The Newberry Herald.

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

Vol. XVII. NEWBERRY, S. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1881. No. 11.

THE HERALD

IS PUBLISHED

EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, $2.00 per Annum,

Invariably in Advance.

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

☞ The ✠ mark denotes expiration of subscription.

Poetry.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

I remember
Meeting you
In September,
Sixty-two,
We were eating,
Both of us;
And the meeting
Happened thus:
Accidental,
On the road
(Sentimental
Episode),
I was gushing,
You were shy;
You were blushing—
So was I;
I was smitten,
So were you
(All that's written
Here is true);
Any money?
Not a bit.
Rather funny,
Wasn't it?
Vows we plighted—
Happy pair!
How delighted
People were!
But your father—
To be sure—
Thought it rather
Premature;
And your mother—
Strange to say—
Was another
In the way.
What a heaven
Vanished then
(You were seven,
I was ten)!
That was many
Years ago—
Don't let any-
Body know.

Original Story.

[WRITTEN FOR THE NEWBERRY HERALD.]

AT LAST.

—o—

BY CLYDE WAYNE.

—o—

For ten years had Sadie been a true and loving wife. Loving, did I say? And yet there *were* moments when a memory of the past would haunt her, and a feeling that her love had been *bought* overshadow her peace. And now she was standing beside the bed and hearing these dread words from the old physician.

'Be brave, my boy. You have only a few days to live.'

'Ah, Dr.! It is hard to die and leave *her*.'

Sadie heard in a dazed way, and burying her face in her hands she kneeled beside her husband's bed, and as the old man left them alone, she burst into an uncontrollable anguish.

'Oh Carlton!' she cried, 'I can not give you up! You must not leave me, my husband.'

He put one hot hand on the bowed head before he answered:

'But, my darling, if it is God's will we must submit in patience. But, Sadie, who will care for you when I am gone! You have been a true wife to me in all these years. But—you will not mind speaking of it now—I once thought you loved another. I knew *he* loved you, and would always love, for Dean Harrington was a man who would love but once and *deeply*. And if he should come to you remember I am'—

'Oh Carlton, of what are you speaking. Do not pain me by alluding to the past. He will never come again. I sent him away,' she cried, the pent-up love of long years at last finding vent.

These were strange words to be uttered to a husband, but Carlton Wayne's brow did not once cloud or his loving eyes wander from the face of his wife.

'Don't cry now, Sadie. You could not help it. And I am to blame. I came in his way and stole your heart while he was away; and when you awoke to the full realization of your feelings it was too late, you were my wife. I have read your heart, Sadie, child. Have read all your brave struggles to overcome that love. And now you will soon be free, and Dean will come back to you, and you will be happy.'

With white, set face, Sadie had heard him through, and when he had finished and drew her gently to him she burst into an uncontrollable sobbing.

'Oh Carlton, how can you love me when I have been so base! Oh, my husband, forgive me! Indeed I have tried, have prayed, oh, so earnestly, against it. My husband—my own!'

Shame and sorrow dyed her fair cheek as she nestled close to him. He softly lifted the full round face and looked long and lovingly into the dark eyes that were downcast.

'Sadie, I have nothing to forgive, darling. No truer wife has ever blessed a man's heart. And it is only of you I am thinking. You will be left alone. Promise me darling, that you will not, through a mistaken idea of duty, refuse to be happy when I am gone. Dean will come back—I feel it—and he will come to *you*. Promise me, Sadie.'

'No, Carlton, I cannot promise you that. And God forgive me that I have lived a lie.'

Slowly the hours drag on, and Sadie watches them as they surely ebb out the life pulse of her husband. Oh the agony of feeling him slipping away and being powerless to stay the parting hour!

And then it was over! She was alone in the world, and a great feeling of her loss and a shadow of remorse, that he had so easily read her heart, possessed her. She could not bear to stay in the great, gloomy house now. Everything about the place brought back a remembrance of the dead, and at last she could stand it no longer.

Hasty arrangements were made, and again she turned her face to the little village home from whence she had come ten years before. Her aunt met her as she left the train, and for the first time in many weeks Sadie gave vent to a torrent of tears.

'Dear child, you must not cry so. Aunty knew you would come again to the home-nest. And I have your own little room ready for you. I am so glad you have come,' the dear old lady said, pushing aside the long black veil and placing the soft, motherly hand on the hot brow just as she used to do in her infancy.

