

THE HERRY NEWS.
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T. W. BEATY, Editor.
TERMS:
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We pay cash for old Bounty
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Knowing Messrs. GILMORE & CO. I take
pleasure in recommending them as reliable
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Nov 25-

THE
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The Way of the Transgressor.

A life of such woes
As no other life knows—
A history with this resume:
One gleam of delight,
Then, swift-coming blight,
And a season of falling away.
First, the old sad song:
Little dreaming of wrong,
Blissfully trusting, persuaded to give—
On society thrown,
Madly casting about how to live.
Despair in her heart,
Next, enacting a part
In the saddest scenes ever played;
Her task, to reveal
What her kind never feel—
Feeling gloom for the purpose of trade.
No surcease of pain
For the sin-fetted brain,
Save the lot of drunkard of wine;
No strength-giving rest
For the ill-fated breast
Drooping under this burden of crime.
But, on, toiling on,
Growing wearied and wan,
And the light fading out of her eyes;
With trembling dismay
Nothing now the decay
Of each grace as it withers and dies.
Enslaved by a need
Which forbids her to heed
The motions that constantly press,
Still forcing her strength,
Until nature at length
Yields, a pitiful wreck, to the stress.
Gone, every grace—
No lingering trace
Of the charm that was wont to allure.
Where peevish led,
Destination instead,
And the wolf always now at the door.
So, out in the night,
By the lamp's glowing light,
First to offer, then coax then entreat:
A wand'ring form,
Till the gray of the morn,
Seeking what she may find on the street.
And lastly, the day,
When the glimmering ray
In a pen-fold of beggary shed,
Discovers, alone,
A poor creature unknown,
On a bundle of rags lying dead.
Francis M. Hawley.

One Life's Service.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.
"They also serve who only stand and wait."
I have said it over and over again,
talking into my heart, so long tortured,
so long peaceful, all the comfort the
words contain. Have I also served,
in twenty years of waiting, at first so
restless and impatient, and afterwards
so full of hope not born for this world,
that I could bear my cross patiently.
Twenty years. They have been
kind to me to day, and told me frankly
that I shall soon have the eternal
rest that has long been my only hope.
Ellie sits over me as if some great
sorrow had come, instead of the joy it
seems to me. But while I softly whisper
words of comfort to her, I know
she will soon become reconciled to her
loss, not forgetting her old friend and
godmother, but thinking of her only as
a memory. For Ellie is but eighteen,
and there is a love in her young heart
the strongest and truest that comes to
a woman's life.
I was eighteen when I, too, loved,
and was well beloved. My suitor was
a gentleman of whom my father only
knew that he was the son of an old
friend, who, years before, had gone to
South America, and amassed a fortune
in the sugar and coffee trade.
When the son, Randall Willard,
came to New York, orphaned and
wealthy, he brought a letter to my
father, and papa invited him at once to
make us a visit at our home on the
Hudson—Locust Grove.
Young as he was then—probably
twenty four or five—Randall Willard
had the restless, unsatisfied expression
of one who has borne sorrow, and
borne it impatiently resentfully. He
was subject to fits of abstraction, to
sudden starts, to random answers made
to trifling questions.
"Ill at ease," mamma called him,
"and yet he was never awkward,
never wanting in the gentle courtesies
of true refinement."
To me, just from boarding-school,
with my head full of Byron and Shelley,
he was a veritable hero. I was more
of a child than even my eighteen years
warranted, having been in very delicate
health always, and consequently
greatly petted. My education had
been conducted at home with masters,
under my dear mother's own guidance,
excepting one year at a finishing
school in New York.
From that I had just returned in
June for the summer vacation, when
my father invited Randall Willard
to be our guest.
Now, I was not a wonderful person
in any way; I was pretty, blonde,

