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ADVERTISEMENTS

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THE FAVORITE HOME REMEDY.

This unrivalled 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 the various ailments of 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 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 MALARIAL FEVERS, DOWNS, COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

It is the Cheapest and Best Family Medicine in the World!
MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
J. H. ZELIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA
Price, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE
For 1874.

200 PAGES; 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., Dec. 24,—11.

Cottage Color Paints

\$1.00 to \$1.50 per Gallon.

ENGLISH ROOF PAINT,
Ground in oil.....50c. per gal.
LIQUID SLATE ROOF PAINT,
Fire Proof.....\$1.25 per gal.
PATENT PETROLEUM LINSEED OIL,
Works in all paints as Boiled Linseed, only 50 cents per gallon.

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Filtered Rock Lubricating Oil..... 60
Send for cards of colors and circulars.
NEW YORK CITY OIL CO.,
SOLE AGENTS,
116 Maiden Lane, New York.
May 19 20-3m

The New Elastic Truss.

An important invention. It retains the ruptured parts at all times, and under the hardest exertion under severest strain. It is worn with comfort, and it keeps out night and day, effects a permanent cure in a few weeks. Sold cheap and sent by Mail when requested, circulars free, when ordered by letter sent to the Elastic Truss Co., No. 623 Broadway, N. Y. City. Nobody uses Medical Spring Trusses; too painful, they slip off too frequently.
April 21st 1874—1y.

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For the Year 1874.

PUBLISHED FOR
HORRY COUNTY,
For sale at 10 cents each by
T. W. BEATY,
Dec 9 1873

"TO-DAY,"

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

CHROMOS

ever issued is given to each subscriber, viz "JESUS IN HIS GLORY" and "LITTLE SUNSHINE," two beautiful Child Pictures, by Mrs. ANDERSON, and "AMONG THE DAWDROPS," 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.,
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A PARODY.

Tell me ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where women fret no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some hollow in the ground,
Where babies never yell,
And cradles are not found?
The loud winds blew the snow into my face,
And sneered as it answered, "Nary place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man can find
A place to smoke in peace—
Where crinoline is not,
And hoops are out of place?
The loud winds sounding a perpetual shout,
Stopt for a while and spluttered, "You git out."

And thou serene moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the girls,
Who with their beauteous embrace,
Tell me in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where muslin is not found
And calico is not?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded "Poll!"

Tell me, my secret soul—
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith—
Is there now resting place
From women, girls and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where bachelors are blessed—
Where females never go,
And man may rest in peace?
Faith, Hope and Truth—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wands, and answered,
"YES, IN HEAVEN."

The Hanged Man.

BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

I have only to state that the moment when the tale I am about to tell commences, it was noon, that the month is May, that the road on which we are entering is bounded to the right by heath and broom, the left by the sea, and you know at once what I do not tell you—namely, that the broom is green, that the sea is blustering, that the sky is blue, that the sun is hot, and that the road is dusty.

I have only to add that this same road, which winds along the coast of Brittany, goes from La Poterie to La Piroche; that La Piroche is a village I have never seen, but which must be just like every other village; that we are fairly afloat in the fifteenth century, in 1418; and that two men, one older than the other, one the father and the other the son, both peasants, are jogging along the road, mounted on ponies, which trot at a pace sufficiently agreeable, considering they are only ponies bedridden by peasants.

"Shall we get there in time?" asked the son.
"Yes; it won't take place before two o'clock," answered the father, and it is only a quarter past noon, by the sun.
"It is what I am very curious to see."

"I have no doubt you are."
"And so he is to be hanged in the armor he stoke?"
"Yes."
"And he was caught as he was making away with it?"
"Yes; you can comprehend that the armor was not to be carried off without making a horrible clanking and rattling; it had no inclination to leave its lawful master."
"Besides, it was made of iron."
"The people in the chateau were awakened by the noise they heard."
"And they arrested the fellow?"
"Not immediately; they were in a fright at first."
"Naturally enough; it is always the case at first with people who are robbed when they find themselves in the presence of robbers; otherwise there would be no advantage in being a robber."

"But afraid of whom?"
"Of a ghost. This wretched thief, of uncommon strength, held the armor in front of him in such a way that his head was at about the level of the waist of the said armor, so that it appeared to be of gigantic proportions in the corridor along which he passed. Add to that a harsh noise which the cunning rascal made behind him, and you can fancy what a terror the valets were in. Unfortunately for him, they went and roused the Seigneur of La Piroche, who cares a straw for no man, either living or dead, who simply, and without any one's assistance, stopped the thief, and delivered him up, bound hand and foot, to his own proper justice."

