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## THE WORST OF ENEMIES.

I do not fear an enemy  
Who all his days hath hated me.  
I do not bother o'er a foe  
Whose name and name I do not know.  
I mind me not the small attack  
Of him who bites behind my back:  
But Heaven helps me to the end  
Against that one who was once my friend.  
—[John K. Bangs in Harper's Weekly]

## A FEELBLE ATONEMENT.

"E's tipsy!" "E's 'aving a rest!" "What is it?" "Only a sandwich man!" One of the miserable gutter file had slipped and fallen on the Strand pavement. With the imperial air of the neophyte medicine man, Talbot Villiers parted the crowd. A Samaritan stood by with a little brandy in a glass. Talbot put it to the human advertisement's lips. The man opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. The look touched the young medical student. He held up his finger for a cab, then he assisted the fallen man into it and took a seat opposite.

"Where to?" asked Talbot. "Where do you live? I am going back with you."

"Talbot street, Westminster, No. 5," murmured the other feebly. "My name is Stern, John Stern."

Talbot gave the direction to the cabman; then he examined his companion more closely. He was an elderly man of refined features. His clothes, though shabby, were remarkably clean, his linen was clean, and he was clean shaven, in fact, such a surplus of cleanliness in one of his late occupation was rather suspicious. Stern bore the young man's scrutiny with visible uneasiness. He leaned suddenly over to Villiers.

"Sir," he said, "if you are going home with me, will you keep my carrying of the boards a secret? I don't want it to come to the ears of my daughter. I am a pretty nearly useless for work, but I wish to help her all I can, and that is why I come into the city to carry these boards. She thinks I work in an office."

"I quite understand," said Talbot pityingly. "Your secret is safe with me." The words of the man had aroused every generous instinct of his nature. "What made you faint?"

"Hunger," replied Stern laconically.

Talbot made a hurried motion to stop the cab. Stern laid his hand on his arm and resisted.

"Sir," he said, "I am indebted to you already. You cannot help me further; I cannot take anything from you, even food. But I thank you, all the same."

Stern's tone was decisive, and Talbot found him in amazement. The first answer showed him what little value he had made in medical diagnosis; the second, how little he knew of human nature. The pride that prevented a hungry man accepting food was to Talbot a preposterous, and was to Stern a matter of one of involuntary respect. At last the cab stopped. Cabs seemed a novelty in Talbot street, for a face appeared at nearly every window. A girl of about twenty was looking from No. 5. As the cab drew up she turned very pale and rushed to the door.

"My daughter, Kate," said Stern. "Remember your promise, sir."

"All right," replied Talbot; then as the girl came to the cab door, he raised his hat. "Don't be alarmed; your father has slipped with a slight accident. He is on the curb. His hat is all right, but I thought I had better drive home with him from the office."

At the sight of her father walking from the cab, the color rushed back to her cheeks in such vivid and delicate tints, and showed so clearly the beauty of her complexion, that Talbot stood gazing at her in silent admiration. His eyes lingered on her in a most embarrassing silence. They took in the lines of the slight graceful figure, the nut-brown hair and the honest steadfast eyes.

"I'll call to-morrow," he said, with a start, "and hear how he is—that is, if you don't mind."

It was evident that Kate regarded him as a junior member of some unknown and eminently Christian firm. "You are very kind," she said— "very kind indeed."

"Don't mention it," stammered Talbot. "Good morning—I mean good afternoon—Miss Stern."

He re-entered the cab, and telling the cabman to drive anywhere, escaped from Talbot street in some confusion. But he was true to his promise. He called the next day and the day after, and many more times. Stern was to be made a dispenser. Over the tea-cups Kate told her father of Talbot's proposals. He kissed her and sighed. It was not in him to spoil a love-dream; but his scented danger. Talbot Villiers was a gentleman in every sense of the word; but Talbot Villiers had undoubtedly a father. Who was he? Villiers, senior, would without doubt have his say, unless he was a very mild father indeed.

