

Inserted at \$1.00 per square for first, and
five cents for each subsequent insertion.
One inch space will constitute a square
whether in body or display type; less than
an inch will be charged for as a square.
Marriage notices free.
Deaths and Funeral notices free.
Religious notices of one square free.
A liberal discount will be made to those
whose advertisements are to be kept in for
three months or longer.

Professional & Business Cards

W. D. JOHNSON, J. M. JOHNSON
C. P. QUATTLEBAUM

JOHNSONS & QUATTLEBAUM
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW
Conwayboro, S. C.

JOS. T. WALSH,
Attorney at Law and
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY,
Will practice in the courts of Marion, Harry
and Georgetown.
Office at CONWAYBORO, S. C.
Nov 13, 1876-1f.

T. F. GILLESPIE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
Will give prompt attention to all business
entrusted to his care.
CONWAYBORO, S. C.
June, 2 1871.

TOLAR & HART,
Commission Merchants,
152 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK.

Liberal advances made on consignments
Naval Stores, Cotton, &c.
Orders receive Prompt Attention.
Unexceptionable references given North and
South.

J. R. TOLAR, J. H. HARR
of N. C. of S. C.

J. P. WILLIAMS,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
MANUFACTURER OF NAVAL STORES
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
AND
FORWARDING AGENT.
Special attention given to the buying
and selling of Tallow.
BULL CREEK, S. C.

J. C. BOOZER
WITH
EDMONS T. BROWN,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
MEN AND BOYS'
Hats, Caps & Straw Goods,
Ladies' Misses and Children's Hats,
No. 43 HAYNE ST.
CHARLESTON S. C.
Opposite Charleston Hotel.
Nov 13. 1f.

\$30,511,638.60.

Liverpool & London & Globe
Insurance Co.
Total Assets \$30,511,638.60
J. M. JOHNSON,
Agent, Marion, S. C.
C. P. QUATTLEBAUM,
Ast. Agent, Conwayboro, S. C.
Feb 12-1f.

THE
COLUMBIA REGISTER,
PUBLISHED
Daily, Tri-Weekly and Weekly.

THE ONLY DEMOCRATIC PAPER
AT THE CAPITOL.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:
DAILY, six months, \$3.50
TRI-WEEKLY, six months, 2.50
WEEKLY, six months, 1.00

CHEAPEST
Book and Job Printing Office
IN THE STATE.
Address all communications, of what-
ever character, to
Manager Register Publishing Company,
COLUMBIA, S. C.
May 13-1f.

ROOFING!
FOR STEEP OR FLAT
ROOFS.

QUALITY IMPROVED. PRICE REDUCED
IN ROLLS READY FOR APPLICATION.
Can be applied by ordinary workmen. Twenty
years' experience enables us to manufacture
the most durable Ready Roofing known.
Samples and Circulars Mailed
Free.
READY ROOFING CO. N. Y.,
64 Court and St.,
Oct 4-1 yr. New York.

Then and Now.

BY ALEXANDER LAMONT.

Here is the same old Mansion,
With its quaint moss-covered towers,
And the summer and sunlight sleet
On the gleam of the garden and flowers.
And the will dove, far the fir-wood,
Coming in monotone:
And the stately silent courtyard
With its antique dial-stone.
The swallows have come as of yore, lad,
From over the sunny sea,
And the cup of the lily echoes
To the hum of the wandering bee.
The lark, in its silvery treble,
Sings in the deep blue sky,
But the house is not as it was, lad,
In those dear old days gone by.
Twas here that her garments rustled,
Like music amidst the flowers;
And her low, sweet rippling laughter
Made rich the rose weathered bowers.
But now, in its noontide brightness,
The place seems cold and dead,
And it lies like a form of beauty
When the light of the soul has fled.
All hushed is each lonely chamber
That eel eod to songs of old,
The chairs are now all vacant,
And the hearths are dark and cold.
Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad,
No heart but my own can know;
And the glimpses of heaven she gave me
In this dear home long ago.
But they went one eve, when she left me
Mid the balm of the summer air;
There's a grave far over the hills, lad—
The home of my heart is there.
Timothy's Magazine.

A Night Lodger.

