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Pharisee and Sadducee.

To church the two together went,
Both doubtless on devotion bent;
The parson preached with fluent ease
On Pharisees and Sadducees:
And as they homeward slowly walked
The lovers on the sermon talked;
And he—he deeply loved the maid—
In soft and tender accent said:
"Darling do you not think that we
Are Pharisee and Sadducee?"
She flashed on him her bright black eyes,
In one swift look of vexed surprise,
And then he hastened to aver
He was her constant worshipper;
"But, Mary, I insist," said he,
"That you are very fair, I see;
I know you don't care much for me,
And that makes me sad, you see."
—[Boston Post.

Lost at Sea.

BY C. C.

"Captain Vaughan went down with
the ship."

That was the report that reached
home when the news came of the loss
of the good ship "Beatrice," off the
Sandwich Islands, in a great storm.

"The life-boats were lowered and
filled, and while the captain stood
upon the quarter-deck, commanding
the loading of the boats, the ship
sank."

There was much more description
in the papers that I had obtained from
a file of three years' back. Three
years, past in illness, exile, and sore
poverty, before I obtained passage
upon a homeward-bound vessel.

For I am Captain Richard Vaughan,
who went down with the good ship
"Beatrice."

The rush of the storm comes to me
in my sleep, as it came to me when I
sank, with Clara's name upon my lips,
never hoping to rise again.

But rise I did in the blackness of
night, and catching a floating spar,
kept above the angry waves till the
storm lulled, and daylight crept over
the waters. It was many hours later
when I was picked up by a disabled
French vessel with the ship fever
raging aboard, and short of hands
from its fatal ravages. I gave willing
work there, till the fever fastened its
cruel grip upon me, and I tossed in
delirium while we took in a cargo of
gums and spices, had the vessel re-
paired, and I was still unconscious of
all around me, when she sailed away,
leaving me.

All my savings were invested in
the "Beatrice."

It would be too long a story, to
detail all the miseries and hardships
of those three years until I landed in
England, and sat in a newspaper
office, reading an account of the
wreck of the "Beatrice," and my own
obituary.

I had worked my passage from my
last port, and had my wages in the
pocket of my coarse sailor's suit, and
I was waiting for a train to take me
to the little English village that
was my home.

Home! Clara!

Those were the words that braced
my heart for all the rough encounters
of the past three years, and yet, with-
in a few hours' ride of them, my
courage was failing me. What might
not have happened in three years?
Death might have come—illness,
poverty.

I was not a young man, having
reached my fiftieth year; my beard
and whiskers were dappled with grey,
and my face was bronzed by exposure.

In my youth they called me hand-
some, and my form was still straight,
my teeth firm and white, my eyes
large and bright in spite of the snow
on my hair and the fifty years scored
in my life.

Clara was much younger. Five
years before I married her for true
love's sake—my first love and my
last. She was the daughter of a fel-
low townsman, who was my true
friend for years, and from the time
she was a toddling baby, Clara had
been called my "little wife." Every
time I returned from a voyage my
cabin was stored with presents for
Clara till her father's cottage was a
perfect museum of foreign curiosities,
and her wardrobe was the envy of all
the village girls.

When she was nineteen I asked
her to be my wife in truth, as she had
been so long in name. She looked

frightened at first, but a few days
after she put her hand in mine, and
promised to be my true, faithful wife.
We took a year's cruise on the
"Beatrice" for a wedding trip, and a
few months after we came home
a blue-eyed babe lay upon Clara's
breast.

I hovered at home for nearly six
months, and then, kissed wife and
child for farewell, wringing my father-
in-law's hand hard, I left once more
to start upon that ill-fated voyage
when the "Beatrice" was wrecked,
and "Captain Vaughan went down
with the ship."

After reading the whole report of
the wreck, I came to the conclusion
that I had no business to be alive.
No one, with the tales of eye-witnes-
ses, the letters from the few who were
saved, the evidence on all sides, could
ever believe that I, Dick Vaughan,
captain of the "Beatrice," could be
still in existence. But there I was,
and a few hours later I would be at
home.

But it seemed as if the chapter of
my misfortunes was never to be fin-
ished, for the train met with an acci-
dent, and we were kept all night upon
the road. So it happened that the
church bells were ringing for Sunday
morning service, when at last, after a
two-mile walk, I entered the village
wherein lay my home. It occurred to
me at once that if I followed the little
stream of people entering the church,
I could see it my wife and her father
were alive. They would be in church,
probably.