"And his own proper justice."
"Condemned him to be hanged, clad in the armor."
"Wherefore that clause in the sentence?"
"Because the Seigneur of La Piroche is not only a brave captain, but a man of sense and spirit, who wants to obtain from this just condemnation both an example for others and a benefit for himself. Well, don't you know that whatever has touched a hanged man becomes a talisman for its possessor? The Seigneur of La Piroche therefore ordered the criminal to be clad in his armor, that he might take it back again after he was dead, and so have a talisman in our coming ways."
"That's a very clever stroke."
"I should think so, indeed!"
"Let us push on, then; for I particularly want to see this poor wretch hanged!"
"We have plenty of time; we had better not over fatigue our cattle. We are not going to stop at La Piroche; we have a good league to go beyond it, and then we must return to La Poterie."
"Yes; but our horses will have five or six hours' rest, since we are not coming back before the evening."
"The father and son continued their journey, chatting as they went, and half an hour afterwards they reached La Piroche."
As the father had said, they arrived in time.
There was an immense concourse of people in the grand square in front of the chateau, for there the scaffold was erected.
The two companions got as near as possible to the scaffold, in order to lose nothing of the events that were about to take place; and like everybody else, they awaited the spectacle, with the advantage of being mounted on ponyback, and of seeing better, with less fatigue. Their suspense was not of long duration.
At a quarter to two the gate of the chateau was opened, and the condemned man appeared, preceded by the guards of the Seigneur of La Piroche, and followed by the executioner. The chief was clad in the armor he had stolen, and was riding backwards on an ass without a saddle. His visor was down, and he hung his head. His hands were tied behind his back; and if you wish to know our conviction respecting him, we declare, without hesitation, that, judging by his manner of attitude, if not by his face, which could not be seen, he was very ill at ease, and was occupied at that moment by the most melancholy reflections.
The hangman had just set his ladder leaning against the gallow, and the chaplain of the Seigneur of La Piroche, mounted on a platform purposefully prepared, was reading the sentence. The condemned man did not stir.
They called out to him to get off his ass, and give himself up to the hangman.
He did not budge an inch. We can understand his hesitation.
Then the hangman seized him by the elbows, lifted him off the ass' back, and set him down upright on the ground.
During the change of attitude, the chaplain finished reading the sentence. "Have you any request to make?" he inquired of the patient.
"Yes," replied the wretched man, in a sorrowful and scarcely audible voice. "What is it?"
"I request my pardon!"
The Seigneur of La Piroche shrugged his shoulders and ordered the hangman to do his office.
The official personage prepared to mount the ladder, leaning against the gibbet, which, impassible, with outstretched arms, was about to tear a soul out of a living body, and he tried to make the criminal mount before him, but the thing was not easy.
The hangman, to make him mount the ladder, had recourse to the same means which he had employed to make him get off the ass; he took him by the waist, set him on the third stave of the ladder, and then pushed him up behind.
"Bravo!" shouted the crowd.
"There was no help for it, except to mount."
Then the executioner adroitly slipped round the patient's neck the running noose which ornamented the end of the rope, and giving him a violent kick in the back, sent him swinging into open space.
An immense clamor followed this expected *dévolement*, and a shudder ran through the crowd. Of whatever crime he may be guilty, a dying man is always for an instant, greater than those who come to see him die.
The hanged man swung two or three minutes at the end of his rope, kicked, writhed, and then remained motionless and stiff.
They stared a few minutes longer at the sufferer, whose glided armor glittered in the sunshine; the spectators gradually formed into groups, and then went their several ways homeward discoursing on the late event.

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The most extraordinary circumstance was, that the rope was neither broken nor cut, but exactly in the state in which it was before receiving the criminal.
The guards at once went to announce the news to the Seigneur of La Piroche.
What had become of the dead man? For the condemned thief was certainly dead the day before, as the whole population had beheld with their eyes.
Had another thief taken advantage of the night to obtain possession of the armor which covered the body?
Perhaps so; but while taking the armor, he would evidently have left the body, for which he had no occasion.
Had the friends or relatives of the sufferer determined to give him Christian burial?
The case was far from impossible, except that the sufferer had neither friends nor relations; and the people acting under religious motives would have taken the body and left the armor.
That supposition, therefore, was not to be entertained. What, then, were they to suppose?
The Seigneur of La Piroche was in despair. He was mad about his suit of armor. He offered a reward of ten golden crowns to whoever would deliver up the criminal, attired as he was at the time of his death.
They searched the house; nothing was found. Nobody came to claim the reward.
A month was spent in fruitless search.
The gallow still remained in its place, humiliated, downcast and despoised. Never had a gibbet committed so disgraceful a breach of confidence.

