

# THE DARLINGTON HERALD.

"IF FOR THE LIBERTY OF THE WORLD WE CAN DO ANYTHING."

VOL. III.

DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1892

NO. 16.

## COLDS, COUGHS, CROUP

Sore Throat, and Bronchitis are liable to invade the household at any hour of the day or night. They often come when least expected. Before the doctor can reach you, the consequences may be serious or even fatal; but, with AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in the house, you are assured of speedy relief. It soothes the inflamed membrane, loosens the phlegm, stops coughing, and induces repose. Every household, in which there are young children, should be supplied with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is a necessity in my household, recommending it as a remedy for colds and coughs. F. M. Acovello, San Domingo. "One of our customers, a lady, was afflicted for a long time with chronic bronchitis. In the summer of 1890, after having used various remedies without benefit, she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and almost immediately she was relieved, and in a short time completely cured."—R. S. Webster & Co., Odessa, Ont.

## Bronchitis

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## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

## BOOKS - BOOKS.

### Stationary Novelties.

### SCHOOL SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

All School Books have been reduced in price since last season.

### Toys, Wagons &c.

### Full line small Musical Instruments,

### PIANOS, ORGANS &c.

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## E. C. ROTHOLZ.

### Later Arrivals in Wash Goods.

Perian Mulls in very neat design.  
Black Sheet and Field Lawns.  
Rings stripes, black ground and handsome figures.  
Linen chambrays.  
Immense line of Parasols with pretty handles.  
Ladies' summer undereives, 10 cents and upward.  
Silks mulls in all lengths.

## CORSETS!

We have six grades of the H. & S. corsets; best value for the money. The largest assortment of cream and black laces in all widths. We have open up some very desirable Point De Venise, Point De Gue and Point De Irlande in white and coral. Our

## MILLINERY

is still conducted by Miss Maudie Foster, who has proven to the ladies that she can and tries to please.

Your call is requested.

## E. C. ROTHOLZ,

MAIL ORDERS promptly attended to.

## John C. White,

Darlington, South Carolina.

Stoves, Tinware, Pumps, Piping, House

Furnishing Goods, Bolts, Tobacco

Flues, &c.

Call and Examine Our Stock, and we can Please You.

Anything Not in Stock Will be Ordered for You.

## A HOG LAW, A COW LAW.

A Sheep Law, A Horse Law, and no Dog Law.

The laws of South Carolina provide for the recovery of damages committed by all our domestic animals—except the dog, whether the owner of such animal be of standard responsibility or not; and recent decisions of the courts have added our poultry to the list, and the "poor dog" has been left out in the cold. Why is this? Is the whole race of dogs so insignificantly small and worthless? Good authority states that our dogs outnumber our sheep and hogs combined, and all owners of good dogs rate their value as high, upon an average, as sheep and hogs are held. If, for one, have always had a place for good dogs on the farm and am willing to pay all damages they may commit upon my neighbors' property, and only desire a law that will require all other owners of dogs to do the same, and to keep them at their own expense. If a triding, hairy, thrifless negro, or "hoodlum" white man, living in the suburbs of town or other place, does not feed his cow or hog it will naturally starve and die; but his dog will not. He will climb over, dig under, or go through the smallest fence, in or out at the gate, or broken window pane. He will stand at the corner and wait, or go ten miles around to some hen's nest, stop to eat sheep pasture, or corn field—he cannot be starved out; he will have his living at some one's expense, and the law should provide a dog fund to pay his board bill, or kill such dogs as are considered a roving nuisance. Some good citizens advocate and practice promiscuous slaughtering with the shot gun or poison, as we have no law to reach such cases and no way to collect damages for such depredation; but I trust that our law makers will agree that our growth in civilization has now advanced beyond the age when the shot gun and poison should be the only resort to defend our property. We farmers pay our proportion of taxes which go to pay the expenses of our courts and government, and it is but fair that the irresponsible dog-owner and his dog be looked after by the law the same as other animals are, and not force the otherwise law-abiding citizen to splice out the laws of our State with his shot gun or poison. Let's have no privileged characters among us, neither rich or poor, high or low people, or spotted dogs or "raller" dogs.