How unchanged the old place seemed. Even the elder bushes were still struggling over the low white gate just as they were on that evening when she had met Dean Harrington and told him she was married. She could well remember the stern, bitter curve of his lip as he said: 'Then, Sadie, good-bye. And may you be happy.' And then he had gone away and for the first time the truth broke upon her. Her hand belonged to Carlton Wayne but her *heart* to Dean Harrington.

And then they entered the little room that had always been her own.

Truly time had not left its traces here. The tiny toilet table stood where she had left it, and every picture still hung in its old place. Even the snow-white curtains were looped back with the same pink bows she had made.

A quiet repose seemed to settle on her feelings, and she and Aunt Nina would sit for hours in the little honey-suckle arbor, Sadie reading some favorite poem while the other's deft fingers would ply the knitting-needle. And it all seemed so like the old days that were it not for the black robes, Sadie would almost fancy herself the same light girl of yore.

And almost unconsciously she began to think of Carlton's words. 'Dean will come back to you,' and her heart would beat quickly at the sound of the door-bell only to be disappointed each time.

The year of mourning was at an end, she wore some soft gray material that well became the slender figure. One evening she was sitting alone in the arbor a book of poems on her lap. But she did not read. Her hands were clasped idly on her lap while a tear stole softly down the full red cheek.

She did not look up at the sound of a foot-fall, thinking it was Aunt Nina. But directly she felt a hand on her shoulder, and lifting her head she saw a tall, bearded stranger beside her. And then she recognized him, and with a glad cry of 'Dean you have come!' she sprang up. But the next moment she had shrank back blushing hotly. At last he spoke:

'Sadie, you will not welcome me?' he said looking steadily into the brown eyes.

'I am glad to see you, Dean,' she said, extending her hand, which he took, and seated himself beside her.

'Is that all, Sadie? Or were you not looking for me?' he said, a pained look crossing his face at her coldness.

'And suppose I were, Dean,' she asked, not looking at him.

'Then, Sadie, I would dare to hope. Shall I stay?' he asked, this time taking her hands in his own large ones and trying to see the face under the broad hat.

She did not reply at once and a tear dropped on his hands as he held hers.

In a moment he had dropped them and stood up looking at her. 'Forgive me, child, I had not meant to pain you. But, oh Sadie! I have waited *so* long. If you could only love me just a little. I never meant to trouble you again. But I could not resist the temptation of seeing you *once* again.'

He stood looking down at her awhile, a wistful expression stole over her features, and at last she reached out her hand and he took it quickly.

'Oh, Dean! I cannot send you away; I am so lonely,' she said, as he bent and kissed the blushing face.

'God bless you, Sadie. And you will learn to love me, for my whole life shall be devoted to your happiness.'

'No, Dean, I will never *learn* to love you. I have always loved you, and *he* knew it, though God knows how I prayed against it. It was the memory of his kindness to me that caused my tears. And somehow I feel like I would be doing wrong to marry again.'

'Do you think I cannot make you happy, Sadie?'

'I know you will. And, oh Dean! We must remember we owe it all to *him*. He told me he would be willing.'

Miscellaneous.

MUSK.

Musk is a concrete substance, found in an animal having a near affinity to the deer tribe, a native of Thibet, China and Siberia. The musk deer is a timid animal, and rarely appears during the day; consequently the musk collectors watch and surprise it at night. The best musk comes from China, and to have it genuine it should be purchased in the natural pod or bag, as it is very often adulterated. The Bengal musk is inferior, and that from Russia the worst of all. The hair on the pod of the best musk is a fawn color; that on the inferior a dirty white. A variety of musk is found in the musk-rat of Canada, an animal about the size of a small rabbit. Musk is of a bitter taste, and of an odor more powerful than anything known; substances in its neighborhood become strongly infected by it, and, when once perfumed with it, long retain the scent. It has been known to affect chests of tea placed at a considerable distance, even though both had been packed up in leaden boxes, for which reason the East India Company gave an order not to import musk and tea in the same ships. Many persons dislike the odor. It has the property, when employed in very small quantities, of augmenting the scent of other substances, without imparting its own.

It is not good to be angry with those who may seem with malicious intent to assail our cherished beliefs. A few burning weeds may produce smoke enough to hide the stars, but the stars are shining all the same. It is not wise to vex and weary ourselves by angry denunciations of the smoke which will soon pass off without our labor.

