

THE HORRY NEWS,
 PUBLISHED
Every Tuesday Morning.
T. W. BEATY, Editor.
TERMS:
 ONE YEAR, \$2.00
 SIX MONTHS, \$1.00
 All communications tending to serve private interest, will be charged for as advertisements.

HORRY NEWS.

An Independent Journal.

VOL. 6. CONWAYBORO, S. C., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1874. NO. 8.



THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.
 This unrivaled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury or any injurious mineral substance but is

PURELY VEGETABLE,
 containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bowels.

Simmons' Liver Regulator, or Medicine
 Is eminently a Family Medicine, and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unimpaired testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all climates and changes of water and food may be faced without fear. AKA Remedy in MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is the Cheapest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZELNY & CO.,

MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA
 Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

THE BEST PAPER! TRY IT!!
 BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN now in its 29th year, enjoys the widest circulation of any weekly newspaper of the kind in the world. A new volume commences January 3, 1874.

Its contents embrace the latest and most interesting information pertaining to the Industrial, Mechanical, and Scientific Progress of the World; Descriptions, with Beautiful Engravings, of New Inventions, New Implements, New Processes, and Improved Industries of all kinds; Useful Notes, Recipes, Suggestions and Advice, by Practical Writers, for Workmen and Employers, in all the various arts.

The SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is the cheapest and best illustrated weekly paper published. Every number contains from 10 to 15 original engravings of new machinery and novel inventions.

ENGRAVINGS, illustrating Improvements Discoveries, and Important Works, pertaining to Civil and Mechanical Engineering, Milling and Manufacturing; Records of the latest progress in the Applications of Steam, Steam Engineering, Railways, Ship-Building, Navigation, Telegraph Engineering, Electricity, Magnetism, &c., &c., &c.

FAIRMEN, Mechanics, Engineers, Inventors, Manufacturers, Chemists, Lovers of Science, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, and People of all Professions, will find The Scientific American useful to them. It should have a place in every Reading Room, College Academy, or School.

A year's number contains 52 pages and Several Hundred Engravings. Thousands of volumes are preserved for binding and reference. The practical receipts are well worth ten times the subscription price. Terms \$5 a year by mail. Discount to Clubs, Specimens sent free. May be had of all News Dealers.

PATENTS. In connection with the Scientific American, Messrs. Mun & Co. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and have the largest establishment in the world. More than fifty thousand applications have been made for patents through their agency.

Patents are obtained on the best terms. Models of New Inventions and sketches examined and advice free. All patents are published in the Scientific American the week they issue. Send for Pamphlet, 120 pages, containing laws and full directions for obtaining Patents.

Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents MUN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y. Branch Office, cor. F and 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

"TO-DAY,"

THE PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER
 It is a thoroughly American enterprise, illustrated by the leading artist and teeming with the best efforts of the most able writers of our country. It is a paper that, once introduced in the family circle, is sure to be eagerly watched for and carefully preserved. The choice of

THREE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS

ever typset is given to each subscriber, viz "JESU SO HIGH" and "LITTLE SUNSHINE," two beautiful Child Pictures, by Mrs. ANDERSON, and "AMONG THE DEWDROPS," a beautiful landscape in water-color by the celebrated BIRKET FOSTER.

All our agents have copies of each, and are prepared to deliver them together with a Subscription Certificate signed by the publishers, at the time the money is paid. Agents wanted everywhere, and liberal inducements offered. Sample copies with full particulars and descriptions of the Chromos, sent on receipt of six cents.

Only two dollars and a half a year. ADDRESS,

To-Day Printing & Publishing Co.,
 733 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
 31 Broadway, N. Y. 3, School St., Boston
 115, 116 & 117 E. Madison St., Chicago.

The Robbery on the Turpentine Road.

"Lizzie, do run to the window, and see if you can tell who that is going down the lane that leads to Deacon Palmer's."

"I believe," replied Lizzie, "that it is Mr. Brown."

"Which Mr. Brown? for you know there are five Browns live in the north parish, and two in the east."

"It is Mr. James Brown, who lives close to the old red school house."

"I wonder if he remembers the quilt in all the young folks went to at Mr. Mayland's when Lucy Mayland was gittin ready to be married to Ben Palmer."

