

**THE DARLINGTON HERALD**  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
**For the People**  
—BY—  
**TURBVILLE & WILLIAMS.**  
WALTER B. WOODS, - Editor.  
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WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7, 1894.

The business interests of the HERALD will be in the hands of Messrs. G. J. Turbville and J. J. Williams, who are both practical printers and well acquainted with all the details of newspaper work, and feel assured that they can publish a paper that in its contents and typographical appearance will be second to none in the state.

They are anxious to secure reliable correspondents at every point in the county, and will make it to the interest of any responsible and intelligent person to act in this capacity. The desire is to have the news and fix it up in presentable shape for the readers of the paper.

It is with sincere gratification that we are enabled to announce that the HERALD has resumed publication and will in the future be issued regularly. Its temporary suspension was due entirely to the inexcusable neglect and utter faithlessness of its late business manager, who has now no connection with the paper whatever. Our best efforts will be put forth to make the HERALD worthy of the patronage of the people and its columns are always open for the discussion of any question that affects the public welfare, but personalities will not be allowed under any circumstances. While proposing to be, at all times, perfectly fair, the HERALD will not be neutral in politics or on any other question, but will on the contrary express its opinion with perfect candor and those who, to serve their own ends, are stirring up strife and misleading the people need look for no consideration at its hands.

The boys will quarrel among themselves and threaten to break up the school, but just as soon as the bell taps they will meekly march into the head master's room and be lectured or cuffed until they all embrace and make friends, and express regret for their insubordination.

It is none of our quarrel but we take the liberty of suggesting to those politicians who are trying to put Senator Irby into retirement that if they wish to succeed in demoralizing the senator, that they would do well to secure the help of Hugh Farley and Jim Tillman.

It would be less a menace to the liberties of our people if the streets of Charleston were patrolled by Federal soldiers than for its citizens to be at the mercy of Gov. Tillman's irresponsible spies.

If the legislature was in session and the majority of its members had one remaining spark of manhood or independence, which unfortunately they have not, Gov. Tillman would be impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors.

The action of Gov. Tillman in pardoning one of his spies who had been fairly convicted of slapping a woman in the face, should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every son of the state. If an indignity of this character is repeated, the man who perpetrates it should be shot down without the least compunction or a moment's delay. We believe in absolute obedience to law, but when the arm of the law is paralyzed by the set of a tyrant then we must protect ourselves, unless we are ready to submit like cowards and slaves to the infamous measures of a man who recognizes no law except his own will.

Senator Irby rushes into print to prove that he did not endorse Judge Kershaw for the position of post-

master for Camden. His trouble is entirely unnecessary as nobody would ever accuse him of doing any act that would reflect credit on himself. And yet it is men like Joseph B. Kershaw who have written the brightest pages of our history, while those like Irby make records that it would be well for the good name of the state if they could be entirely blotted out.

During the republican regime the whole state rung with denunciations of the gang that were plundering us without either conscience or mercy. Bad as they were they excelled in cold blooded wickedness by the dictator, Tillman, for while they stole our money, he robs us of our liberties, in comparison with which the loss of money is as nothing. The only thing that prevents his open assumption of absolute power is the overshadowing power of the Federal government.

Twenty years ago the people in South Carolina were denouncing the Federal courts, but time brings many changes and they are now beginning to look to them for protection from the tyrannical and inexcusable persecutions of a governor who while pretending to enforce the laws of the state shows a reckless disregard of any law that conflicts with his arbitrary wishes.

As between the two factions in the Reform ranks there is absolutely no choice, as they are both equally unscrupulous, and have the same end in view, keeping alive the present animosity and securing the offices. For the prosperity of the state and the welfare of the people they care nothing, and they are perfectly welcome, so far as we are concerned, to have a Kilkenny cat game, and rend each other to pieces.

It would simplify matters a good deal if Czar Tillman would issue a proclamation abolishing trial by jury and make it a penitentiary offense to testify against any of those chivalrous and high toned gentlemen who are allowed to insult women under the pretense of enforcing that highly moral measure, the dispensary law.

Congressman McLaurin has announced his determination to find out the names of the employees in the different departments of the government, with a view to finding out how many of them are credited to South Carolina who are not residents of the state. He deserves high commendation for this and the result will be that a good many will be found who have no right to retain appointments to the exclusion of the bona fide citizens of the state.

