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VOL. 9. CONWAYBORO, S. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1877. NO. 1.

EXCLAMATORY.

At church I sat within her pew— O, Faw! But there I heard No pious word— I saw alone her eyes of blue! I saw her bow her head so gracious— O, Gracious! The choir sang, The organ rang— And seemed to fill the building spacious. I could hear the Gospel law— O, Law! My future bride Was by my side— I found all else a mighty bore! And when pealed the organ's thunder— O, Thunder! I fixed my eyes In mute surprise, On her whose beauty was a wonder. To me that maiden was most dear, O, Dear! And she was mine— Joy too divine For human words to picture here. Her love seemed like a prayer to bless me— O, Bless me! Before she came My life was tame, My rarest joys could but oppress me. The service was done we sought the shore— O, Shore! And there we walked, And sadly talked— Move sadly talked than e'er before. I thought she was the type of goodness— O, Goodness! But on that day I heard her say Plain words whose every tone was rudeness. West rolled beyond the tide-mill's dam— O, Dam! She jilted me, And now I see That woman's love is all a sham!

CHANGES.

A walk in the grove by star-light, A kiss, and a parting word— A word of love that none But the quiv'ring leaves have heard. A joy away down in your heart, A promise you hold so dear— Her promise to her bride— Your bride at the end of a year. At the end of a year, a bride Deeked in costly array; For this, and a purse of gold, She has given her soul away. A grave in the grove to-night, As green as the leaves above, A woman's figure there, But no whispered word of love. The sighing of the wind, The flight of a startled bird, A sob of despair that none But the quiv'ring leaves have heard.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

Some Experience with Fire.

BY M. QUAD.

I knew him for months and months, and yet I did not know his name. I called him "Spon," and he answered to it as readily as he would have answered to any other. He was small of stature, bent with age, and his scanty locks were as white as snow. Most men took him to be a beggar, or some old man waiting to die. When I came to know him I found that he had not a relation on earth. I cannot name the shop. It was not a tailor-shop, or a shoe shop, or a junk shop, and yet it was all three, and he kept herbs and medicines. No one liked him, and yet all respected him. He was reserved, and yet he was free to answer questions. He gave his history to all honest inquirers, and yet they really learned nothing about him. Such was my strange old man. One night a fire broke out in a building designed for a drug store. The store was furnished with walnut shelving and counters, and pine ceiling. Everything had been oiled and some of it vanished, and the store would have been occupied in another week. The fire was under good headway when discovered, and the whole interior was burned out. "What caused it?" I asked a fireman after the flames had been extinguished. "Some one set fire to it," he answered. "You say that you lie!" cried a strange voice, and we looked up and found my strange old man. That was our introduction. I laughed at him, but he maintained such a serious look that my curiosity was aroused and I inquired: "Why do you say that?" "Come with me," he answered, and he would not let go my arm until we stood at the door of his little old shop. We went in and sat down, and presently he commenced: "It was neither accident nor incendiarism. There was no stove there to drop a spark, and doors and windows

BY VIRTUE OF AN OFFICE.