The Seigneur of La Piroche continued to demand the restitution of his armor.
Nothing came of it.
At last he was doubtless on the point of making up his mind to this strange event, and the loss resulting from it, when one morning, on awakening, he heard a great noise in the square where the execution had taken place.
He was going to inquire what was the matter, when his chaplain entered his chamber.
"Monsieur," he said, "do you know what has happened?"
"No; but I will inquire directly."
"I can tell you. I—"
"What is it, then?"
"A miracle!"
"Really?"
"The man who was hanged!"
"Well?"
"Is there?"
"Where?"
"On the gallow."
"Hanging?"
"Yes, Monsieur."
"With his armor?"
"With your armor."
"Exactly so; because it belongs to me. And he is dead?"
"Perfectly dead. Only—"
"Only what?"
"Had he spurs on when he was hanged?"
"No."
"Well, monsieur, he has spurs on now; and instead of wearing the helmet on his head he carefully laid it at the foot of the gallow, so as to be found hanging unremoved!"
Let us go and see, Messire Chaplain; let us go and see at once!

The Seigneur of La Piroche ran into the square, which was crowded with inquisitive spectators. The neck of the hanged man was replaced in the running noose, the body was really at the end of the rope, and the armor was really on the body.
It was prodigious. So they shouted, A miracle!
"He has repented," said one, "and has come back to rehang himself!"
"He has been here all the time," said another, "only we could not see him!"
"But why has he put on spurs?" inquired a third.
"Doubtless because he has come from a distance, and was anxious to get back quick."
"For my part, whether far or near, I should have had no occasion whatever for spurs, because I would have taken good care to remain where I was!"
And then they laughed, and they looked at the ugly grimace on the dead man's countenance.

As for the Seigneur of La Piroche, his only thought was to make sure that the thief was really dead, and to take repossession of his suit of armor.
They took down the body and stripped it, and then, when stripped, they hung it up again, and the crows set to work with such effect that in a

couple of days it was stripped to the bone, in a week it was like a tattered mummy, in a fortnight it had the appearance of a nothing-at-all.
But how had this hanged man employed his time during his month of absence? How was it that having been hung he contrived to escape, and that having escaped he rehung himself?
Our two peasants, returning home by night, and passing close to the gibbet, heard moans, gaspings, and something like a prayer; that they devoutly crossed themselves and asked, what it could be; that nobody replied, but that the moans continued, appearing to come from the body that was hanging overhead. They then took the ladder, which the hangman had left at the foot of the gibbet, set it against the side of the gallow, and the son, mounting as far as where the criminal hung, said to him, "Is it you who are making these complaints, my poor fellow?"
The condemned man, collecting all his strength, answered, "Yes."
"You are still alive then?"
"Yes."
"Do you repent of your crime?"
"Yes."
"Then I will set about untying you; and, as the gospel commands us to succor those who suffer, and who even cause us to suffer, I will succor you and restore you to life, that it may lead you unto good. Heaven prefers a soul which repents of its sins to a body which expiates them."
The father and son then unfastened the dying man, and comprehended how it happened that he still survived.
The rope, instead of compressing the neck of the thief, pressed the bottom of the helmet in such wise that the patient was suspended, but not strangled, and that catching with his head at a sort of ledge or resting place within the helmet, he had managed to breathe and keep life existing up to the moment when our two companions passed by.
The latter liberated him, and transported him to their own home, where he was handed over to the nursing of the mother and her maiden daughter.
But he who has stolen will steal again.

In the peasant's house there were only two things to steal; for the money he had brought from La Poterie did not belong to him. These two things were his horse and his daughter, a fair-haired girl of sixteen years of age.
The ex-hung criminal determined to steal both, for he coveted the horse, and was smitten with a passion for the daughter.
One night, therefore, he saddled the horse, put on spurs in order to travel more quickly, and seized the girl as she was fast asleep, to carry her off behind him.
But the girl woke up and cried for help.
The father and son came to her rescue. The thief tried to escape, but it was too late. The daughter told them of the violent attempt that had been made; and her father and her brother seeing clearly that no real repentance was to be expected from such a man, resolved to take justice into their own hands, but more effectually than the Seigneur of La Piroche had done. They fastened the scoundrel to the horse which he had saddled himself, conducted him to the square of La Piroche, and hung him exactly where he was hung before; but they took care to remove his helmet and lay it on the ground, to make sure that he should not escape this time; and they quietly returned home.

