

President Taft Pastures His New Cow on White House Lot



President Taft has a new cow. Other folks may have new cows, too, but they probably cost them more than the one the chief executive is now pasturing in the White House lot.

NOISE OF THUNDER.

Due to Heating of Gases Along the Line of Electric Discharge.

To Professor Townbridge we owe an experiment to explain the noise of thunder. It has usually been thought that the noise is caused by the closing up of the vacuum created by the passage of lightning, the air rushing in from all sides with a clap, but the intensity of the noise is rather disproportionate, and it is now supposed that the thunder is due to the intense heating of the gases, especially the gas of water vapor along the line of the electric discharge, and the consequent expansion of suspended moisture into steam at enormous pressure.

In this way the crackle with which a peal of thunder sometimes begins might be regarded as the sound of steam explosions on a small scale, caused by inductive discharges before the main flash. The rumble would be the overlapping steam explosions, and the final clap, which sounds loudest, would be the steam explosion nearest to the auditor. In the case of rumbling thunder the lightning is passing from cloud to cloud. When the flash passes from the earth to the clouds the clap is loudest at the beginning.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so called pointers in the "Big Dipper" or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's pole star. Various Indians called the outer star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the north star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind—Country Life in America.

A Blow Arrested.

An organist who on the eve of a festival was taken suddenly ill secured a deputy to take his place. The deputy, on the authority of St. James' Budget, was a gentleman who played a very full organ, playing full chords where his principal played only single notes, and consequently using a much larger quantity of wind.

When about three parts through with the "Hallelujah Chorus" the wind suddenly gave out. Going round to the back of the organ to ascertain the reason, the deputy found the blower in the act of putting on his coat preparatory to going home.

"What do you mean by such behavior?" the deputy angrily expostulated. "Look here, sir," the blower returned with warmth, "if you think I don't know how many puffs it takes to blow the 'Hallelujah Chorus' you make a big mistake!"

Proof of Fairness.

A frown developed on the countenance of the new patient as he studied the bill the physician had handed him. "What do you mean," he at length inquired, "by charging me \$25 for a two weeks' treatment when you charged Henderson only \$10 for a treatment extending over the same length of time?"

"If you mean that I am not impartial in my charges," retorted the bristling doctor, "I want you to distinctly understand that you have absolutely no foundation for your insinuation. I ordered Henderson to eat three square meals a day, while I forbade you to eat more than one light lunch. Now, sir, if you will add the cost of Henderson's meals to my charge of \$10 and compare the result with the cost of your meals plus my charge of \$25 you will obtain some proof of my equitableness that you, if you are a man, will humbly apologize to me for your unkind and unwarranted attack."—Chicago News.

A Mianomer.

It is becoming daily more dangerous to refer to "the weaker sex" on account of the increasing doubt in the reader's mind which sex is meant.—London Saturday Review.

TAR AND FEATHERS.

A Coat of These Means Excruciating Torture to the Victim.

People who read of tarring and feathering know that the punishment is a very unpleasant one, but few imagine how terribly painful and dangerous it is. Hardened tar is very hard to remove from the skin, and when feathers are added it forms a kind of cement that sticks closer than a brother. As soon as the tar sets the victim's suffering begins. It contracts as it cools, and every one of the little veins on the body is pulled, causing the most exquisite agony. The perspiration is entirely stopped, and unless the tar is removed death is certain to ensue.

But the removal is no easy task and requires several days. The tar cannot be softened by the application of heat and must be peeled off bit by bit, sweat oil being used to make the process less painful. The irritation to the skin is very great, as the hairs cannot be disengaged, but must be pulled out or cut off. No man can be cleaned of tar in a single day, as the pain of the operation would be too excruciating for endurance, and until this is done he has to suffer from a pain like that of 10,000 pin pricks. Numbers of men have died under the torture, and none who have gone through it regard tar and feathering as anything but a most fearful infliction.

TOBACCO IN THE ARCTIC.

Resource of Miners When They Can Neither Chew Nor Smoke.

