

THE HORRY NEWS,
Every Saturday Morning
T. W. BEATY, Editor.
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An Independent Journal.

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HEART-DOUBTS.

BY WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

How little have I known thy heart!
Sweet love, forgive my fears!
But when I saw my hopes depart,
I thought on thee with tears,
And fancied in that glorious light,
Fast fading from my view,
That all our joys, so sweet and bright,
Would perish sadly too!

That thou wouldst falter in thy faith,
And in my fortune's fall,
Would seek to 'scape that bolt of death,
That seemed to threaten all!
Would turn to brighter hopes and find
In other hearts than mine,
Some better, brighter ties to bind,
More worthy thee and thine!

Sweet love forgive the unworthy fear,
Nor scorn the hapless heart,
That torn by strife, in deep despair,
Had doubts of what thou art;
And with the bitterest doubts of all,
When all his hopes were done,
Mistaken thee, too, in fortune's thrall,
The creature of her frown!

That smile assures; that touch, that look,
That one word, sweetest of all,
That tells me thou canst bravely brook
My fate and share my fall;
That thou canst part with power and pride,
Nor feel one sad regret;
Go with me to the desert's side,
And dare be happy yet.

Ay, happy yet, in spite of Fate,
Content with modest boon;
Mock all the ambitions of the great,
And blest in living lone,
In simple guise, in humblest home,
Too glad it stars above,
Sing sweetly o'er the low-roofed dome,
The joys of lowly love.

Here, Nature, in luxuriant fold,
Hath gems that ask no more
Than interest show of toil to yield,
Of fruits, an ample store;
We'll live, my love, in dear durance,
Together wed, by ties,
That make our desert loneliness
The care of loving skies.

FRED'S SPECULATION.
BY ANNA SHIELDS.

Mrs. Gorham put down a letter she
had been reading, and looking around
the table at her blooming daughters
and two tall, handsome sons, said in a
doleful tone.
'Your Aunt Sabina is coming to the
city and has invited herself here.'

'When?' asked Arabella, with an
intonation of intense disgust.
'She will come by the train that
reaches here at four o'clock this after-
noon. Will, you will have to meet
her.'

'Sorry, ma, but I have promised to
drive Miss Caldwell to the park. Fred
can go.'
'Certainly I will go,' said Fred,
gravely, though there was a hot flush
on his forehead. 'I am very fond of
Aunt Sabina.'

had ever been in trade. That the
money she lived on was made in soap
boiling the fashionable lady ig-
nored entirely. Darling Will had
studied law, but his first client had
not yet appeared, and Mrs. Gorham
supported him, trusting his fascina-
tions would touch the heart of some
moneyed belle.

Miss Caldwell was the present hope.
She was her own mistress, an orphan
heiress and very handsome. That she
was proud and very cold in manner,
was only an additional charm to Mrs.
Gorham, and Lucilla, Arabella and
Corinne were enthusiastic in their ad-
miration of Cornelia Caldwell's queen-
ly manner.

Nobody suspected that Fred, blunt,
straight forward Fred, hid one secret
in his heart confessed to no living
being. And that secret was a love, pure
and true, for Cornelia Caldwell—a love
that would shut itself closely away
from any suspicion of fortune-hunting
—that only drooped a mourned think-
ing of the heiress. At four o'clock
Fred was at the depot with a carriage,
waiting for Aunt Sabina. What a
little, old-fashioned figure she was, in
her quaint black silk bonnet and large
figured shawl. But Fred knew her
kindly old face at once, though he had
not seen her since he was twelve years
old.

'You are Aunt Sabina,' he said, go-
ing quickly to meet her.
She looked at the handsome face
and caught a quick, gasping breath.
'You must be one of John's boys,'
she said. 'How like you he to your
father!'

'I am Fred,' he answered.
'Dear heart! How you have grown!
Is your ma here?'

'She is waiting for you at home.'
The good, old country-woman had
never had the least doubt of a warm
welcome at her brother's house and
Fred confirmed her expectations. He
found the old black leather trunk, the
bag, the hand-box, the 'pictor' paper
bought on the cars, the great bulging
cotton umbrella, and put them all in
the carriage without one smile of ridi-
cule. He made his aunt go to the
restaurant and refresh herself with hot
coffee and oysters before starting on the
long drive home. He listened with
respectful interest to all the mishaps
of her long journey, and sympathized
with the—
'Ruin of every mortal stitch
I've got on, dear, in the dust and
smoke.'

'You see,' she told him, 'I made up
my mind, if the ten-acre lot did well
this year, I would come to York once
before I died. I've lotted to come be-
fore now, dear, but something or other
erased it. Dear! dear! You're all
grown up, I s'pose, and you was
but a lot of babies last time poor John
brought you to see me.'

