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The Paper of the Times.
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Interest of the Good and True Peo-
ple of the Country, and es-
pecially the
Supremacy of the White Race.

Published without the aid of any Official Pat-
ronage whatever, and appeals alone to the
FRIENDS OF HONESTY AND GOOD
GOVERNMENT for its support in
its light against villainy.

We call upon the
WHITE MEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.
—those who desire to redeem our State from the
abomination of thieving intruders, domestic
scoundrels and mongrel leeches, who have ac-
quired place and power through the instrumen-
tality of negro supremacy, combined with cor-
ruption and bribery—to come forward and sus-
tain us in a cordial and liberal support, and show
to Radical orruptionists and Scoundrel traitors
that they are determined, henceforth, to sustain
a fearless exponent of their views and principles.

We say, candidly, we need your support.
The party in power have done their utmost to crush
us by endeavoring to deprive us of legitimate
business, and all we ask is the subscription of
every true Carolinian—which will place us be-
yond the reach of contingencies.

We are no adventurers, but Carolinians, to the
manor born—have been engaged in the publication
of this paper over eight years—and ask your pat-
ronage, believing that it will be given without
hesitation.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$3 A YEAR IN AD-
VANCE,** with reductions to clubs.
To Business Men and others, desiring to adver-
tise, we beg to say that, our circulation is much
larger than any other paper in this
County, and is increasing rapidly.
Send us the name of the person to whom you
wish to send a copy.
W. G. Beatty, Editor,
The True Southron,
Conwayboro, S. C.

"SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD."

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

Dear Woman is the dream of life,
Adorned with every winning art,
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,
She melts the soul, she charms the heart.
Without her, what were lordly man?
A rainless cloud, a fruitless tree,
A world without a sun, a plain
That ever incomplete must be.
Her fostering care, devotion, love,
Seems inspiration from above.

In childhood's hour, beside her chair
She calls each fragile form;
She clasps our tiny hands in prayer,
Safe-sheltered from the storm.
Yet man, ungrateful man, the dart
Of falsehood hurls with skill;
And when he's won a woman's heart
Le seeks its love to kill.

Her lot is to be tried; though pure,
To sigh, to suffer and endure.
Oh, Mothers of a race unborn,
'Tis yours to speak those grand decrees
That herald in the promised morn,
The waiting world's Hesperides.
Ye are the moulds of heroes strong;
Who guard and glorify our isles;
The seas in song shall toll along
Beneath the splendor of your smiles.
The Beautiful and Good shall reign,
And Sinless Eden bloom again.

Bread Baking and Ghostly Warnings.

It was in the days of our grand-
mothers, when there were brick ovens
in the land, that Mr. Hubbard bought
his house,—the haunted house of R—
very much against his wife's will. It
was a lonely house. It was next to a
graveyard, which, though long unused,
was not very cheerful, and it had the
reputation of a ghost. However, Mr.
Hubbard did not believe in ghosts,
was too cheerful to be depressed by
warnings, and never intended to be
lonely.

'Mother Hubbard,' he said, when
his wife shook her head over the pur-
chase, 'I got the house cheap, and it's
a good one. You'll like it when you
get there. If you don't, why, then
talk.'

So the house was bought, and into
it the Hubbard family moved. There
was scarcely a chance for a ghost to
show his face in such a household of
boys and girls. The rosy-faced mas-
ter of the house and his little wife had
ten of them. It was in view of the
eternal cry of 'mother,' that the jolly
husband had dubbed his Martha Jane
'Mother Hubbard,' using it in jest at
first, and at last because of an old
habit. Hearing it, the rest of R—
fell into the way of calling the mother-
ly soul Mother Hubbard, so it was
more her name, by far, than her bap-
tismal Martha Jane.