Early the next day when Stern had "copying" to do in the city, a letter

arrived from Talbot enclosing two tickets for the theatre. The letter ran: "I want you and your father both to see this piece. It was produced last night with the greatest success. After you have both seen it I'll tell you why I am so anxious you should go. I have enclosed some press cuttings which will give you an idea of the plot and the way it is staged. I'm sorry I can't come; but I have a little business to transact with dad."

It was the first time he had mentioned that ominous person. Dad suddenly loomed up very large in Kate's thoughts. Villiers, senior, unaccountably depressed her. She tried to throw this depression off by telling her father about the theatre. The play was called "A Woman's Love."

Stern had carried the boards that advertised its "first night." To Kate's great astonishment, her father refused to go. She pressed him why.

"I can't go," said Stern, gravely. "I don't look so good, Kate. Let me tell you why; then perhaps you will understand me. A long time ago I wrote a play—"

"You wrote a play!" interrupted Kate, breathlessly. "I knew, you dear, old father, you were clever. Talbot said you were clever. He said you had a clever face."

Stern smiled sadly at this innocent tribute. "Writing a play, Kate, and getting it acted are two very different things. I wrote this play in want, in misery, and with an ailing wife by my side. I wrote it in the odd moments snatched from my work. I built high hopes upon it, my dear; I put my heart into it, and I fondly dreamt it would lift me from a burden of debt and give me a home. I signed it with a non de plume, and sent it to a dramatist called Fielding Clark. I called upon him afterward and asked his opinion of the play. He told me he had lost it. Then, Kate, I lost heart. Poverty drove me from pillar to post, and of the many things I grew to hate, the theatre was one."

Kate threw her arms round him and kissed him. "And to think but for that accident," she cried, "you might have been a great man! Never mind!"

"No," said Stern, wearily passing his hand over his forehead, "never mind. But what have you got in your hand?"

"They are the press notices of the new play. They came with the tickets."

"Well, my dear, I'm just going to have a pipe at the back of the house; I'll look over them. Perhaps I'll go after all. You are entering soon on a new life, and it is best that I should throw aside such prejudices."

He fondly kissed her, and took down his pipe. When her father was gone Kate drew in thought to the window. To think how narrowly she escaped being a dramatist's daughter! While her mind was thus exalted, she observed a gentleman of middle age attentively scanning the houses. He was not a prepossessing gentleman. He was dark, slimly built, and of a sarcastic aspect. At last he fixed his eye on No. 5 and opened the gate. With a vague misgiving, Kate ran to the door.

"Fardon me," said the visitor, blandly, "but is this Mr. Stern's?"

"Yes," answered Kate, feeling cold, "this is Mr. Stern's."

"And if I judge right," said the stranger still more blandly, "you are Miss Kate Stern. May I have the honor of a few minutes' conversation with you? My name is Barry Villiers."

Talbot's father! The ominous dad in the background! With a very pale face Kate ushered him into the house. He politely waited for her to seat herself, then sat down.

"I fear," he began, "I have called on a rather unpleasant errand. My visit concerns a flirtation between you and my son."

Kate caught her breath. "There has been no flirtation, Mr. Villiers. Your son has told me that he loved me, and I am not ashamed of returning his love."

Villiers bowed. "A boy-and-girl attachment," he said, airily. "I heard of it from my son's lips to-day. Of course, it cannot proceed. It is folly; but then, when were lovers wise? I can assure you, Miss Stern, though fully appreciating your affection for my son, that you must give up all thoughts of this marriage." He smiled.

"Give up all thoughts of it!" cried Kate, with pale lips. "Is that your son's message?"

"No—of course. I am here to reason with you. You are a mere child; I am a man of the world. We look at different standpoints. But a marriage is impossible. Your position—"

"You mean," interrupted Kate, "that you are rich and I am poor?"