When I was in my twelfth year,
papa and mama made up their minds
to take a pleasure trip to the "Far
West." This was something unusual;
they seldom left home. Well, they
went, and my two sisters, two brothers
and myself had a gay time "house-
keeping."
One day, all except myself and our
servant girl were invited to a dinner
party. I confess I dreaded to have
them go.
"Kate, we will bring you any
amount of candy."
"Now, pet, you know you and Sally
can stay here just as well as not."
"Don't be a baby, Kitty!"—were the
words directed to me.
Finally I resignedly bade them "get
out of my sight."
Sally and I were good friends; she
told me stories and sang songs till I
began to think it was quite a fine
thing to be left at home.
Tired of staying in the house, I
sauntered down the front walk, and
amused myself by indulging in a for-
bidden pleasure—swinging on the
gate.
Looking down the road, I spied a
man coming along. I flew to the
house, and, satisfied that he was com-
ing in, I ran to Sally. Seizing her
dress with both hands, I exclaimed:
"Oh, Sally! there is a dreadful look-
ing man coming in."
Sally picked up the poker and
walked to the door, while I, imitating
her example, snatched a stick of wood.
Suddenly Sally cried:
"You little goose, it is Bill Mc-
Carty!"
Sure enough, it was Sally's beau.
Her mother was very sick, and Mc-
Carty was sent to bring Sally home
immediately.
Here was a dilemma. Sally didn't
want to leave me, and unless she start-
ed home then, she might not see her
mother alive. It was nearly time for
the rest of the folks to come home, so
I managed to raise courage enough to
say I was willing to remain alone.
In a few minutes Sally was off, and I
was left in possession of our great
house, which never seemed so large to
me before. I tried to read, but it was
impossible; all the murder stories I
had ever heard came to my mind.
I remembered that none of our
doors could be locked. Papa, who
had a few strange ideas, declared locks
were a nuisance. I felt that I was
doomed.
I went out to the yard, and, to my
dismay, discovered that the sky was
overcast and a storm near at hand.
I could see the rain coming; faster
and faster it came; it was soon at the
house. Oh, how it did rain!
On each side of our yard was a
brook, pretty and peaceful in pleasant
weather, but a very little rain trans-
formed them both into raging tor-

rents.

As I stood at the window I saw first
one bridge, and then the other, swept
off. I knew now that I must stay alone
all night; it would be impossible for my
brothers and sisters to get home.
Travelers, or, as Sally called them,
"trappers," often stopped at our house
over night, as there was no public
house near. To my horror, I now
saw one of them coming across the
fields. Should I hide? No, that was
not thought of. Without stopping to
knock, the great rough man walked
in.
"Can I stay here all night?"
I dared not refuse him, so, as firmly
as I could, I answered:
"Yes."
He seemed surprised at seeing no
one but myself, and questioned me
much. I told him my brother was up
stairs writing; that we two were
alone. That was the first thing that
entered my head to tell him. Such
a villainous countenance that man
had!

His hair was cut close to his head,
leaving his huge ears in bold relief.
Wicked looking eyes, and a brutal
mouth, completed his general expres-
sion of ferocity.
Bedtime came, and I directed the
man to a room up stairs in the ser-
vants' department, not the "upstairs"
where I had said my brother was.
Now that there was real danger, I
was calm and reasonable. I fastened
the door that led up stairs with my
embroidery scissors, which happened to
be in my pocket, so as to guard
against surprise, and hurriedly collect-
ing our silverware, carried it to mam-
ma's room and hid it in the bed. No
one would have supposed the bed had
been disturbed.
I was elated at my ingenuity.
I then hunted up what jewels the
girls possessed, and placing them,
with what money I could find in a
box, I tied them in my pocket. After
doing this, I stole down stairs and re-
moved my scissors from the door.
These scissors were counted among
my most valuable treasures. I had
had them many years, and had no in-
tention of losing them now.
I expected the man would only wait
till he thought I and my fictitious
brother were asleep, and would then
search the house for valuables, and
finish by killing me.