Unjust discriminations and partial administration of our laws are no doubt at the bottom of a large proportion of our neighborhood feuds and law suits.

Where the dog law is good outside of the sheep-fold: A farmer boasted that he had kept sheep sixteen years and never lost a sheep, woke up one morning and found his whole flock killed by dogs in a single night. He and his friends killed nine dogs the next day before noon, and he got shot in the leg himself, besides shooting through a man's hat in a fuss over a dog made about a dozen lifetime enemies among his neighbors, got into a law suit with two prongs to it—all in one day. His sheep are all gone and his spirit and courage in this episode, along with the pecuniary loss of his hard earnings, went with it; but his enemies still exist.

Now, if we had a dog fund to pay such damages—or in other words a law to defend and protect this class of property—this man, no doubt, would have gone quietly to the authorities, collected the damages, and went about his business; and could have afforded to retain his reputation as a law-abiding and peaceable citizen. Will our paid servants of the State, who are sworn to administer the law in equity to all men and to preserve peace among men, take charge of this case? Let a poor, hungry negro or white man kill a sheep or rob a hen's nest and the law will hunt him down with guns and pistols, while the roving, mongrel dog that commits the same sort of escapade outside of the law. How much better can a dog be than its owner!

If your cow, hog, horse or sheep get over into your neighbor's grain field, the animal may be held and sold to pay the damages; but his dog may come over to your yard, rob every hen's nest in it, dig under the dairy, turn over and destroy all its contents, eat roasting ears all the season, or kill your sheep, and if you have practically no redress, if his owner has not a property-value above the homestead.—Cotton Plant.

J. C. SULLIVAN, Puddledon, S. C.

## No Ten Dollar Immigrants.

It is a suicidal policy to allow this country to become a swarming place for the ten dollar immigrants of Europe.

It is a great privilege for a foreign laborer, who has everything against him in England or in any nation on the Continent, to take up his lot in America, where the drift of opportunity is in his favor. Out of respect for our institutions and for ourselves we are bound to make that fact known to the whole world.

As matter of self protection we are also bound to be discriminating and to say in sharply defined terms that a certain class will be welcomed and that a certain other class will not be received under any circumstances.

If a man living in Germany, England, Italy or anywhere else has any capital on which to build, the capital of brains, or the capital of skilled labor, if he is industrious and honest and has a clean record—if such a man wants to come here, and proposes to adopt this country as his home, to earn his wages here and to spend them here, our latch string is on the outside.

But when a horde of ten dollar immigrants alight on our shores they are as undesirable as a cloud of locusts, for they alight on the labor market, in our mills, every place where something to eat can be found, and leave nothing but low wages and general discontent.

There was a time in America when we had millions of spare acres and when our population was sparse. In those old days—now a part of our ancient history—we were engaged in building the one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles of railroad which make nearly every State look like a spider's web. We could then make available every one who had a pair of strong arms with which to swing a pick or use a spade.

But the complexion of affairs has changed, and it is necessary for us to change with them. The country is in danger of being glutted, and it behooves Congress to order the sluice gates shut down.

We must say to the world:—If your people want to come to America send the best you have and we will receive them; if you send your worst we will reject them. This country is no nation's cesspool. You can't empty your almshouses on these shores. We are not a dumping ground for our criminals, your paupers, your lame, halt and blind—your ten dollar immigrants.

In other words, we should treat the subject according to business methods. If a servant girl applies for employment in a family we demand, first of all, a recommendation from her former mistress. If a clerk is searching for work he carries with him, as the sine qua non of success, certain letters which vouch for his honesty and ability. If a skilled workman becomes discontented and throws up his job he has a right to ask of his employer an indorsement, and armed with that he feels secure.