"Exactly. In all other respects you are, no doubt, my son's equal; but this unfortunate circumstance is sufficient to restrain me from giving my consent. I cannot see my son's prospects blighted. I am willing to pay any price—"

Kate's eyes blazed. The suave, insinuating manner of Talbot's "dad" roused her. His way of putting a price on the affections brought back her color. "My price," she said scornfully, "for what? The love I bear him?"

Villiers coolly changed his tactics. "Pardon me; I was wrong. I ought not to have made such a suggestion. But you say you love my son. Well, his career is in your hands. Will you light it? It rests with you."

"You are putting the whole responsibility of his future on my shoulders," she answered bitingly. "Is that the act of a gentleman? Is it the act of a father who loves his son?"

Villiers regarded her more attentively. His suavity diminished.

"You are more clever," he said, coldly, "than I thought. I will say no more. If you take my friendly part in this spirit, I can do nothing. If you may take it as my last word that if my son marries you he does so as a beggar; I cast him off; I utterly disown him."

"And yet," cried Kate, "you say you love him!"

Villiers took up his hat; he fixed her with a keen, cold glance. "I do. And here is my check book to prove it. I will pay any sum to release him from a degrading marriage."

"Degrading!" The girl staggered. "I will prove to you," she said, in a quivering tone, "which love is the strongest. I will give him up; I will tell him so from my own lips. And if ever you tell your son of this interview, you may say that I refused to marry him because I loved him. That is my answer." She sank into the chair from which she had risen, and covered her face with her hands.

Barry Villiers' face lengthened.

"My dear young lady, I have wronged you. Pray, make some allowance for a father's affection. Let me reward you for this act of self-sacrifice." He pulled out his check book and stood beside her, apparently considering the sum, when the door that led to the back opened and Stern walked in. He looked first at his daughter, then at Villiers. As their eyes met, something like an electric shock seemed to pass from one to the other.

"Fielding Clark!" cried Stern.

Kate gave a start. Barry Villiers was Fielding Clark, the dramatist. Talbot's father was the author of the play for which they had received the tickets. She turned an amazed look upon her father. His face frightened her. It was exultant and denunciatory. For a moment Stern's face seemed to have the same effect upon Barry Villiers. He seemed disconcerted, ill at ease. In Stern's hands were the press notices crumpled into a ball. Villiers was the first to regain his composure.

"Sinclair!" he cried. "John Sinclair, this is a surprise."

Stern turned to his daughter. "Leave us for a moment, Kate," he said. "I have a few words to say to this gentleman."

Kate rose, and with a wondering look at her father quitted the room. When she was gone he fixed a searching look on Barry Villiers. That gentleman promptly held out his hand. Stern contemptuously disregarded it.

"I don't know why you are in my house," he said slowly. "But no doubt you are a man who can explain anything. Perhaps you can explain this?" He held up the crumpled ball of paper.

"These are press notices of a play produced last night. That play was mine. You stole it. You are a liar and a villain!"

Villiers put down his hat. "Sinclair," he said, and his tones were almost plaintive, "you will regret those words. Yet, they were spoken in the heat of the moment, and I forgive you."

His retort was so staggering that Stern gazed at him dazed. He nearly apologized.

"No doubt," pursued Villiers, "you think the worst of me. It is not unnatural. But there are extenuating circumstances. I own the play was yours. I own I used it. But at the time you came to me it was really lost. I had mislaid it. I had no knowledge of your real name—I take it that the agreeable young lady who has just left us is your daughter—I had no means of reaching you. I sought for you; I advertised for you under the name of Sinclair; in the title of London life you were swept away. Then, Sinclair—I mean Stern—I was tempted. There came to me the great temptation of my life. I was worked out; a manager stood at my elbow and I took your play. It was culpable, very culpable; but the question is: 'What are you going to do?' He paused and looked, not altogether without anxiety, at the man he had wronged.