THE BRIDAL HANDKERCHIEF.

We all prepared to go to the wedding. I was going, father was going, the gals was going and we was going to take the baby. But come to dress the baby, I could not find its little shirt. I'd laid a clean one out of the drawer a purpose; I knew jest where I'd put it, but come to look for it, it was gone.

'For mercy's sake,' says I, 'gals, has any of you seen that baby's shirt?'

Of course, none of 'em had seen it, and I looked again; but it wan't nowhere to be found.

'It's the strangest thing in all nature,' says I; 'here I had a shirt in my hand not more'n ten minutes ago, and now its gone, nobody knows where! Gals,' said I, 'do look round, can't ye?'

But fretting and fuming wouldn't find it; so I went to the bureau and fished up another shirt, and put it onto the baby, and at last we were ready for a start.

Father had harnessed up the double team, and the gals were all having a good time going to see Mary Ann married; but somehow I couldn't get over that baby's shirt. 'Twant so much the shirt, but to have anything sperrited away right from under my face and eyes, 'twas too provoking.

'What be you thinking about mamma?' says Sophronia. 'What makes you so sober?'

'I'm pestered to death thinking about that baby's shirt,' says I. 'One of you must a took it, I'm sartin,' says I.

'Now ma,' says Sophronia—says she, 'you needn't say that.'

And, as I had laid it onto 'em a good many times, they were beginning to get vexed, and so we had it back and forth all about the baby's shirt, till we got to the wedding.

Seeing company kind o' put it out of my mind, and I was getting good natur'd again, though I couldn't help saying to myself, every few minutes, what could have become of that baby's shirt? till they stood up to be married, and I forgot all about it.

Mary Ann was a real modest creature, and was more'n half frightened to death when she came into the room with Stephen, and the minister told 'em to jine hands. She fust gave her left hand to Stephen.

'Your other hand,' says the minister, and poor Steve, he was so bashful, too, he didn't know what he was about; he thought 'twas his mistake, so he gave Mary Ann his left hand.

That wouldn't do anyway, but by this time they didn't know what they was about, and Mary Ann jined her left hand with his left, then his left with her right, then both their left hands again, till I was all in a fidget, and thought they never would get fixed.

Mary Ann was as red as a turkey, and to make matters wuss she began to cough—to turn it off, I s'pose—and called for a glass of water.

The minister had just been drinking and the tumbler stood right there.

I was so narvous, and in such a hurry to see it all over with, that I ketched up the tumbler and run with it to her; for I thought to goodness she was going to faint. She undertook to drink.

I no not know how it happened, but the tumbler slipped, and, gracious me! if, between us both, we didn't spill the water all over her collar and sleeve.

I was dreadfully frustrated, for it looked as though 'twas all my fault, and the first thing I did was to out with my handkerchief and give it to Mary Ann.

It was nicely done up. She took it and shook it out. The folks had held it pretty well up to this time, but then such a giggle and laugh as there was. I didn't know what had given them such a start till I looked and see, I'd give Mary Ann that baby's shirt!

(Here Mrs. Jones, who is a big, fleshy woman, undulated and shook like a mighty jelly, with mirth; and it was some time before she could proceed with her narrative.)

'Why,' continued she, while tears of mirth ran down her cheeks, 'I'd tucked it into my dress pocket, instead of a handkerchief. That comes of being absent-minded and all in a fidget.'

'And Mary Ann and Stephen—were they married after all?'

'Dear me, yes,' said Mrs. Jones; 'and it turned out the gayest wedding I ever 'tended.'

WANTED, AN OPINION.

It is a lucky thing for lawyers who are much sought to for 'opinions,' that they can occasionally give a piece of wisdom not their own. There is a good story told of the hit Roger Sherman once made by taking advantage of this privilege.

An honest farmer once called upon the celebrated lawyer and told him he wanted an opinion. He had heard a great deal about the value of Mr. Sherman's opinions, and how a great many people went to him to get an opinion, and John, who never had, nor was likely to have a lawsuit or other difficulty for a lawyer to help him from, thought he would have an 'opinion.'

'Well, John, what can I do to help you?' said Mr. S., when John, in his turn, was shown into the room.

'Why, lawyer,' replied John, 'I happened to be in town, and having nothing to do, I thought I would come and get your opinion.'