As to the Seigneur of La Piroche, since he was in possession of a sure and certain talisman, he joyfully set out for the wars, where he was the very first to get knocked on the head.

London Threatened With an Ant Plague.
No little anxiety, says the Pall Mall Gazette, has been caused in the neighborhood of London, during the last few days, by the sudden appearance of myriads of ants. A vanguard of those insects has even been seen marching over Waterloo bridge, and it is impossible to deny that our position is at the present moment one of extreme peril. At any moment the invading army may be upon us, and we shall then be exposed to all the honors of an ant plague. Those who are accustomed to look on the ant as an industrious but insignificant creature will probably smile at the idea of its presence, even in swarms, being a source of serious inconvenience. Without any wish to cause an unnecessary panic, but merely with the view of preparing Londoners for possible contingencies, it may be as well to call attention to the proceedings of an army of ants that some years ago invaded the island of Grenada. The ants on that occasion "descended from the hills like torrents, and the plantations, as well as every path and road for miles, were filled with them. Rats, mice and reptiles of every kind became an easy prey to them, and even the birds, which they attacked whenever they lighted on the ground in search of food, were so harassed as

to be at length unable to resist them. Streams of water opposed only a temporary obstacle to their progress; the foremost rushing blindly on certain death and fresh armies instantly following till a bank was formed of the carcasses of those which were drowned sufficient to dam up the waters and allow the main body to pass over in safety. Even fire was tried without effect. When it was lighted to arrest the route, they rushed into the blaze in such myriads as to extinguish it." To such straits was the unfortunate island reduced by the ants that a reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered, but in vain, for an eternal means of destroying them; and it was not until a hurricane in 1780 came and blew them away and drowned them—doing, by the way, almost more mischief than those terrible destroyers. Happily in London we have the steam-roller, which should be kept ready for immediate action in the face of the calamity with which we are now threatened.

The bargain of the Bowen-Worthington Ring covered five points:
1. That Moses should appoint Commissioners of Elect on for Charleston county who should be designated by Bowen. The trio so designated are Bowen himself and Hoyt and Gregorie.
2. That Moses shall be secured by Bowen, through Solicitor Buttz, against a new indictment, next winter, for the Orangeburg larceny.
3. That Bowen be empowered to remove all Trial Justices in Charleston county and be given blank appointments, so that he may fill the vacancies in the way that will do the most good.
4. That Bowen give Moses his note, endorsed by Solicitor Buttz, for fifteen hundred dollars at sixty days, which note was hawked about in Broad street, on Saturday, and offered for sale at sixty cents on the dollar.
5. That Bowen shall elect eighteen members of the Legislature for Charleston county, who shall be pledged to vote for Moses for Speaker of the House of Representatives.
These are the terms of the compact. If it could be carried out in all its terms Moses would be able to repeat the pranks of 1863-'72, and Bowen would have the entire wealth of Charleston county at his disposal. But!

The Compact.

(News and Courier.)

The Chamberlain Ring Exposed in Darlington.

(News and Courier Correspondent.)

DARLINGTON, September 17.—The Republicans held a meeting here to-night and Whittemore spoke for two hours in fulsome praise of Chamberlain. Middleton, the colored delegate who opposed the nomination of Chamberlain, also spoke, referring to his recent visit to Columbia. He said on arriving there he found a carriage ready to carry him to a place where his board, like his ride would cost him nothing. On inquiring of the driver the author of these benefactions, he was informed that he was a Chamberlain man, and that Whittemore had employed the vehicle for the purpose. Middleton said he had been approached with a bribe of twenty-five dollars, that Chamberlain was surrounded by a corrupt ring, and that there was plenty of corruption in the party. He told his hearers that if they were blind to the fact, they would shortly have their eyes opened to the truth. He stated that he had in writing proofs of the frauds that had been practiced in the Convention, and that he would divulge them at the proper time. Middleton is a preacher, and a man of fair education, decision and energy of character, and his course is highly commended here. His opposition will cost Chamberlain a large proportion of the Republican vote of Darlington County. **MINIM.**

Be MINDFUL OF YOUR OBLIGATIONS.

It is not well to talk much with outsiders about Grange affairs. Without any intentions, you may, thoughtlessly, say something which should have been kept secret. If your friends and acquaintances desire to know about it, let them knock at the gate in due form. We are not leagued together against any legitimate business or interest, but simply to promote our own welfare as a class, and to maintain our rights. Our safeguards are secrecy and fidelity—but no good patron need be reminded here of the grand crowning virtue of his Order.
Rural Carolinian for September.