Stern stood before him dejected. To a third party he might easily have been mistaken for the one who was most to blame. What was he going to do? The hot fire of vengeance had died from him. He stood now with only the cold ashes of lost hopes.

"Of course," said Villiers, "you can sue me, prosecute me; but it would be a Christian; Stern thought of the sandwich boards and glared at him. "Give me the opportunity," he went on, hastily, "of making atonement. We are both middle-aged men. Why live in the past? Why should we cloud the happiness of others?"

"The happiness of others? What do you mean?"

"I'll explain," said Villiers. "You know me as Clark. Villiers is my name, and Talbot Villiers is my son. You may not have noticed the likeness. He takes after his mother."

"Thank God!" cried Stern, fervently; but the relationship troubled him.

"He loves your daughter. The match seemed to me an undesirable one, and I came here to-day to break it off. Now it is the dearest wish of my heart. Why should we blight their lives?"

Stern gazed at him amazed. Here was a fresh sophistry. Villiers had robbed him, and now held out a net for him. Stern's brain grew hot.

"I say 'we,' but, of course I mean you. I have no power to do anything. You have the power. If you are so unchristian as to expose me, you do so at the price of your happiness. You shall have all the money I took for the play. I may be a villain," said Villiers, with a virtuous burst, "but I have a conscience. This is a feeble atonement, Stern;

call it, if you like, the beginning of one; but do you accept it."

Stern could make no reply. "I do. The desire for vengeance had fled; but in its place was a dull longing for justice. Then he thought of Talbot, of the afternoon in the Strand. "Go, now. I'll send you my answer."

He walked as if he were carrying the sandwich boards into the shadow of the room and sat down on a chair.

Barry Villiers stood in the sunlight. He gazed anxiously at Stern, and was about to open his mouth when his eyes fell upon the door of the inner room. It had opened, and Kate Stern stood on the threshold. With a smile of relief the man of the world bowed and went out of the front door.

Kate approached her father and laid her hand on his shoulder. Stern looked up and saw the traces of recent tears. He kissed her, and thus love conquered both the desire to renege himself and be quits with the man who had robbed him.

"My dear," he said, "you shall marry Talbot."—[Chambers's Journal]

## THE COCOPAH DESERT.

A Veritable Valley of Death in Southern California.

For a trip across the Cocopah Desert in southern California, you fill your zinc canteens at the spring in the Canada de las Palmas; then by a gradual descent down the canyon, the heat noticeably increasing as you descend, you pass out from the cooling shades of the towering Sierra Madre in that veritable "Valley of Death."

If you are inexperienced, a "tender-foot," never attempt the trip without a guide, and not then between the months of April and October. An Indian will pilot you across for a few dollars, or you may fall in with some old prospector. If so, his first question will be with reference to your facilities for carrying water. There are no landmarks by which to shape your course, so a guide is an absolute necessity. Here and there about the plain are sand dunes, varying in height from little hillocks to sixty feet or more. Lay your course by even the tallest of these and you are lost for in a few hours it may have entirely disappeared, only to be rebuilt by the wind at right angles to your course several miles away. If you are alone, and inexperienced, your only infallible guides will be the sun and stars; if these are obscured, camp and wait until they reappear, if your water supply will permit; if not, then push on through that

take pity on you. If you are experienced, the rocks and the cactus bushes will tell you which is north and which is south.

Opinions differ as to the length of time a man can go without water in that desert and retain his reason, but the maximum limit for one unused to desert travel is eight hours. I know of two leather-lunged old prospectors who were thirty-six hours without water, and yet had sufficient sense and strength to follow their old bell burro, whose animal instinct led them to a water hole hitherto unknown.

Personally, I have gone twenty-two hours without water there, and then, shaking my burning thirst in hot, muddy alkali water that had collected on a bear's track, and although I had fought with a big, black mountain tiger for the coveted draught, it was the sweetest I ever quaffed.