and had the education of a gen-
woman. I sang a little, played pass-
ably, spoke very imperfect German and
French, and was a fair specimen of
American girlhood.
But I had a tender, sensitive heart,
and I opened it for the imaginary woes
of our guest, and observed ever a sort
of prying gentleness towards him, that
seemed a wonderful comfort. From
treating with the stately courtesy he
observed to all ladies, he glided easily
and gradually into friendship, and had
pet names for me, all more or less de-
scribing comfort.
He had been our guest for six weeks
when he asked me to be his wife and
then I knew I loved him. Ah! how I
loved him! Even now, looking back
over the long years that have passed,
my heart gives a quick trembling
memory to that love of my girlhood.
Father was delighted. His own
wealth was too great for Randall's
fortune to be of much moment to him,
but the son of his old friend was a
most welcome suitor to his daughter.
Wedding preparations went for-
ward without much attention from
Randall or myself. We preferred to
sit upon the wide porch and weave
romantic visions of future happiness.
He told me much of his travels in
Europe, where he spent three years
after his father died, and often
the gloom would deepen on his face
as he spoke, until I nestled my hand
in his, and he would start to smile and
say:
"We will revisit all the old spots,
Helena, my little comforter!"
One day I ventured to ask what was
the past sorrow I comforted, but he
only said very gently:
"As it is past, let it die!"
And after that I asked no more.
Our wedding day was set for Nov-
ember, and we were expecting Aunt
Julia home for the ceremony. She
was my mother's sister, and had gone to
Italy for pulmonary trouble. There
she had married a wealthy New York
merchant, a widower with one daugh-
ter, but I had never seen this new
cousin, and Aunt Julia being a bad
correspondent I did not know her
first name, her second being Smith.
But mother had a letter describing
her as very beautiful, tall, Juno like,
and dark.
"You must at least select your wed-
ding dress," she said to me. "Ran-
dall is going to New York on Wed-
nesday, but will not return until the
wedding day. I will ask him to be
our escort, and papa will bring us
home at dinner time."
I consented, and early Wednesday
morning we started for the city. On
that day! That last, last day of girl-
hood, of happiness, of life! Every in-
cident stands out to my memory with
the clearness of a painting. I forgot
nothing.
Randall kept with us, spite of my
blushing protestations, aided in the
selection of the rich creamy silk I was
to wear, the flowers for my wreath,
the exquisite lace veil. Randall es-
corted us to a restaurant where we
had luncheon, and I can recall all the
pleasant chat that filled every mo-
ment.
At the depot he left us in father's
care, and I felt his lingering hand
pressure as he whispered:
"They are cruel to exile me, but
when I come next time, there will be
no more parting."
And I believed him, and answered,
sofly:
"I shall be glad, Randall."
We were nearly at the end of our
short journey, when there was a crash,
a confused sound of breaking, and I
felt something that seemed grinding
my legs to powder.
For weeks I knew no more. When
consciousness returned I was in my
own room, with mother watching me.
I looked stupidly at her heavy black
dress, and tried to move.
I cannot—I cannot even now write
of that waking to the fact that I was
fatherless, crippled, disfigured!
It was so bitter—so bitter! I could
weep now for that poor child lying
there helpless, with all her girlhood
crushed out of her. Father was killed
instantly; I was terribly mangled,
both my legs having to be amputated,
and my eye terribly cut and bruised, but
mother escaped uninjured. How she

mourned that she had only two min-
utes before given me her seat. I could
never tell.
But into my numb despair came a
joy unutterable when Randall knelt
beside me and bade me live for his
sake. I was too feeble to realize the
sacrifice the words implied, could only
feel the deep, deep delight of his pres-
ence, his love.
As I became stronger, with a hope
of one day moving about on crutches,
Randall would still talk of our mar-
riage. We were both wealthy, and I
need never lift my hand to work, so
he persuaded me I was dearer to him,
crippled as I was, than any other ever
could be.
It was a misty future, but a com-
forting present. Every day I was
partly dressed, fitted to an easy-chair,
a brilliant shawl was thrown over my
lay, and becoming white wrappers
about me. I had my hair twisted
into curls, and Randall would kiss my
disfigured face and tell me the beauty
it held for him it could never lose.
Was I idiotic to believe him? It
may have been, but, oh! how tender
he was. Every day he sent me flow-
ers, books rare fruits, pretty tokens of
watchful love.
Our wedding having been so terri-
bly interrupted, Aunt Julia Smith had
not appeared at Locust Grove, though
we knew she was in New York. But
in February she wrote, offering us a
visit, and mother gladly welcomed her.
She came into my room, followed by
a beautiful girl, older than myself.
Randall was beside me, and looking
from the face of Lenore Smith to the
face of my betrothed, I knew they
held a past together in painful mem-
ory—I knew it!
They were quietly courteous, ac-
knowledging a past acquaintance, of
which Aunt Julia evidently knew
nothing, but they spoke but little to
each other.
I, watching them keenly, laughed
presently at my first suspicion. There
was absolutely nothing upon which to
build my theory, and yet could not
quite shake it off. It was a week
later when there came out one of the
soft, sunshiny days that cheat us into
hoping for an early spring, and
mother, for the first time, wheeled my
chair out of my room into a sitting-
room across the hall, where the sun-
shine lay upon the windows. Putting
me close in the deep windows recess,
she laughingly complied with my re-
quest to drop the heavy curtains
beyond me, and let me enjoy alone
the sight of the out-door world.
I was dreamily enjoying it when I
heard Randall's voice in the room.
"At least you owe me an explana-
tion!" he said.
And when the voice of Lenore
Smith, cold but gentle, answered him:
"It is useless to recall the past,"
she said. "My father's heart was set
upon my wedding day cousin, and he
only intended to anticipate a truth
when he told you I was engaged to
him."
"Then you never meant to play me
false, to encourage my love only to
cast it off?"
"Never! In simple justice to myself,
I must deny that charge. I loved
you!"
"And you come to me, free, too
late!"
Oh, the mourning agony of the
strained voice! My heart grew cold
to hear it.
"Too late!" Lenore repeated;
"you cannot add to the burden of that
young, stricken life any pain it would
cost her to know you false, Randall;
dear friend, be true, be brave."
"Do not fear for me," he said.
"Even for the precious treasure of
your love, I would not add one feather
weight to Helena's sorrow. She
loves me. Heaven deal with me as I
am faithful to her."
Then with a firm hand I parted the
curtains, and they saw me. A deadly
pallor came upon both faces as it de-
fected in some guilty conspiracy; but
I—I could smile!
"Lenore!" I said, and she came to
my side instantly. "Lenore, I have
never once intended to accept the
sacrifice of Randall's life. His tender
care of his crippled love has been very
sweet to me, but I did not dream I
was taking him from one more
worthy."

