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WHITE MEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
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TRUE PIETY.

To be the thing we seem;
 To do the thing we deem
 Enjoined by duty;
 To walk in faith, nor dream
 Of questioning God's scheme
 Of truth and beauty.
 Casting self-love aside,
 Discarding human pride,
 Our hearts to measure;
 In humble hope to bide
 Each change in fortune's tide
 At God's good pleasure.
 To trust, although deceived;
 Tell truth, though not believed,
 Falsehood disdaining;
 Patient of ills received,
 To pardon when aggrieved,
 Passion restraining.
 With love no wrongs can chill,
 To save, unwearying still,
 The weak from falling;
 This is to do God's will
 On earth, and to fulfil
 Our heavenly calling.

The Headless Horseman.

'God speed you, and a safe journey to you Charley,' ejaculated the master of the little shebeen horse at Ballyhooley, after his old friend and good customer, Charley Cunnane, who at length had turned his face homeward with the prospect of as dreary a ride, and as dark a night as ever fell upon the Blackwater, along whose banks he was about to journey.
 Charley Cunnane knew the country well, and, moreover, was as bold and as daring a rider as any Mallow boy that ever rattled a four-year-old upon Dramme race course. He had gone to Fermoy in the morning as well for the purpose of purchasing some ingredients required for the Christmas dinner by his wife, as to gratify his own vanity by having new reins fitted in his snaffle, in which he intended showing off the old mare at the approaching St. Steven's day hunt.
 Charley did not get out of Fermoy until late; for although he was not one of your very particular sort in anything relating to the common occurrences of life, yet in all the appointments relating to hunting, riding, leaping, in short, in whatever was connected with the old mare, Charley, the saddler said, 'was the devil to please.' An illustration of this fastidiousness was afforded by his going such a distance for a snaffle bridle. Mallow was full twelve miles nearer Charley's farm (which lay just three-quarters of a mile below Carrick) than Fermoy, but Charley had quarreled with all Mallow saddlers, and no one would content him in all particulars but honest Mick Twomey, of Fermoy, who used to assert—and who will doubt it?—that he could stich a saddle better than the lord lieutenant, although they made him all as one as king over Ireland.
 The delay in the arrangement of the snaffle bridle did not allow Charley Cunnane so long a visit as he had at first intended to his old friend and gossip, Con. Buckley, of the Harp of Erin. Con, however, knew the value of time, and insisted upon Charley making a good use of what he had to spare. 'I won't bother you waiting for water, because I think you'll have enough of the same before you get home; so drink off your liquor, man, it's as good parliament as ever a gentleman tasted.'

Charley, it must be confessed, nothing loth, drank success to Con, and success to the jolly 'Harp of Erin,' with its head of beauty and its strings of the hair of gold, and to their better acquaintance, and so on, from the bottom of the bottle reminded him that Carrick was at the bottom of the hill on the other side of Castletown Roche, and that he had got no further on his gossip's at Rallyhooley, close to the big gate at Connamore. Catching hold of his oilskin hat, therefore, while Con. Buckley went to the cupboard for another bottle of the 'real stuff,' he regularly, as he termed it, bolted from his friend's hospitality darted to the stable, tightened his girths, and put the old mare into a canter toward home.
 Charley cantered gayly, regardless of the rain, which, as his friend Con. had anticipated, fell in torrents; the good old woman's currants and raisins were carefully packed between the

folks of his yeomanry cloak, which Charley, who was proud of showing that he belonged to the 'Royal Mallow light horse volunteers,' always strapped before him, and took care to never destroy the military effect by putting it on.
 Notwithstanding that the visit to the jolly 'Harp of Erin' had a little increased the natural complacency of his mind, the drenching of his snaffle reins began to disturb him, and then followed a train of more anxious thoughts than even were occasioned by the dreaded defeat of the pride of his long anticipated turn-out on St. Stephen's day. In an hour of good-fellowship, when his heart was warm, and his head not over cool, Charley had backed his old mare against Mr. Japson's bay filly Desdemona, for a neat hundred, and he felt some misgivings as to the prudence of the match.
 He now arrived at the bottom of Kilkumner Hill, and his eye fell on the old walls that belonged, in former times, to the Knights Templars; but the silent gloom of the ruin was broken only by the heavy rain which splashed and pattered on the grave-stones. He then looked up to the sky to see if there was among the clouds, any hope for the mercy on his new snaffle reins; and no sooner were his eyes lowered than his attention was arrested by an object so extraordinary as almost led him to doubt his senses. The head apparently of a white horse, with short, cropped ears, large open nostrils, and immense eyes, seemed rapidly to follow him. No connection with body, legs or rider could possibly be traced. The head advanced, Charley's old mare, too, was moved by this unnatural sight, and, snorting violently, increased her trot up the hill.

