



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 allwise 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 of time and doctors' fees.
After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified 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. As a 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. KELIN & CO.,
MAGNAN, GA., and PHILADELPHIA
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK GIN.

Especially designed for the use of the Medical Profession and the Family, possessing those intrinsic medicinal properties which belong to an Old and Pure Gin.
Indispensable to females. Good for Kidney Complaints. A delicious Tonic. Put up in cases containing 24 dozen bottles each, and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c. A. M. Bininger & Co., established 1778, No. 15 Beaver Street, New York.

My hope is
VICK'S
CATALOGUE
For 1874.
I'll make it
midnight
and day
and night
500 ENGRAVINGS, and
COLORED PLATE. Published Quarterly,
at 25 Cents a Year. First No. for 1874 just
issued. A German edition at same price.
Address: JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Our Security Page Illustrated
Catalogue of
Doors, Sashes, Blinds
Stair Rails, Newels, Blinds
Fancy Glass, &c.
Mailed to any one interested in building
on receipt of stamp.
KEOGH & THORNE,
254 and 256 Canal Street
New York.

MILLER'S
ALMANAC
For the Year 1874.
PUBLISHED FOR
HORRY COUNTY,
For sale at 10 cents each by
Dec 9 1873
M. B. BEATY;

"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 price of

THREE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
CHROMOS
ever issued is given to each subscriber, viz "Just 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 BRITNEY 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.
To-Day Printing & Publishing Co.,
733 Sanson St., Philadelphia.
1 Broadway, N. Y. 23 School St., Boston.
118, 116 & 117 E. Madison St., Chicago.

The Last of George Augustus.

Dear me! I am so glad that this dreadful winter is at last over! What between parties and banks breaking, and immigrants, and not having had but one new dress this whole winter, I feel as if a month more would have crushed me.

Yes, positively, I haven't had but one new dress! As soon as George Augustus came home and told me about the panic and the dreadful time in store for us, (the always prophecies evil) and said that we must retrench, I knew what that meant. It meant that I wasn't to have any new things; so I just went down and bought my new dress as fast as possible and had the bill sent on to George Augustus before he could say anything more about it.

I really do think it is rather hard for me to have to practice economy, and I don't believe he bought a bit less than he always does. I think that clause in the marriage service where the gentleman says he endows you with all his worldly goods ought to be struck out for giving a wrong impression. I remember how George Augustus rolled his voice when he said it, and I really think his impression was that he was giving me a princely fortune. I never dreamt that it meant that I would have to cook!

There is one thing certain, though, and that is, I'll never wash or iron for him. He wouldn't do it for me. So he may just iron 'em himself, I don't intend to work myself to death, and then have him go and marry somebody else! oh, no! no!

George Augustus is very busy in his garden now, but I am really beginning to doubt whether a garden may not be a profane post, for he is saying "logs take it," every time he goes into it. All of my chickens have what is called "blind staggers"—at last I think it must be that. George Augustus has thrown at them so much with bricks, and whatever comes to his hand. Poor things! Men have no feeling, I think.

George Augustus went to the Tax-payers' Convention. I think he ought to have been sent to Washington, too, but his country seems strangely oblivious of George Augustus. The one thing that makes me think it is just as well that he did not go, however, is that he would not have had money to pay his hotel bill, and I should not have liked to have run away without paying it and be advertised in the papers. I do think it rather hard, though, in the newspaper people not to report any of his speeches. He told me he made one every day, and not one was reported. I think it is a shame for people to be so partial. I know it is just because George Augustus is poor. If he were rich everybody would see his merit quick enough. Oh, this world, this world!

Mamma and George Augustus had a dreadful quarrel about that same convention. She said she thought they ought to do something about the taxes, that, here she was a widow, owned a little property, and half of it had to go to pay taxes; that she really thought it was time for our men to do something to defend the weak and helpless like herself. George Augustus told her he thought she was quite able to take care of herself. She said if things went on this way, and our men sat with their hands folded and did nothing, she would be obliged to sell out and come and live with us. George Augustus said if she did he'd turn Radical. Mamma said, "Pooh, nonsense!" I declare I never saw anybody like mamma. She reminds me of that man in the circus, Herr Lengel, who goes into the lion's cage and shoots off his pistol and makes the lions jump all about and do whatever he says, though the whole time they hate him, and would pull him to pieces if they could. George Augustus told me, in private, that he thought mamma was the most dreadful woman that he had ever seen; that if she were a man he'd shoot her to-morrow, but as she was a woman he couldn't help himself. The truth is, I think, mamma is rather hard on him, for she says she thinks he or some of the men ought to blow up the Legislature with gun-powder or something, (which George Augustus says is the speech

of a goose, though he didn't tell her so) and I don't see how that could help the matter.