Ben didn't much think, then, that he should ever be a deacon, I guess; and Lucy had a little thought of being a deacon's wife. Jeemes Brown meant to have Lucy, and her father encouraged him all he could, for he had a first-rate farm, free and clear from all incumbrance; while Ben had nothing on the face of the earth to depend on but his head and hands. For all that, he's worth twice as much now as Jeemes Brown is."

"Well, as I was sayin, Lucy Mayland was gittin ready to be married; and one pleasant day in January she invited all the young folks, far and near, to a quilting. I guess you never went to a right down old-fashioned quilting; did you Lizzie?"

"I suspect I never did."

"You don't know what it is then to have a real good time, and enjoy yourself. I'd give more to go to one quilting, such as I used to go to in my young days, than to forty parties, such as they have now. All the gals made a pint of havin' dinner early, when there was goin to be one, so as to be on the spot, and ready to go to work at one o'clock, sartin, if not afore. The young men, in a girly way, didn't come till arter dark; and by that time the quilt, unless there was uncommon deal of work in it, was rolled up into a purty small compass."

The quilt Lucy was goin to have quilted, the time I'm speakin of, was a dreadful handsome one. 'Twas made of patchwork called the risin' sun, and had just come into fashion. There wasn't room for one-half of us to sit round the quilt at a time; but the more the merrier, you know; and while one set were at work the other had nothing to do but to enjoy themselves. Sometimes we laughed and chatted, and when we got tired of that we sang some new tune we'd been larnin at singin-school."

It had got to near seven o'clock, and the beaux (we used to call 'em sparks in them days) had arrived. Jeemes Brown and four or five others were all that were missin. At last there was a great jinglin of bells—for 'twas dreadful good sleighin—and Jeemes dashed up to the door in his tub-bottomed sleigh, with a red and green kiverhid spread over the seat and back, for there was no such a thing then in the country, whatever there was in the city, as buffalo robes. There was a boy stood ready to unharness his horse; but he said he was goin to ride, and couldn't stop more'n five minutes. 'I'll just step into the house and say a word or two to the gals,' says he, 'and then I must be off.'

So he came into the room where we were, puffin away at long nite, for he considered it mighty genteel to smoke cigars.

"You'd better stop till arter supper," says Lucy.

"When will it be ready?" says he.

"At seven."

"And it is now jest six," says he, looking at his watch, that had seals and trinkets enough danglin at the end of the pinchbeck chain to fill a half-pint dipper.

"Let me see," says he; "I shouldn't wonder if I could drive over to Captain Hilliard's, trade with him for his saddle-horse, and be back by seven."

"I don't b'lieve the Captain will sell his saddle-horse," says Ben Palmer.

"Yes, he will," says Jeemes. "He loves money, and the price is no object to a man like me. Besides, I happen to be purty well off for cash just now; and by the way of provin what he said he pulled out his pocket-book, which was stuffed full of bank bills."

"Here's five hundred dollars," says he, "in good current money; so I guess I've got enough to buy the Captin's horse, and have a little left."

"If I were goin to travel that lonely turpentine road that leads to Captin Hilliard's," says Ben Palmer, "I shouldn't like to have everybody know that I had five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"You see that Ben knew Jeemes was awul timorous, and did it to tease him."

"Well," said Jeemes, "straightenin up and lookin as grand as if he thought himself equal to a gin'ral, there isn't an individual critter on the face of the earth that I'm afeard to meet single handed—neither robber nor wild Indian, let it be in a place ever so lonesome. Thank certin, I'm no coward and never was."

"I want to ask you one or two questions, Jeemes," said Ben Palmer, puttin on a long, serious face.

"You may ask me a dozen if you're a mind to; I only want you to be quick about it," says Jeemes.

"Well, then, did you call at Pringle's tavern as you came along?" says Ben.

"Yes, I jest run in a minute to get a cigar."

"Did you, while you was there, say that you was goin over to Captin Hilliard's to buy a horse?"

"I shouldn't wonder if I mentioned it," says Jeemes.

"Well, if there were no strangers there 'twas well enough."