There is gold in the mountains, silver, quartz and placers, but there is not sufficient water in the entire town to supply the domestic necessities of an average camp, to say nothing of a stamp mill. This is absolutely no timber, scarcely enough hard wood for camp-fires, and shipping the ore out of the question. It can pay for sacking and packing on burros 100 miles to the nearest railroad station.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat]

## Eleven Millions in Jewels.

The Russian crown and other state jewels are valued at the enormous sum of \$11,000,000, taking United States money as a basis of calculation; the crown itself is worth at least \$6,000,000. It is adorned with hundreds of diamonds, individual specimens of which are valued at all the way from a few dollars up to enormous sparklers worth thousands upon thousands of dollars.

Besides the diamonds, which make this costly headdress look as if it had been buried in a shower of falling stars, there are fifty-four pearls, each without a flaw, set around the rim, a ruby of extraordinary size and brilliancy being used as a centerpiece. The crown was made by Panzie, the old-time Genoese court jeweler, and was first used by Catherine the Great.—[New York Journal]

## A Fighting Swordfish.

Saturday C. McVey, a fisherman, returned from a swordfishing trip and reported a thrilling experience. He had just thrust the iron into the great fish, when it turned and rushed for his dory, striking it with such force as to send its sword through the boat and to overturn it. All McVey could do was to hold on to the bottom of his capsized boat. He said that he remained four hours in that uncomfortable position before help came. Then he saved his dory and secured the fish, which had died. This strange experience took place off the South Shoals.—[Portland (Me.) Press]

The new weaves of alpaca make capital gowns. They are so easily brushed and made "fit" after a long day's journey, and have sufficient warmth to equal the light-weight serge or flannel.

## THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

And Now They Do Not Speak—Evidently a True Story—Utilizing His Gift—In Japan, Etc., Etc.

AND NOW THEY DO NOT SPEAK.

He—Did you know opals were in again?

She—No; how do you know?

He—At the hop Tuesday an opal pendant was worn by Mrs. Stoutly, accompanied by a fine gold chain.

She—I shouldn't have supposed a fine gold chain would hold her.

EVIDENTLY A TRUE STORY.

"John," said the wife to herself, as she proceeded to disrobe her husband, who had gone to bed with his boots on, "John told me he had studied for the bar in his youth I can well believe it, for I think he knows every bar in town."—[New York Press]

UTILIZING HIS GIFT.

"What became of that boy of yours with the powerful voice, who was to study elocution and prepare himself for the stage?"

"That project fell through."

"Has he been able to utilize his gift at all?"

"Oh, yes; it got him a position."

"Of what nature?"

"He is selling circus lemonade."—[New York Press]

IN JAPAN.

Japanese Secretary—You say you want to serve us?

American—Yes, sire!

"And you are from the United States?"

"I am, sire!"

"And you understand military matters?"

"As a book, sire!"

"What military service have you seen in America that would make you valuable to us?"

"I'm a pension Attorney, sire!"—[Cleveland Plain Dealer]

THE WELCOME VISITOR.

She did not love him, she, the beautiful daughter of a merchant prince. Yet her heart was tender and she knew that to love is to be happy.

He had been coming to the house every day for four years, and she was always glad to see him, and many, many times she had run joyfully to the door to meet him.

The human heart knoweth its own mystery.

He was the mail carrier and he had a wife and eight children.—[Detroit Free Press]

ROMANCE THAT COST.

"Marie and George have quarreled, you know. He told her one night that when he was out of town he always felt as though he would give \$10 for just a word with her."

"Well,"

"And so the next time he did leave town she put him to the test by calling him up on a long-distance telephone and making him pay the bill."—[Chicago Record]

THE ONLY THING NEEDED.

Six-year-old Alice, traveling on the cars, regarded a fat lady near her so long and so earnestly that the lady remarked pleasantly, at last: "Well, my dear, what do you think of me?"

