

THE HARRY NEWS,  
Every Saturday Morning  
T. W. BEATY, Editor.  
TERMS:  
ONE YEAR, \$2.00  
SIX MONTHS, \$1.00

HARRY NEWS.

An Independent Journal.

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RECEIPTS FOR ADVERTISING...  
Deaths and funeral notices free.  
Obituaries of one square foot over one square charged at advertising rates.



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.

Simmons' Liver Regulator, or Medicine is eminently a Family Medicine...  
It is the Cheapest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC  
For Dyspepsia or Indigestion.  
Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all ailments and changes of water and food may be faced with confidence.

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.

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For 1874.  
500 PAGES; 500 ENGRAVINGS, and COLORED PLATE. Published Quarterly, at 25 Cents a Year.

Cottage Color Paints  
\$1.00 to \$1.50 per Gallon.  
ENGLISH ROOF PAINT, LIQUID SLATE ROOF PAINT, PATENT PETROLEUM LINED OIL.

MACHINERY OILS.  
E. G. Kelley's patent Sperm Oil...  
NEW YORK CITY OIL CO., SOLE AGENTS, 116 Maiden Lane, New York.

The New Elastic Truss.  
An important invention. It retains the support at all times, and under the heaviest exertion never ceases to strain.

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For the Year 1874.  
PUBLISHED FOR HARRY COUNTY.  
For sale at 10 cents each by M. B. BEATY, Dec 9 1873.

"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.

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 BIRKET FOSTER.

MURIEL.  
BY FANNIE FAIRFAX LEWIS.  
"Thank Heaven the crisis, The danger is past— And the lingering illness Is over at last: And the fever called 'Living' Is conquered at last."

It matters little how we met. I knew and loved the lady Muriel. Graceful and well informed was she. Her face was bright and beautiful and had a story to tell.

The villa in which she dwelt stood at some distance outside of the village; my father's farm was still far off. I had been born and reared on the farm that had seen many generations of my fathers before me.

And now I had returned home to settle down into a quiet farm life. A life which in some respects I was totally unfit for.

Moreton Grange was continually filled with visitors, all of whom delighted to pay homage to its youthful mistress. She had brilliant and wealthy suitors, and how could I hope to win her.

I was an invited guest to all her fetes and assemblies. She was kind—nay, friendly in her demeanor to me, so she was to the tame deer in her park. She admired my humble verses and musical tastes.

I had known Miss Moreton a year, and as the months sped on I was no nearer to the goal of my hopes than before. My hopes if I could call them such, were cloudy hough.

A rumor had gone forth that she was betrothed. I gave it credence, and determined to suffer and be still, to be silent and make no sign.

It was a beautiful day in autumn, the sun was high in the heavens, wreaths of smoke curled up from the hill-sides, the leaves had begun to turn into a red splendor.

I turned and beheld two riders, it was Miss Moreton and a gentleman on horseback. He was a stranger, and I remember how bitterly—may God forgive me—I felt toward him at that moment.

"Why good morning, Mr.—," said the lady leaning in her horse; "I am glad to meet you. Allow me to introduce my particular friend, Mr. Baxter, from the city."

quick, and tell me, and I'll give you this bunch of violets."

"Why, when autumn is turning the leaves, to be sure. You did not know I was so clever, did you, now?" And she broke out into a fit of musical laughter.

"But you shall have the violets if you will promise me to honor us with your presence, this evening, at the Grange. I expect a host of friends from the city, and we are to have some charades; I will want you to assist."

I could not do otherwise than promise, and thus it was written that we should meet again. I turned aside and spoke to my dog, who had been waiting patiently during the conversation.

"I am thankful said she, 'that you have saved my life.' Her cavalier assisted her to remount, and bowing to me, they rode away.

The evening passed off brilliantly, the glare and fashion was there—Need I say that in spite of all I was restless and most miserable. She had seemingly forgotten the almost tragic event of the morning.

"These who wish for honest and intelligent Government in South Carolina, cannot hesitate to support Judge Green!"

The election in South Carolina is chiefly the concern of that State, but as the Republican party is in a very large majority there, and as the condition of the State has been, by common consent, deplorable.

"Another poor fool," I muttered. "The chosen one is Baxter. I have heard from her own lips the words that seal my fate."

"I returned home and passed an almost sleepless night. Toward morning I fell into a troubled sleep, when I awoke the sun was shining in at my window, and I was hot and feverish."

