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T. W. BEATY, Editor.
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ADVERTISEMENTS
 Inserted at \$1.00 per square for first and five cents for each subsequent insertion.
 One inch space will equivoicate a square, whether in border or display type; less than an inch will be charged for as a square.
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 Dec 9 1873

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 THE PEOPLE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
 It is a thoroughly American enterprise, thus treated by the leading artist and teeming with the best effects of the most able writers of our country. It is a paper that, once introduced on 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. ANNEBSON, and "AMONG THE DREDDONS," a beautiful landscape in water-color by the celebrated BIRKBECK 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 Sanson St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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THE TWO HERD-BOYS.
 A Beautiful Tale of Germany.

When I was in Germany, four or five years ago, I spent several weeks of the summer time in a small town among the Thuringian Mountains. This is a range on the borders of Saxony, something like our Green Mountains in height and form, but much darker in color, on account of the thick forest of fir which cover them. I had visited this region several times before, and knew not only all the roads, but most of the foot-paths, and had made some acquaintance with the people, so I felt quite at home among them, and was fond of taking long walks up to the ruins of castles on the peaks, or down in the wild, rocky gorges between them.

The people are mostly poor, and very laborious; yet all their labor barely suffices to keep them from want. There is not much farming land, as you may suppose. The men cut wood, the women spin flax, bleach linen, and the children gather berries, tend cattle on the high mountain pastures, or act as guides to the summer travellers. A great many find employment in the manufacture of toys, of which there are several establishments in this region, producing annually many thousands of crying and speaking dolls, bleating lambs, barking dogs and roaring lions.

Behind the town where I lived there was a spur of mountains, crowned by the walls of a castle built by one of the dukes who ruled over that part of Saxony eight or nine hundred years ago. Beyond this ruin the mountain rose gradually, until it reached the highest ridge, about three miles distant. In many places the forest had been cut away, leaving open tracts where the sweet mountain grass grew thick and strong, and where there were always masses of heather, harebells, foxgloves, and wild pinks. Every morning all the cattle of the town were driven up to these pastures, each animal with a bell hanging to its neck, and the sound of so many hundred bells tinkling all at once made a chime which could be heard at a long distance.

One of my favorite walks was to mount to the ruined castle and pass beyond it to the flowery pasture slopes, from which I had a wide view of the level country to the north, and the mountain ridges on both sides. Here it was very pleasant to sit on a rock, in the sunny afternoon, and listen to the continual sound of bells which filled the air. Sometimes one of the herd-boys would sing, or shout to the others across the intervening glens, while the village girls, with baskets of bark, hunted for berries along the edges of the forests. Although so high on the mountain the landscape was never lonely.

One day, during my ramble, I came upon two smaller herds of cattle, each tended by a single boy. They were near each other, but not on the same pasture, for there was a deep hollow or dell between. Nevertheless they could plainly see each other, and even talk whenever they liked, by shouting a little. I came out of a thicket upon the clearing on one side of the hollow, the herd-boy tending the cattle nearest to me was sitting among the grass, and singing with all his might the German song, commencing:

"Tra, di, di!
 The summer's here I know."
 His back was towards me, but I noticed that his elbows were moving very rapidly. Curious to learn what he was doing, I slipped quietly around some bushes to a point where I could see him distinctly, and found that he was knitting a woolen stocking. Presently he lifted his head, looked across the opposite pasture, and cried out, "Hans! the cows!"
 I looked also and saw another boy of about the same age start up and run after his cattle, the last one of which was entering the forests. Then the boy near me gave a glance at his own cattle, which were quietly grazing on the slope a little below him and went on with his knitting. As I approached he heard my steps and turned towards me, a little startled at first; but he was probably accustomed to

seeing strangers, for I soon prevailed upon him to tell me his name and age. He was called Otto, and was twelve years old; his father was a wood-cutter, and his mother spun and bleached linen.

"And how much," I asked him, "do you get for taking care of the cattle?"
 "I am to have five thallars," (about four dollars) he answered, "for the whole summer; but it don't go to me; it's for father. But then I make a good many groschen by knitting, and that's for my winter clothes. Last year I could buy a coat, and this year I want to get enough for trousers, and new shoes. Since the cattle knows me so well, I have only to talk and they mind me; and that, you see, gives me plenty of time to knit."