"I think," replied Alice, "that you would be a very nice-looking lady if you could only be slimmed a little."

"Youth's Companion.

HIS OBJECTION.

"How do you like the young woman from Boston?" asked the young man's sister.

"Oh, very well. Only she uses such big words. I gave her a flower and she wouldn't call it by anything but its scientific name."

"But you always liked botany."

"It wasn't her botany I objected to. It was her haughty-culture."—[Washington Star]

TO BE CONGRATULATED.

Teacher—For what were the ancient Romans remarkable?

Dick Hicks—They understood Latin.

ON WITH THE BALL.

Arizona Pete—I should like very much to go to the dance with you, but, you see, I didn't come dressed for it.

Fewclothes—Never mind that, partner, I can let you have a couple of guns.

IT WAS HER FAULT.

A little boy, after helping himself several times to water, finally upset the glass, upon which his mother exclaimed impatiently:

"My son, I knew you were going to do that."

"Well, mother, if you had only told me in time I would not have done it," said the boy.—[Philadelphia Times]

A HOT WEATHER WISH.

Oh, for a lodge in a wilderness  
Of icebergs, ten miles high,  
And snow so deep that a man could sleep  
On top of it next to the sky.  
Oh, for a polar sea in town,  
Where a man could swim all day  
And sleep at night in the moon's pale light  
On an ice floe in the bay.  
Ice cold, which he might quaff;  
Oh, for a cold-cold-cold-wave flag,  
And the North Pole for a staff.  
—[Detroit Free Press]

THE DIFFERENCE.

The difference between large ships  
And farmers, you'll allow,  
Is this: The large ship plows the sea,  
While farmers seize the plow.

## A BORN GALLANT.

A Detroit home has among its latest acquisitions a small boy who will be a Chesterfield in point of manners at least, if given half a chance. He has a great admiration for his mother, and yet there are times when she is compelled to punish him. Such a thing occurred the other day.

"Now," said she, after she had concluded a vigorous spanking for willfulness, "I hope you have changed your mind."

"No, mamma," he soiled. "I always said I'd rather be spanked by you than kissed by any other lady in town, and I think so yet."—[Detroit Free Press]

AN EXTRAORDINARY WOMAN.

The Friend—Have you seen your husband's mother yet?

The Bride—I have, and she is the most extraordinary woman I ever heard of.

The F.—How is that?

The B.—Why, she thinks me good enough for her son.—[New York Press]

MURDERING HIM.

A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what that was they were playing.

"That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster.

"Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye have given him an awfu' death."—[Dundee News]

ANGULAR.

Clara—You want to be careful, dear, when you have on your new wrap, not to lean your shoulder against anything.

Maude—Why?

Clara—You might make a hole in it.—[Philadelphia Life]

CELESTIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Brannigan—There's another wan o' them rich banker fellers, as has just lost two million dollars in wan day.

McManus—Beryob, an' it's better than if it happened to a poor workin' mon.—[Truth]

CAREFUL HORACE.

The stately steamer ploughed its way through the blue waves of Lake Michigan. "Oh, Horace!" moaned the young bride, who a moment before had paced the deck with smiling face and love-lit eye, the happiest of the happy, "I feel so queer! Let me lean on your shoulder."

"No, dearest, don't do that!" exclaimed Horace, hastily; "lean over the side of the steamer."—[Chicago Tribune]

EASILY EXPLAINED.

Henderson—Why did they turn Skinner out of the church?

Williamson—He sold the pastor a horse.—[Life]

THE PLACE TO FIND IT.

"America has no standing army, I believe," said the foreigner.

"It's clear you haven't spent much time in the street cars of this great country," replied the native.—[Truth]

TRULY PENITENT.

The Judge—I should think you would be sorry for having so far forgotten yourself as to throw a plate at your wife.

The Prisoner (penitently)—I am, your honor; that plate cost ten cents.—[Buffalo Courier]