"When the wind is blowing thirty miles an hour and the temperature is 40 below it is some cold," said a man from Alaska. "If a man used tobacco in the ordinary way out of doors during such weather and got his lips wet through smoking a pipe or chewing he would be apt to get into trouble. First thing he knew he'd have his lips crack, and they would be raw all winter long." The regulars stationed at the military posts up in Alaska found that if they tied a tobacco leaf in their armpit previous to undressing they would become very sick and could pass the post surgeon for hospital, getting rid of detail work they wanted to avoid.

"The miners up there learned something of this and found that the tobacco craving could be satisfied by binding a quantity of the leaf either in the armpit or against the solar plexus. This avoided broken and bleeding lips during the winter, and they weren't prevented from smoking indoors as the out-door smoking or chewing that made all the trouble."—New York Sun.

Way to Treat Venison.

The sportsman was explaining to a few of his uninitiated friends. "If you don't like venison," he said, "it is because it has not been prepared properly. I think I know the kind you have tried to eat, and I agree with you it is not fit. After the deer has been shot the carcass probably has been allowed to lie around until the blood has discolored the meat and really has almost tainted it. Few hunters dress their game carefully enough. As soon as a deer is killed the carcass should be thoroughly bled, skinned, the entrails removed and the meat hung up in the dry air for some hours. Thorough and prompt bleeding is of the utmost importance. Venison prepared in this way is comparatively light in color—that is, it is a clear, bright red, and the fat is white and clean. There is no strong, rank taste."—New York Press.

Force of an Oil Well.

Oil has been ejected from the Baku wells with such force and accompanied with so much sand that steel blocks twelve inches thick placed over the mouth of the well to deflect the flow were perforated in a few hours and had to be replaced. The casing with which the wells were lined was often torn to shreds and eventually collapsed, and hundreds of thousands of tons of sand which accumulated in the vicinity necessitated the services of large bodies of workmen.—London Mail.

A Safe Bet.

A man can never guess how big the hats or sleeves or skirts of women will be next season, but he stands ready to bet that no fashion center can make big shoes for women popular.—Atchison Globe.

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PICKING HUSBANDS.

A Woman's Cynical View of the German Marriage Market.

The men in Germany do not marry. They are married. They are more or less passive articles of sale, which stand in rows in the matrimonial shop window with their price labeled in large letters in their buttonhole, waiting patiently for a purchaser. They are perfectly willing, even eager, victims. They want to be bought, but their position does not allow them to grasp the initiative, and they are thankful when at last some one comes along and declares herself capable and willing to pay the price.

The girl and her mother, with their purse in hand, pass the articles in review and choose out the one which best suits their means and fancy. "I shall marry an officer," one girl told me some time ago with the easy confidence of a person about to order a new dress, and lo and behold, before the year was out she was walking proudly on the arm of a dragon lieutenant! I even knew of three women who swore to each other that they would marry only geniuses, and here also they had their will. One married a great painter, one a poet and another a famous diplomatist. That they were all three diplomatically unhappy is not a witness against the system, but a proof that geniuses may occasionally be very uncomfortable partners. In this case the purchasers were rich and popular and could therefore make their choice. Others of lesser means would have had to content themselves with an officer, cavalry or infantry, according to the "dot," or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a merchant, and so on down the scale.—Miss Wylie's "My German Year."

ODDLY EXPRESSED.

Queer Ways in Which Ideas Are Sometimes Put into Words.

Curious ways of expressing ideas in English may be expected from foreigners, as, for instance, when the Frenchman, who made a call in the country and was about to be introduced to the family, said: "Ah, ze ladies. Zen I would before, if ze please, wish to purify mine hands and to sweep mine hair."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang out o' the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll be in."

A countryman went to a manager to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed the opinion that the orang outang was a lower order of the human species. Hodge did not like this idea and, striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it in these words: "Poo! He's no more of the human species than I be!" "Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked a little boy at a wedding a negro baby for the first time.

Definition of True Humor.

The sense of humor is the "saving sense" principally because it saves us from ourselves. The person who cannot laugh at himself now and then is to be pitied. Moreover, the person who cannot take good naturedly the occasional bantering of others is in the same class of disagreeables. A well directed shaft of raillery in our armor of self complacency and shows us where our self satisfaction is all wrong. True humor, however, must spring as much from the heart as from the head. Its essence must be truth and candor, not contempt. There never was a good joke yet that told a lie or blemished a reputation. Humor which carries with it a sting to wound the sensitiveness or delicacy of one who does not deserve to suffer is not true humor.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Professional Instinct.