Why should we not require of every immigrant also his letter of recommendation? Why should we allow the whole riffraff of creation to come here, either to become a burden on our charitable institutions or to lower the wages of our own laborers by a cut throat competition? We have already had too much of that sort of thing.

If a foreigner has notified the nearest United States Consul of his intention to emigrate, and the Consul, after due examination, has pronounced him a proper person, let him come, by all means. We have room enough for such persons. But for immigrants who have neither capital nor skill, who never earned a living in their own country and will never earn one here, we have no room whatever.

Popular opinion throughout the country is running in this direction and Congress will do well to take heed.—N. Y. Herald.

## Advantages of Education.

Successful Farmer (whose son has been to college).—"What was all that howlin' you was doin' out in tin' grove?"

Cultured Son—"I was merely showing Miss Brighteyes what a college yell is like."

Farmer—"Well, I swan! College's come good after all. I'm givin' the town to sell some truck to-morrow. You kin go along an' do it."

—New York Weekly.

## LIVING ON LOW WAGE.

HOW TWO YOUNG FELLOWS MANAGED TO EXIST IN NEW YORK.

Twelve Dollars a Week Does Not Go Very Far in a Big City, but These Two Economical Men Made Their Money Go a Pretty Good Distance for a Time.

A magazine writer, who claimed to have investigated the subject, recently stated that there are several hundreds of young and old bachelors in this town who spend all the way from \$10,000 to \$75,000 a year for their personal comfort. There are certain delirious conditions even in spending the details of how these fortunes favored clasp get rid of the time and enrich the community. To an ingenious youth who earns twenty dollars a week, for instance, the amount of how a \$75,000 per annum bachelor wards off omnid and retains his flesh reads like a satumalia.

I know the effect of all this on a \$20 a week man, because I myself belong to the \$20 a week class. Twenty dollars a week is about \$1,000 a year, and I have had a lot of fun out of life for the past three years on that sum. I know a lot of other fellows who do the same thing, for \$20 a week is about the average income of half the neat looking chaps wearing chrysanthemums pinned to their top coats that you run across in the course of a day.

When I came to this town from a farm in western New York, I thought the man who offered me a permanent job as salesman at a salary of \$13 a week was widely extravagant, for I had already learned some scarping lessons. It did not take me long to find out my mistake, and I devised a system of expenditures, and through in five years my income has increased, as I have told you, I have stuck to it ever since. Here it is: I discovered to my complete satisfaction that a single man can't get any sort of an apartment, comfort or repose in a boarding house in New York city for less than eight dollars a week. Even the eight dollar variety of New York board is not in all respects desirable, and when some dismal experiences had hammered this knowledge into me I set about to find a better scheme. In the same store I met a young fellow who was contributing his editorial intellect and energies for twelve dollars a week, and we entered into a conspiracy to shake off forever the landladies who were getting most of our pay.

We decided to hire a room together and to get our meals in pot-luck fashion.—"In the center of the city, as my chum put it. After a pretty careful search we hit upon a large, comfortable ground floor rear room in the home of an elderly widow in Harlem, whom we soon jollied into the belief that we were the salt of the earth, with the result that she took good care of us. We agreed to pay her five dollars a week for that room, which took \$3.50 of my wages. When we had stuck up on the walls the cabinet photos of all the girls we knew, and had distributed the knickknacks which these girls had given us, the room looked simply immense.

The eating problem was then to be overcome. After sundry experiences we adjusted it on this basis: Breakfast of rolls and good coffee in a little shop a block from where we lived, 15 cents; luncheon of a sandwich, glass of milk and piece of pie, at a neighborhood near the store, 10 cents; first class entire dinner, from soup to French coffee, in a neat little obscure restaurant which we ran across, 35 cents. Total for day's eating, 65 cents; for the week (six working days), \$3.90. On Sunday we stuck to our pot-luck arrangement, as breakfast and luncheon were concerned, and paid fifty cents for a good Sunday dinner. Thus a week's good, substantial food costs me \$4.70, which, with the \$3.50 room rent, amounts to \$8.20.