"But there were a number; and I remember now that, when I took out my pocket-book, I told Pringle I hadn't a cent of change, and should be obliged to get him to take his pay for the cigars out of a ten dollar bill, one of 'em eyed me purty sharp."

"Ben shook his head, but didn't say anything.

"Perhaps," says Jeemes, "I'd better not go over to the Captin's this evenin. What's your advice, Ben?"

"If Ben Peters was in your place, and had asked me the same question," said Sam, lookin towards a young man six feet high, that everybody knew had the courage of a lion, "I don't know as I should try to discourage him from goin." On the whole, I should advise him to buy all means. What do you say, Lucy?"

"The same as you do," was Lucy's answer.

"I guess," says Jeemes, "I've got as much courage and fortitude as Sam Peters has, any day, so the advice that will do for him will do for me."

Upon that he lit another cigar, buttoned up his great coat, tellin Lucy that he should be back by the time supper was ready, he sot off for Captin Hilliard's.

"You were too bad, Ben," says Lucy, arter Jeemes was gone; you know he's always skeered of his own shadder, and won't take a mite of comfort till he gets back again."

"He no need be always and eternally boastin of his courage, then," says Ben. "He only makes himself an object of ridicule by doin it, and whoever can fix on some plan to cure him, in my opinion, will do him a right down good turn."

"In a minute or two, a parcel more young men arrived, so we got to talkin about other things, and thought no more about Jeemes, when all at once Sam Peters speaks up, and says he, 'If I'm not mistaken, Jeemes Brown is coming back.'

"It isn't time for him to be back yet," says Ben, "he hasn't been gone more'n ten or fifteen minutes."

"Well," says Sam, "I can hear bells, and I can tell the ring of his from any other in the place."

"It was scarce a minute afterwards, before he came drivin up to the door Jehu-like. The next breath he rushed into the house with eyes wide as they were long, and lips as white as cloth."

"What's the matter, Jeemes?" spoke up a half dozen voices all at once.

"Matter enough, says he, 'I've barely escaped with my life, and that's all.'

"Did your horse run away with you?" says Lucy.

"Worse than that! worse than that!" says he. "The fact is, my friends and feller-citizens—[Jeemes, you see, was a flamin politician; and that's the way he always begun when he made a speech]—my friends and feller-citizens," says he, "I've been through a solemn tryin scene, one of the most solemnest and the most tryinest it was ever my fortune to pass through."

"Let us hear what it was," says Sam Peters.

"Sumthin that'll larn me not to slight good advice for the future."

"Come out with it; what has happened?" says Ben Palmer.

"I've been robbed; my five hundred dollars is gone, says Jeemes."

"You don't say so," says Sam.

"It is the solemn truth, my friends and feller-citizens. But I don't valley the loss of the money, more than if the bank bills had been so many bits of brown paper, as long as my life is spared."

"I thought so," says she, turnin' away her head, so he needn't see her laugh.

"The robber didn't fire, I hope," says Ben.

"No; I wasn't fool enough to wait for that; I knew what he 'was arter, and so I cries out, 'Don't shoot me!—don't shoot me!—heres my pocket-book!—take it!—take it! And with that, I gave it a fling, and it went over the fence and fell at the robber's feet."

"And what did he do next?" says Lucy.

"He neither spoke nor moved a single inch, but kept his gun leveled at my head, as if he was bent on havin' my life. But here see I disapinted him; and I'm here safe and sound."

"'Twas a narrer escape, though I tell you."

"You've thrown the pocket-book, when you sartin it, went over 'other side of the fence?" says Ben Palmer.

"Yes, I made sure of that, 'cause he was standin' tother side; and I'd no idea of oblegin' him to come any nearer to me than he was."

"We may as well wait, and not go till arter supper, then," says Ben, whisperin' to Sam Peters.

"Yes," says Sam; "for there's but little passin' that way; and it will be as safe where it is as if it was in his pocket."

"I guess you don't b'lieve he seed a robber," says I, who was standin' so near, I could hear every word they said.

"They smiled, but didn't make me any answer."

"Come, Ben, let's be goin," says Sam, as soon as supper was over.

"Stop a minute," says Ben; and goin' up to Jeemes, "What'll you give Sam and me," says he, "if we'll go and overtake the robber, and get your pocket-book, with the five hundreds untouched?"