There has never been a time, in the history of our state, when there existed a greater necessity for courage and self-reliance than at present, and it is of vital importance that our people, despite the depressed financial condition of the country, should resolutely face this depression and let its only effect be to inspire them to renewed efforts to bring about a change for the better. There can be no question but that the outlook for the Southern farmer is more hopeful than for the agriculturist of any other section of the country, and that, which is far from being the case elsewhere, his future financial condition rests almost absolutely in his own hands. Even if this were not true there is nothing to be gained, but on the contrary much to be lost, by despondency, and the man who succumbs to misfortune and gives up the battle of life is lacking in those higher attributes of character which, displayed in the individual, tend to make a people great in the true meaning as to what constitutes real greatness.

It is only trials that can bring out the latent forces of our nature, and there is no such thing as true development of character that does not come through meeting and overcoming obstacles. The swimmer cannot tell his strength until he has battled with the waves, or the strong man the strength of his resistance until he has met adversity and struggled with it until he has wrung success from its firm but never inflexible grasp. The grandest pages of history have been made by those who have had to contend with difficulties that were well calculated to make the stoutest heart succumb.

The mere recollection of the unflinching courage which our people have displayed under former adverse circumstances furnishes the strongest proof of their ability to grapple with the difficulties that now surround them, and the man who, be-

cause of financial loss, sits down amid the ashes of his fortune and complains, is unworthy that the sunlight of prosperity should ever shine upon him.

**The Weekly Newspaper.**  
To those who are disposed to underrate the influence of the weekly papers we commend the following articles clipped from two prominent dailies. The News and Courier calls attention to the fact that the weekly papers are not supported as they should be. The mere fact that one does not agree with all he sees in his county paper is no excuse for not supporting it, provided it is honest in its expressions. The fact of the business is that if a man could, by any possible means, find a paper that always expressed his views, it would soon become so notorious that he would cease reading it.

"The country editor has this advantage over a city paper, that while his publication cannot in the nature of the case secure so wide a circulation, every copy that is distributed has a closer and more attentive reading. Thousands of copies of the city papers are bought by hasty readers who glance rapidly over the headlines, select for reading a few of the most important items of news, and then are through with them. But the country weekly stays in the home at least until the next week's issue displaces it, and it is read and re-read, from the bit of verse which leads the miscellany to the last crumb of local news.

"What we may call the all-aroundness of the country press is one of its most striking features. The editor knows his constituency fully as well as the city editor knows his, and ministers to it with quite as much intelligence and with fully as keen a scent for whatever will prove acceptable. He is more a master of his craft than the city editor, for, in many instances, if he is not actually editor, printer, reporter and business manager all in one, he is capable of filling any or all of those places in an emergency. Furthermore, with scarcely an exception, he may be counted on to make a sturdy defence of principle, and to stand resolutely for whatever makes for order, good government and the moral as well as the material welfare of the community.

"Any estimate of the New England character and civilization which ignores the influence of the country press must always be inadequate. The intelligence, fidelity and capacity of the men who conduct it merit cordial recognition."

We may add that any estimate of the civilization of South Carolina which ignores the influence of the country press is misleading and inadequate. And by the country press we mean the old and well-established newspapers which have grown up with the communities which they serve and which are as much a part of the community life as the village church or school house. We do not reckon among the country press the organs which were started for purely political purposes and represent nothing and stand for nothing, which have no life or history and which will go out in darkness when the occasion which called for them has passed.

"We entertain the greatest respect for the country press, for the hard work that they are doing in the public interest, for the distinctly good influence which they exert upon society. The country press of South Carolina compares favorably with the country press in any part of the Union—it ranks above the country press in any other Southern state. Many of the most public-spirited and competent men in the state are associated with the weekly newspapers—men who have the courage of their convictions, who would right public opinion, who seek by every means at their command to promote the general welfare. Now and then, as notably in the case of W. H. Wallace, until lately the distinguished editor of the Newberry Observer, they are called to the performance of larger educational duties; and wherever they are placed they give a good account of themselves.

"There is one fact which we would impress upon the public mind. The country press in this state is not supported as it should be. Too many men regard the country weekly newspaper with a sort of charitable consideration only. They value its merits, although they affect to discount its influence, but they do not support it as they should. They like to see their names in the paper, but they do not care to pay anything for the privilege. They like to read what it says, but they would rather borrow it from their neighbor than to take it themselves. They expect the paper to serve the public; they do not think it the duty of the public to support the paper. And this suggests that possibly the people in the cities—the business men who have country connections—do not entertain sufficient consideration for the country newspaper. It would say them to patronize the country newspaper because the country newspaper would encourage its readers to patronize them. The subject is inviting, but we merely wish to suggest to the business men of Charleston that the friendship of the country press of this State is well worth cultivating."—News and Courier.