But I did not wish to startle Clara
by rising suddenly from my grave in
the sea, so I stole into a quick corner
and watched the people as they came
in. My heart beat so fast that it
seemed to suffocate me as I saw her
come at last, her close widow's cap
shading her nut brown hair and her
pale cheeks.

Never had I seen that dear face so
sad and so white. She grieved for
me!
Her black dress had no sign of re-
turning brightness about it, being
sombre and heavy, with a long crape
veil from the black bonnet.

My wife! my little love! How I
longed to spring out, fold her in my
arms, and see the brightness come
back to her bonny-brown eyes and the
delicate flush to her cheeks. But I
would not! This first meeting was
too sacred for all these curious eyes to
witness.

So I nestled against the pillar that
screened me, and listened to the ser-
vice. Presently the clergyman read
distinctly the banns between William
Hudson and Clara, widow of the late
Captain Richard Vaughan.

The whole place reeled and grew
black before me. If I did not actually
faint, I lost all note of time and place,
till the sexton shook me gently, and I
looked up to find he and I were alone
in the church. I reeled out upon the
porch, hearing but not heeding the
sexton's comment:

"A drunken sailor."

But in the air, a mad desire to face
my wife, to know if I was in truth so
utterly forgotten seized me. I remem-
bered well having heard of Wil-
liam Hudson, although I had never
seen him. His father was an iron
manufacturer of immense wealth, and
the owner of a superb residence, new-
ly built, when I was last at home.

The son was then abroad, but re-
ported represented him as a very hand-
some, accomplished man of twenty-
three, courtly, as was to be expected
from a well-bred son of a wealthy
man.

He was nearer Clara's age than I
was; was he also nearer her heart
than her old husband had ever been?
I hurried over the familiar road, tor-
turing myself with these questions,
and I must have rushed over the
ground at headlong speed, for before
I reached the cottage I saw a little
black-robed figure ahead of me, that I
recognized at once.

Again the instinct that warned me
to spare her the shock of my sudden
appearance made me pause and allow
her to enter the gate in front of the
cottage, while I stole round the fence
and went in the rear gate.

From a clump of shrubbery, covered
thickly with summer foliage, I, well
hidden, could see and hear all that

passed in the cottage parlor.

My father-in-law was there when I
first looked in, reading a paper with
his eyes restlessly watching for some
one to come.

I did not mean to be an eavesdrop-
per. I scarcely know why I waited,
hidden and watchful, for Clara to
come.

When she did come it was with
flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, such
as I had never seen before. Her voice
too was raised to an angry pitch of ex-
citement quite new to me.

"Father!" she cried, "who has dared
to tell Mr. Gates to read the banns
between William Hudson and my
self?"

"I did!" was the short reply.

"You! you!"

"Yes, I did. You have trifled with
Mr. Hudson long enough."

"I never trifled with him!"

"He has asked you twice to be his
wife."

"And I have twice refused that
honor!"

"But you shall marry him! He is
immensely rich, and will take you to
his grand home. You cannot refuse
him now that the banns are pub-
lished."

"Father! father! how could you?"

"Pray what are your objections to
Mr. Hudson? Is he not young?"

"Yes."

"Handsome?"

"Yes."

"Of good moral character?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what can you find to
object to? Not want of money, sure-
ly?"

All the excitement was gone from
Clara's face. She seemed to feel
stuffed by the net gathered around
her, for she pressed her hand to her
heart as if in pain. In a dull tone she
said, wearily:

"I will never marry Mr. Hudson. I
do not love him."

"Come, that is an old excuse. You
made the same when you refused to be
Captain Vaughan's wife."

Refused to be my wife! Was that,
too, her father's doing? Had she been
tricked, then? My heart was sick as
I leaned against a tree near me, and
listened to what farther was to come.

The sweet voice I loved rang out
firm and clear.

"You are right, father; I did not
love Captain Vaughan when you threat-
ened to turn me from your house if I
refused him. I was but a child, and
had my own romantic dreams of a
hero young and brave, was to come
and make a rosy heaven of love for
me. I respected Captain Vaughan,
and gave him an affection such as a
child might give an indulgent uncle,
but I did not love as I dreamed I could
love."