The head moved forward and passed on, Charley pursuing it with astonishing gaze, and wondering by what means and for what purpose this detached head thus proceeded through the air; he did not perceive the corresponding body until he was suddenly startled by finding it close by his side. Charley turned to examine what was thus so socially joggling on with him, when a most unexpected apparition presented itself to his view. A figure whose height he computed to be at least eight feet, was seated on the body and legs of a white horse fully eighteen hands and a half high. In this measurement Charley could not be mistaken, for his own mare was exactly fifteen hands high, and the body that thus joggled alongside, he could at once determine, was at least three hands and a half higher.
 After the first feeling of astonishment was over, he exclaimed, 'I'm sold now forever!' But still he directed his attention to this extraordinary body, and having examined it with the eye of a connoisseur, he proceeded to reconnoiter the figure so unusually mounted, who had hitherto remained perfectly mute. Wishing to see whether his companion's silence arose from bad temper, want of conversational powers, or from a distaste to water, and the fear that the opening of his mouth might subject him to having it filled with rain, he endeavored to catch a sight of his companion's face, in order to form an opinion on that point. But his vision failed in carrying him further than the top of the collar of the figure's coat, which was a scarlet single-breasted hunting frock, having a waist of a very old-fashioned cut, reaching to the saddle, with two huge shining buttons at about a yard distance behind.
 'I'd like to see farther than this, too,' thought Charley, 'although he is mounted on his horse, like my cousin Darby, who was made baron constable last week, unless it is Con's whiskey that has blinded me entirely. However, farther he could not, and after straining his eyes for a considerable time to no purpose, he exclaimed, with pure vexation, 'By the big bridge of Mallow, it is no head at all he has!'
 'Look, again, Charley Cunnane,' said a hoarse voice that seemed to proceed from under the right arm of the figure.

Charley did look again, and now in the proper place—for he clearly saw, under the aforesaid right arm, the head from which the voice had proceeded, and such a head no mortal ever saw before. It looked like a large cream cheese hung around with black pudding. No speck or color enlivened the ashy paleness of the depressed features; the skin lay stretched over the unearthly surface almost like the parchment head of a drum. Two fiery eyes of prodigious circumference, with a strange and irregular motion, flashed like meteors upon Charley, and a mouth that reached from either extremity of two ears, which peeped forth from under a profusion of matted locks of lusterless blackness. This head, which the figure had evidently hitherto concealed from Charley's eyes, now burst upon his view in all its hideousness. Charley, although a lad of proverbial courage in the county of Cork, could not but feel his nerves a little shaken by this unexpected visit from the headless horseman, whom he considered

