a little longer, and returned to his other guest.

"Now," said he, "before going farther, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the Sena rade?"

"Intimately, sir—she is my goddaughter."

"Did you lend her eight hundred dollars at such a date?"

"I did."

"Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?"

"Never!" said the merchant, vehemently. "The money was lent without any security; merely an act of friendship, and she has invented a story concerning some jewels, which had not the slightest foundation."

In vain the Viceroy begged him to reflect, and not, by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. The merchant, with oaths persisted in his denial. The Viceroy left the room suddenly, and returned with the jewel case in his hand; at which unexpected apparition the astonished merchant changed color, and entirely lost his presence of mind. The Viceroy ordered him from his presence, with a severe rebuke for his falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him, the next morning, eight hundred dollars with five hundred more; which he did, and which were, by the Viceroy's orders, distributed among the poor.

His Excellency is said to have added a severe reprimand to the lady, for having made a bargain without writing.

THE CRUSTS OF PARIS.—What becomes of the old moans? What becomes of the old crusts of bread in Paris? asks *Figaro* and then tells their transformations. The *boulangier en vogue*, "Baker of the Old" freely translated, utilizes the pieces of dry, damaged and abandoned bread. He gathers the crusts in boarding-houses, convents and hotels. These morsels, covered with sand, stained with ink, and often picked from heaps of refuse, are sold by servants to the "Baker of Old," who turns them into new preparations. The merchandise is first carefully divided. The fragments which are judged to be still in a presentable condition are dried in an oven and form *croûtes au pot*, which are used in soup at low-class restaurants. Almost all the lozenge-shaped crusts served in dishes of vegetables have this origin. The crumbs and defective crusts are pounded in a mortar until they become a white paste, which butchers use to adorn outlets. All the material that appears absolutely incapable of further service is roasted, reduced to charcoal ground into powder, and by the addition of a few drops of essence of mint is converted into tooth paste. Such is one of the metamorphoses of Parisian industry.

Miscellaneous.

LIFE ON THE RAIL.

Pen Pictures of Travelers Bob Burdette Has Met.

A woman with three bird cages and a little girl has just got on the train. She arranges the bird cages on a seat, and then she and the little girl stand up in the aisle and she glares around upon the ungallant men who remain glued to their seats and look dreamily out of the window. I bend my face down to the tablet and write furiously, for I feel her eyes fastened upon me. Somehow or other, I am always the victim in cases of this delicate nature. Just as I expected. She speaks, fastening her commanding gaze upon me:

"Sir, would it be asking too much if I begged you to let myself and my little girl have that seat? A gentleman can always find a seat so much more easily than a lady."

And she smiled. Not the charming kind of a smile. It was too triumphant to be very pleasing. Of course I surrendered. I said:

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

Could find another seat without any trouble."

She thanked me and I crawled out of my comfortable seat and gathered up my overcoat, my manuscript, my shawl strap pack, my valise, my overshoes, and she and the little girl went into the vacant premises as soon as the writ of ejectment had been served, and they looked happy and comfortable.

Then I stepped across the aisle, took up those bird cages and got them along on top of the coal box, and sat down in the seat thus vacated. I apologetically remarked to the woman, who was gazing at me with a look that boded trouble, that "it was much warmer for the canaries by the stove." She didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that made it much warmer for me for about five minutes, than the stove could make it for the canaries. I don't believe she likes me, and I am uncomfortable confident that she disapproves of my conduct.

A friendly passenger wants to talk. I am not feeling particularly sociable this morning, and consequently do not propose to talk to anybody. He asks how I like this kind of weather, and I say "splendidly."

He laughs freely, but encouragingly, and says there has been a little too much snow. I say:

"Not for health; it was just what we needed."

He asks if I heard of the accident on the Central railroad, and I say "Yes."

Then he asks me how it was, and I tell him "I don't know; didn't read it."

He wants to know what I think of Hayes, and I say "I think he made a very good constable."

"Constable!" he says; "I mean President Hayes."

I say I thought he meant Dennis Hays, of Peoria.

Then he asks if I "am going far?"

"I say 'no.'"

"How far?" he asks.

"Fourteen hundred miles," I say, unblushingly.

He thinks that is what he would call "far," and I make no response. Two babies are rehearsing a little and in rather faulty time, but with fine expression. And the man with one or two "dashes" asks if it doesn't bother me to write with a lot of "brats" squalling around."

I looked up at him severely, for it always makes me mad to hear a man call a baby a "brat," and I said to him, in a slow impressive manner, that "I would rather listen to a baby cry than hear a man swear."

This eminently proper and highly moral rebuke has its effect. The man forsakes me, and he is now wreaking a cheap miserable revenge on the smiling passengers by whistling "My Grandfather's Clock," accompanying himself by

drumming on the window with his fingers.

A woman gets on a train, and says a very warm-hearted goodbye to a great cub of a sixteen-year old boy who sets down her bundles and turns to leave the car with a gruff grunt that may mean good-bye or anything else. There is a little quiver on her lips as she calls after him:

"Be a good boy, write to me often, and do as I tell you."

He never looks around as he leaves the car. He looks just like the kind of a boy who do just as she tells him, but she must be careful to tell him to do just as he wants to. I have one bright spark of consolation as the train moves on, and I see that boy performing a clumsy satire on a clog-dance, on the platform. Some of these days he will treat some man as gruffly and rudely as he treats his mother. Then the man will climb onto him and lick him—pound the very saw-dust out of him. Then the world will feel better and happier for the licking he gets. It may be long deferred, but it will come at last. I almost wish I had pounded him myself, while he is young, and I felt able to do it. He may grow up a very discouragingly rugged man extremely difficult to lick, and the world may have to wait a very long time for this act of justice. It frequently happens that these bad boys grow up into distressingly bad men.

THE MOON.

Every body accords to the sun the privilege of regulating the course of the seasons. Their majestic alternations harmonize well with the march of a heavenly body that constantly meets our eyes with the same invariable aspect. But changes of the weather, so unexpected and frequent, seem to require, people think, a more variable origin. If we consider the daily vicissitudes of rain and sunshine, of fogs, winds, clear skies, and clouds, the moon is the only heavenly body whose rapid alterations of form and position answer to such unceasing variations.

If we accepted literally every lunar prejudice, the moon would rule many things besides the weather. Madmen and lunatics would be subject to her power. There are veterinary surgeons who say that the sight of certain horses becomes dim or clear according to the phases of the moon. Woodmen insist that if trees are felled with a waning moon, the wood will speedily decay. Housewives declare that if you kill your pig, as you ought, with a crescent moon, the bacon will swell nicely in the "baking"; if, on the contrary, when she is in the wane, it will shrivel, shrink and be hard and good for nothing. Finally all sailors in a mass, except the most highly educated officers, attribute every change of weather to the moon. Why? Nobody knows.

It is exactly because prejudices are beyond the reach of discussion that it is so difficult to bring them to reason. Natural philosophers have perfectly explained the phenomena attributed to the moon, which are really caused by the state of the atmosphere. Gardeners, nevertheless, persist in making the red moon responsible for the morning frosts which frequently occur during its presence. But the ancients never entertained the idea that the moon's phases were the causes of changes in the weather; it was Jupiter's privilege to assemble the clouds and to dart the thunder bolts. The lucky and unlucky days of the lunar month belong to astrology, and not to meteorology. Bouvard, Arago, and many others have proved, by long series of observations, that the moon does not affect the weather. Labor in vain! The majority of sailors interpret the moon's age, each according to his own private rule of belief. The only effectual refutation would be to strike at the root of the evil in early youth, and make school children