"Romero and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment. Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover. "Oh, cruel poison!" she wailed. She raised her lover for a moment in her arms. A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet. "Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

A Run of Luck.

Violet—I never had such a streak of luck. He fell in love in Paris, proposed in Rome and bought the ring in Naples. Pierrot—Did your luck end there? Violet—Oh, no! While we were at Monte Carlo he won enough from paper for us to get married on.—London Illustrated Bits.

The Silver Lining.

In life troubles will come which look as if they would never pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last forever, but the coming of the calm and the morning cannot be stayed.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.

Take Care!

Remember that when your kidneys are affected, your life is in danger. My Nayer, Rochester, N. Y., says: "My trouble started with a sharp shooting pain over my back which grew worse daily. I felt sluggish and tired, my kidney action was irregular and infrequent. I started using Foley Kidney Pills. Each dose seemed to put new life and strength into me, and now I am completely cured and feel better and stronger than for years." W. E. Brown & Co.

His Way of Doing.

"Could the cashier of that company explain the middle in the books?" "He said he would clear it all up." "Did he?" "No, he didn't clear it up. He cleared out."—Baltimore American.

Unpleasant.

Henderson—Ever met with any serious accident while traveling? Henpeck—Did I? I met my wife while traveling abroad.

DIDN'T WASTE WORDS.

The Stoical Mountaineer Simply Answered the Question.

"For stoical indifference and taciturnity," said a young man from Knoxville, Tenn., who was visiting in Louisville a few days ago, "I never saw any one that could equal the Kentucky mountaineer."

"Two years ago I was camping during the summer with a party of young men and women in the mountains. During our stay there we became acquainted with an old mountaineer whom we called Sam. He always referred to his wife as Maria, and we fell into the same habit."

"Last year we returned to the same place to camp. As we were going up the mountain path on our first day out we met Sam walking along apparently in a deep study."

"Hello, Sam!" we all called. "Where's Maria?" "She's comin' back there," he said, directing his thumb backward over his shoulder.

"We went on up the mountain path and a short distance farther came upon a party of mountaineers transporting a dead body in a rickety wagon. It was a funeral party. Imagine our surprise when we were informed that the deceased was Maria. Sam had not thought it worth his while to inform us that Maria was dead when he stated she was 'comin' back there.'"—Louisville Times.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Advice the Jeweler Gave the Young Man Who Was Investing.

"Some of these jewelers are an accommodating lot," remarked the young man in the light suit. "I went in the other day to buy a diamond ring."

"For a lady?" the clerk asked me. "I told him it was."

"An engagement ring?" he asked me further. "Yes, I told him, getting a little bit peeved, but I don't see what business it is of yours what I intend to do with the ring after I've paid for it out of my own private funds."

"Don't be offended," says the clerk in a conciliatory tone. "I was just going to suggest that if it was simply a present, with no engagement going with it, you go in for sapphire rather than for quality, and when the girl comes in to inquire about its value we'll be \$50 or \$75 worth for you. But if it's an engagement ring I would advise you to get the best quality you can find, even if it does mean a smaller stone. Just as a matter of settlement you'll want to know that it is right, and then if you ever get in hard luck you can pawn the good ring for two-thirds of its value."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Toad's Tongue.

The skillful manner in which a pet toad used its wonderfully formed tongue entitled it to be ranked as an expert. For one thing, it showed wonderful skill in judging distances. The tongue was never darted out until the insect came within a certain range. The accuracy of the creature's aim was another matter for surprise. The insects were generally in motion when the tongue was darted out against them, but the arrow never failed to hit. The rapidity with which the tongue was shot forth excited much wonder. The operation is a complex one. The tongue is doubled or folded up when in the mouth. Therefore a twofold action is required, an uncoiling of the tongue and then the darting of it forth. The withdrawing of the tongue with the captured insect on the tip was not less remarkable. Notwithstanding the rapid motion, the fineness of the tongue tip and the struggles of the prey the victim was never dropped.—Exchange.

Graves in China.