"Friends and feller-citizens," says Jeemes, "it's too solemn a thing to risk your life for the sake of money. I shan't give my consent to any sich proceedin'."

"We'll go, then, without your consent," says Ben. "Come, Sam, are you ready?"

"Yes," answered Sam; "and we'd better go afore, I s'pose, for 'tisn't more'n a quarter of a mile."

"If you're determined on goin," my horse and sleigh is at your service," says Jeemes.

"Thank you," says Ben; "but your horse will be better off in the stable, with a blanket on, arter bein drive so furiously; and it's my candid opinion that we shall find no difficulty in comin up with the robber, if we go afore."

"You don't mean to go without bein well armed," says Lucy, with a mischievous smile, for she understood the psalm, as the sayin is.

"Natur has provided me with two good arms," said Ben; "and that's all I ask."

"Or I either," said Sam.

"While they were going, we all, jest for the fun of the thing, put on awful long faces; while Jeemes walked the floor the whole time, and kept sayin: 'Friends and feller-citizens, if they are killed, you'll bear witness that they went without my consent.'

"Sartinly! sartinly!" we all kept sayin; but it didn't seem to compose his feelins a single bit.

Yove no idee what a great, savage-lookin creature he was, says Jeemes.

"Did he wear a slouch hat, sich as the robbers I've read about in story-books wear?" says Lucy.

"I don't know what kind of a hat he wore," says Jeemes; "but I'm sartin I could see his eyes shine under the brim just like balls of fire."

It was long afore Ben and Sam got back.

"Theres your pocket-book," says Ben, throwin it on the table.

Care For Daughters.

Would you show yourself really good to your daughters? Then be generous to them in a truer sense than that of heaping trinkets on their necks. Train them for independence first, and then labor to give it to them. Let them, as soon as ever they are grown up, have some little money, to be their own, and teach them how to deal with it, without needin every moment somebody to help them. Calculate what you give them or will bequeath to them, not, as is usually done, on the chances of their making a rich marriage, but on the probability of their remaining single and according to the scale of living to which you have accustomed them. Suppress their luxuries if need be, but do not leave them with scarcely base necessities hereafter, in striking contrast to their present home. Above all, help them to help themselves. Fit them to be able to add to their own means rather than to be forever pinching and economizing till their minds are narrowed and their hearts are sick. Give all the culture you can to every power which they may possess. If they should marry after all, they will be the happier and better for it. If they should remain among the million of the unmarried, they will bless you in your grave, and say of you what cannot be said of many a doating parent by his surviving child: "My father cared that I should be happy after his death as well as while I was his pet and his toy."

A BEAR-BOY.—An Indian bear-boy has been on exhibition in San Francisco, and the papers have discovered that the monstrosity is a case of cruelty. The bear-boy is a born idiot, and that is about all there is unnatural about him. His points of resemblance to a bear have been stimulated by barbarous cruelty. His keeper's story is that his mother was frightened by a bear before his birth. This could scarcely have broken his ankles and cut the tendons behind, so that the feet bend beneath the legs, their upper portion touching the shins and rendering it impossible for their owner to stand upright. The inference is that the Indian boy has been cut and slashed and hewed into a rude imitation of an animal going on all-fours. His idioy aided the transformation, and renders him valuable as a show. The matter was brought before the court through the efforts of a humanitarian, and the boy was sent to the almshouse.

THE SUMMER MURDER.—The following additional particulars of the brutal murder which took place in Sumter, Wednesday night (the 14th, inst.) have been received: About seven o'clock of that evening, as Mr. Henry Willekind, in the employment of Messrs. Ferriter & Ricker, was on his way home from the store of those gentlemen, he was assaulted, knocked down and murdered with a hatchet, by two colored men by the name of Sam Vincent and Abraham Bradford, who were secreted on the side of the street and lying in wait for him. He was then robbed of a sum of money, about sixty dollars, and a silver watch and the key to the store was also taken from the body. His head was badly crushed, the skull having been broken in three or four different places and his eyes protruding from their sockets. When found he was cold in death, and his head and face presented a horrible appearance. Suspicion at once rested on Vincent and Bradford, and telegrams were sent out in various directions with descriptions of their persons. But the worst is not yet been told. The wife of the murdered man was *enroute* at the time, and was so affected by the horrible news that she is now lying at the point of death. If she dies, a double murder will have been committed.