were locked against incendiaries. It was simply a case of spontaneous combustion. The light, dry woods were soaked with oil, the floor covered with rags and shavings, and not even a pane of glass out to ventilate the room." I was not a believer in spontaneous combustion, and I made light of his remarks. "Come here to-morrow and I will convince you," he answered, and after some further discussion I went away. He had spoken of spontaneous combustion; I called him "Spon." He was old; I named him "old Spon." Old Spon was a character for a sketch, and hoping to find him full of anecdote and adventure, and smiling at the absurdity of his theory, I called at his shop the next day as requested. He was ready for me, and he took up the subject at once. "I am going to reproduce that drug store," he said, pointing around the room. "Here is a box, shavings, oil and rags. Let me prove to you that it does not need fire to make fire." He had some fine walnut and pine shavings, and some bits of dry board. He poured boiled linseed oil and a little varnish on these, some more on the rags, and then nailed all up in a starch-box. "This is the drug store," he said as he placed it on the counter, and you shall have an explanation of the fire. It is now noon; come here at 9 o'clock this evening. I went away and almost forgot him until evening. When I reached his shop he was in good spirits and his face wore a bland smile. "Put your hand on the box," he said. I obeyed, and to my great surprise found it warm—almost hot. "You will not have to wait an hour," he continued as we sat down; "combustion has already commenced." So it had. There was a smell of burning cotton and heated wood, and within fifteen minutes after my arrival smoke poured from the box and was soon followed by flame. I could take his word that he had not meddled the box, and each little jet of flame leaping from the box was a theory in itself to support his main theory. "You may receive it as a fact that, when oil and shavings and rags come together, a fire will result," he said. "Had I not allowed the box to stand here in the draft the flames would have consumed it two hours ago." Within the next week we repeated the same experiment, with the same result, we produced spontaneous combustion with oiled shavings alone and then with oiled rags. Since that time I have witnessed three fires in buildings which originated from oiled rags. Two of these were in paint stores, where the rags had been thrown in a heap on the floor, and the third was in a grocery store, where oil had been spilled on a heap of paper rags. The shop or factory or store which does not provide an iron chest for its greasy rags will sooner or later suffer from fire. One day, not long after our first experiments, I met Old Spon on the street and we walked together. We passed by an old house which had just been converted into a store-room for the reception of paper rags, and a large lot was just being taken in. The old man looked into the building, then carefully noted the windows, and as we walked on he said: "They are building a bonfire there!" "How?" I asked. "Every pane of glass is in place, the doors shut tightly, and there is no escape for the heat engendered by the rags," he replied. "If they do not secure ventilation the building will burn within a week!" He was right. On the third night after that—a close, sultry night—the old house was discovered to be on fire. The firemen gathered so promptly that the building was not greatly damaged, and they called it an incendiary fire. Old Spon was on hand, and we investigated. We found the identical sack in which combustion occurred—a sack containing several pieces of old silk, a quantity of paper and many pieces of old cotton. The flame had run up the side of the house and shown itself before half the sack was consumed, and we could trace it as one may trace the course of a highway. About a month after this I had business in a large picture frame factory. I met Old Spon at the corner, and while I was in the factory office the old man went "mousing" through the various departments. Returning, he said to the superintendent: "If your men are not more careful you will burn out here some day." "How—why?" asked the official. Old Spon led us to the room where the oil-finished frames were being finished up. It was a small, close room; the floor was spattered with oil; scores of oiled frames were hanging on the walls; there was a bushel or more of oiled rags on the floor and benches. "We never have a stove here, even in winter," said the superintendent as he looked around. "Each one of those rags is a stove," replied the old man. "The windows

are up now and the hot air has a chance to escape, but put them down and spontaneous combustion will fire the factory within six hours."

The superintendent smiled contemptuously as he turned to me, and on the way out he wanted to know if my old friend was not an escaped lunatic. To follow this case through, I will add that one cold day in October the employes of the finishing room put down the windows and left them down when they went home at six o'clock. At ten o'clock in the evening an alarm of fire was turned in from the factory, and the flames created damage to the amount of \$3,000 before being conquered. One could trace the origin of the fire directly to the finishing room. That room was all ablaze before any other portion of the factory was touched. The cynical superintendent became a believer in spontaneous combustion, and the oiled rags are now thrown into iron boxes for the night. A case in which spontaneous combustion could be more clearly traced soon occurred. A woman used a piece of old cotton and some laced oil to brighten up the table of her sewing machine. Through her carelessness the rag afterwards found its way into the basket of oiled clothes, which was kept in a close closet. That night, within six hours after placing the rag in the closet, the house became filled with smoke, and an investigation proved that the clothes-basket was on fire. Old Spon was delighted when he heard of the incident. This made the third case of spontaneous combustion from oiled rags, and he was prepared to prove that rags alone would ignite under certain conditions. He went to a paper dealer's and selected several pounds of rags, some flannel, some cotton, some silk and a few bits of velvet, as a family might make up a "rag-bag" in the course of three months. These rags were placed in a soap-box, which had been provided with a glass end, and the box was placed in the window where it had the full strength of the sun. Within two hours the glass began to grow dim, and in three hours the rags were smoking. We waited another hour, and the old man made an air hole in the top of the box, raised the glass a little, and a torred tongue of flame leaped out of the hole and the box burned! We had indeed spontaneous combustion by shutting off ventilation. The wooden and the velvet had engendered the heat, the silk had acted as a telegraph wire for it, and the cotton, old and soft as down had struck the spark. A lot of paper rags hung in a tight closet, or piled up in a store where there is no ventilation, will sooner or later start a fire. There are dealers who know this, and who would as soon think of throwing a lighted match into cotton-balling as of closing the storage-room against ventilation. The lower sash of at least one window should be taken out during the summer, and it would be better to leave an opposite one raised a few inches, so as to secure a strong draught. A few months since some oiled rags in the basement of a Detroit picture store took fire on a hot Sunday morning and called out the fire department, although one of the basement windows was open for ventilation. It was through this window that the smoke poured and gave the first alarm. At the Detroit House of Correction, in December, 1870, one of the prisoners employed in the chair-finishings room, piled up a bundle of oiled rags in a corner as the bell rang for close working hours, and at 8 o'clock, only two hours after, the shop was fired by spontaneous combustion and several thousand dollars damage done. The room was close, contained many chairs just finished, and as soon as the rags were piled and packed together the foundation was laid for a destructive conflagration. The Detroit Car and Manufacturing Works, during a period of three years, had three fires from spontaneous combustion, each fire being traced to oiled rags. That establishment is now provided with iron boxes for storage of rags, and on one occasion a fire took place in one of these boxes, the result of spontaneous combustion, and burned up all the rags. About two years ago, one winter evening, the watchman at the Michigan Central Railroad car shops, located a short distance below the company's passenger depot in the City of Detroit, passed through the pattern and woodshop and found everything safe and quiet. Fifteen minutes later he was alarmed by the smell of smoke, and while mounting the stairs leading to the second story of the shop the flames burst out in one end and the entire shop was destroyed within an hour. A pattern-maker had used some oil and a rag just before 6 o'clock to oil a pattern just finished, and he had probably flung the rag among the shavings. There was no stove in that end of the shop, smoking was prohibited, and no one had doubt that the conflagration was