There are various kinds of graves in China. The graves are dug generally from twelve feet to thirteen feet below the ground, while, according to an old custom, the mounds of the graves of emperors were thirty feet in height, those of territorial lords fifteen feet and those of barons without territories and of lord stewards eight feet, while for inferior officials and common people mounds only four feet in height were erected. Pines were planted on the tombs of emperors, a species of oak on those of territorial lords, a species of willow on those of barons and lord stewards and elm trees on those of inferior officials. Although there are no territorial lords and lord stewards now in China, men of high rank still have their tombs constructed in accordance with this old custom.

He Loved His Enemies.

James MacNeill Whistler looked upon life as upon a kind of warfare and was never so happy as when he was quarreling with somebody. He is quoted as having said when asked if he did not have many friends: "Yes, I have many friends, and I am grateful to them, but those whom most I love are my enemies, not in a Biblical sense. Oh, no, but because they keep one always busy, always up to the mark, either fighting them or proving them idiots."

Then He Sulked.

"Mrs. Gouchey remarked to me that it must be pleasant to be married to a clever man," said Froodley's wife. "And what did you say?" queried Froodley. "I told her, of course, that I didn't know; that I had only been married once."

Where They Belong.

"Have you any men serving sentences for bigamy?" asked the prison visitor. "Lots of them," replied the keeper, "but we confine them all in the insane ward."—Philadelphia Record.

Naturally.

"Pop, flowers shoot, don't they?" "Certainly, my son." "Well, pop, do they shoot with their petals?"—Baltimore American.

Ends Winter's Troubles.

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The feet, bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bicklen's Anker Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of burns, boils, cuts, sores, eczema and sprains. Only 25c. at all druggists.

An Antiseptic Child.

Little Walter was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilized and public conveniences and places were forbidden him. "Father," he said one night in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?" "What?" asked his father, preparing himself for the worst. "I'm going to eat a germ."—Success Magazine.

His Style.

Agent—Did you find a suitable house for that customer who seemed so cheery? Assistant—I did my best, sir. I recommended him one with a swell front.—Baltimore American.

A LIVING SNUFFBOX.

Peculiar Role Mme. du Cayla Played For Louis XVIII.

There have been snuffboxes of gold studded with jewels, of delicately carved tortoise shell, filigree silver, porcelain, ivory, mother-of-pearl, humble horn, wood and tin, but there is only one living snuffbox on record, and that was the particular luxury of Louis XVIII. of France. "His majesty's snuffbox," as she was known throughout Europe, was Mme. du Cayla, a fascinating favorite at the Bourbon court. Her place at table was always at the monarch's left hand, and when during the course of the meal he signified his desire for a pinch of brown powder to titillate his fat nose she took a diamond crueted box from her pocket, dusted just the right quantity of perfumed snuff on her snowy right shoulder and presented it to the king, who partook of it with profound pleasure.

As Louis was the greatest snuff taker at a court where everybody snuffed constantly, Mme. du Cayla's position was no sinecure, but the human snuffbox was well paid for indulging the king in his little fad. He presented her with a copy of Roy-mont's Illustrated Bible, and each one of the 150 engravings was covered with a thousand franc note. It was followed with the gift of "Bassnet's Sermons," interleaved with the same valuable paper from cover to cover.—New York Press.

ANTIQUITY OF CHEESE.

Homer and the Book of Job Allude to the Product.

Cheese and curdling of the milk are mentioned in the book of Job. David was sent by his father, Jesse, to carry ten cheeses to the camp and to look how his brother fared. "Cheese of king" formed part of the supplies of David's army at Mahanaim during the rebellion of Absalom.

Romer says that cheese formed part of the ample stores found by Ulysses in the cave of the Cyclop Polyphemus. Euripides, Theocritus and other early poets mention cheese. Ludolphus says that excellent cheese and butter were made by the ancient Ethiopians, and Strabo states that some of the ancient Britons were so ignorant that, though they had abundance of milk, they did not understand the art of making cheese.

There is no evidence that any of these ancient nations had discovered the use of rennet in making cheese. They appear to have merely allowed the milk to sour and subsequently to have formed the cheese from the caseous part of the milk after expelling the serum or whey.