'Corinne is the youngest, and she is
eighteen. Wilbur is the only one older
than I am.'
'Yes, I remember! Well, dear, I'm
glad John's wife's raised such a fine
family. I'm only an old maid, but I
do love children and young folks.'

But a chill fell upon the kindly old
heart when home was reached, at last,
and four fashionably dressed ladies
gave her a courteous greeting. But
for the warm clasp of Fred's hand I
think she would have returned to the
depot by the same carriage she came
in, so wounded and sore she felt.
'Not one kiss,' she thought, 'and
Fred kissed me at the train, right
at the old folks.'

Fred slipped a silver dollar into the
hands of the servant girl, who was to
wait upon his aunt, promising another
if she was very attentive, and himself
escorted the old lady to the room.
It was not often the young man's
indignation found voice, though it
grew hot over many shams and acts of
hard selfishness in the house of his
mother, but he said some words on
that day that called a blush to the
cheeks of the worldly woman.
It was not a very busy season, and
finding Aunt Sabina was likely to have
a sorry time if left to the other mem-
bers of the family, Fred asked for a
few week's holiday, and appointed
himself the old lady's escort. He was
too proud to care for the fact that the
quaint little figure on his arm attract-
ed many an amused glance; but gravely
stood by while a new dress for Dol-
ly, the dairy-maid, and a city necktie for
Bob, the ploughman, were purchased;
gave undivided attention to the more
important selection of a new black
silk for Aunt Sabina; and pleasantly
accepted a blue silk neck scarf, with
large, red spots, that was presented to
him, appreciating the love that
prompted the gift, and mentally re-
solving to wear it when he paid a
promised visit to the Western farm.
He drove Aunt Sabina to Central
Park and enjoyed her delight over the
then new enterprise of the city
fathers. He took her to see all the
sights. Once or twice, meeting some
of his gentlemen friends, they had
thought the queer old party is some
rich relation, Gorham is so attentive,
and had delighted Aunt Sabina by
their differential attentions. Once—
Fred had not counted on that—in a
picture gallery Cornelia Caldwell saun-

tered in alone.
She had heard of Aunt Sabina
through the dis-gusted comments of
Lucilla, and knew she had no property
but a miserable farm out West, with
a house on it about as big as a bird-
cage, but she greeted Fred with a
smile far more cordial than she usually
gave her admirers.

A little lump came into Fred's
throat; then he gravely introduced the
stately beauty in her rustling silk
and heavy velvet, to the little old-
fashioned figure on his arm.
'My aunt, Miss Gorham, Miss Cald-
well.'

'They admired the pictures together,
and the young lady was cordial and
chatty. As they came down the steps
Miss Caldwell said:
'You must let your aunt drive an
hour or two with me, Mr. Gorham. I
am going to do some shopping, so I
will not tax your patience by inviting
you to join us; but I shall be pleased
if Miss Gorham will dine with me, and
you will call for her this evening.'

Then she smiled again, made Aunt
Sabina comfortable in the carriage,
and drove off, leaving Fred forty times
deeper in love than ever, as she intend-
ed to be should be.
'He is a very prince of men,' she
thought, 'and I'll give him one day
of rest. Bless the dear old soul, she
has just such blue eyes as my dear
grandmother!'

Then she won Aunt Sabina's confi-
dence, and found she was worrying
about the purchase of certain house-
hold matters that would not go in the
leather trunk, and that she did not like
to worry Fred about.
She told her of the Express conveniences, and drove
to the places where the best goods
could be had, keeping guard over the
slender purse, against all impositions,
till the last towel was satisfactorily
chosen and directed.

Then she drove her home, and
brought her to the room where 'grand-
mother' was queen, knowing the state-
ly old lady would make the country
woman welcome.
In the evening that followed Fred's
heart was touched and warmed, till,
scarcely conscious of his own words,
he told his long cherished secret, and
knew that he had won love for love.

Aunt Sabina stayed two weeks and
then left for home, to the immense re-
lief of the Gorhams, and carrying no
regret at leaving any but Fred and
Cornelia.
It was not even suspected in fash-
ionable circles that Cornelia spent four
weeks in the height of the summer
season listening to the praises of Fred,
at Aunt Sabina's tiny farm house, and
even Fred did not know it till he came
too, after she was gone, and had his
share of the pleasure of hearing loving
commendations of one he loved.

He wore the necktie, and made him-
self so much at home that Aunt Sa-
bina wept some of the bitterest tears
of her life when he left.
'She loved you both and lose you?'
she sobbed.
'Next time we will come together,'
Fred whispered, and so consoled her.
But, alas! the next time Fred came
was to superintend the funeral of the
gentle old lady, and though Cornelia
came too, his happy wife, there was
no welcome in the pale lips or the blue
eyes closed forever. But the will of
the old lady left gave all her worldly
possessions to her dear nephew, Fredrick
Gorham, the forty-acre farm and the
tiny farm house. It was apparently
no very great legacy, and Cornelia
smiled at many of the old-fashioned
measures she found hoarded away,
though she touched all with the ten-
der reverence death leaves.