I groaned aloud as my wife spoke,
but not hearing me, she continued:

"But if I did not love my husband
when you forced me to marry him, at
least I did him no wrong. If my
heart was not his it was free. I loved
no one else. He took me away.
You know from what tyranny and
cruel exactions he took me."

"Upon my word, you are compli-
mentary!"

"I speak the truth. Captain Van-
ghan took me into his noble heart, as
something to cherish, to love. He
gave me every wish of my heart, and
gave it tenderly, lovingly. He wrap-
ped my whole life in the sunshine of
that love, till out of my gratitude, my
happiness, my deep, deep content, was
born an answering love. Before we
had been six months on the sea togeth-
er, our world the ship, I loved my hus-
band; with faithful, enduring love, such
as even in my girlish dreams I had
never given my ideal hero."

"Very romantic!" sneered my old
friend, and I wondered what I had
ever found to like in him.

"Then my baby came," said Clara,
"and my child's father became to me
dearer, if possible, than my husband
had been. You know what I suffered
when Dick left me. You know the
long agony of illness, the weary, hope-
less struggles back to life, that follow-
ed the cruel news of my husband's
death. But for my babe I must have
died."

Great choking sobs were interrupt-
ing Clara as she spoke, but she hurried

on.

"I lived for my child, and Providence
took that too from me. I only
ask now that I may be taken soon,
very soon, to the heaven where my
dear ones are!"

There was a long silence. Then
my father-in-law, in a harsh voice,
said:

"You will be the laughing stock of
the village if you refuse to marry Wil-
liam Hudson now."

"I shall refuse him! This very trick
has turned the indifference I felt be-
fore to a loathing and contempt I will
never overcome."

Then with a sudden piteous wail she
cried out:

"Oh, my husband! my own dear
husband! why are you not here to love
and protect me?"

I could not bear the pleading in her
voice. Unmindful now of the danger
of starting her, anxious only to take
her from the tyranny that oppressed
her young life, I stepped from my
hiding-place, and went to the porch.

As my footstep rang out there Clara
grew deadly pale, her breath suspend-
ed, her eyes dilated with a fearful
hope.

Breathlessly she listened till I stood
in the door-way, when with a great
cry of rapture, she sprang into my
open arms, and fainted there.

Her father, sitting bolt upright,
stared as if I had been a ghost—as
indeed I had a right to be. I carried
Clara off before his eyes, across the
hall to our own room, and there I won
lute back to her white face and stilled
pulse.

She could only cry, nestled close in
my arms, for a long, long time, but
her weeping was so quiet, and she
clung to me so happily, that I, like an
old idiot, let tears fall from my own
eyes upon her soft hair.

When she had wept herself quiet
she told me of our baby, and how the
whole world seemed dark and desolate
to her when it died.

Then she kissed both my eyes, and
bidding me not to stir, she vanished
behind the great arm-chair in which I
was seated.

She moved softly to and fro there
and suddenly came in front of me all
dressed in soft white muslin, with
knots of blue ribbon at her throat and
in her hair, and the gold ear-rings and
brooch I gave her shining in their
places.

"I will wear black no more, now
you are come," she said. "I cannot
mourn, even for my baby, when Heav-
en has sent my husband back to me."

The dinner-bell rang as she spoke,
and there was quite a little scene with
Meg, our one-servant, when I walked
into the dining-room, arrayed in my
Sunday suit, carefully preserved by
Clara for my holiday ashore, with my
wife on my arm.

That old hypocrite, my father-in-
law, had recovered by that time, and
pretended to be delighted to see me.
But we have had separate establish-
ments since that time, for I went to
sea no more. The very mention of it
made Clara turn faint.

We invested the insurance money in
a good farm, and live our happy,
peaceful life there, with two little ones
who came to replace the blue-eyed
babe who died during my long exile.

How William Hudson bore his dis-
appointment I never knew. My mir-
aculous arrival was a nine-day wonder
in the village, but William Hudson
was seen there no more after the read-
ing of the false banns.

IN A BONANZA.

Fifteen Hundred Feet Under Ground,
And What May Be Seen There

[From the Boulder (Col.) Courier.]