"Even I will not let you say that,"
said Randall.
"But you must," I persisted; "you
will be my friend, my brother, I hope,
through my life—my husband never!"
"You cannot throw me off!"
"But I can and will. Here and
now, I vow as solemnly as ever devo-
tee vowed to a patron saint that I will
never marry you! Please, please," I
whispered to Lenore, "take him away,
and call my mother!"
She saw that I could bear no more,
and obeyed me. But when mother
came I was insensible. Out of the
deep swoon I awakened to a long, de-
pressing illness, suffering intensely,
mentally and physically. But I would
not see Randall.—I dared not trust
my own resolution against his gen-
erous pleading. Lenore helped to nurse
me back to life again, and I learned to
love her with a true sisterly love.
They were kind in this, that when
they were married, a whole year later,
they went away and traveled many
months, often writing, but coming no
more to Locust Grove till my wee
nephew, their eldest born, was nearly
a year old.
I have borne down all the misery
of that long past time; I have gathered
about this room, I have never left for
twenty years, true friends—many
who look to me for advice, and more
material aid—many who come only to
rest a little from the heat and toil of
the day, in my quiet abode.
My dear mother, who is now white
haired and wrinkled, has been my
constant companion in all the years I
have been a prisoner here, and my
goldchild, Helena, little Ellie, has been
the very sunshine of my life.
But there is no earthly love that is
strong enough to make me grieve at
the prospect of the coming separation
Randall and Lenore have been to see
me, to bid me farewell.
Ellie will stay here till the last
parting from each comes to release
me. Mother, my faithful nurse, never
leaves me.
And so, all sorrows conquered, all
earthly ties gently loosened, all suffer-
ing gone, I can calmly face the ap-
proach of death, clasping to my heart
the precious words of comfort:
"They also serve who only stand and
wait."
OUR NEW YORK LETTER.
OUR FIT OF THE BLUES—THE SCIENCE
OF GLASS—THE MANIA IN NEW YORK
—RADIX' EXPERIENCE—VANDER-
BILT'S WILL AGAIN—THE BOND
STREET CALAMITY—PETER B. SWEENEY
—A COOL SCIENCE.
[From Our Own Correspondent.]
New York, March 19, 1877.
To say that it's the fashion doesn't
do the subject half justice. Its the
rage; its the mania, its the sensation.
Even the little dogs are only waiting
for hot weather to don blue glass
goggles and trot around impervious
to hydrophobia. I am not quite cer-
tain that the newly discovered pan-
acea will cure a balky mule or a man
with a wooden leg, but we are assured
by copious testimony that no lesser
illness can withstand its beneficent
influences more than an hour or so at
the outside.
It is rather novel business to say
the least, for a Major General of the
army to turn quack doctor and see
the whole Yankee nation by the ears
over his queer cure-all; but still, as
we've no war on hand or in prospect,
I don't know as General Plantation is
to be blamed for turning his restless
talent to getting up a big sensation
especially as he has made such a
first class success of it. Indeed he
may have had a very benevolent in-
tention in throwing out his pretty and
ingenious bauble to catch and distract
the public eye at a moment when the
origin, in consequence of an over-
flow of politics had begun to have "blood"
in it, and seemed for a time to be bent
on mischief. If this was his motive he
did nobly, for blue glass has certainly,
fairly divided public attention with
the Joint Commission, and who shall
say that its mollifying rays have not
been instrumental in holding a bound-
ed, heinous blood of party feeling?
No one can pass a day in this city
without being astonished at the hold
that blue glass has got upon us.
Every paint shop, glass store and
house furnishing establishment has
blossomed out with placards and azure-
pines. On Broadway two or three
shops have opened to deal exclusively
in the article, while so much of it has
been sold already and hung up in the
windows of upper tenement that to-day
Fifth Avenue and the neighboring
aristocratic streets look like long rows
of second and third story drug stores.
One of our afternoon dailies has pub-
lished a large extra printed