brought about through the medium of that oiled rag.

But, spontaneous combustion does not depend upon the presence of oiled rags and shavings. Three or four years ago, at seven o'clock in the evening, the front windows, blinds, glass and sash, of a Detroit wholesale dry goods house were blown down into the street with a noise like the rattle of thunder, and the store was ablaze in an instant. The porter left the store an hour before the explosion, and a policeman tried the doors not ten minutes previously. The gas had all been turned off, the steam pipes were nearly cold, and there was no light around the store. There was no smell of gas, no oils nor fluids inside, and it was a wonder to most minds how the fire caught. The house had an immense stock of dry goods, and when closed for the night the store was like a dry kiln. The heat thrown out by the goods was like gas, and finally became powerful enough to force its way out. A gas light was burning in front, and when the hot air struck this the fire traveled back into the store like a flash of lightning. The very same thing occurred soon after at another store, on another street, and the circumstances pointed so strongly to spontaneous combustion as the agent that each fire was recorded under that heading in the record book of the fire department. My old friend made another experiment. Procuring a bottle of liquid "warranted to remove grease, printer's ink, etc." from any sort of fabric, he exhausted the contents in pouring them over cotton rags and pieces of worsted dress goods and bits of woolen. These pieces were placed in a box, as ladies would have their dresses in a closet, and in less than five hours the box was on fire. The liquid contained turpentine, and perhaps benzene, and was almost as dangerous as gun powder. Bits of cloth saturated with such liquids no doubt often find their way into paper rag sacks, and in time they are almost certain to become the agents of a disastrous conflagration. It is claimed and denied with equal vehemence that steam pipes are and are not the agents of conflagrations. My old friend and I have made more than a score of experiments, with varying success. Where steam pipes ran along a well-ventilated room we have placed bits of cotton and paper on them and left them there for weeks, to lift them up unscorched by contact. Again, where the pipes ran along a brick wall, unbroken by windows for a long distance, and where the room was close, we have scorched pine blocks as black as tar in two days. We have never succeeded in producing actual fire, but have heated blocks to such a degree that they could not be held in the hand. In a factory, where there is much dust and poor ventilation, a bit of iron can be made so hot by leaving it on the steam pipes for a while that it will start a fire among shavings or rags if knocked off. Steam heating is doubtless the safest method of warming factories, stores, and dwellings, but it has its dangers unless ventilation is provided for. There is warmth and heat there, and it is warmth and heat which paves the way for a blaze. The thoughtlessness of an employe in dropping an oily rag or a handful of shavings upon steam pipes or in close proximity may not burn the building to-morrow, but a conflagration will sooner or later come.

Com. Vanderbilt.