Having once expostulated and
'spoken out her mind,' Mother Hub-
bard gave up the point. She scrub-
bed and scoured, tacked down carpets
and put up curtains, and owned that
the place was pretty; and, as not a
ghost appeared for a week, made up
her mind that there was no such in-
habitant, and even began not to mind
the tombstones. So the house was
got to rights at last, and baking day
came about. In the press of business
they had had a great deal of baker's
bread, and were tired of it. Mrs.
Hubbard had never enjoyed setting a
batch of bread to rise as she did that
which was to be eaten for the first
time in the new house. 'For I can't
get up an appetite for stuff that nobody
knows who has had the making of,'
said Mother Hubbard; 'and all puff
and almy besides.' So into the
oven went the bread, and out it came
at the proper time, even and brown
and beautiful as loaves could be.

Mother Hubbard turned the loaves
upon their sides as she drew them
forth, and they stood in the long
bread tray, glorious proofs of her
skill and of the excellence of the oven,
when Tommy Hubbard bounded in.
Tommy was four, and at that age one
prone to believe that anything will
bear its weight. Tommy, therefore,
anxious to inspect the new made bread,
swung himself off his feet by catching
the edge of the bread tray, and over
it came, loaves and Tommy and all.
All were dusted and in the tray again
but one. That lay bottom upwards
under the table.
'A bothersome child, to give me so
much trouble,' she said, as she crawled
under the table,

'Ah! oh! dear, dear, dear! oh, my!'
And there on the floor sat Mother
Hubbard, screaming wringing her
hands and shaking her head.

The children screamed also in ear-
nest. Mr. Hubbard rushed in from
the garden, where he was at work.
'What is the matter, mother?' he
gasped.
Mrs. Hubbard pointed to the bot-
tom of the loaf lying in her lap. 'Look
there, and ask me!' she said. 'It's
a warning. William, I'm going to be
taken from 'em all.' And as Mr. Hub-
bard looked, he saw on the loaf a
'death's head and cross-bones,' as
plainly engraven as they possibly
could be.

'It's accident,' said Mr. Hubbard.
'Such queer cracks do come, you know,
Don't fret.'
Mother Hubbard was in a troubled
state of mind. 'The stories about the
haunted house were true,' she said;
'and the spirits have marked the loaf.'
I'm afraid it is a warning.' And the
loaf was put aside, for even Mr. Hub-
bard did not dare to eat any of it.

Mrs. Hubbard got over her fright
at last, but the news of the awful
marked loaf spread through R—
and the people came to the Hubbards
all the week to look at it. It was a
death's head and cross-bones certainly
every one saw that at a glance; but
as to the meaning, people differed.
Some believed that it was a warning
of approaching death; some that the
spirits 'wanted to frighten the Hub-
bards away.' This latter supposition
inspired Mrs. Hubbard with courage.
Finally she leaned to this belief, and
when another baking day arrived, put
her loaves in the oven once more, pre-
pared for cross bones, and not to be
frightened by them. The loaves
baked as before. They came out
brown and crusty. Mother Hubbard
turned each in her hands. There
were no cross bones visible; but on
the last were sundry characters of let-
ters; what, no one could tell, until
there dropped in for a chat, a certain
printer of the neighborhood, accus-
tomed to reading things backwards.
'Halloo!' said he; 'that's curious!
That is curious—'It's a warning—'
(I shall rise again); that's what's on the
loaf—'Resurgam.'

'It's what they put on the toms,
ain't it?' asked Mrs. Hubbard, faintly.

'Well, yes,' said Mr. Hubbard; 'but
it ain't so bad as cross-bones and
skulls.'
Mother Hubbard shook her head.
'It's even sadder,' said the little
woman, who was not as good a linguist
as a bread baker. 'I feel confident,
William that I shall soon be 'resur-
gamed,' and what will those dear
children do then?'

And now that the second loaf was
before her eyes, marked awfully as
was the first, Mother Hubbard really
grew thin and pale and lost all her
cheerfulness. 'I have a presentiment,'
she said, over and over again, 'that
the third baking will decide who was
the warning points to, I believe, its
meant for me, and time will show.
Don't you see how thin I'm getting?'
And though Mr. Hubbard laughed, he
also began to be troubled.

The third baking day was one of
gloom. Solemnly, as to a funeral, the
family assembly assist in the draw-
ing. Five loaves came out without
mark; but one remained. Mother
Hubbard's hand trembled, but she
drew it forth she laid it in the tray;
she turned it softly about. At last
she exposed the lower surface. On it
were letters printed backwards, plain
enough to read this time, and arranged
thus:

"Died, April 2d.
Lamented by
Her large family.

'It's me,' cried Mrs. Hubbard, 'I'm
to go to-morrow. This is the first.
I do feel faint. Yes, I do. It's awful
and so sudden,' and Mother Hubbard
fainted away in the arms of the most
terrified of husbands. The children
screamed, the cat mewled, the dog
barked. The eldest boy ran for the
doctor. People flocked to the Hub-
bards'. The loaf was examined. Yes,
there was Mother Hubbard's 'warn-
ing,' her call to quit this world.

She lay in her bed bidding good-bye
to her family and friends, her strength
going fast. She read her Bible and
tried not to grieve too much. The
doctor shook his head. The clergy-
man prayed with her; nobody doubted
that her end was at hand, for the peo-
ple were very superstitious in those
days. They had been up all night
with good little Mother Hubbard, and
dawn was breaking, and with it she
felt sure that she must go, when clat-
ter over the road and up to the door
came a horse and on the horse a man.
He alighted. He rattled the knocker.
He rushed in. There was no stopping
him. Up stairs he went to Mother
Hubbard's room, and bolted in. Every-
one stared at him. He took off
his hat. 'Parding,' said he, 'I heered
Mrs. Hubbard was a dyin'. 'That
she's had warnin's on her bakin's. I
come over to explain. You see I was
sexton o' the church here two years
ago, and I know all about it. You

needn't die o' skeer just yet, Miss Hub-
bard, for there's neither spirits or devils
about, nor yet warnins. What
marks the loaves is old Mr. Fickle's
tombstone. I took it for an oven bot-
tom seen' that war no survivors and
brick war dear. The last folks before
you didn't have 'em printed off, cos
they made pan loaves. But we was
used to 'em ourselves, cross-bones and
skulls in the gingerbread we didn't
mind, and I never thought o' certain
for the resurgam. So you see how it
is, Mis Hubbard, and I'm sorry you
was skeered. I'd order a mentioned it
when I sold the property.'

Nobody said a word. The minister
shut his hymn book. The doctor
walked to the window; there was
death-like silence. Mother Hubbard
broke it.

'Father,' she said, 'the first thing
you do, get a bottom to that oven.'
And the tone assured the assemblage
of friends, that mother Hubbard was
not going to die just then. Indeed,
she sat up the very next day, and as
soon as the oven was rebottomed, in-
vited everybody to a tea-drinking, at
which no one discovered awful warn-
ing on the bread, or ghostly printing
on the ginger cake.

"The End of Grantism."

[From the New York Tribune.]

The verdict of the country against
Grantism is delivered. There were
only two great questions before the
people at this election. One was
whether the administration deserves the
public confidence, and the other was
whether it ought to be perpetuated.
They have both been answered
in the negative, so loudly that even
the President must hear the verdict.
* * * It is not anywhere a mere
Democratic victory. It is the protest
of all classes of citizens against an ad-
ministration which supported Jayne,
which enriched Sanborn, which to-
bidded the salary bill through Congress,
which established its Keioggis in the
South by perjured judge and misused
bayonets, and tried to sustain them by
showering an injured people, and
which had just put itself forward with
the insolent claim for a perpetuation
of power. The public had grown
weary of six years of rule remarkable
for nothing but blundering and greed.
The demand for an indefinite exten-
sion of such misrule was too much for
good nature. It needed the sharp an-
swer it has received. This is the end
of Grantism. It is not the revival of
the rebellion nor the definite rehabili-
tation of the Democratic party. It
simply eliminates Grantism from poli-
tics as an impertinent factor, and
leaves the two parties contended—so
evenly matched that both must here-
after be careful to make no mistake.
The future belongs to the one who
shall earn it.

The Tidal Wave of 1874.

The following statement is about as
correct as we can make it from the re-
turns received to date:
Alabama—Democratic from 9,000 to
12,000 majority.
Arkansas—The Democrats sweep
the State.
Florida—Republican, gives two
members to Congress.
Georgia—Clean Democratic through-
out.
Kentucky—Democratic, as usual.
Maryland gives increased majorities,
electing all Democrats.
Tennessee elects nine out of ten
members to Congress, Democratic.
Louisiana carried by the Conserva-
tives, a clean sweep.
Missouri elects eleven out of thir-
teen to Congress. Heavy Democratic
majority.
New York elects a Democratic Gov-
ernor by 45,000 majority, and a ma-
jority in the Legislature.
New Jersey elects a Democratic Gov-
ernor and five out of seven to Con-
gress, with a majority in the Legisla-
ture.
Virginia elects six Conservatives
out of nine to Congress and carries
the State ticket.
Pennsylvania. One account says
the State goes Democratic by 5,000
majority.
The Philadelphia Press concedes 12
Democrats to Congress out of the 26.
Rhode Island goes Republican by
reduced majorities.
Michigan gives a Democratic ma-
jority, in her Legislature and elects
three out of nine to Congress.
Nevada elects a Democratic Gov-
ernor and members to Congress.
Kansas give a Republican majority
of 25,000 to 32,000 last year; one De-
mocrat to Congress.
Massachusetts elects a Democratic

Governor, four Democrats and two In-
dependents out of the eleven delega-
tion to Congress.

Delaware elects all Democrats
throughout.

Illinois, small Republican majority
on the State ticket. The opposition
has gained seven members out of the
delegation to Congress.

Minnesota doubtful. Vote close.

Texas has elected six members to
Congress; the whole delegation, Demo-
cratic.

For Congress the total number of
Democrats elected is 127. The total
number of Republicans is 84.

The Watchword.

The watchword of the Democratic
Liberal party is 'Sagacity.' We must
stand together wisely, firmly and
bravely. Let there be no nonsense,
no logyism, no ultraism. Let us use,
not abuse, our great victories. Our
party is on trial before the people. If
we stand the tests to which we shall
be subjected in the next two years,
well, we shall go into the Presidency
and fully control the Government. If
we fail, there is an end of all the proud
expectations that now are so fondly
cherished and freely expressed. The
time for wisdom is in the flush of tri-
umph.

We are glad to see that the leading
journals and leading statesmen of the
party are planting themselves thus
early and on the vantage ground of
high and true policy. The summary
of opinion elsewhere given is a presage
of success if the same spirit shall con-
tinue to characterize the exponents of
opinion in the party. The burden of
these views is *Prudence*. A victory
won by a combination of circumstances
should be rightly interpreted. Testi-
mony accumulates that our triumph
was the triumph of right over wrong,
of Republicans over military despotism,
of honesty over fraud. It was the peo-
ple's victory even more than it was a
victory of the Democratic organiza-
tion. The talented Bayard and others
take this view, and it is likely to be
received as true by the Democracy of
the country as well as by their liberal
and conservative allies.

Wilmingon Star.

The Next Speaker.

The most important office now un-
der the government is the Speakership
of the next House of Representatives.
The first duty of that body will be to
examine into the whole course of
Grant's administration, and not only
Grant's, but the whole time of repu-
blican ascendancy. The duty of select-
ing the men to do this will fall upon
the Speaker. When the republicans
came into power under Buchanan their
first business was to appoint the fa-
mous Covode Investigating Commit-
tee. The report of that committee
was made the basis of the campaign
for republican ascendancy. Yet when
we look over it now and see how beg-
garly and mean and small were the
much-vaunted "Covode revelations"
compared with the astounding and
self-confessed frauds of so many de-
partments of Grant's administration,
we see how great a task now lies be-
fore the next House, and, above all
things, how important it is to have a
brave and wise Speaker. We must
have a man who will not dally with
the administration, who will not be in-
fluenced by personal considerations in
making appointments, who will be
above the tears and hopes of power.
It will be a brave man, indeed, who
will resist the blandishments of Grant's
administration, the seductions, which
rest in the hands of a President, who
even now with the Senate has absolute
control of the patronage of the coun-
try and commands a civil army of six-
ty thousand office-holders.

N. Y. Herald.

It is related of George Clarke, the
celebrated negro minstrel, that being
examined as a witness, he was severely
interrogated by the attorney, who
wished to break down his evidence.
'You are in the negro minstrel busi-
ness, I believe?' inquired the lawyer.
'Yes, sir,' was the prompt reply.
'Isn't that rather a low calling?' de-
manded the lawyer. 'I don't know but
what it is, sir,' replied the minstrel,
'but it is so much better than my
father's that I am rather proud of it.'
'What was your father's calling?'
'He was a lawyer,' replied Clarke, in
a tone of regret that put the audience
in a roar. The lawyer let him alone.

AT CROSS PURPOSES.

A Conference of Republicans to Chalk Out
the Coming Line of Policy.

[By Telegraph to The News and Courier.]

WASHINGTON, November 11.—From
letters received here from leading Re-
publican Congressmen it is learned
that it is in contemplation to have a
party conference, as near as possible
about the time of the meeting of Con-
gress. The purpose of the conference
will be to lay down a definite line of
policy to be pursued during the com-
ing session. The President in his
views, as set forth in these dispatches,
lays the blame of the recent defeat on
Congress, while the Republican in
that body ascribe the disasters to his
action. They say that the President
has made his administration too much
personal and too little party.

A ROD IN PICKLE FOR GRANT.

It is proposed at the approaching
conference to have a plain talk with
the Executive. Some of the Republi-
can members argue that they would
prefer that he should act with the op-
position than that he should continue
to claim fellowship with the Republi-
can party and refuse to listen to the
advice of its most trusted leaders.
Among other things which they
think absolutely necessary for the
President to do is, to remove the ineffi-
cient and obnoxious office-holders,
such as Packard and Cessey and the
like, and replace them with proper
and capable men, and that he surround
himself with men of a higher calibre.
What they want, and what they say
they intend shall be laid down, is that
if the President will not act with Con-
gress that some of the same mediums
which was applied to Andrew John-
son shall be used in his case. They
will hardly be silly enough, however,
to try the impeachment dodge.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR REFUSES OR- DANCE FOR A DEMOCRATIC SALUTE.

It has been the custom of the war
department to loan to responsible par-
ties a battery for the purpose of firing
salutes which are not always of a polit-
ical character. Yesterday some lead-
ing Democrats called upon the secre-
tary of war to get his consent to a loan
of ordnance, and were informed that
he had adopted a new rule, and should
refuse the request. The only harm
the visitors wished the secretary was
that he might remain in office long
enough to be able to refuse a similar
request two years hence. A battery
will arrive to-morrow from Baltimore,
and the salute in honor of the victory
will be fired sufficiently near the
White House to remind the President
of what has recently happened to
Caesarism, and the managers say they
will not be 'bribe' either.

THE TAXPAYERS OF CHESTER.—At the last regular monthly meeting of the Chester County Tax Union, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it is generally understood
that the tax duplicate made up by B.
F. Michael, late county auditor, upon
which the taxes of the county are prop-
erly collectable, has been discarded by
the comptroller-general and a new
duplicate has been ordered by him to
be made up contrary to law; therefore,
be it

Resolved, That we, members of the
County Tax Union, do advise all tax-
payers of the county to refrain from
paying taxes until after the next meet-
ing of this body, on the first Monday
in December next, by which time this
matter may be investigated; and that a
committee of five be appointed by the
chair to investigate this matter and re-
port to the next meeting of this body.
Upon this committee were appointed
Major S. P. Hamilton, Messrs. C. S.
Brice, John Knox, Jesse Cassels and
John L. Agurs.

Fun is worth more than physic, and
whoever invents or discovers a new
source of supply, deserves the name
of a public benefactor; and whoever
can write an article the most laugh-
ter-promoting, and at the same time
harmless, is worthy of our gratitude
and respect.

A dandy, with his hair parted in the
middle, and sucking a gold-headed
cane, said to a spirited girl, 'I never
knew a dozen girls, you know, who
could talk sense with a fellow, you
know.' To which she replied: 'Well!
Well, the fact is, you know, all the
girls I know suit their conversation to
the party with whom they are talking
'you know.'