Ten years ago Aunt Sabina was
hid to rest in her narrow coffin, and
there is a busy flourishing city around
the site of the old farm.
Mr. Frederick Gorham lives in Fifth
avenue, and handles immense sums of
money, the rents of stately buildings
in the Western city.
'Made his money, sir, by Western
speculation, you will be told, if you
inquire as to the source of income, a
fortunate purchase of ground before
the city was thought of.'

But I, who know, tell you, that the
only speculation he made was, in the
kindness of his heart, extending lov-
ing attentions to his father's sister,
and that the only Western land he
ever owned was Aunt Sabina's farm.

What they Took Us For.
[From the New York Sun.]
On Saturday morning, an hour or
two before daybreak, Officer Conklin
was hailed at Grand Street and the Bow-
rey by two brothers, who stood near a
pile of paving blocks ready for the
railroad men's use of repairing the
track. Hard by, with a lantern and
club, was the open-eyed watchman.
'What do you want?' said Officer
Conklin.
'We want our money,' replied one
of the twins.
'Who has your money?'
'Nobody hain't got it,' answered the
stranger. 'It's into that 'ere pile o'

stun, but this 'ere man that stands by
that 'ere pile won't let us tech it.
Naow, I wish you'd give us leave to
stay here till mornin'. Or maybe
you'd order this 'ere man to let us
hunt into that 'ere stun pile and git
our money.'

The officer gave the desired permis-
sion and the two men went to work
at the stone pile and soon drew from
it a large package of greenbacks.
'Is that your money?' asked the offi-
cer.
'Certainly it is,' said one of the men.
'And what in the world induced you
to hide it there?' asked the officer.

'Well,' said the stranger, 'my name
is Charles Maypole, and this 'ere man
is my brother George. We thought
we'd come down to New York and see
the town, you see, so we come. We'd
read a good deal in the New York
papers about strangers being took in
by bunco men and sich scamps, and we
concluded that we wouldn't kerry
around with us any more money than
we needed. So after consulting a
spell, and havin' come across this 'ere
stun pile we thought we'd hide the
money into it, and so we did. That
was about 11 o'clock last night. When
we come to git it, that 'ere man, gaud
dam him, wouldn't let us tech it.
That's why I called to you.'

'How much money did you hide
there, you ninny?' asked the officer.
'Just an even \$500,' said the stran-
ger.
And so it was. The green Maypole
brothers, all the way from the Green
Mountain State, had actually made a
cache of the paving stone pile, believ-
ing it to be a safer place than the vault
of a bank or a fire-proof safe at the
tavern.'

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

The Legitimate Fruits of Kellogg's Un-
popular.
[Special Dispatch to the News and Courier.]
NEW ORLEANS, September 14.—The
Picayune published an address, signed
by fifty persons and business firms,
calling a meeting at the Clay statute,
at 11 o'clock this morning, to consider
the matter of private firearms by the
State authorities. It is understood
that messengers, to day, notified the
white league to attend, as it is intend-
ed to make a demonstration in force.
At the appointed time a large meet-
ing gathered, many stores being closed
and business being generally suspend-
ed. Resolutions were adopted, re-
questing the immediate abdication of
Gov. Kellogg, and a committee was ap-
pointed, consisting of R. H. Marr,
chairman, Jules Turges, Samuel
Champion, Samuel Bell and J. M.
Seixas, to wait upon the Governor and
notify him of the action of the meet-
ing.

WASHINGTON, September 14.—Ad-
vices from New Orleans show that
Gov. Kellogg refused to see the com-
mittee, upon the ground that there
were armed men in various parts of
the city. Judge Marr, assured Kel-
logg's aid, who was the go-between,
that his delegation had no knowledge
of such armed men. It is known,
however, that Gov. Kellogg has made
application in a constitutional form
for protection against the shadows of
which he is afraid.