**THE PLOWMAN.**

[From the Report of a Plowing Match Committee in Berkshire, Mass., in 1860.]  
Clear the brown path, to meet his coulters' gleam,  
Lo! he comes, behind his smoking team,  
With toll's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow,  
The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!  
First in the field before the reddening sun,  
Last in the shadows when the lamp is done,  
Line after line, along the burning sod,  
Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod.  
Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide;  
The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide;  
Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,  
Yellow and dark the rickly corned cleaves;  
Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train  
Slants the long track that scores the level plain;  
Through the moist valley, clogged with cooling clay,  
The patient coulters break its destined way;  
A every turn the lowering chains resound;  
The aving plowshare circles gleaming round.  
Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,  
And wearied hands unbend the panting steers.  
These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings  
The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings.  
This is the page whose letters shall be seen  
Changed by the sun to words of living green.  
Fill his strong arms to the immortal grain,  
Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men.  
These are the lines, O heaven commanded toll,  
That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil.  
O gracious mother, whose benignant breast  
Takes us to life and lulls us all to rest,  
How thy sweet features, kind to every clime,  
Mock with their smile the wrinkled front of time!  
We see thy flowers—they blossom o'er the dead;  
We read thy beam, and it gives us bread.  
O'er the red field that tramping strife has left,  
Waves the green plumage of thy tassel'd corn.  
Our maddening conflicts cease thy fabled plain;  
Fill thy strong arms to the immortal grain.  
Yet, O our mother, while the sunbeams gleam  
Round the fresh clasp of thine embracing arms,  
Let not our virtues in thy love decay  
And thy fond weakness waste our strength away.  
Not by these hills, whose banners now display,  
In blazing cohorts autumn has arrayed,  
By yon twin crest, amid the stinking spheres,  
Lost to dissolve and first to reappear;  
By these fair plains the mountain circles sweep  
And fade in silence from thy dark recess,  
True to their home these faithful arms shall toll  
To crown with peace their untainted soil,  
And true to God's truth, to mankind,  
If their chained bandages shall unbend  
These stately forms, that bending even now,  
Bowed their strong manhood to the humble  
Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,  
The same stern iron in the same right hand,  
And true to God's truth, to mankind,  
The sword has rescued what the plowshare won.  
—O. W. Holmes, Chairman.

**ELIXIR OF YOUTHFUL SPIRITS.**

"As I was walking up and down my room the other day," said a man, "wrapped in thought and absorbed in care, with head lowered and hands clasped behind me, I heard a tittering, and looking back I saw my children following me, each with bowed head and clasped hands. They had tried hard to be very solemn, but had found it quite impossible. I couldn't help laughing myself when I saw them, but I picked up my burden and marched on. Promptly the children fell in again and marched after me. When I turned a corner, I saw them tagging on as before. We all laughed again, and then the children and I played soldier for awhile. When we got through with that, I found that my serious friend Care had gone away."—New York Sun.

**A "WILD HAIR."**

A "wild hair" is the most annoying freak of nature a man can be afflicted with. It grows in from the eyelid, instead of out, and constantly brushing against the eyeball sometimes causes an irritation that results in a loss of sight. To pull it out gives only temporary relief, since in a few weeks it comes back, as well grown and strong as ever. The only way to kill it is to destroy the sac from which it springs. This is done by means of the electric needle.—National Barber.

The Icelandic sagas contain the earliest allusion to the distinctive character of the highland dress. They relate how Magnus Olafson, king of Norway, and his followers, when they returned from ravaging the west coast of Scotland, went about bare legged, having short kilts and upper wraps, and so men called them "Barelegs." This was in 1085.

Owing to sea freight, expensive landing, carriage after arrival at port of delivery, the coals consumed at the Kimberley diamond mines, South Africa, become the most costly on record—the average price per ton being \$20. These coals originally cost at the pit mouth about 10 shillings.

The Kalmucks of Astrakhan, a roving people numbering about 150,000, have at last been freed from serfdom. When the other Russian serfs were freed in 1861, it was considered dangerous to extend this privilege to these people lest their wildness should lead to its abuse.

The Australian aborigines appear to be dying out. Last year the number of them in Victoria was under 500. In the 12 months there were 13 births, 23 deaths and 1 marriage of aboriginals in the colony.

According to a report by the French minister of finance, 148,808 families in France have claimed exemption from certain taxes recently voted by the parliament on account of having seven or more children.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high and spread from 50,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvas.