It only takes five minutes. You step
into the cage, and the hand that guides
the Titan at the surface touches the
rein of the black monster and you are
plunging into the gloom. In a moment
the lights of earth go out; by the
glare of lanterns you know you
are passing dripping timbers; the
sounds from above grow fainter and
cease; the vapors rise around you as
from a cauldron; you hear now and
then a rumble in the depths, as though
the dark spirits below were complain-
ing that their treasures were being
thus taken away; you listen, expect-
ing to hear the muttering of gnomes
which guard the sacred treasures; there

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three months or longer.

comes a dance of the cage under your
feet; you know the hand above has
touched the bit of burden-bearing, and
then the cage stops, and you are more
than a quarter of a mile below the
busy city which you just a few minutes
before left; from the dusky highway
you have stepped into the world's
grandest treasure-house; you have
passed from the temperate to the tropi-
cal zone in a moment—you are in a
Bonanza. It takes but a little space
to complete the transition; it takes but
a moment to describe it; but the
change is wonderful, and to one of a
thoughtful mind, the wonder increases
with each returning visit. It is no
little thing to work a mine 1,500 feet
below the surface. True, there are
broad avenues there; broad timbers
which like Atlas seem competent to
support a world upon their broad
backs; there are engineers at work
and cars running; but every glimpse
of a man there reveals the exertion
necessary to keep this combat with
the spirits which guard the buried
treasure below. The men are stripped
to the waist, those brawny fellows,
with perspiration bursting from every
pore and their bodies shining as it is
said the Spanish victims shone in the
sunlight when stretched upon the top
of Teococa, ere the Aztec priests torp-
out their hearts for a sacrifice. Those
white breasts have another significance.
On the surface survive races may take
from the laborer his bread; down in
that gloom there is no fear of competi-
tion. The pale faces there hold sway.
There the Caucasian race is indispen-
sable, for what is needed among gnomes
is a steady brain, a quick, strong hand,
a ruling intelligence. Those strong-
holds are not stormed until grappled
with by the world's ruling races. It
looks pleasant down there in the mimic
streets and under the lantern's glare,
but before those streets were opened
there was in the stifling air a work
performed which can not be calculat-
ed. Picks were swung, drills were
struck, powder was burned, men fainted
and fell in their places; but the
work went on. So it will proceed in
the future, until, probably, after
another sixteen years, they will be
worked 3,000 feet below the surface,
as unconcerned as they now delve at
the present levels. We pass through
a long drift, and suddenly we find
where the attacking column is driving
into the ore. The sight is magnificent,
but for those in the East who fancy
that silver mining is a light thing to
accomplish, one visit here would dispel
the illusion. A glimpse at the
work, a glance at the machinery, a
few thoughts of the study required to
make a successful battle against the
rock, the danger and gnome, would
suddenly reveal to them how it is that
a first-class miner has to be a first-class
man, and how, after he completes his
education below ground, he can size
upon the ordinary avocations of life
as a student after compassing algebra
is never more troubled by a problem
in arithmetic. But we are on the
edge once more, the bell up above
signals that there is precious freight
on board, and in five minutes more we
are out of the depths, the blessed
sunlight comes to us again, the summer
strikes us with a chill, we are out of
the depths and have done the Bonanza.

Two Gallant Young Men

She was very pretty, wore a pleas-
ant smile, and when she entered an
avenue car last evening there were
seven young men who immediately
vacated their seats and delighted
themselves by casting alternate
glances at the fair one and the vacant
spaces. She took the nearest seat
with a nod to all and a bewitching
smile; six young men bowed and stood
up, and each imagined himself a
martyr. She carried a beautiful child
in her arms, and it was very playful.
One young man thought she was his
aunt, and two others were quite posi-
tive she was his mother. Meanwhile
the child amused itself. It climbed
and crowded and laughed and played,
and the lady laughed and petted it.
One of the young men, a sacreligious
wretch, commenced humming. "I wish
I were a baby," when the child, kick-
ing in a playful mood, knocking a han-
kerchief from the lady's lap on the
floor. There were four of the young
men who made a simultaneous dive
for the muslin, and two of them got it;
they came up smiling neither willing
to relax his grasp, and two hands ex-
tended it toward the fair one. An
old lady on the opposite side tittered,
and the young lady held the child in
front of her face and blushed. The
young men looked at each other and
then at —. Their mouths and
eyes opened; each handed it to the
other; something fell upon the floor,
and two young men silently departed
from the car. The other man looked
out of the window and somebody
whispered: "It wasn't a handkerchief."
Columbia Register.

A Georgia editor is having serious
trouble with his subscribers for the
heretical sentiments found in the patent
outside furnished some
Nothern job of

vised to turn