It costs me sixty cents a week to ride to and from my work. Figuring at ten cents a week for my Press, seventy cents is added to the \$8.20. My smoking is confined to a couple of pipes every evening, and a ten cent package of tobacco goes to the work. Total, \$9.50.

I have a permanent arrangement with a Celts lady to do my washing for fifty cents a week, and I have my collars and cuffs polished at a laundry at a weekly outlay of twenty-five cents. Total, \$9.75.

Once every week I invest one dollar for two balcony seats at a first class theatre, and my wardrobe costs me two dollars a week for rental of all sorts, fixed on this basis: Two dollars a week is \$104 a year. I have two suits of clothes every twelve months, each suit costing me twenty dollars, and I can get nasty clothes made to order at that figure. I have two pairs of shoes every winter, but when I do get a good, well-made heavy one for fifteen dollars. Call it fifty-five dollars. Two pairs of shoes at four dollars a pair get me through a year, and two hats, also at four dollars each, are my allowance for the twelve months. Two pairs of gloves a winter, at one dollar a pair, keep my hands sheltered from the blasts, and eight fifty cent cravats are enough for the year. This figures up seventy-seven dollars, and the remaining twenty-seven of my dress allowance of \$104 a year are spent in collars, cuffs, underwear and so on.

The \$75,000 a year bachelor will be astonished to read that I am frequently referred to as a man who "looks as though he had just jumped out of a bandbox."

When I have laid aside the two dollars a week for dress I have just \$8.20 left for hilarity and tempestuous plunging into the boisterous stream of New York life. It very frequently happens that I have some of this still in my right hand pantaloons pocket when I get through the week.

That's the way I live. I do it because it's a case of trust, although I never have a poverty stricken sensation.—New York Press.

A Bachelorette.

A Boston editor, asked to define the difference between a cell and a fad, replied:—"A cell is anything that arrests evanescent insanity, while a 'fad' is anything that inspires permanent insanity."—Philadelphia Ledger.

## An Eminent Politician.

How many one should ever desire to become an eminent politician passes one's comprehension. It is amazing. He is everybody's slave. He is the slave of his party, he is the slave of the press, he is the slave of the great British public. Let him refuse obedience to any one of his owners, and before he can say Jack Robinson he is out of the running, smashed. None for. We are told from the home-tops that the great Mr. Blank is going to make a declaration of his policy—his policy, mind.

I doubt if the great Mr. Blank has very much to do with the declaration of his policy either. It is the party which will make the policy, it is the party which will inform him that the moment is opportune for its declaration; it is the press which has warned him of the direction in which the wind is blowing; it is the great British public from which he receives his force when he is praised, and which, which he is to preach. One may venture to doubt if he ever had a policy which he could legitimately call his own. He would scarcely be the great Mr. Blank if he had.

It is the rank and file of the party who have policies, ideas, theories of the world. They are the men who are like sponges. They are sponged with moisture which they receive from every side. It is mined on them from a thousand waterpots. This mixture of all the rains of all the heavens, when squeezed by their several proprietors, drops by drops, is called their policy. Surely, such a policy, such a politician, is the most wonderful work of man.—All the Year Round.

## The Matter of Sir Feroz.

Speaking of embarrassment in the matter of Sir Feroz, a friend of mine said the other day: "I have encountered a route to bridge or ferry, a woman says: 'I really wish there was an inviolate road, as there is among Englishmen. I remember soon after my arrival in England happening to meet as I was boarding an omnibus an English car-farer, to whose house, Mr. Blank, at the moment by appointment with his wife. He was a reserved and distant man, though scrupulously courteous, and I wondered whether I ought or ought not offer to pay my fare through the three changes of transportation we must make to reach our destination.' 'All doubt, however, was quickly removed by the fact that, when I leaned over, after finding his own card, with the inquiry, 'Got your luggage ready?' I found over there that even when a man was talking you about by invitation or otherwise, he was to be individually looked after. The matter were so absolutely fixed here.