George Augustus was very much interested in the immigration question, and got places for several immigrants. I do not know, though, whether there was any defect in his explanations to them. I hardly think it can be that, for he says he is a good German scholar, but somehow they have everyone left their places. Please tell me have these immigrants anything to do with those that were to have come in two or three years ago? If they have I shall feel much more satisfied in my mind, because you know I wore my last year's hat the whole of one winter instead of buying a new one, in order to buy a ticket in the immigration concern, which never did me any good. I hate to think of such a sacrifice (you don't know how hard it is to wear an old hat when everybody else has new ones) being wasted, but if it had helped the State, of course, it would alleviate it a good deal.

I wish somebody would get up a temperance crusade here. It is so dull! You see we poor women can't cook-fights or Burns' suppers, or vote or make speeches, and it really is too narrowing to have to stay at home and cook and mend holes in vest pockets. (George Augustus' vest pockets never have anything but holes in them) and I think a crusade is what we could come out strong in. So if any of my sister sufferers will inaugurate reform they have my best wishes, if not my actual presence with them.

I attempted a private crusade on my own account the other night, and had an overwhelming success. George Augustus had gone to a something-or-other (St. Patrick's day, I believe) supper. He is such a genial whole-souled fellow, throws himself with such zeal into anything of the kind. At the schlutzenfest, George Augustus may be seen shooting with the calm placidity of the German; on St. Patrick's Day he marches along in the procession, as bold an Irishman as any there; at the Burns supper he always makes a speech and sings "Annie Laura." I always blush when I read that in the paper next day. I know what it is, he used to sing it to me. In short, he always celebrates every anniversary that he possibly can, except the Fourth of July, which he says he has given up "on principle." George Augustus says he'd rather be a British slave than a so-called American freeman. By the way, speaking of the British, I wonder if a delegation of enlightened Englishmen had presented Queen Victoria with a petition for the Redress of Grievances, whether she would have made it a personal matter, as our little man-of-war at Washington did the other day!

But to return to my crusade. Well, it was about eleven o'clock at night, and George Augustus had not come. I got tired of sitting by myself in the parlor, reading, and besides there was a horrid bat in there, and I was afraid of it. So I went out on the porch, and sat on the steps in the moonlight. Presently I saw George Augustus coming along a little unsteady in his gait. I thought to myself that was a good opportunity to try the effect of music on him. So I commenced with the Methodist revival hymn "Come all ye mourning sinners."

He came up the pathway and seated himself in silence on the steps. I went on singing, and saw George Augustus was much impressed. By the time I got to the end George Augustus said he was a miserable wretch and leaned his head on his hands in an attitude of abject misery. I thought to myself that this was decidedly encouraging, and struck up "Father, come home." At the end of the first verse George Augustus was shedding tears. This is better and better, thought I, so I made my voice still more wailing and mournful in the other verses. I did expect some effect, but was not prepared for the burst of woe with which George Augustus greeted the end of the song. He said he was a most miserable wretch, a villain who was a bane to society. It commenced to be a little embarrassing, as by this time he was weeping aloud, and two or three passers-by had stopped to listen. Besides, his dog commenced to howl. He said he

knew he was doomed to an early grave and he was glad of it for himself, and implored me to forgive the blight he had cast over my life. Said the thought that gave him unutterable distress was what would become of me after he was gone— Here the conversation was suddenly brought to an end by his going precipitately down the steps in a vain attempt to pick up his hat, which had fallen. I left him to pick himself up the best he could, and made my way into the house, overcome with my victory. And so ended my crusade.

If George Augustus ever becomes an inebriate (he says there is no danger of that, as he always can stop at the right (B) point.) I've no idea of being one of those model wives you read of in books, sitting up and weeping all night for their red-nosed toppers. No, indeed! I intend to pack him off to the Inebriate Asylum in New York, or wherever it is, and then sell out, and go off to the Spring. George Augustus, however, says that one comfort is, I won't be able to go very far on the proceeds of the sale. Distressing true facts! I want to go, though, somewhere, anywhere, if it is only five miles off. I am so tired of home! So, until it is settled one way or another, you won't hear any more from

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.
The United States Steamer Swatara Ready to Start.

[From the New York Sun.]
The United States steamer Swatara, one of the handsomest sloop-of-war in the navy was months ago assigned to the duty of conveying the Transit of Venus Professors to the South Sea. On Saturday night she arrived at "the bays," where she remained yesterday, in consequence of the fog. She will probably sail to-day. She is in every way fitted for the perilous cruise which she has undertaken. Amply stored with two years' provisions and all the necessary and latest instruments, she goes out to prosecute a most important scientific investigation, which bears directly on the accuracy of investigation.