this figure must doubtless be.
 The crop-eared head of the gigantic horse moved steadily forward, always keeping from six to eight yards in advance. The horseman, unaided by the whip or spur, and disdaining the use of stirrups, which dangled useless from the saddle, followed at a trot by Charley's side, his hideous head now lost behind the lapel of his coat, now starting forth in all its horror as the motion of the horse caused his arm to move to and fro. The ground shook under the weight of its supernatural burden, and the water in the pools was agitated into waves as he trotted by them.
 On they went—heads without bodies and bodies without heads. The deadly silence of night was broken only by the fearful clatter of hoots and the distant sound of thunder, which rumbled above the mystic hill of Ceanno a Mono Finnea. Charley, who was naturally a merry-hearted and rather talkative fellow, had hitherto felt tongue-tied by apprehension; but finding his companion showed no evil disposition toward him, and having become somewhat reconciled to the Patagonian dimensions of the horseman and his headless steed, plucked up all his courage, and thus addressed the stranger:
 'Why, then, your honor rides mighty well without stirrups.'
 'Humph!' growled the head from under that horseman's right arm.
 'This is not an over-civil answer,' thought Charley; 'but no matter, he was taught in one of them riding houses, may-be, and thinks nothing at all about humpting his leather breeches at the rate of ten miles an hour. I'll try him on the other tack. Ahem!' said Charley, clearing his throat, and feeling at the same time rather daunted at this second attempt to establish a conversation. 'Ahem! that's a mighty neat coat of your honor's, although 'tis a little too long in the waist for the present cut.'
 'Humph!' growled again the head.
 'This second humph was a terrible thump in the face to poor Charley, who was fairly buttoned to know what subject he could start that would prove more agreeable. 'Tis a sensible head,' thought he, 'although an ugly one; for 'tis plain enough the man doesn't like flattery.' A third attempt, however, Charley was determined to make, and having failed in his observations as to the riding and the coat of his fellow traveler, he thought he would just drop a trifling allusion to the wonderful headless horse that was joggling on so sociably by the side of the old mare; and as Charley was considered about Carrick to be very knowing in horses, besides being a private in the Royal Mallow light horse volunteers, who were every one of them mounted like real Hessians, he felt rather sanguine as to the result of his third attempt.
 'To be sure that's a brave horse your honor rides,' recommenced the persevering Charley.
 'You may say that, with your ugly mouth,' growled the head.
 Charley, though not much flattered by the compliment, nevertheless chuckled at his success in obtaining an answer, and thus continued:
 'May-be your honor wouldn't be after riding him across the country?'
 'Will you try me, Charley?' said the head, with an inexpressible look of ghastly delight.
 'Faith, and that's what I'd do,' responded Charley; 'only I'm afraid, the night being so dark, of laming the old mare, and I've ever halfpenny of a hundred pounds on her heels.'
 'This was true enough. Charley's courage was nothing dashed at the headless horseman's proposition; and there never was a steeple-chase, riding or leaping, in the country that Charley Cunnane was not at it, and foremost in it.
 'Will you take my word?' said the man who carried his head so snugly under his right arm, 'for the safety of your mare?'
 'Done,' said Charley, and away they started, helter skelter, over everything, ditch and wall, pop; the old mare never went in such style, even in broad daylight, and Charley had just the start of his companion, when the hoarse voice called out; 'Charley Cunnane, Charley, man, stop for your life; stop!'
 Charley pulled up hard. 'Ay,' said he, 'you may beat me by the head, because it always goes so much before you; but if the bet was neck and neck, and that's the go between the old mare and Desdemona, I'd win it hollow!'
 It appeared as if the stranger was well aware of what was passing in Charley's mind, for he suddenly broke out quite loquacious.
 'Charley Cunnane,' says he, 'you have a stout soul in you, and are every inch of you a good rider. I've tried you and I ought to know, and that's the sort of man for my money. A hundred years it is since my horse and I broke our necks at the bottom of Kilkumner hill, and ever since I've been trying to get a man that dared to ride with me, and never found one before. Keep, as you have always done, at the tail of the hounds, never

baulk an inch, nor turn away from a stone wall, and the Headless Horse man will never desert you nor the old mare.
 Charley in amazement looked toward his right arm for the purpose of seeing in his face whether or not he was in earnest; but, behold, the head was snugly lodged in the huge pocket of the horseman's scarlet hunting-cloak. The horse's head had ascended perpendicularly above them, and his extraordinary companion rising quickly at her home-courier, vanished from the astonished gaze of Charley Cunnane.
 Charley, as may be supposed, was lost in wonder, delight and perplexity; the pelting rain, the wife's pudding, the new snaffle—even the match against Squire Japson—all were forgotten: nothing could he think of, nothing could he talk of but the headless horseman. He told it directly he got home to Judy; he told it the following morning to all the neighbors, and he told it to the hunt on St. Stephen's day; but what provoked him, after all the pains he took in describing the head, the horse, and the man, was that one and all attributed the creation of the headless horseman to his friend, Con. Buckley's 'X water parliament.' This however, should be told—that Charley's old mare beat Mr. Japson's big filly Desdemona by Diamond, and Charley pocketed his cool hundred; and if he didn't win by means of the Headless Horseman, I am sure I don't know any other reason for his doing so.