It would seem as if the question is really settled in a doubtful case by leaving it to the man. Part of the matter is disposed of absolutely. No man in America would think of asking to escort a woman on a public conveyance without assuring all his expenses in the matter of a chance encounter there can be no harm in making the effort to pay one's fare, which, if the man prefers to do, may be permitted without protest.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

## The Heart of England.

In the midst of the old city of London, where the heart of human life beats fastest, stands the church of St. Stephen's, an old edifice built by Wren upon its ancient foundations, but recently rescued by modern taste from a most commonplace air of comfort and newness. If the curious traveler will step out of the passing throng and edge his way through the hucksters of flowers and stalls full of sweetmeats, he will find himself in the heart of the old city of its foundation a large oblong stone as gray as the beard of Time himself. This is London stone, erected by the Romans half a century before the birth of the Saviour as the central milestone or point of their positions in Britain. From it all roads, divisions of property and distances throughout the province were measured.

It has been recognized as the heart of England, from which all its articles flowed, "by every historian, dramatist or antiquary known to English literature."

A feeling has always existed among Englishmen about this stone which was not altogether superstitious, that, as all distances were reckoned from it, so it was in a certain way the base of the stability of England.—Youth's Companion.

## Gallery Audiences.

"Gallery Audiences," said a veteran attendant of one of Philadelphia's theaters recently, "have made up in the city. Young men of moderate incomes prevail, but often wealthy youths go among the gods, as their elevated station affords in many respects the most advantageous place from which to view the stage. The receipts from the gallery, moreover, are a very important item, and the people in it do good work in leading the applause. Edwin Booth in always begins an after the play speech by gazing up at the gallery in recognition of its enthusiasm in greeting him."

"Lawrence Barrett was always popular with the gods in Philadelphia, and he used to say that his applause was as refreshing drink to him. For the most part, the gallery audiences were well behaved, critical and intelligent, and for myself I should feel sorry to see them relegated, in this city anyhow, to the 'pit,' as the English call the parquette."—Philadelphia Press.

## Travel in the East.

How wonderful and ever present is the contrast in eastern travel to all that we know of movement at home. No heavy carts and lumbering wagons jolt to and fro between the farmyard and the fields. No light vehicles and swift equipages dash past on macadamized roads. Alas! there are no roads—and if no roads, how much less any vehicles of wagons. Thatched roofs and tiled cottages, lanes and hedgerows and trim fields, rivers coursing between bank banks, beyond all the roar and sudden smoky rush of the train—these might not exist in the world at all, and do not exist in the world of the Persians, straitened and straitened, but incessantly tranquil in his existence. Here all is movement and bustle, fire and speed, there everything is imperishable, immemorial, immutable, slow.—Persia and the Persian Question.

## A SOLDIER HERMIT.

General Pleasanton's Life of Eminent Character in a Washington Hotel.

"Alone in a great city; practically a hermit amid the throngs of the nation's capital; living a life of comfort and contentment, but a life of seclusion and exclusive retirement." Such was the answer given in reply to an inquiry a few days ago regarding the welfare and whereabouts of Major General Alfred Pleasanton, whose name and fame a few years ago were on the lips of nine-tenths of the American people, and the records of whose exploits in the greatest cavalry leaders of our late war would fill volumes of graphic history.

Apparently in the full possession of all his mental faculties, and with no serious physical ailment, this man of genius, a soldier of two great wars, and explorer nearly fifty years ago of the then unknown domain of our great western territory—an Indian fighter of great renown, a traveler whose face and figure were at one time well known in every court of all the great powers of the world, a scholar, bon vivant, with an most companionable of all the agreeable public men of his day—voluntarily took himself to his private apartment in a snug little hotel in the very heart of Washington on May 18, 1890, and has not since been seen or talked with by all told, more than a dozen of his fellow beings. And, with two or three exceptions, those who have seen or talked with him since that date have been of those necessary to him in administering his personal affairs.