Captain Chandler, who goes out at the head of the expedition, is a fine general officer, with a good record, as much respected out of the navy as among his own fraternity. Lieutenant Commander Wilkins, the navigator, is a volunteer officer who has had great experience in the South Seas and also in the north, among the Arctic ice. It is probably due to his record that the department placed him in the responsible post of navigator. Lieutenants Haucker, Little and Pillsbury are all fine officers, and will do credit to the cruise. The stations that will be visited by the Swatara are as follows:

Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land; New England; Crozet Island; Chatham Island.
The expedition will sail for Cape Town direct, and will probably make that port in seventy-five days, and, getting warm wear for the crew and officers, she will steam off for the Crozet group, where Captain Raymond, United States Army, an exceedingly talented officer, will be landed with his party. The course will then be for Kerguelen, New Zealand and Van Dieman's Land. In landing the parties the Swatara will sail eastward directly around the world, as she could not make head way against the westerly gales of those latitudes, so that she will go nearly twice around the world before completing her mission, steaming eventually to northward of Australia, entering the Indian Ocean and passing up through the Red Sea and Suez Canal into the Mediterranean. It is then believed that she will relieve one of the vessels on the European station, and take her battery, when her officers will proceed to "do" the Continent.

The work of this important expedition which has cost \$150,000, has been thus set forth by an eminent authority:
WHAT IS ALL THIS FOR?
Not to determine a mere question of scientific inquiry; still less to gratify the astronomer's curiosity or to exalt his reputation. The great object of the transit is to determine more accurately than we ever have known the true distance of the sun from our little planet. The issue of the observations will probably be that we shall know the distance within 50,000 miles of the truth. We are a good way off from this now, although the vast space has been of late years reduced from the 95,000,000 to 91,000,000 miles; and if any one asks further of what real use is this to the world we answer that the sun's distance is for all astronomical measurements of the heavenly bodies (and consequently of

helping to determine for the mariner his longitude at sea); it is to him what the chain is to the surveyor or the yardstick to the merchant. Until we know the sun's distance we cannot know his bulk or weight or the truth about the sun spots, the solar cyclones or currents, which certainly affect our cyclones on land and sea. We must learn it more carefully in order to perfect the lunar and planetary tables needed for navigation and for the geographical position of places on land as well as at sea. It is curious to find at different periods in history how far off the sun has been supposed to be.

The different estimates of this are strange landmarks in the slow progress for a long time made by man toward true knowledge of the heavenly bodies. Herodotus says that the first dawn of thought as regards the sun's distance made its appearance in his day. He gives us to gather what these thoughts were from the opinions of the earth and the universe then generally held by the learned Greeks. These were that the earth was the chief body in the universe; that it was but a flat plane, whose centre was at Delphi; that the sun was merely a secondary, uncertain and easily influenced body, which moved about or over the earth, but was itself acted on only by the same forces which we see acting around us, but to so great an extent as to be blown south during the winter by the eastern winds. Herodotus thought this most probable. From this we may fairly judge that the Egyptians, whom he cites, and his own learned Greeks, did not consider the sun to be further off than ten miles from the earth, for they did not consider the winds at any greater distance.

Not long after this, however, Anaxagoras affirmed the real size of the sun to be as large as the Peloponnesus; such a size, considered in reference to the sun's now known angle, would indicate a distance of 14,000 miles. A century later, about B. C. 280, Aristarchus, the astronomer of Samos, concluded, by measurement of the month's distance from the sun, that the sun was at least 5,300,000 miles off. His plan was ingenious, but his measurements inaccurate; yet the great Ptolemy, four centuries later, adopted his determination, and combining it with the observations of Hipparchus, computed the sun's parallax to be three minutes—twenty times its true value. Then, further down Time's stream, the famous old Kepler made the sun's distance to be 26,400,000 miles. The transits of 1761 and 1769 put it further to our late school astronomy distance of 95,000,000 and this, by re-observation of the observations of 1809, by Encke, Stone and Newcomb, has been again put down to 91,200,000 miles. What is called the parallactic angle, the "parallax of the sun," or the apparent change of a heavenly body in its position as seen by two persons widely distant—for instance, the Northern and Southern hemispheres, as in our present expeditions—from which angle or its subtended chord the distance from us may be learned. This has been much reduced. It will be reduced yet more.