**Love and Marriage.**

Yet, depend upon it, as you grow older you will see more and more instances and proofs of the reality and the depth of the love of husbands and wives for each other in the most ordinary, commonplace couples. I have heard of marriages where love has died out from some canker of selfishness or worldliness at its heart, but I have often seen unexpected proofs of a love stronger than death in all sorts of people in whom I had never before discovered any signs of sentiment or romance.—Sir Edward Strachey.

**RACE HORSES BLESSED.**

Strange Ceremony Preceding the Annual Fair Events in Sierra Leone.  
Twice each summer, in July and August, the horse race or "pallio" and medieval procession take place in the piazza at Sierra. The "pallio" (so called from the banner given as a prize), which has been run annually since 1650—with very few modifications—is really a contest between the different districts of the town. These districts are called "contrade," and each of these at the race is represented by nine or ten men in an medieval costume and a horse.

Each horse entered for the race must first receive a benediction at the parish church of its contrada a few hours before it runs. The church doors are thrown open that all who wish to see the ceremony may enter, and in the sacristy are shown, hung on walls, the "pallio" won by the contrada at former races, some of them a couple of centuries old.

The priest stands waiting at the altar. All eyes are turned to the door for the entrance of the horse. Possibly he deems it "an honor to which he was not born," for it is only after much clattering of hoofs and plunging that he can be coaxed to enter and is led up to the high altar. Thus he stands surrounded by the company of the contrada in full costume, the jockey, helmet on head, the captain in full armor, standard bearer, drummer and pages. It is the most curious sight one can imagine in a church, the horses standing meekly before the altar and those brilliant costumes grouped round.

There is a moment's hush; then the priest steps forward and sprinkles the horse with holy water, reads a few words of blessing in Latin and sprinkles him again. The spectators give a lusty shout, and the horse is led triumphantly out.  
By half past 6 p. m. the piazza is crammed with people of all sorts and conditions, and the balconies and windows of the houses, decorated with brilliant draperies, are crowded. At the third gun fire the course is cleared by mounted carabinieri, and the procession enters the piazza. First comes the town band in plain modern dark blue uniforms, cocked hats, with white plumes, playing as it marches; a pause, and then some eight or nine heralds trumpeting gallantly—they are in costume, as is all the procession. Then pass the "contrade" one by one, each in a different costume of the middle ages. Each one has its emblem—such as dragon, snail, goose, wood, wolf, owl, etc.—represented on their costumes, flags, armor and horse trappings. The jockeys, in costume and wearing the helmet, ride. The captains and their companies go on foot.

The horses are ridden without saddle or stirrups, and as they file out from under the archway of the palazzo an official gives each jockey his nerbo. This is a whip made of ox sinew, and it is permissible during the race for a rider to strike his rival jockeys and horses with this formidable weapon—a remnant of middle age brutality. Woe to the man who gets struck across the face with it. The jockey hats, now worn in place of the helmets, are of metal, painted, to guard the head against the blows. The horses are at the starting point, the signal is given, and they are off—a good start. Selva, or Wood, is the favorite and leads from the first. We fear he will never keep up the pace, but he does, and in the second round he is still ahead. The other nine horses are well together, the jockeys laboring right and left with their nerbi. The people are excited to the highest pitch. The noise is deafening, for these peasants have strident voices. Even the strangers, who have come to see the spectacle and care not one jot which contrada wins, are constrained out of sympathy to shout too. In the third round Selva has more than held his own and comes fully two lengths ahead amid enthusiastic applause.

Instantly after the race the winning jockey is surrounded by policemen, who protect him till his company has time to rally round him, and there is good need of it, for the partisans of the beaten contrade are hot blooded and violent in their disappointment and would scarcely let their victorious rival escape sound of limb if they had a chance to get at him.—London Illustrated News.

**Conditions Were Changed.**

An amusing incident is told at the expense of Norwood Johnson, superintendent of the Manufacturers' Gas company at Canonsburg. He discovered a good spring one day last week about a mile from his well. He was delighted and that night he laid his plans to have the water from the spring piped. Accordingly men were set to work the next day laying a pipe line to the spring. It took some time to do the work, and when the pipemen finally laid the last section leading to the spring they were chagrined to find that the spring was dry.—Washington Reporter.

**In No Hurry to Go.**

Landlord—You should always pay as you go, young man.  
Impetuous Boarder—True, but I don't intend to go for six months yet.—Boston Gazette.