The earth was slipping fast away from beneath my feet. I struggled for strength and murmured: "Tell Muriel I loved her to the last."

"How long I had lain thus I knew not—it seemed years. I heard a sound—it was the melody of heavenly music. I listened with rapt attention,

with awe. It was the solemn sound of the church organ, and voices singing a funeral dirge. The fact gradually broke in on my bewildered mind.

And then she thought came to me of Muriel, I remembered her words; she did not love me. Why should I live? No, the grave was my waiting friend.

There was a rustling of garments, and a deep sigh. I saw it was my loved Muriel, who was now looking down upon my poor, cold face. Things warm fell upon my hollow cheek; it was her tears; faster and faster they fell, and then I could hear the sound of sobs, some one seemed to force her gently away, when she broke out into a wail.

"He is dead, and I loved him so, Farewell, my own, my dear one, farewell!"

"I need not recount how, after long days of careful watching, I was, by the blessing of God restored to health, and to my own Muriel—the one who had spoken and saved my life."

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colleagues, and because he believed that he believed the purpose of the financial board to be pure. He says further that he never connived at fictitious financial entries; that he had nothing to do with the fraudulent sale of railroad stocks; and that while as a land commissioner he did some things which he regrets, he was neither careless nor dishonest.

To this defence of Mr. Chamberlain there is one conclusive reply. Eminent frauds were officially perpetrated under acts which he is asserted to have drawn. It was not so necessary to the theft, he must necessarily have known it. It is no excuse to say that he was only one member of a board, for that is the usual excuse by which individual responsibility is sought to be evaded.

As between such a candidate and one who is not obliged by the direct necessity to attempt to show that he is not dishonest those who wish for honest and intelligent government in South Carolina cannot hesitate.

"I was the glorious voice I had listened to so often, and loved so well to hear. Something warm touched my lips, she had kissed me. I opened my eyes."

A Candidate that Needs "Vindication". Chamberlain, the Regular Republican candidate for Governor of South Carolina, is particularly anxious for election, on the ground that thus only can he "vindicate" himself against the charge of being implicated in the financial frauds perpetrated by the board of which he was a member.

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Election in Indiana—Morton's Defeat—A Sweeping Victory.  
INDIANAPOLIS, October 16.—From the best estimates, made to-night, the Legislature will stand; members voting over, Republicans 19, Democrats 8.

The official vote in twenty-seven counties gives the Democrats a net gain of the late ballot, as compared with the vote for governor in 1873, of 4,750. The majority in the State will reach 15,000.

Ohio Election—Democratic Triumph!  
COLUMBIA, Ohio, October 16.—Sufficient returns, official and unofficial, have been received to place the Democratic majority in the State ticket at from 10,000 to 20,000.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says: "The Hon. Frederick A. Sawyer, late carpet-bag Senator from South Carolina, and later assistant secretary of the treasury, was just before he became senator, a collector of internal revenue. His accounts have never been settled, and a balance of about forty thousand dollars have been standing against him for seven or eight years."

A Trial Under the New York Civil Damage Act.  
A suit for \$15,000, instituted under the civil damage act against John, William and Timothy Long, by Mrs. John Rigney for selling liquor to Mr. Rigney's son, William James Rigney, on Sunday, April 5, 1873, from the effects of which Rigney died, was continued before Judge McCue, in Brooklyn, Tuesday.

On Monday, Gen. Cooke, for the Longs, argued that the civil damage act was not intended to cover the loss of father or wife, or any one else by the death of a person intoxicated, but the damage sustained by the immediate result of the intoxication. It was also maintained that the young man was not intoxicated, but that the over-dose of liquor killed him without his undergoing drunkenness.

Judge McCue decided that "intoxicating" should be construed "poisonous," as its original use by the Greeks signified a drugging or poisoning, and that the effects of liquor for the purpose of the case could be called intoxication, drugging or poisoning.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at \$2,000. As this is the first case of a kind under the civil damage act, it is to be made a test case, and the lawyers for the defence gave notice of an appeal.

A lot of ministers went to a town not far from Boston lately, and advertised to give a performance for the benefit of the poor—tickets sold for ten cents. The hall was jammed full.

The next morning a committee of the poor called upon the treasurer of the concern for the amount and he had not netted. The treasurer expressed astonishment at the demand, "I thought," said the chairman of the committee, "you advertised this concert for the benefit of the poor." "I certified the treasurer: 'Didn't tickets down to ten cents—poor could all come?'" vanished.