Technical Education.
 That there should be some change in our course of education, conforming to the increased extent of the sciences and their numerous applications, must be evident. What shall the change be? What reforms shall be introduced in our present studies, and what new studies shall be adopted? Time will permit me to make only a few suggestions in reply to these important questions.
 The Primary School should give a knowledge of objects, their forms and colors and uses. In doing this, drawing will be found highly useful, and it will prove an agreeable change from studies less interesting. It is, too, the foundation of technical education, and is important to all of every trade and profession. By training the eye to keenness, and the hand to accuracy and rapidity, it will prove a valuable aid to penmanship, orthography and reading, in all of which close observation is necessary. In its higher forms, geometric, model, mechanical and architectural, it should be continued through the higher schools and colleges. It is not mere picture-drawing of which I speak, but something higher and more useful. As a result of this study, we shall have better artists, engineers, mechanics, architects, and designers. Many articles, such as glass-pottery, cabinet furniture, prints, and other manufactures, may be rendered worthless, or have their values increased many-fold according to their designs. Good designs increase the value of prints from 20 to 30 per cent. So important is this art of designing considered now, that a firm in New York pays a designer in shoes \$5,000 a year. By the beauty of his designs a manufacturer of silverware in Taunton, Mass., drove every other manufacturer out of the market. A single manufacturing company in Massachusetts stated that their designs cost them \$40,000 annually, every dollar of which went to England, France and Germany. This sum should be saved to our own country.
 Workmen do not sufficiently understand the importance of drawing. It is said that if this art were understood by every journeyman in a machine shop, the productive efficiency would be increased 33 per cent. By enabling workmen to work from a design instead of expensive models, this art would save a vast amount of time and money. A manager of an important branch of industry at Worcester, Massachusetts, says that, when a lad, he was one of a class of thirteen, who spent all their leisure time in studying drawing. At the present time, every one then in the class has attained an important position either as manufacturer or manager, and each has owed his power to seize the opportunity of advancement to his knowledge of drawing.
 Massachusetts, ever alive to her educational and manufacturing interests, finding that she was far behind

Europe in the education of her laborers, and that, as a consequence, her industries were suffering, adopted Drawing as one of the studies to be taught in all the public schools of the State, making it obligatory on every city containing over 10,000 inhabitants to furnish free instruction in this art to all over fifteen years of age, and Art Director was procured from Europe at a salary of \$5,000, and generous provisions were, in all respects, made. The result is most gratifying. In 1870, her product in painted cottons was over \$17,000,000, and her other manufactures in which design is of the first importance, were probably more. Massachusetts never made a better investment for her sons and daughters, and her manufacturing interests.
 It is believed that this study can be introduced into our schools without interfering at all with the present lines of study.
 To woman, rapidly rising to her true position, to whom the avenues of trade, the professions, and all kinds of employment are opening, this subject appeals with peculiar force. She should have a deep interest in any measure which will render her less dependent on husband, brother or father, and which will enable her to obtain a generous support when other resources fail. She should seek to be in a condition to feel independent, and to be able with ease to earn a livelihood. A knowledge of some art will tend to give her a higher position and to secure for her higher respect. From her knowledge of colors and their relations, and her skill in drawing, woman is fitted to succeed in whatever requires taste. The success of the lady pupils at South Kensington is greater than that of the male students, and that in the face of greater difficulties. The many branches of art workmanship requiring delicate fingers and native readiness of tests, can be better performed by woman than by man. In 1859, 2,000 women were employed in watch-making in Switzerland. Our silk manufacturers employ 7,802 women in light, clean, remunerative work. A lady in Pittsburgh receives \$250 per month for designs in embroidery, made wholly by herself. Women can excel in draughting, architectural drawing, photography, engraving, modeling, designing and painting. Education in the arts, by opening to her new departments of labor, will enable her better to compete with men, secure for her better compensation for her services, and will increase her usefulness and influence.—Penn. S. Journal.

Green Manuring and One-Horse Ploughs.
 Some of our good, progressive farmers, become deeply impressed with the advantages of turning under green crops for the improvement of the soil, have planted peas for this purpose, and have been gladdened by a heavy crop, but when they have come to the turning-under part of the process, their enthusiasm and their faith in green manuring have received a decided shock.—The peas decline to be turned under. The heavy entangled masses of vines and pods are dragged into heaps, but remain obstinately above ground. What is the difficulty? 'Well, I reckon,' the farmers may say, 'that the editor who advises us to plant peas for green manuring, didn't know what he was talking about, and had never tried the thing himself. Well Mr. Farmer, it that means us, you labor under a mistake. We have done the thing often, and know exactly what we were talking about; but we did not try to turn under a heavy crop of cow-peas with a one-horse plough. First, run a roller or drag over the field, then put in a good two-horse turning plough, and you will regain your faith in cow-peas, as green manure. If your land is good enough to produce a heavy crop of peas, or grass and weeds, you need not be afraid to use a large plough to break it up, and nothing less will do it properly.—On lighter land, you will have a lighter crop, and can use a one-horse plough.—Kural Carolinian.

The Chicago Times describes C. S. Fred Grant as "a stolid-looking, sullen faced young man with a faint attempt at a moustache, and cold lifeless eyes, an ungainly figure, and no redeeming features
 In the case of a Kansas man being struck by lightning the coroner's jury rendered a verdict; He was killed by the Lord but the Lord is all right"