Only one plan for escape that I ori-
ginated seemed feasible. I deter-
mined to wait till I heard my lodger in the
rooms below, and then wrap myself in
papa's shawl, and jump out of the
window. I was not kept long in sus-
pense; the peculiar squeak of the sit-
ting-room door warned me that it was
time to act. Quietly I raised the win-
dow, and just as the steps approached
the stairs, I jumped to the ground.
Fortunately, there was a bed of lilies
directly beneath the window, and they
softened my fall.
That there was danger of breaking
my neck I had not thought. I was
determined to escape.
It was as dark as Egypt, the rain
was pouring down in torrents, but this
was nothing in comparison with the
horror within the house.
Half a mile back of our house lived
a friend of papa's—Mr. Vincent. I
resolved to go there. I ran along,
stumbling against fences and falling
into ditches, thinking I never knew
such a long half mile.
Finally I reached the house, and
managed to tell my story. Several
young men happened to have been de-
layed there by the storm, and, headed
by Henry Vincent, a young man of
some twenty-two years, they prepared
to capture my visitor.
I was too excited to remain at Mr.
Vincent's. I declared I would go
back home. They all tried to per-
suade me except Henry Vincent, who
said "such a little heroine should do
as she pleased." With my hand tightly
clashed in Henry's, we started.
When we came within sight of our
house, we saw a light flitting from
room to room, and a few words of
boisterous song floated to us on the
breeze. Silently my friends surround-
ed the house, guarding every avenue
of escape. Henry and I (I would not
let him leave me for a moment) entered
the house. We found the vagabond
searching papa's desk.

He had found several hundred dol-
lars that I had not seen, when prepar-
ing for flight. He started to run
when he saw us, but finding men and
revolvers on all sides, he was obliged
to surrender.
He was safely bound, and then ques-
tioned. It appeared he was a noted
thief who had long baffled the pol-
ice.
He said when he learned the house
was occupied by only two individuals
he was much elated. He did not in-
tend to proceed to acts of violence,
unless my brother and I troubled him
too much. When he found the house
deserted, he concluded I had not told
him the truth—that I was alone. Not
finding me, he supposed I had hid, and
he would not hunt for me.
Lifting me into his lap, Henry Vin-
cent called me the "bravest little
woman he ever knew." All the others
praised and flattered me, till I began
to think men were greater talkers than
women. All that night we staid there,
but before morning I was "raving" like
a madman." Three long weeks I re-
mained unconscious.

When I became sensible, anxious
faces were bending over me. Papa,
mamma, and all the folks were at my
bedside.
"What is the matter?" I asked.
In a moment that dreadful day came
to my remembrance.
"Oh, I know now," said I, with a
shudder.
It was a long, long time before I re-
gained my strength.
Every person petted and praised me.
I was the heroine of the neighborhood.
Henry Vincent never tired of descant-
ing upon my bravery, and devoted
himself to me in a manner that would
have been very aggravating to his la-
dy friends had I been a few years
older.
My "lodger" was sent to prison to
meditate for some years.
"Starvation Resolutions."

That is the name the Radicals give
to the resolutions passed by the mer-
chants of Newberry. A large majority
of the colored people of this County
voted at the late election what may
fitly be called the starvation ticket.
They elected by their ballots, aided
by fraud and intimidation, the worst
set of men that ever disgraced the
County offices. They voted against
every interest of the County. They
voted defiantly and in most cases mal-
iciously. They have shown themselves
the enemies of the merchants and
planters, upon whom they depend for
positions and support. The Democ-
rats have declared almost unani-
mously that they would show no
favors to those who should vote
against their interest at the late elec-
tion, and would regard with special
favor all who should vote for honest
government. Now, what will be the
result of such resolutions and decla-
rations? Will they be carried out?
These are questions that are now caus-
ing no little concern. So far as our
own individual interests are concerned,
we can afford to carry out the resolu-
tions without much trouble and incon-
venience. Our business is of such a
nature as not to be affected very ma-
terially by them one way or the other.
Upon the merchants and the farmers
rests the burden of the matter, and we
do not feel that we have a right to
offer any advice on the subject. But
we are free to say this much: the col-
ored men who voted with us ought to
be treated—and of course will be treat-
ed—with the very kindest considera-
tion. Both justice and policy demand
it. They have acted the part of friends
towards us in our time of need. They
deserve as much credit as if we had
succeeded. He who does his best act-
nobly. Justice, therefore, demands
that preference should invariably be
given to them. Besides, those colored
men are watching; they are going to
see how the Democrats fulfill their
promises. Suppose they are put upon
the same footing and let to the same
chances as Radical supporters, where
will they stand when another election
comes round? Can anybody doubt?
They have encountered the most
violent opposition in taking the manly
stand they have taken; and if no ad-
vantages whatever accrue to them
thereby they will not take it again.
Policy, therefore, demands that the
Democrats should give preference to
them. But what about those who
supported our enemies? They have
perpetrated misrule and corruption in
the county; they have sunk the county
infinitely lower than it has ever gone
before. They have brought us to great-
er suffering; and we do say that they
should be made to suffer first, and to
reap the just reward of their own folly
and bane. Some Radical office-holder
may raise his sanctimonious voice