There was a bill pending in congress to retire him as a brigadier general. He felt that so much as that recognition was his due at the hands of the country he had served so faithfully. He had been a major general in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac; he had fought the first battle cavalry fight of the war at Brandy Station, June 12, 1862, and then there proved his superior abilities as a dasher and almost invincible commander; had met and thwarted the advance of the enemy upon Gettysburg, holding Lee's army in doubt and abeyance until Meade's infantry came up to fight the decisive battle of the war, and had never been found wanting when duty and patriotism required his presence either in camp or in the field.

The canvassback, the terrapin and all the dishes he relished so highly in days of yore have been abandoned, but he has everything he desires in a quiet and peaceful life with good digestion waiting upon it he eats to live and contentedly remarks that he no longer lives to eat. In other matters his habits are regular, for, like clockwork, he gets all the daily papers, keeping well posted regarding the affairs of the world, which characterizes him as a man of the world, but which he holds away off at arm's length, and with which he associates as little as possible.

None of the few who see him ever think of asking him a reason for this most marvelous change in his manner of living, for they know it would be useless. In fact he has resented several inquiries of that kind in such a manner as to show that they are extremely distasteful to him. General Pleasanton wrote to him about a year and a half ago asking about his health and other questions that any old time friend would not ask, but he did not answer the letter for months.—Washington Star.

## Character in the Walk.

To the attentive eye none of the ordinary gestures or movements betrays peculiarities of individual character more plainly than the gait—the sailor's rolling, the soldier's stiff, the countryman's jolting gait are immediately recognized. Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reflective state of mind. As the case may be, while, on the contrary, quick steps suggest a man of action and energy. Reflection is revealed in frequent pauses and walking to and fro, backward and forward. The direction of the steps, wavering and following every changing impulse of the mind, inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

The proud step is slow and measured; the toes are conspicuously turned out, the leg is straightened, in vanity the toes are rather more gracefully turned, the strides a little shorter, and there is very often an affectation of modesty. These walking symphonies surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery.—Fall Mall Gazette.

## Tuned in for Wagner's Music.

"Bill," said the piano tuner to the man who gave the piano a tune a piano for a family. They're in a great hurry or I wouldn't ask you to do it, but the regular tuner has gone for the day."

"I can't tune pianos," replied the man. "Oh, yes, you can," said the dealer cheerfully. "Just give the lid and you'll see a lot of boys. Give 'em a few turns so as to tighten the wires, thump on the keyboard like a crazy man for fifteen minutes, charge them four dollars and then come back in time to put the coat on."

And the sweeper did it. That evening the daughter of the house remarked to her fiancé:

"How charmingly he tuned it! I was never able to play Wagner's music so deliciously."—New York Herald.

## Ingratitude of Parties.

The ingratitude of party is proverbial. One need go no further than to search of an example than the first Lord Idlesleigh; instructive stories have been told of the ingratitude which was shown toward him. The late Robert Lowe did something for his party once upon a time. What did his party ever do for him? But the examples which, on a moment's reflection, occur to one's mind are too numerous to mention. A man may, and frequently does, give all-time money, intellect, his whole life—to the so-called public service, to be shelved at last. And suppose it is not shelved; suppose that he is to die in harness. What then?—All the Year Round.

## Driver's Chauff.

Bus Driver (to conductor of opposition bus)—"I've know'd yer ever since yer was born. I know'd yer mother the day she was born, and I know'd yer was a werry nice little boy, 'oother was half hidiot—a sort of a brown paper fold. The werry nice little boy did, werry young he did."—London Tit-Bits.

## MOURNERS BY THE SEA.

By the side of the sea three mourners pale Sat ill watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head. "By the sweet Spice Islands it lies," she said. "And often I fancy on days like these Their breath blows to me over southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempest tossed. On a shore of amber and pearls was lost. "Oh, often I dream of its beautiful bed And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship?" "Oh, van, white sea, Does she know yet, from her lost love's head, Why she sank with me on the sea? A third sail on the waters read."