The transit of 1769, the only one before this ever fairly observed, is memorable largely for its connection with the famous voyage of discovery of Captain James Cook. Several European nations sent out expeditions to distant places. The English fitted out Cook's exploring expedition, with instructions to observe this transit on the island of Otaheite. Cook, an assistant from the Royal Observatory and Dr. Solander made observations at a point in Tahiti, known to this day as Venus Point. Many other observations were also made at Port Prince of Wales, Hudson bay; San Jose, Cal.; Kola, in Lapland; in all, at fifty stations in Europe, six in Asia, seventeen in America and one in Polynesia. From the investigations of all the observations, Encke, in 1824, gave the value of the solar parallax as 8.5776 seconds—equivalent to making the sun's distance 95,300,000 miles—a distance generally accepted until the present day, recently reduced to between 91,000,000 and 92,000,000 miles.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO DIDN'T LIKE SLANG.—A young Western lady, who prides herself on her propriety, lately wrote home to her parents regarding her boarding school associates. She said: "The girls are awful slangy. One of them told me the first day I came here that I had better walk off on my ear." The little child! I felt just like putting a tin roof on her. And they use such disgusting phrases as 'you bet' and 'bully.' I have pitched into them several times for their slang, but they tell me to 'cheese it,' and if they go on in this way I shall git up and git, you bet."

Pasigraphy is the name of a system of writing by numbers, which, it is asserted, may be used universally, and thus obviate the difficulty of communication between nations of different languages.

NOTICES

inserted at \$1.00 per square for first and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion. One inch space will constitute a square, whether in leader 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 free; over one square charged at advertising rates. Religious notices will be made free to those whose advertisements are to be kept in for term of three months or longer.

ANECDOTE OF CONGRESSMAN NESMITH.—The funny man of the House this winter is said to be Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, who tells on himself some very amusing stories. He served one term in the Senate several years ago, and a few days after he was sworn in he was passing one of the clock rooms, and inside were Fessenden, Merrill and several others, whose names we can't recall. They hailed him. Aired him in, and after conversing for a few moments they asked him very abruptly:

"Mr. Nesmith, you have come from a very wild country, where you say the greater portion of your life has been passed. Will you tell us what first struck you on coming to the Senate?"

"Well, gentlemen, when I took my seat in this august body, said to be composed of the brain of our great country, I was overwhelmed with the strangeness of the one idea, how I came to be here!"

"Oh? Ah! Ugh! So! And then Mr. Nesmith, what then—what your next cause for wonder?"

"The next thing, gentlemen, answered Nesmith, slowly gathering up his great length "that came to me and puzzled me more than the first thought, was how in the duce all you other fellows got here!"

There was a shout, and from that day these solemn old fellows, who had thought to overawe by their pomposity the crude young Senator, were his sworn friends, and never neglected an occasion to tell this story.

Cincinnati Commercial.
The great monopolists of the country have begun to weaken before the force of public opinion. The Union Pacific, which has been the very pet of the Washington lobby, has its last pound of flesh. Sometime ago there were two bills passed the House of Representatives antagonistic to this monster corporation. The first directs the Secretary of the Treasury to collect the five per cent. due the Government from that road, and in case of non-payment, to instruct the Attorney-General to institute proceedings to recover the same.

The other provides for the enforcement of *pro rata* charges between the Union Pacific and the Kansas Pacific Road, under a penalty of \$1,000 fine and imprisonment of six months of the officers of the company.

This evidently means business, and shows which way the wind blows. The Grangers are moving the Congressional lever somewhat, together with other Western influences.

Union Herald.
The proceedings in the case of Gov. Moses of South Carolina, who has been indicted for grand larceny in Orangeburg, were foreshadowed in our Charleston correspondence some days ago. Moses did not appear in person to answer to the charge, but was represented by counsel, one of whom was ex-Attorney-General Chamberlain, his rival for the nomination for Governor in the approaching election. The case was continued until the next term of the court. It is understood that Moses is to give up his aspirations for another term of office and give his influence in favor of Chamberlain, and if he fulfills this agreement it is not likely that he will be troubled any further by the courts about his stealing. But if he should undertake to play false with the carpet-bag faction, of which Chamberlain is the leading representative, it is quite probable that he might be brought to trial and convicted. This is an interesting situation for the Chief Magistrate of a sovereign State.

N. Y. Sun.
THE FREEDOM OF SALVATION.—In his address at the London Tavern, during the Week of Prayer, Mr. Spurgeon used the following illustration: I was told lately by a young man who had been in Scotland, that he came one day to a gate, when the gate-keeper's little girl ran down and shut it, saying, "You have not to pay anything to pass; you have to say, 'Please allow me to go through.' The young man did as he was directed, and simply repeated, "Please allow me to go through," and the gate was immediately opened. The owner just wished to preserve the right of entrance; that was all. So simply "ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

The proposed Reciprocity Treaty for the trade between the British North American colonies and the United States has been conducted very quietly, but progress has been made in the negotiations, and it is believed in Washington that the provisions of the treaty will be submitted soon to the Senate with a view to ascertain the opinions of that body before the instrument is formally signed. The treaty, it is said, will be a comprehensive and liberal one, and will amount almost to a commercial union between the Dominion and this Republic.—*N. Y. Herald.*