against what he calls such unfeeling
measures; if so, let him come to the
help of his friends. It is high time
the people of the County and State
were feeling for themselves now. If
they do not adopt some measures for
their deliverance, they had as well be
in Liberia at once, or in the black re-
public of Hayti. No government at
all would be far preferable to the in-
competent, corrupt and tyrannical
government we have been living under
for the last eight years.
As said before, we cannot dictate,
nor even advise, in this matter, but we
must express the hope that the pledges
made for our friends and against our
enemies will be carried out to the
strict letter; otherwise, they had better
never been made.
Newberry Herald.

A certain man whose name was
Zachariah went down from Washing-
ton to New York and fell among
thieves, and the thieves received him
gladly, and he abode with them many
days. And he said unto them: "The-
hold, I have three States. South
Carolina is mine, and Florida is mine,
and Louisiana is mine, and there are
nineteen electoral votes in those three.
Go now and get me an hundred and
sixty six other votes, and we will
count in these nineteen, and the inher-
itance will be ours; for we shall
sweep the boys." But behold the boys
sent spies into the States of Zachariah,
and Florida was not his by a thous-
and, and South Carolina was not his
by fifteen hundred. And when Zach-
ariah saw that certain wise men had
been sent down from the North who
oversaw the count in Louisiana, he
girded up his loins and fled swiftly.
For the last State of that man was
five thousand worse than the first.
New York World, 12th.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—In spite of
troops and arrests, South Carolina
seems to have chosen Hampton. We
congratulate the State, and particu-
larly the colored voters. They have
shown good sense, and they will now
have peace and good order, low taxes
and good will. So far as we hear at
the hour of going to press, the election
has been entirely peaceful, and on this
important result we also congratulate
the people of the State of both colors.
General Hampton has solemnly prom-
ised, on every stump in the State,
that, if elected Governor, he would
make the colored people secure in all
their rights. He cannot afford to do
less, and he has power and influence
enough to enable him to keep his
promise. We hope that a new era of
prosperity begins in South Carolina
with his election.—*New York Herald.*

CARPET-BAGGERS STEALING AWAY.
—Fisk has gone, Ames has gone, Sul-
livan has gone, Cardozo has gone,
Johnny Raymond has gone, Crosby
has gone, and hundreds of others have
departed. All gone! It is very sad,
but then these fellows can't live on
air, and they won't work. After the
State administration passed from their
hands they packed up their carpet-
bags, wrapped up their shirts in an old
Pilot and silently stole away.—*Vicks-
burg Herald.*

A Passage from "Junius."
To the Editor of the Hartford Times:
In stumbling over my library, I
now and then see a passage in some
old book which takes my eye. Here
is a scrap, which, if it could in these
turbulent times be "read and ponder-
ed," might do some good:
"The ruin or prosperity of a State
depends so much upon the administra-
tion of its government that, to be
acquainted with the merits of a min-
istry, we need only observe the con-
dition of the people. If we see them
obedient to the laws, prosperous in
their industry, united at home and
respected abroad, we may reasonably
presume that their affairs are con-
ducted by men of experience, abilities
and virtues.
"If, on the contrary, we see an
universal spirit of distrust and dis-
satisfaction, a rapid decay of trade,
dissensions in all parts of the empire,
and a total loss of respect in the eyes
of foreign powers, we may pronounce,
without hesitation, that the govern-
ment of the country is weak, distracted
and corrupt.
"The multitude in all countries are
patient to a certain point. Ill usage
may arouse their indignation and
hurry them into excesses; but the
original fault is in the government."
JUNIAS, 1769.