'State your case, John. What's the matter?'

'Oh, nothing. I ain't got no lawsuit. I only want to get one of your opinions. They say they're valuable.'

'But, John, about what?'

'Oh, anything, sir; take your pick and choice.'

Mr. Sherman, seeing the notions of his client on the matter in hand, took pen, and writing a few words folded them up and handed them to John, who carefully placed them in his pocket.

'What's to pay, sir?'

'Four and sixpence'—Yankee money, seventy five cents.

When John returned home the next morning, he found his wife, who pretty much took the lead in his business matters, anxiously discussing with his chief farm servant the propriety of getting in a large quantity of oats on that day which had been cut on the previous, or of undertaking some other labor.

John was appealed to to settled the question, but he could not decide. At length he said, 'I'll tell you what, Polly, I've been to a lawyer and got an opinion that cost me four and sixpence. There it is; read her out. It's a lawyer's writing, and I can't make head or tail out of it!'

John, by the way, could not read the plainest print, but Polly, who was something of a scholar, opened the paper, and read as follows: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day.'

'Enough said!' cried John. 'Them oats must be got in.' And they were 'got in,' and the same night such a storm came on as otherwise would have ruined them.

Just before visiting the menagerie, Jonny had a passage at arms with the young aunt who assisted at his toilet, and with whom he flew into a rage. Arrived at the menagerie, Johnny was immediately interested by a strange foreign animal with a long, lithe body. 'What animal is that, mamma?' he asked. 'It is called an ant-eater, my son.' After a long silence: 'Mamma, can't we bring Aunt Mary here some day?'

A person who had an important case in court sent two very handsome and expensive flagons to the Judge. He ordered them to be filled with costly wine and sent back to the donor. The Judge was a pagan, however, and didn't know any better. Such foolish stories can't be told of the courts of nowadays.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements inserted at the rate of $1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion, and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent on above.

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary advertisements.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cents per line.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions will be kept in till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Special contracts made with large advertisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

—:o:—

JOB PRINTING

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

TERMS CASH.

A NEW COMMANDMENT.

In the seventeenth century the minister of a certain parish in Scotland was the famous Samuel Rutherford, the religious oracle of the Covenanters and their adherents. It is among the traditions that on a Saturday evening, as one of the family gatherings, when Rutherford was catechising his children and servants, a stranger knocked at the door and begged shelter for the night. The minister kindly received him, and asked him to take his place with the family and assist at their religious exercises.

It so happened that the question in the catechism which came to the stranger was that which asks: "How many commandments are there?" He answered, "Eleven." "Eleven!" exclaimed Rutherford. "I am surprised that a man of your age and appearance should not know better; what do you mean?" And he answered: "'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.'" Rutherford was much impressed by the answer, and they retired to rest. The next morning, as he threaded his way to church through the thicket, he heard among the trees the voice of the stranger at his devotions. The elevation af the sentiments convinced him that it was no common man, and, on accosting him, the traveler confessed that he was no other than the great divine, Archbishop Usher, the Primate of the Church of Ireland, who well fulfilled that new commandment which he bore to others. He it was who had come in disguise to see Rutherford in the privacy of his own home. Side by side they pursued their way to the little church, and from the rustic pulpit the Archbishop preached to the people from the words which had so startled his host the evening before: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another."—*Library Notes.*

CHANGED HIS MIND.—Mr. H. C. Jarrett, the theatrical manager, tells the following story: One evening, while his party were playing at the Opera House in Detroit, a small boy approached him, and holding out his hand, exhibiting fifteen cents, said:

'Please, mister, I would so much like to see Cinderella, but that's all the money I've got.'

The boy's manner touched Jarrett's tender spot, and after asking him two or three times if that was all the money he had, and receiving each time a pitiful affirmative answer, he gave him a quarter. The boy's countenance beamed with delight, and he did not know how to express his gratitude. Finally, moving toward the street, he said:

'You don't know how thankful I am, sir. I am ever so much obliged to you, sir; but now that you have been so generous, I guess I'll go to the other theater and see 'Jack Sheppard!'"

TRUE WOMEN.—Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as a woman, and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things, that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty of feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity, either in principle or action. These are the traits which are admired and sought for in woman.

The greatness shows itself in ignoring, or quickly forgetting personal injuries, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man one is, the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause.