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# HORRY NI

An Independent Journal.

VOL. 8. CONWAYBORO, S. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1876.

NO. 6.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

Flickering, tading, brightening, dying;

The summer wind's last, failing breath-

A fire whose embers scarce are burning-

A mournful tone which tells of death;

The autumn leaf fast rustling by,

A candle in its socket lying,

A strain of music's latest sigh,

A spirit to its God returning;

A sun extinguished from its place,

Thus all things end cave God!

Thus all things end! ah! said we so?

And void the crowning point of life!

Save madness in monstrous thought?

We mean some change is o'er it pending;

For matter changed, and changed must be

Is nothinguess the end of strite?

We boldly say a thing is ending;

Forever, like some changing sea;

Thus all things change save God!

The year is ending, quickly flying,

Yet lingering still among us, dving;

With faltering footsteps, failing fast,

A few more days and then the last,

In fearful samevess there must stay;

Aye, past and ended though they be,

The end of all things we shall see;

Where goes the candle when it dies?

The leaf, the music, summer's sighs?

A finish'd thought, a world, a death,

Where is the home of parted breath?

Where is the end, the great sublime?

All, all but genter round their Being,

The Greant, Omnipotent, All-seeingl

In vain the end from Him we serve-

Only Just This Once.

A STORY OF BROOKLYN.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

[Published by Request.]

will go up to Maine and tell mother."

of reproaches-that of a "mother boy"

and to tell the truth, does not like it

pat him on the back, call him a man,

wry tace and wash down the unpila-

"Just this one cigar-all the boys

"Just this once. The boys are go-

ing to have a good time; it sha'n't

Jim is more easily persuaded now

theater, tollowed up with an hour or

two at a bar-room. It is by no means

the last, for the bar-room is warm and

pleasant, while his boarding house

attic is cold and cheerless. There are

ple and persuasions to do what you

never supposed you could when you

left home? Have loneliness and pleas-

ant company driven you to seek

amusement in this bar room where we

for once; and we are going to have

So "just for once," though with

many misgivings, Jim turned his back

rest of this true story of Jim.

such fun."

safety if we obey it.

he is learning to be very fond.

manliness among his companions.

table dose.

cost you anything."

And Jim, rather than bear the worst

.Unending, and unchanged forever;

All ends are hid in God!

Where goes a year, an age, nav. thine?

But that end is not yet.

Recorded there against us now,

His books are closed; each broken vow

Each thought, each scene, now passed away:

Annihilation! is there aught?

Can aught have end that lives below?

ses; then we'll go home.'

down; he's soft,'

companions had slunk off, he was there | tender, fat, and juicy. drinking still.

"Put that young fellow out," said the proprietor to his two bar-tenders at

and its time to shut up. So the two men roused poor Jim, who, furious with the interruption to his slumbers, struggled and fought wildly till they got him out into the street. When the door was closed, he begged pititully, in an incoherent manner, to be let in again to the warm room. One bar-tender laughed, and the other said: 'Poor boy! it's a shame; there ought to be some one to take care of him." But they did not let him in, and that was the fast that any one ever heard of poor Jim.

He must have stumbled along a few yards, and then crept into the mearest area, and sunk to sleep under the sten; for there the policeman found him at five o'clock that bitter winter morning, with his head on an apourned basket for a prilow, stone deaddead without a parting word from any one, with no mother's hand to wipe the death-damp from his brow; dead at sixteen, with all the possibilities of his lite before him, his short lite over, and an endless eternity of hell begun. For what?

For "just one" glass of liquor, "just one" cigar, "just one" evening at a sataloon, "just one" Sunday atternoon's "fun."

Dear friend, think of his mother's agony, think of his father's despeale, of the injury to his brothers and sisters, the harm to the Bible class. "Only just one glass, Jun, just this One of the most popular of American story one. Be a man, not a baby; nobody may be, what an awful thing hell must be, and what a dreadful thing a drankard's death is, and say if you really think it was worth the sacrifice.

But you say: "I am not a boy: I -swallows the first glass of liquor can stop when I will. It won't hart which has ever been within his lips, me, 'Can you? Will it not? Do you not drink more than you did a at all. But the "other fellows" laugh, year ago? Are you as strong? Is your digestion as good? Are you as and the flittery helps smooth out the good a man as you were a boy? Would your mother be glad to find you where we have found you? You cannot answer these questions. You smoke; you'll get to like it." And know that you have entered upon that the dizziness and sauses of that first cibath which can have but one ending.

gar are paid for by the reputation of

good stories told there, merry games of cards, pleasant companions, and, Are you one of these Jims? Did you come from a country home pure and true, loving your mother and meaning to be a blessing and honor to her when you should have gained an honorable position in the city? Have you listened to the voice of "manly" your death than that of "poor Jim." companions, and followed their exam-

## The Chufa.

J. T. Trezevant, of Augusta, Arkanfind you to-day? Then listen to the sas, in answer to inquires from several Jim was only sixteen, and he was a persons, writes to the Louisville Courmember of a Bibe class, and still an ter-Journal, and gives the tollowing attendant. But one Sunday afternoon the tempters came around him and "Only just this once, Jim; let piety

alone for to-day. Old Soapy locks ted to the growth and cultivation of this plant. Why not our farmers try

The Agricultural Bureau at Washon the church that Sunday afternoon, ington says it is a plant or nut, imand went with his friends to have ported into this country about 1845 or "iun." If he only could have known! 1850 from the south of France. I But God gever lets us see the evil shall say just what I know of it from found plenty, and amused themselves one eighth of an acre. When gather holds up the mouldering grave clothes contains one acre. with thinking how "mad" they could ed, washed and dried a few days, it is of the Union dead whose corpses he make the proprietors if they were to eaten like peanuts, and seems to act on turns over in their sepulchre to get last it was nightfall now. One said; interior to the genuine article. As disgust as the sacred corements of the worm."

"Come, fellows, we've had enough delicacies were scarce during the war, dead Union soldiers drop to pieces in of this; let's turn into the next place my family often had chufa ready to his busy fingers? The dead of the An Incident of a Washoe Lodging House. and see who can drink the most glas- offer to our visitors. A tablespoonful Union shall never be forgotten, of it, parched and ground, vill soon but the ghoul who robs the graves to This proposition met with general fill a room with its pleaseant aroma make a party flag shall not be thought approbation, though a few went home Its chief merit, however, is as food for a hero. The flag to sweep the counthen. The others went in and several poultry and pigs and breed sows, try must be of fairer bunting than a bed in a large room containing two Pigs and poultry will not touch corn can be woven from the "bloody shirt" other beds that were occupied. Mr. "Let's see if we can't break Jim until the chula is caten, it both are of Morton or the "grave clothes" of Bullard is a huge, fat, good extered given them. Of course nothing takes Blaine. But Jim overheard this speech. His the place of corn for fattening hogs for There is one other view of Bigine spirit was up, and what he had stready market. Chufa seems to cause rapid posturing as the Republican Mark proprietor of the lodging house was drunk had done away with his dieretion; growth of pigs, but I never ted it to Antony which must not be forgotten, much pleased with Bullard, and so he drank with one, and drank alone, grown hogs. After a time it flavors for it is, in Mr. Blame's eyes, of the and when, one after another, all his the flesh of poultry, besides making it greatest moment-namely, flow will

CULTIVATION. In this latitude, say Memphis, it about one o'clock in the morning; nor later than May; earlier or later should not be planted before April. "he's had more than is good for him, further South or North. Prepare the ground by deep plowing, and let the rows or beds be about two feet apart and about four inches above the level, or about as cotton rows are prepured, but not so wide apart. The ground should be well pulverized and tree of clods. Plant the outs a foot apart in the rows, one in each place, and about an inch deep. They do not grow deep. In a week or ten days a spire of grass will shoot up; then another and another, until, by August, each nut will have a baneff of grass over it six inches in diameter eighteen inches high. In August and September, when everything else may be parched by hot, dry sun and weather, the chuta is as green as win er wheat. It seems to dely drouth, and main in the ground all winter. When It you do not care to gather it, turn | Herald. your sows and young page on it. They will root up the ground most thoroughly, and chickens and turkeys will scratch for it from morning till grass nut roos everywhere, and often

> does not spread. When wanted for eating, wash the ture, dirt off, dry it a day or two in the sun, In prosperity he sails along gently, and it is a delicacy.

## WHERE TO GET IT.

I produced mine, last June, from Now 'just for once' listen to me; Mr. Steel (I think that is the name), "just for once" put down that glass, the editor of the agricultural departpour out its contents, and never have ment of the Mebile Register, Mobile, it filled again. "Just for once" tell Ala. He wrote me that it was scarce. your companions that you will not en- as the demand was great; but got for ter a bar room again. And if you are me two quarts at fifty cents per quart. cold and lonely in your boarding-place I distributed that among my farmer and don't know where to speud your friends in this county, who now have evening, "just for once" go to some enough for a good planting this prayer-meeting; you will find it as spring. Though I did not get it till warm, and friends will greet you with June, I raised more than a gation from twenty-four falls, in a lot that had no Then, lost you fall again into temp- sun for half the day. One hundred tation, "only just this once," but once buskels per acre is a sure crop. Keep and forever, give yourself to the dear the earth loose, as in cultivating sweet Lord Jesus Christ, who gave his pre- posatoes, and keep the weeds and clous life for you, and who will keep other grass away. A one-horse plow you in His strong, loving arms, and will keep the earth in good condition, give you grace to overcome every it run between the rows whenever it sin. Think how much happier your begins to be hard and dry. As in evelite will be then; bow much bett r rything eise, plant the largest and best nuts for a good yield. I do not know Jesus is calling you now; will you that very rich ground will produce listen "just this once? - Temperance much more than thin soil. Sandy loam is best, as being more porus,

## Blaine's Mischief.

Mark Antony, in the play of "Julius Cæsar," is not a lovable character To his great qualities, his courage, boldness and wit, are silled an insid tous demagoguery whose conting disaccount of his experience with the piny is one of the greatest trumpas of Shakespeare. Dangling the pierced The soil of this county is well adaptrobe of the dead Castr before the their hearts to muting white deprecating any tumuit. He branchsh s Casar's will, and as the inflamed mepulsee rush off to burne the houses of the conspirators he rushes down and cries with fiendish exuitation: - .

Now let it work. Mischief, thou are afoot;

Take the course thou will. If James G. Blaine, after his An-

it tell for Blaine? Able and conning, with the Antonian flavor of ostentathe tide, of his speech. Like Antony in his most effusive sentences he would be read between the lines. When he of being spoken of as a Presidential candidate tell the under story that he self. Brutus said to Antony at Phil-

The posture of your blows are yet unknown: the grass does not begin to fade until and this may be repeated to Blaide; frost. It should not be gathered until lor as Antony was but clearing the December as it is all the time porting way for young Octavius Casar to out new tubers. In southern Alaba, mount the throne over Antony's ms and Georgia it is suffered to re- corpse, so the blows of Blaine may tell for Grant, whom Blaine loved too you wish to gather it, take the full of much to destroy as a Presidential cangrass in your hand and pull it up. It didate - a delicacy that Grant is not comes up very easily, and the nuts are likely to reciprocate if the gate to a round in a nest of the roots of the taft, third term is but left ajar .- N. Y.

### A Truthfu! Sketch.

Let a man fail in business, what an night. Some have thought it the effect it has on his i rmer creditors! Think of what a beautiful thing like common grass nut of the country, but a righed and chatted with him by the interview with B Hard, as he saw he common grass out of the country, but Men who have taken han by the arm grass are identical, but the ordinary hour, shrag their shoulders and pass sends roots a foot deep into the earth, Every trifle of a bill is bunted up and where one or two nuts are found to the presented that would not have seen joints. The chafa does not run at ail, the light for months to come, but for and the nuts are all together in the misfortune of the debtor. If it is a bunch. The common grass nut paid, well and good; if not, the scowl will soon take possession of a garden, of the sheriff, perhaps, meats him at Thank heaven, I'm rid of him at The chuta dies unless cultivated, as it the corner. A man that has never last!" failed knows but little of human na-

> wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides! himself on his name and spotless character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas the change,-Ile looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He hardly knows how to move or to do this thing or the other; there are spies about him, a wrist is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind irrends, then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral serve, it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real

DON'T BE IN A HURRY. Give me a whiskey cocktail right quick, I'm in an awful hurry," said an impatientlooking individual, as he rushed, into a wes-tend bar-room. "Then," said the very self-composed mixer of decoction as he slowly turned away to hit the order, "you ougt to have started earlier, and you would not have been in such a devil of a hurry" "was that your best whisky?" asked the customer less agitated after he had swatte ee i the contents of the giass, " Nogit weren't, curtly retained the bar keep. er. "Do you think I'm tool enough to put good whiskey in a cocktail Can't throw away fine liquor that way. Can eyes of the Romac rabble, he stis put any kind of rot gut in a cock-tail none's the wiser, and that's more profit to me, you know."

A USEFUL TABLE, -To aid farmers one acre; 10 yards wide by 484 yards go." that may be fall us if we wilfully diso experiments. It tastes much like the dersonville speech, had sat for the long, contains one acre; 20 yards wide bey Him. It is enough that He gives cocoanut-not quite as sweet or rich. picture of Marcus Antonias, the poet by 242 yards long, contains one acre; 10 I don't. Didn't you say last evening us a command which would keep us in During the late unpleasantness, I got would not have changed a line. Be- yards wide by 121 yards long, contains in the pressure of Bullard and half a quart from Mobile, where it was tween the "curled Antony" and one acre; 160 yards wide by 30 | yards a dozen others that I was to stay hers The "fun" consisted in seeing how advertised as "chaia, or earth almond.' Blaine there is, however, a striking long contain one acre; 220 teet wide a month?" many liquor stores would sell them Following directions, I planted it at difference. The one held up the robe by 198 feet long contain one acre; 448 "drinks," although it was S inday, and Columbia, S. C., in poor sandy soil, of Casar, newly slain; the other gesti- feet wide by 396 feet long, contains all were supposed to be closed. They and raised at least ten bushels from culates, as, with nimble fingers, he one acre; 60 feet wide by 726 feet long shall stry here! I am homan; I ast

inform against them the next morn- the system as figs do. Though oily, the makings of a party flag. Outside trout on another man's land the other chine in his house that will oust the it never offends the stomach, and is of the minority in the House of Rep- day, completely silenced the owner boss shorer, who now has the whole But they were all young and not preferred to the peanut. When resentatives who cheered deliriously who remonstrated with the majestic place to himself except a small room quite used to so many glasses, and dried, parched and ground like coffee, at the wily speech, we may ask, can answer, "Who wants to catch your in a corner of the third story, where they began to get very tipsy, so at it makes excellent shocolate, but little Blaine awake any other feeling than trout? I am only trying to drown this he and is wife spend their nights in a

# ADVERTISEMENTS

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### THE BOSS SNORER.

After the fire old man Bullard found

lodgings on South C. street. He got and very entertaining man. The laughed at his jokes the first evening of his arrival at his place till tears rolled down his checks. The men tions bluntness, he lets his wishes any who were to be Bullard's room mater pear as the undercurrent, rather than also thought well of him-that even ing. The next morning, however, they looked sad and red-eyed. Then fled precipitately to the cloak room to they went to the landlord and told dodge the third term vote he let his him that he must find some other halting excuse of delicacy on account place for Mr. Bullard, as he was such a terrible snorer they couldn't stand only refrained from striking Grant's him. The landlord's rooms were all ambition because he loved Grant. It occupied, and be had no place for is the fault of such men to reason too Bullard but just where he was. Tha finely with themselves, and expect the complaining longers left, and in two world to be cozened with a half-ut. or three weeks two other men were tered thought. Mr. Blame knows put meto the vacant beds. Bullard that his fight with Mr. Hill, in which made short work of them; one night the latter deserves to be heaten as let them out. The landlord sought much as Blaine deserves to be een, an interview with Bullar land remonssured, is a doubtfal advantage to him rated with him. Bullard stoutly asserted that he did not snore -- had never been known o snore. The landlord had to give Bu ard up as a bad bargain, and turned his attention to looking up lodg rs with which to fill his vacant beds. He found men to take the beds, but again Bullard cleaned them out in a single night, Growing desperate, the landload again went to Bulland. He told him ha must either leave the house or pay rent for all the eds in the room -\$45. per month. B Hard said a bargain was a bargain; he had paid \$15 for bed, and he intended keeping it until his month was up, and he didn't propose to pay for beds he had no uses for; he didn't so we, and the man whi asserted to the contrary was a "lixe and a horsethief." The landlord tors very much depressed after this la-s was determined not to be removed from his quarter. A morning or two after, as Bullard's laddlord was going down town, he saw standing in his door a brother Indging house man

"Thank heaven he's gone!" said tha

"Rid of shom ?"

"Why, of the big fat man you see yonder waddling down the street." "What of him?"

"Enough of him! He cleaned nearly every man out of my house before he left. They wouldn't stop in the same block with that snorting, Falstafflan porpoise sir!"

"He's a good one, is he?" "A good one? He's a perfect ter-

ror! He's more different kinds of a snorer than any man I ever heard, and every time he changes his key it is for the worse. While I had him here crowds were gathering in front of the house nightly wondering what was the matter within, and the police came in one night thinking some one was being murlered. My dog ran away, and all the cats left the house,

"And the man you pinted out to me is this snorer?"

"Yes, sic, be is, and may be burst!" "Good lay, sir!" and Bullard's

landford hastened down the street, \* \* The next morning with the first pep of day, Ballard, puffin and blowing, rushed in the pressence of his landlord.

"What are you trying to play upon me?' said be; "I never slept a wink all night. Of all the internal noises, 4 ever heard that min in my room got off the worst. Is be going to stay

"Stay? of cours he is. Hain't be get the bed for a nonth?"

"Then I leave." And Bullard was as good as his worl. An hour afterwards the man who

had ones d Bullard ar seas i was it of serenely into the presse ce of the I and ord. "You've elemed him out," said the

in arriving at accuracy in ascertaining landlord. "You raised him; he's rine the amount of land in different fields for good!" and the landlord glocatly under cultivation, the following table rubbed his hands. "Now," continued is given by an agricultural paper: Five the lan flort, "I'll give you a good, yards wide by 963 yards long, contains square breaktast, and then you can

"Go," said the fat man "not much

"But that you know was only : -- " "I know nothing of the kind, and f

have some place in which to rea e!" The lan itera is now trying to get A Portland man, caught fishing for some man to set up some kind or mamiserable wav.