NEWFOUNDLAND COD.
How the Fish are Cured and Shipped.
A recent letter from St. John's,
Newfoundland, to the Montreal Gazette
says: "We are now busy shipping
our dried codfish for foreign markets.
It is curious to note the history of a
codfish from the moment when, on the
hook of the fisherman, it is dragged

from its native element till it disap-
pears down the human throats on the
banks of the Amazon, the Parana, the
Tagus or the Po. After a few expiring
wriggles—and it is a comfort to be
informed by naturalists that fish are
almost insensible to pain—the cod is
flung from the fisherman's boat up
the rough 'stags,' where it is received
by the 'cut-throat,' who with a sharp
knife lays open the fish across the
throat and down the belly, and passes
it to the 'header.' This operator pro-
ceeds to extract the liver, which is
dropped into a vessel by his side, to be
converted into cod liver oil. He then
extracts the entrails and wrenches off
the head, and throws these into another
receptacle, to be preserved for the
farmer, to mix with bog and earth,
thus forming a most fertilizing com-
post for his fields. The tongues, how-
ever, are taken out, and also the
'soulds,' and these, fresh or pickled,
are an excellent article of food. The
fish is then passed to the 'splitter,'
who, by a dexterous movement, cuts
out the backbone nearly to the tail,
and thus lays the fish entirely open,
and capable of being laid flat on its
back. This is the nicest part of the
operation, and the 'splitter' always
commands higher wages than the other
operators. The 'salter' next takes the
fish and washes it well from all par-
ticles of blood, salts it, and places it in
piles to drain. After lying the prop-
er length of time it is washed and
spread to dry on the 'flake,' which is
formed of spruce boughs, supported
by a frame-work, resting on upright
poles. Here the cod are spread out
individually to bleach by exposure to
sun and air, and during this process
require constant attention. At night,
or on the approach of rain, they are
made up into little round heaps, with
the skin outward, in which state they
look very much like small haycocks.
When the 'bloom,' of whitish appear-
ance, which for a time they assume,
comes out on the dried fish, the pro-
cess is finished, and they are then
quite ready for storing. On being
conveyed to the premises of the export-
ing merchant, they are first 'called,' or
assorted, into four different kinds,
known as 'Merchantable,' 'Maderia,'
'West India,' and 'Dun,' or broken
fish. The first is the best quality, the
second a grade lower; the third is
intended for the stomach of negroes,
and the fourth, which is incapable of
keeping, is used at home. The cod
sent to hot countries is packed by
screw power into small casks called
'drums,' that which goes to the Medi-
terranean is usually exported in bulk.
We ship large quantities of dried cod-
fish to Brazil, and there is hardly an
inhabited corner of that vast empire
where the Newfoundland cod is not to
be found, being carried on the backs
of mules from the seacoast into the
most distant provinces of the interior.
The negroes of the West Indies wel-
come it as a grateful addition to their
vegetable diet. To all parts of the
Mediterranean it finds its way.—Ital-
ians, Greeks, and Sicilians equally re-
lish the produce of our sea harvest.
The Spaniards and Portuguese are our
best customers, and all over the sunny
Peninsula the 'bacca' have been a
standing dish since the days of Cer-
vantes, who makes special mention of
our cod in Don Quixote under that
name. In great Britain and the
United States we have thousands of
customers. In the warmer regions of
the earth, however, the people seem to
have a special liking for the dried and
salted cod, and to them it is an almost
indispensable article of food. The
more extensively Brazil, Spain and
Italy are opened up by railway and
other means of transit, the greater be-
comes the demand for cod, as the cost
is lessened. Roman Catholic countries
are our best customers, and Newfound-
landers have no reason to wish for the
abolition of lent or a reduction in the
number of fast days appointed by the
Roman Catholic Church. The advan-
cing price of fresh meats of all
kinds in various countries is also rap-
idly increasing the demand for cod,
and has considerably enhanced its
value. Twelve or fourteen years ago
the average price of fish was from
twelve to fifteen shillings per quintal.
It is now exactly double that price."

IF ACTS THE SAME ON ALL.—The
other forenoon a man who has oc-
cupied a seat in Congress, held a State
office been presiding officer at dozens
of conventions, and is looked upon as
a man of deep thought and wide ex-
perience, was passing down the street
when he saw a silver half dollar lying
on the sidewalk. He bent down to
pick it up, and the coin traveled into
the open door of a shoe shop, while
the boy who held the string cried out:
"Sold again and got the tin—next!"
The great statesman and deep-think-
er acted precisely as a common laborer
would have acted. He grew red in
the face, looked around to see who
had witnessed the incident, and as he
hurried on he muttered strange words
and spattered out sentences with three
exclamation points after them.
Detrol Free Press.