ink and devoted solely to the history
and condition of the new "science."
The horse cars even are putting it in,
to their windows. To crown all, and
to settle finally the question of its
prominence, blue glass has got on the
stage. Now the stage is to any topic
of interest what the hand organ is to a
piece of music, namely the touch-tone
of its popularity. Just the moment
that "Tramp, Tramp," of "Silver
Threads among the Gold," begins to
be ground out at the street corners,
we know that it is a fixed fact; and so
like wise when last week Augustus
Daly came out with the play of "Blue
Glass" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre it
became evident that these magic
words were to pass into history.
My own experience with this article
has been very slight. In fact the
only case in which I recollect watch-
ing its operation was in church, when
I was a small boy—no matter how
many years ago. At the top of each
window on the south side of this
church was set a small disk of colored
glass, put there, I feel safe in assert-
ing, I truly on ornamental grounds,
the Pleasanton theory not having
been conceived at that time. This
row of disks embodied all the colors of
the rainbow, and among them was
one of a deep, purplish blue; the light
from which, if my memory serves me,
used to strike somewhere near the
pulpit at the opening of morning
service, and, as he sun moved on,
crept slowly down the church. Right
in its track used to sit one of the
deacons, venerable, pompous and
portly, on whom centered most of the
interest of the morning, so far as my
youthful mind was concerned. From
long observation I could calculate to a
nicety when that circle of blue would
reach him, and I watched its stealthy
approach with secret but intense
delight. Shortly after the sermon
commenced it would creep gently
over the back of the pew in front of
the unsuspecting deacon, and tackle
him. Its first and perhaps most strik-
ing effect was to give the worthy man
a nose like Cronus's, a nose which
could he have seen himself he would
have indignantly repudiated. But he
couldn't so he sat quiet till the cere-
monial halo had completely enveloped
his aged nob, giving it a peculiarly
equivoal appearance which filled me
with the wildest joy. Whether owing
to the soothing influence of the
blue glass or not, I can't say; but I
know that he always went to sleep
under the treatment.
For some reason or reasons not
fully made known, the various disap-
pointed heirs who commenced what
promised to be a lively contest over
Vanderbilt's will have suddenly
drawn in their horns, and have, by
their attorneys in court, pronounced
with singular unanimity in favor of
the will in its present form, stating
that the Commodore was a gentleman
and a scholar, and that his bequests
were eminently just and proper.
What has come over them all so sud-
denly is, as I have said, not distinctly
known. It is no, however beyond
the reach of conjecture, and I am
inclined to believe that the affair from
beginning to end may be summed up
in the one word "divvy." The other
heirs wanted Wm. H. to come down
and he has probably "come." Thus
endeth what might have been a mem-
orable struggle.
I spoke last week of the burning of
the great jewelry building on Bond
street, and of the dozens of sales full
of valuables which lay buried in the
ruins. The raising and opening of
these was a matter both interesting
and anxious to the prominent safe
makers, all of whom were represented,
and who felt the loss to be a terrible
one. The work has just been com-
pleted and its results show the Marvin
Alum Sales to be the victors. Every
one of this manufacture came out in
good order, saving in all, hundreds of
thousands of dollars. In one case, a
Marvin was found lying directly un-
derneath a safe made by a rival house,
the latter being utterly ruined, while
the former though more severely
tried, came out unharmed. As might
have been expected after this expe-
rience, the more prominent firms
involved in this disaster have since
provided themselves with these tried
and regarded to property.
Peter B. Sweeney, Tweed's chief
confederate in the Ring days, arrived
in New York on Thursday, after over
five years of judicious absence from
our shores. It is rumored that he has
effected or will effect a compromise
with the city regarding his share of
the Ring plunder.
The city and surroundings have
filled their usual quota of murders and
suicides this week, only one of which
offers sufficient novel features to merit
notice. This was the suicide of an
old Pole, editor of a small Brooklyn
paper, who getting tired of life went
into Prospect Park, sat down on one
of the benches and took a dose of
poison. While waiting for it to
take he smoked his pipe,
pencil and paper and
in writing down
over