LATER.—The committee of five ap-
pointed by the Canal street mass
meeting called at the executive office
about noon. The Governor not be-
ing present, Brig. Gen. Dibble, of the
Governor's staff, received the delega-
tion. Mr. Marr, as spokesman, said
they had called on as a committee to
interview the Governor. Gen. Dibble
said he would convey the intelligence
to the Governor. After a brief ab-
sence he returned and made a reply,
which at the request of Mr. Marr, was
reduced to writing, as follows: 'I
have communicated with the Govern-
or, and he directs me to say to you
he must decline to receive any com-
munication from a committee ap-
pointed by the mass meeting assem-
bled on Canal street. He does so, I
am instructed to say, because he has
definite and accurate information that
there now assembled several large
bodies of armed men in different parts
of the city, who are met at the call
which convened the mass meeting
which you represent. He regards
this as a menace, and he will receive
no communication under such circum-
stances. He further directs me to say
that should the people assemble peace-
ably, without menace, he would
deem it one of his highest duties to
receive any communication from them
or entertain any petition addressed to
the Government. I have received and
answered you, gentlemen, as a mem-
ber of his staff.' Signed: Henry C.
Dibble, Brigadier and Judge Advo-
cate-General Louisiana State Militia.
To which Mr. Marr replied as fol-

lows: 'We repeat, there are no
armed rioters. There are no armed
men on Canal street so far as we
know. We came on a mission of
peace, and believe that if the Govern-
or had acceded to the proposition we
brought to-day, which was to abdi-
cate, it would have pacified the peo-
ple of Louisiana, and might, or would
have, prevented violence or blood-
shed. So far we are concerned, we are pre-
pared to pledge to him no violence in
person or property, and we feel in the
position, on the contrary, to assure
him that there would be perfect im-
munity to both. The subsequent of
the foregoing reply was subsequently,
by Mr. Marr's request, reduced to
writing by the Governor's private sec-
retary was handed to him to read at
the mass meeting. Gen. Dibble, on
the part of the Governor, replied: 'I
have to repeat what I said before, that
while there may not be armed men on
Canal street, there are armed bodies
within a short distance, assembled on
the same call as your mass meeting.'
The committee then retired, and soon
after reported the result of this inter-
view to the meeting. The people
were then advised to go home, get
their arms and ammunition, return
and assist the White League, who
were then under arms, to execute the
plan that would be arranged for them.
The people then quietly dispersed.
Afterwards quite a large number
formed in procession and marched up
Camp street.

REPORTS OF FIGHTING.
WASHINGTON, September 11—11,30
P. M.—It is reported that fighting is
going on in the streets of New Or-
leans.
NOT A WAR OF REBELS.
NEW ORLEANS, September 11.—The
following has been issued:
To the Colored People of the State
of Louisiana.—In the grand movement
now on foot against the enormities of
the rule of Kellogg usurpation, rest as-
sured that no harm is meant towards
you, your property, or your rights.
Pursue your usual avocations and you
will not be molested. We war against
thieves, plunderers and spoilers of
States who are involving your race
and ours in common ruin. The rights
of the colored as well as of the white
race we are determined to uphold and
defend. Signed: D. E. Penn, Lieut.
Governor and Acting Governor, and
commander-in-chief of Louisiana State
Militia.

The people seem to have responded
with alacrity to the advice given them
by Dr. Beard, one of the speakers at
the Canal street meeting. By three
P. M. armed men were stationed at the
intersection of all the streets on the
south side.

THE LATEST.
WASHINGTON, September 14.—Mid-
night.—Details from New Orleans are
not obtainable to-night, but it may be
said that the people have possession of
the city. They have also possession of
the city fire telegraph and City Hall.
There is one company of United States
troops there, but they remain at the
Customhouse. Details are impossible
to-night.

How to Cook Beef Steak.

Some time since a complete encyclo-
pedia of useful knowledge in human
form became an inmate of a family.
When this learned guest came among
them he was consulted as an oracle in
many cases, and was asked one morn-
ing:
'Would he tell or show them a
better way to cook the steak for
breakfast?' He took the thin, long-
handled frying-pan from its nail, and
putting it on the stove, heated it quite
hot. In this he put the pieces of steak,
previously pounded, but to their sur-
prise, did not put a particle of butter
in the frying-pan, and did not salt the
steak. He allowed the steak merely
to glaze over, and then turned it quick-
ly to the other side, turning it several
times in this manner until it was done.
Four minutes were not employed on
the operation, but a juicier piece of
steak was never eaten. It was, when
done, laid on the platter, previously
warmed, and was buttered and salted
and set a moment in the hot oven.
Allowing the steak to heat but a mo-
ment on each side helped it to retain
all its sweet juices, and putting on the
salt the last moment after it was on
the platter drew out its juices.

A woman was placed on trial in the
Chester (Pa.) court, last week,
charged with disturbing a religious
meeting by riotously eating peanuts.
The evidence for the prosecution was
that, although she was repeatedly re-
quested to desist, she made a loud
noise by her munching, and crushed
the shells with her hands, declaring to
the deacon that she should eat peanuts
whenever she wanted to. The woman
was discharged.

'Women is a delusion, madam!' ex-
claimed a crusty old bachelor to a wit-
ty young lady. 'And man is always
hugging some delusion or other,' was
the quiet retort.