"I see," I said; "it's a very good arrangement. I suppose the cattle over on the other pasture don't know their boy?" He has not got them all out of the woods yet."
 "Yes, they know him," said Otto, "and that's the reason they slip away. But then cattle mind some persons better than others; I've seen that much."

Here he stopped talking and commenced knitting again. I watched him a while as he, rapidly and evenly, rattled off the stitches. He evidently wanted to make the most of his time. I then again looked across the hollow, when Hans—the other boy—had at last collected his cows. He stood on the top of a rock, flinging stones down the steep slope. When he had no more he stuck his hands in his pockets, and whistled loudly to draw Otto's attention; but the latter pretended not to hear. Then I left them; for the shadow of the mountain behind me was beginning to creep up the other side of the valley.

A few days afterwards I went up to the pasture again, and came, by chance, to the head of the little dell dividing the two herds. I had been wandering in the fir-forest, and reached the place unexpectedly. There was a pleasant view from the spot, and I seated myself in the shade to rest and enjoy it. The first object that attracted my attention was Otto, knitting as usual, beside his herd of cows. Then I turned to the other side to discover what Hans was doing. His cattle this time were not straying; but neither did he appear to be minding them in the least. He was walking backwards and forwards on the mountain side, with his eyes fixed upon the ground. Sometimes, where the top of a rock projected from the soil, he would lean over it, and look along it from one end to the other, as if he were trying to measure its size; then he would walk on, pull a blue flower, and then a yellow one, look at them sharply and throw them away. "What is he after?" I said to myself. "Has he lost something and is trying to find it?" or are his thoughts so busy with something else that he doesn't really know what he is about?"

I watched him for nearly a half an hour, at the end of which time he seemed to get tired, for he gave up looking about and sat down in the grass. The cattle were no doubt acquainted with his ways,—(it is astonishing how much intelligence they have!)—and they immediately began to move towards the forest, and would soon have wandered away, had I not headed them off and driven them back. Then I followed them, much to the surprise of Hans, who had been aroused by the noise of their bells as they ran from me.

"You don't keep a very good watch, my boy!" I said.
 As he made no answer, I asked, "have you lost anything?"
 "No," he then said.
 "What have you been hunting here so long?"
 He looked confused, turned away his head, and muttered "nothin."
 This made me sure he had been hunting something, and I felt a little curious to know what it was. But although I asked him again, and offered to help him hunt it, he would tell me nothing. He had a restless and rather an unhappy look, quite different from the bright, cheerful eyes and pleasant countenance of Otto.
 His father, he said, worked in a mill below the town, and got good wages;

so he was allowed half the pay for tending the cattle during the summer.
 "What do you do with the money?" I asked.
 "O, I'll soon spend it," he said. "I could spend a hundred times that much if I had it."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, "No doubt it's all the better that you haven't it."
 He did not seem to like this remark, and was afterwards disinclined to talk; so I left him and went over to Otto, who was as busy and cheerful as ever.

"Otto," said I, "do you know what Hans is hunting all over the pasture? Has he lost anything?"
 "No," Otto answered, "he has not lost anything, and I don't believe he will find anything, either. Because, even if it's all true they say you never come across it when you look for it, but it just shows itself all at once, when you're not expecting."

"What is it, then?" I asked.
 Otto looked at me a moment and seemed to hesitate. He appeared also to be a little surprised; but probably he reflected that I was a stranger, and could not be expected to know everything, for he finally asked, "Don't you know, sir, what the shepherd found somewhere about here a great many hundred years ago?"

"No," I answered.
 "Not the key-flower?"
 Then I did know what he meant, and understood the whole matter in a moment. But I wanted to know what Otto had heard of the story, and therefore said to him, "I wish you would tell me all about it."

"Well," he began, "some say it was true, and some that it wasn't. At any rate it was a long, long while ago, and there's no telling how much to believe. My grandmother told me; but then she didn't know the man; she only heard about him from her grandmother. He was a shepherd, and used to tend his sheep on the mountain,—or may be it was cows, I'm not sure,—in some place where there were a great many kobolds and fairies. And so it went on from year to year. He was a poor man, but very cheerful, and always singing and making merry; but sometimes he would wish to have a little more money, so that he need not be obliged to go up to the pastures in the cold, foggy weather. That wasn't much wonder, sir, for it's cold enough up here, some days."

It was in summer, and the flowers were all in blossom, and he was walking along after his sheep, when all at once he saw a wonderful sky blue flower, of a kind he had never seen before in all his life. Some people say it was sky-blue and some that it was golden yellow; I don't know which is right. Well, however it was, there was the wonderful flower, as large as your hand, growing in the grass. The shepherd stooped down and broke the stem; but just as he was lifting up the flower to examine it, he saw that there was a passage into the earth. He looked into it for a long time, and at last plucked up heart and in he went. After forty or fifty steps he found himself in a large hall, full of chests of gold and diamonds. There was an old kobold, with a white beard, sitting in a chair beside a large table, in the middle of the hall. The shepherd was at once frightened, but the kobold looked at him with a friendly face and said, "take what you want, and don't forget the best!"

So the shepherd laid the flower on the table, and went to work and filled his pockets with the gold and diamonds. When he had as much as he could carry, the kobold said again, "don't forget the best!" That I won't the shepherd thought to himself, and took more gold and the biggest diamonds he could find, and filled his hat so that he could scarcely stagger under the load. He was leaving the hall when the kobold cried out, "don't forget the best!" But he could not carry any more, and went on, never minding. When he reached the door in the mountain side, he heard the voice again for the last time, "don't forget the best!"

The next minute he was out on the pasture. When he looked around the door had disappeared; his pockets and hat grew light all at once, and instead of gold and diamonds he found nothing but dry leaves and pebbles. He was as poor as ever, and all because he had forgotten the best. Now, sir, do you know what the best was? Why, it was the flower which he had left on the table in the kobold's hall. That was the key-flower. When you find it and pull it, the door is open to all the treasures under ground. If the shepherd had kept it the gold and diamonds would have stayed so; and besides, the door would have been always open to him, and he could then help himself whenever he wanted."

Otto had told the story very correctly, just as I had heard it told by some of the people before. "Did you ever look for the key-flower?" I asked him.

He grew a little red in the face, then laughed, and answered: "O, that was the first summer I tended the cattle, and I soon got tired of it. But I guess the flower don't grow any more now."

"How long has Hans been looking for it?"
 "He looks every day," said Otto, "when he gets tired of doing nothing. But I shouldn't wonder if he was thinking about it all the time, or he'd look after his cattle better than he does!"

As I walked down the mountain side that afternoon I thought a great deal about these two herd-boys, and the story of the key-flower. Up to this time the story had only seemed to me to be a curious and beautiful tale, but now I began to think it might mean something more. Hans was neglecting his cows, and making himself restless and unhappy, in the hope of some day finding the key-flower; while Otto, who remembered that it can't be found by hunting for it, and was attentive to his rack, always earning a little, and always contented.

Therefore, the next time I walked up to the pastures, I went straight to Hans.
 "Have you found the key-flower?"
 There was a curious expression on his face. He appeared to be partly ashamed of what he must now and then have suspected to be a folly, and partly anxious to know if I could tell him where the flower grew.

"See here Hans," said I, seating myself upon a rock; "don't you know that those who hunt for it never find it. Of course you have not found it, and you never will, in this way. But even if you should, you are so anxious for the gold and diamonds that you would be sure to forget the best, just as the shepherd did, and would find nothing but leaves and pebbles in your pocket."

"Oh, no!" he replied; "that's just what I wouldn't do."
 "Why don't you forget your work every day?" I asked. "You are forgetting the best all the time—I mean the best that you have at present. Now I believe there is a key-flower growing on these very mountains, and what is more, Otto has found it!"

He looked at me in astonishment.
 "Don't you see," I continued, "how happy and contented he is all the day long? He does not work hard at his knitting as you do in hunting for the flower; and although you get half your summer's wages, and he nothing, he will be richer than you in the fall. He will have a small piece of gold, and it won't change into a leaf. Besides when a boy is contented and happy he has gold diamonds. Would you rather be rich and miserable, or poor and happy?"

This was a subject upon which Hans had evidently not reflected. He looked puzzled. He was accustomed to think that money enticed everything else that was desirable, that he could not imagine it possible for a rich man to be miserable. But I told him of some rich men whom I knew, and others of whom I had heard, and at last bade him think of the prosperous brewer in the town below, who had so much trouble in his family, and who walked the streets with his head hanging down.

I saw that Hans was not a bad boy; he was simply restless, impatient, and perhaps a little inclined to envy those in better circumstances. This lonely life on the mountains was not good for a boy of his nature, and I knew that it would be a difficulty to change his habits of thinking and wishing. But after a long talk he promised me he would try, and that was as much as I expected.

Now, you may want to know whether he did try; and I am sorry that I cannot tell you. I left the place soon afterwards, and have never been there since. Let us hope, however, that he found the real key-flower.
Bayard Taylor.

WHAT WRITERS RECEIVE.—The price paid for magazine articles by the publishers is not fixed, but the maximum is usually about \$10 a page, the pages varying from 500 to 1,000 words. The Atlantic and Lippincott's have 750, Harper's has 1,000, while Old and New has 500 words; Scribner's 900; The Overland 500, and the Galaxy 750 in its single, and 825 in its double column pages. The Atlantic has given as high as \$250 an article to Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Agassiz, Felton, Parton, and a few others, but this is altogether exceptional, \$10 being its general rate. Harper's often allows \$12.50 to \$15 (the latter for illustrated articles) a page, and in rare cases even more. Lippincott's rate is from \$5 to \$8; that of Old and New \$6, the Overland only \$4 (gold); Scribner's ordinarily from eight to \$10 (much higher sometimes for special articles), and the Galaxy's \$5 to \$10 per page.

Going Back on Judge Moses.

When, in 1872, the previous record of Frank Moses was referred to as a reason why he should not be made Governor, the party was assured that the Chief Justice had such great influence over his son that he might be safely depended upon to keep the young Governor in straight paths. We have been disposed to believe that the strength of this influence was exaggerated, in view of the utter failure of the Governor's administration of affairs, his gross incompetency of his thorough shamelessness in the regard of thieves and scoundrels from the meshes of the law, his broken record of the hands of the State for his private purposes, his utter disregard of the pledged word, his blushing bargain and sale of offices, and his total disregard of the interests of the party which has elevated him from the lowest depths of social and pecuniary ruin to its highest official honors. But when we see the chief justice, laying aside the dignity of his position, running over the State to secure the re-nomination of his reprobate prodigal son; in consultation with the enemies of the Republican party as to the best way to kill off the effort to re-rotate Moses out of power; inventing excuses, entreating here, bargaining and huckstering there, and boldly denouncing the offenses of his political debauch, we have been forced to the conclusion that "like father, like son," is a proverb which finds its truth exemplified in South Carolina as in every part of the world.—*Union-Health.*

The Oldest City in the World.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore, Bambee is a ruin, Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates, Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—a "predestinated capital" with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun," the street which is called Straight, in which it was said "the prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the Sheik, the ass and the water wheels; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy these with the multitude of their wares. The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and, for his part, he resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the east," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums and delicious apricot of Portugal, called damascus; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamurling carried off the artists to Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united—called Damascus-kniving—with which boxes and bureaus and guns and swords were ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "river of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

Troy Weight—Ex-Judge Troy, of Brooklyn, has his say on B-T scandal. It is this:

"I have a general belief with most men, that if facts of this kind ever go to the public through the mouth of an outraged husband and father, there is but one proper place to tell the story and that is at the coroner's inquest, and, to make it complete, I think there should be all the accessories of a coroner—a jury, a prisoner and a corpse. In such a case there is never room to doubt the sincerity of the man who staked his life as a pledge of sincerity. No, sir, you have my opinion of the case as a lawyer and as a layman."
 Tilton says he was "made for war," but during the war between the States he put in a substitute. Troy weight will never do for him.

The Greenville News says that the stills in that county can't make whiskey enough to kill the rogues who make head quarters in Columbia. As true as it is cutting.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges (in which condition it had been for some time,) observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.