**A Family For Round Shoulders.**

Anybody can cure round shoulders by a very simple system of exercise. The round shouldered man should go into the open air three or four times a day, let his hands drop to his sides, and then, while inhaling fresh air, raise himself on his toes as high as he can. The filling of the lungs pushes the shoulders back to their normal position, and if the practice is steadily followed for a couple of months the worst pair of stoop shoulders in time will become as straight as a drill sergeant's.—Philadelphia Record.

**HE WANTED TO SEE SNAKES.**

And the Tenderfoot's Desire Was Gratified Beyond His Wildest Expectations.  
A party of us cowboys, seven in number, were getting ready to go out from Purcell to round up stray cattle. Preparations were completed and the hour had been set for departure when a stranger, a young English traveler, put in his appearance and begged leave to go along. We finally agreed to let the tenderfoot come. He wanted to see rattlesnakes and other vermin in abundance and thought Indian Territory the place to go to find the object of his search. I feared he would be disappointed, but I did not tell him so.

But, as the event proved, my opinion as to the likelihood of seeing any reptiles was wholly erroneous. It seemed as though all the rattlesnakes, centipedes and tarantulas for hundreds of miles around had gathered along our way to give the stranger a reception. It became positively dangerous to go about without a heavy walking stick as a weapon of defense.

But no one suffered so much from these creatures as did the Englishman himself, the only one of the party who had any desire to see them. Once he felt sure one was crawling up his back, I tore the clothes off him. Fortunately the venomous insect had not touched the skin with its poisonous legs. On another occasion I was sleeping with him and happened to wake early in the morning. Looking at him, I was horrified to see three large centipedes in his hair, which he wore rather long. I seized an end of the blanket and brushed them away in an instant. The Englishman fairly trembled when I told him of it. A careful examination of the scalp, however, failed to reveal any of the deadly footmarks. His long hair had saved him from a frightful death.

Like many other people, the Englishman did not learn easily by experience. It needed another lesson to teach him to shun poisonous insects and reptiles. The lesson came very soon. One of the boys foolishly directed him to a cave where a great many snakes were said to be. He went alone in search of it. He afterward told me the experience he had there. When he entered the cave, there were no snakes in sight. This led him to wander a good distance farther in. Suddenly, as if moved by some common impulse, there was a rush of snakes out of the walls of the cavity on all sides and above.

Huge reptiles fell upon the brim of his hat and dropped to the floor of the cave. Terror seized him. He wished to rush for the opening, but he was afraid lest some of the long slimy things he saw hanging between him and the mouth of the cave should coil around him. He stood as though rooted to the spot. Fear made every muscle rigid, and it was well that it was, for the slightest movement would have caused him to be bitten in a hundred places. Thus he stood for nearly half an hour. At the end of that time the last of the snakes passed out of the cave, and he was free to go. He went directly to camp. He never spoke of snakes again, but seemed wholly occupied in smoking a long pipe. He also manifested a desire to return to the railroad as soon as possible. Evidently he had had all the experience with vermin that he wanted.—Chicago Times.

**An Inhuman Experiment.**

The Japs for the most part are a non-meat-eating race. Indeed, in central Japan and in out of the way parts the inhabitants have never tasted such food, a fact partly due to economic reasons, a meat diet being an expensive luxury in the far east. Statistics of a recent year go to prove that out of the 1,021,503 head of cattle existing in the country only the comparatively small number of 84,711 were slaughtered for the purposes of food. The tendencies of Japan being thus inclined toward vegetarianism, a case of a positively inhuman exception to this state of things is all the more astonishing.

It appears that quite recently in the prefecture of Meiji a native was discovered digging up the body of a newly buried child, with the intent to eat its flesh. Upon arrest, the man pleaded in self defense that he had been led to believe that human flesh would cure him of a disease from which he was suffering, a cure which all unforeseen cost the credulous believer three months' residence in prison.—Hospital.

**The Trouble With Jim's Oratory.**

Jim is a great orator, though his ideas are far apart. He's a little like that steamboat they tell about that used to run on the Tombigbee. She had a six-foot boiler and a two-foot whistle, and as she had to land at every plantation on both sides of the river she had to do a heap of whistling. And every time she turned the whistle loose she let all the steam out of the boiler and would have to stop till more steam could be raised. That's very much like Jim when he gets to orating.—"The Major" in New York Advertiser.

**Reputation.**

A reputation once broken may possibly be repaired, but the world will always keep their eyes on the spot where the crack was.—Josh Billings.