As David when too young to carry arms was able to run to the camp with ten cheeses, ten loaves and an ephah of parched corn, the cheeses must have been very small.

Marvels of the Telephone.

The Electric Review thus describes the minute electric current required in transmitting speech: "The peculiar electric telephone current is perhaps the quickest, feeblest and most elusive force in the world. It is so amazing a thing that any description of it seems irrational. It is as gentle as the touch of a baby's beam and as swift as the lightning flash. It is so small that the electric current of a single incandescent lamp is greater—500,000,000 times. Cool a spoonful of hot water just one degree and the energy set free by the cooling will operate a telephone for 10,000 years. Catch the falling teardrop of a child and there will be sufficient water power to carry a spoken message from one city to another. Such is the tiny genie of the wire that had to be protected and trained into obedience."

The News by Windmill.

In certain parts of Holland births, marriages and deaths are frequently announced by the windmills instead of in the newspapers. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in an oblique position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests often do likewise with their mills in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die the sails of his mill are pulled until the arms assume an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.—Harper's Weekly.

A Comparison.

Two friends met one day after a long absence. One of them had a very ruddy complexion, and his nose was carmine. The other looked into his face and said: "Ah, John, I do!" "But John said he was not to judge by appearances, as he only drank one glass of beer in a day." "Oh, well," said the other, "yer face, perhaps, is like our gas meter—it registers more than it consumes."—London Answers.

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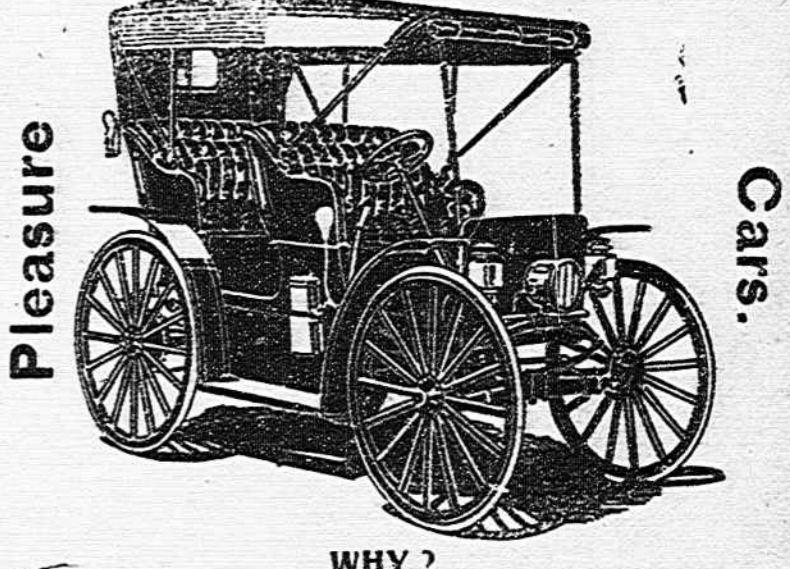
Manning Oil Mill.

State of South Carolina, Clarendon County.

By James M. Windham, Esq., Probate Judge.

Whereas, A Plummer Burgess made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate and effects of Annie C. Burgess. These are therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Annie C. Burgess, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Manning on the first day of December next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted. Given under my hand, this 18th day of November, A. D. 1910. JAMES M. WINDHAM, Judge of Probate.

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Why? A revelation in perfection, ease of operation, comfort and beauty. The Economy is built for REAL SERVICE, built in such a way that you will positively know and appreciate after operating it, that in it we are giving a REAL DOLLAR'S worth of value for every dollar invested—built so that it is not simply a "good road" vehicle, but so that it will serve you on and over most of roads, built not only to run in fine and fair weather, but so that it is EVER READY for service, both in winter and summer. Built so that it matters not whether you have either sand, deep snow or mud roads to travel, you can always start up with assurance and satisfaction of knowing that you can go when you please, where you please, and yet feel as near certain as one can be of anything in this world that with an Economy you can and will get back—the power is in the Economy.

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It will be our Purpose

during the Holidays to have Special Prices on certain lines on Saturdays. Next Saturday, December 3rd, our Specials will be Shotguns and Rifles. Watch this space for each week's bargains.

Summerton Hardware Co., Summerton, S. C.

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