NEWS AND COURIER.

A man, who was undoubtedly insane on the subject of religion, entered one of the Detroit telegraph offices the other day and wrote the following message: "To the Lord in Heaven—Where shall I go next? The world is growing worse and worse every day. There is not an honest Christian in America." He was informed that the Western Union line didn't connect with the other world, and he went to see about mailing a letter.

Young ladies use powder, perhaps, because they think it will make them go off

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at \$1.00 per square for first and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. One inch space will constitute a square, whether in brevity or display type; less than an inch will be charged for as a square. Marriage notices free. Deaths and Funeral notices free. Obituaries of one square front over one square charged at advertising rates. Religious notices of one square free. A liberal discount will be made to those whose advertisements are to be kept in term of three months or longer.

Bishop Heber wrote the popular hymn, From Greenlands Icy Mountains, in about an hour, and gave it to the printer with only one correction.

Those who intend committing suicide by accidental drowning would do well to see that there is water enough in the cistern before falling in. One may take a death cold from a ducking at this inclement season.

AS OLD AS THE HILLS.—On the night of the 27th old Maria Margot died at J. L. Dozer's place in this county. She was 110 years old, and had given birth to 26 children. Her oldest son is still living and is 94, and the youngest, also alive, is 53.

This is remarkable longevity, but the old man calls them all children. He has reached his one hundred and twentieth year, and though blind is sprightly and vigorous.

The old lady was quite active and picked out two bales of cotton last fall. She was regarded as strictly honest, and as a christian.

The old man was set free many years ago, by his owner, Col. Joe Bond, and was fed and clothed by Col. Bond while he lived.

Mr. J. L. Dozer has given these old people shelter and assistance for many years, and continues to do so.—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

"Make way! make way, good people I'm exceedingly cramped for space! This was the exclamation of a poor worm, that had a whole field to himself, and acres to spare; but he wished the impression to go abroad that he was ten times as large as he seemed to be. There are many people in this world who act just like this poor worm.

Abbeville *Mediam says:* Nine women, nine babies, one man and one boy—all immigrants from Germany, arrived at this place last Wednesday. The husbands of the women who came last Wednesday had gone ahead, and made preparation for their families. When we see a cargo of German babies, we feel certain that our country is permanently benefited.

A SERIOUS LOOKING person had charge of the grammar division of a school examination, and gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: "Between you and I this is good butter. The boy shortly returned the slip, thus marked: "Incorrect—the lamp-post is omitted.

THE SERVANT.—Mistress (to new servant girl from the country)—"Now, Eliza, make haste and dress yourself, and make your hair tidy before your master come home."

Servant Girl—Yes, M. Where shall I find the comb, Munt?

"I go through my work, reprovingly said the needle to the boy.

"But not till you're pushed through, triumphantly repaid the boy to the needle.

In order to keep up with the progress of the age, Time is said to have abandoned the syringe and hour-glass, and purchased a mowing-machine and a watch.

What is the champion conundrum? Life—because every body has to give it up

Dr. Livingstone thinks he will come home if he lives long enough. His staying away is anything but becoming.

The question of the legal right of a woman to be a Justice of the Peace in Maine is at issue, and the Governor has asked the Supreme Court for a decision.

The Southern Historical Society is gathering the records of the late civil war, in order that the material may be obtained for a Southern history of the struggle.

Another lady preacher has secured a pulpit in Boston. Her name is Lora Haines, and she has been several years studying for the ministry. She is 30 years old, and has "a pleasing, but beautiful face. Her inaugural theme was the benefit of religious institutions, and she wore plain black, with a neat white ruche around her neck, and white lace cuffs.

State Assayer Bartlett of Maine asserts that several factories are in operation in that Commonwealth producing cheap sugar and syrup from sawdust and other substances. The sugar and syrups are corrected by sulphuric acid, lime, and other ingredients. Maine, with its vast forest, may yet rival Louisiana as a sugar and syrup-producing district.