In form, he was exceptionally handsome, commanding, symmetrical; in habits, temperate; to drunkenness and debauch, a stranger. At the outset he adopted for himself rules of conduct in business which were the following: Never to waste a moment of time in idleness; never to go back upon his word; never fail in fulfilling an engagement; and, lastly, to spend less every week than he earned—rules which it would be wise for all men to adopt. He stood to his word, and abhorred liars, and lying. I have heard him remark, with warmth, on the value of truthfulness in men working under you or working with you: it was, in his estimation, the one quality that never stood alone. "If," said he, "you find a man that will tell the truth and stick to it, unless he is mighty heavy, you had better take him along."—McTearie. There are said to be more settlers securing homes in Florida this winter than at any period for several years. The installation of State officials chosen by the people, pledged to an honest and economic administration, seems already to have placed Florida on the highway to prosperity. Oystermen are to be taxed in Virginia, in order to obtain a revenue of \$100,000. The annual product of oysters in that State is valued at \$20,000,000. This tax, though light, will be an austere enactment.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inserted at \$1.00 per square for 1st, and 15c for each subsequent insertion. One inch space will constitute a square whether in length or display type; less than an inch will be charged for as a square. Marriage notices free. Death 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.

Beating a Dead-Beat.

For some days past an unknown female has been in the habit of making an afternoon trip on the Woodward avenue cars, generally getting aboard at Jefferson avenue and riding to Brady street. The first two or three times she paid her fare promptly enough, but the next trip she wore something on a card, handed it to a gentleman, and he paid her fare. The next trip she waited till the driver rang the fare-bell, and when she saw him looking through the door she advanced and held up a card on which was written: "I am deaf and dumb." The driver didn't want a card, and she rode as a dead-head. Next day she went through the same performance, but when she boarded the car the third afternoon he was ready for her. He had every reason to believe her a fraud, as she had been heard to speak in the car coming down. When she entered the car and began reading, seeming to have no earthly interest in the fare question. There are no conductors on the route, and the driver controls both doors. Before Brady street was reached the unknown female was the only passenger. She rose and rang the bell at the street, but the driver paid not the least heed. She rang again, and he hurried up the horses. Then she tried to pull the bell off the car, but the man never turned his head. The woman rushed to the door and pushed and tugged till she was red to the face, but not an inch would it budge. Rushing to the front door she pounded the glass in a furious manner, and by and by the driver "accidentally" looked around. She gestured wildly, and as he shook his head in a stupid way she held up her card which said: "I am deaf and dumb." The driver tumbled around for two or three minutes and brought out a small placard on which was printed: "So am I!" They were then about half a mile above Brady street, making excellent time, and the woman's indignation was so great that she shook her fist at the driver and screamed out: "I'll have you shot for this!" He held up his card, shook his head and paid no further attention to her blood-curdling threats. At the turntable, a mile and a half above Brady street, the door slid back and the woman jumped into the mud. She blessed that man from crown to sole, and blessed all his relations back to the revolution, but he did not seem to hear her. As he started off she called out: "You are a monster, villain, sneak and thief!" He gave the lines a shake, got the card from his pocket, and she was not too far away to read the answer. "So am I!"—Detroit Free Press. The Important Question. Of all loathsome diseases Catarrh stands pre-eminent. It renders its victim as disgusting to himself as to others. And the most humiliating of all is the consciousness that his presence is offensive to those around him. If any disease deserves the name of universal, it is this. Dietetic errors and the follies which Fashion imposes upon us tend to foster and disseminate it. To the painful cry of its victims, is there any cure for Catarrh? There is but one answer consistent with Christian reason. God has never sent one evil into the world or which He has not sent the remedy. For the greatest of all spiritual and moral evils the Great Physician has prescribed a potent and never failing remedy. He has given explicit rules for the treatment and preservation of the spirit and moral man, but He is silent in all matters relating to the physical man. It would be an unwarrantable deduction from His beneficent character to suppose that He has afflicted the greater portion of humanity with an incurable disease. The day of plagues is past. The God of Christianity is a God of Love, of Mercy, His message is "good will to all men." The earth and all contained therein was intended by the great Designer to be a man's wants; and surely he has no greater wants than remedies for his infirmities. Science is rapidly proving that the earth is fitted to supply man's uttermost need. New medicinal plants are constantly being discovered and new properties developed from those already known. For Catarrh, the most potent remedy yet discovered is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its efficacy has been tested in many thousand cases with uniform success. Cases that had been repeatedly pronounced incurable, readily yielded to it. In confirmed, or obstinate cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery should be taken in connection with the use of the Catarrh Remedy. Full particulars in Pierce's Memorial Book. They are given away by druggists. (11) A saying prevails in Turkey that it takes two Turks to swindle a Greek, two Greeks to swindle a Jew, and two Jews to swindle an Armenian.