No being orders our runs of ocean Her dreams to its resting place. Her ship lies frozen in Arctic ice.—Christian Register.

## The Action of a Spinnet.

The spinnet instrument was an improvement upon what was known as the clavichord, the tone of which, although weak, was capable, unlike that of the harpsichord or spinnet, of increase or decrease, reflecting the finest gradations of the touch of the player. In this power of expression it was without a rival until the piano was invented. The early history of the clavichord previous to the Fifteenth century rests in profound obscurity, but it is said that there is one bearing the date 1350 having four octaves without the D sharp and G sharp notes. The spinnet was the invention of the Venetian Spinetta.

The action is unique. The instrument is similar to a small harpsichord with one string to each note. The strings are set in vibration by points of quills elevated on wooden uprights known as jacks, and the depression of the keys causes the points to pass upward, producing a tone similar to that of a harp. Springs are used to draw the quills back into position. The key levers are arranged in a manner after the present modern piano.—Providence Journal.

## Similarity in the Names of Peers.

Several peers have names nearly alike. There are Lord Althorpe of Hackney, and Earl Althorpe. There are two peers with only the difference of one letter in the spelling of their names—the Earl of Lindsey and the Earl of Lindsay, the former being a Scotch representative peer and the latter an English peer. There is only one difference of a letter also in the names of Viscount Middleton and Lord Middleton, but there is a difference in rank which makes the distinction easy.

There are several instances in which the territorial title is necessary to distinguish peers; the most notable being Lord Stanley of Alderley and Lord Stanley of Preston, and Lord Howard de Walden and Howard of Glossop. Formerly Lord Willoughby de Broke and Lord Willoughby de Eresby sat in the house, but the latter has been made an earl, and will henceforth be known as the Earl of Ancaster.—London Tit-Bits.

## The Titles of Books.

A book title, like a woman's face, ought to be pretty. And if a bewitching, diaphanous veil, in the shape of a slight curiosity rousing cloudiness of meaning can be thrown over it, so much the better. Readers delight to be half taken in by books, just as men do by women, so long—and this is a most important proviso—so long as their vanity is not piqued. The object of a title should be to seem simple, artless, naive and quite naturally charming, but this—as in the case of so many of its feminine analogues—is often to be attained only by the most consummate art.—Blackwood's Magazine.

## Two Greatest of Stamp Collectors.

The two greatest stamp collectors in the world were M. Philippe Ferrari, son of the late Duchesse de Calera, and the czar, whose collection is said by experts to be worth 3,000,000 francs. He began to make it when he was twenty-two, and has been adding to it ever since. M. Ferrari, who cast away a fortune, or rather several fortunes which he collected to be ill gotten and said he had no right to inherit, bought stamps as misers hoard money. He has quantities, which he says will be valuable to his heirs should he live to a great age.—London Truth.

## The Russian of an Old Law by which

any one who drew hair from his beard should be fined four times as much as for cutting off a finger, and the importance and value of the appendage to be further illustrated by the fact that, although the loss of a leg was estimated at 12 times the loss of the hand, was estimated at 20.—English Illustrated Magazine.

## A Girl Colonel.

Little Deb—You think girls isn't brave. The queen of Huddell is a little bit of a girl, and mamma read in the paper that she was a colonel—so there!

Little Deb—Huh! The paper said she was only a colonel of infantry. Must be a baby regiment.—Good News.

Some curious fables have been found in the vast gund deposits of Peru; the date of which is fixed by scientists, to whom they have been submitted as equal with the famous Peruvian pottery, the Eleventh or Twelfth century.

If the sun gave forth sounds loud enough to reach the earth, such sounds, instead of reaching us in the space of about eight minutes, as light does, would only arrive after a period of nearly fourteen years.