**A Family Arrangement.**

"I've had a rip in my Sunday coat for a month, but it will be fixed when I go home tonight," said Dumsquize.

**A POOR MEMORY FOR DATES.**

Mr. Staybolt's Earnest Endeavor to Remember Mrs. Staybolt's Birthday.  
"My friend Mr. Staybolt," said Mr. Gratebar, "has such a poor memory for dates that he cannot tell offhand what year he was born in. Neither can he tell without a little thought how old he is. But the year of his enlistment in the army and his age at that time seem to be indelibly impressed upon his mind, and reckoning from that year he arrives easily at the date of his birth and at his present age.

"He doesn't remember his children's birthday. They would come and go without his knowledge if he were not reminded of them by his wife. Prompted by her, he takes his son George, for instance, by the hand upon the proper date and gravely wishes that 7-year-old youngster a happy birthday and many returns of the day, and the innocent child doesn't suspect that his father never would have thought of it at all if his mother hadn't kept nagging at him.

"So about the date of his wife's birthday. It did seem to Mr. Staybolt as though he ought to be able to remember that, but he couldn't. He tried for years, but he failed every time. On the next day his wife would say:

"Did you ever—forget something?"  
"When Mr. Staybolt heard that year before last, he made up his mind that he wouldn't forget it again, and he tied a string around his finger forthwith, and when he got to his office he made a memorandum. His wife's birthday is Oct. 29. He got down his book for notes payable or something of that sort that has dates away ahead in it, and he put down under the date of Oct. 29—  
"Cynthia's birthday."

"Then he laughed to himself and went on with his work.  
"Months rolled by, and Mr. Staybolt forgot things, as usual, but he couldn't forget the date of Cynthia's birthday, for he had that down in the book. As the time drew near he laughed again as he saw staring at him from the top of the page for Oct. 29—  
"Cynthia's birthday."

"And when he read it there on the morning of the day he made up his mind that when he went out to lunch he would buy a nice birthday present for his wife. That night he ate dinner comfortably, as usual, in his pleasant home, and in the morning, as he was about to start for the office, his wife said:

"Did you ever—forget something?"  
"No, he had. He had forgotten not only the day, but the present. Then he tied another string around his finger and made another memorandum in his book, and this time he engaged a steady young clerk in the office to keep track of the date, too, and to see that on next Oct. 29 Mr. Staybolt takes a package home with him, and it is understood that the clerk is not to leave him until he has actually seen him deliver the package into Mrs. Staybolt's hands."—New York Sun.

**Art Equal to the Occasion.**

A good story is told of Landseer's "Cat's Paw." Lord Essex suggested the subject of the picture to the artist and promised him 100 guineas for the picture. In process of time the painting took its place at Cassiobury, but when next Lord Essex saw the young artist, some two years later, he complained bitterly of the painter Landseer had employed, though he still gave all praise to the work of art itself. "You should use better pigments; yours are very bad; the cat is making a fuss about nothing for the fire is out and the chesnut cold," explained Lord Essex. Landseer thus narrates the sequel: "I hired a pig from Tilbury's and drove down to Cassiobury one Sunday morning when the old boy was in church. With difficulty and a little palm oil I gained admission, and half an hour I was back in my study having set the fire blazing fixed and leaving a note for his lordship to say that I hoped he would be that puss had henceforth good reason to yell, as who was doing.—Black and White.

**Process of Making Postage Stamp.**

Every part of postage stamp-making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel, 200 stamps are made on single plate. These plates are run by two men and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large press. They are dried as fast as possible and then gummed with starch paste made from potatoes. This paste is dried by placing the sheets in a steam fanning machine and then the sheets are subjected to a pressure of 2,000 tons in a hydraulic press. Next the sheets are cut so that each one contains 100 stamps after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and after being pressed the sheets are filed away. A single stamp is injured, the whole sheet is burned.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**Fairly Well Discounted.**

The most willfully eccentric freak in personal appearance is that of rather well known woman who fronts teeth to the number of 14 or are of gold, not simply filled, but solid gold. The effect is all that might be imagined of horrid gilding and unseemly show.—Philadelphia Press.

The Iron Age denies that Krupp at Essen, Germany, is the greatest producer of crucible steel in the world and gives that honor to a Pennsylvania concern, the annual product of the former being calculated at 23,750 tons, of the latter at 35,000 tons.

An interesting find of 500 volumes, including manuscripts of the fourteenth century and some with woodcuts of the fourteenth century were recently discovered in a niche in a cloister near Paris.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM.