The Donaldsonville Chief

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

DONALDSONVILLE, : LOUISIANA

Loafing as a steady job seems to be inculcated by this brand of weather.

It is time to teach Towser that all really fashionable dogs wear muzzles.

You will have to do your own swatting. The regular fly cops have other duties.

Here's hoping the home team can let all the goose eggs remain in cold storage.

While swatting the fly 'tis well to remember to cover the sugar and butter bowls.

In the National league they are passing the pennant hopes around for general inspection.

Monte Carlo is reported to have cleared nearly $40,000,000 last year. So, what's the use?

One complicated way of being unhappy is envying the man who has to worry about the income tax.

New Jersey has barred the sharp-tipped hatpin. Thus it will be no joke, even if the cops see the point.

To the mind of the rough neck, there's no doubt that there is more than one simp in simplified spelling.

Yes, he's in again. The pest appeared in our office yesterday with that eternal question, "Is it not—"

That Chicago man whose goat chewed up his $1,000 wad, should feel at least, that there is money in goats.

That young woman who plays the piano with her feet must be able to put her whole sole into her selections.

The man who tries to hide behind a woman's skirt's in this year of grace must be thinner than his own yellow streak.

A large number of our American girls have married rich men, only to find that they have poor husbands on their hands.

Automobiles have been with use for fifteen years. What means of joy riding will be provided for use fifteen years hence?

There is no sense in littering the streets in the fond expectation that the school children will clean them up some time.

It has frequently been said that the wife is the better half, but assuredly, hubby clasps the honor when the base ball season opens.

Newest skirts for women have pockets in them just like a man's. Well, anyway, they will never contain plugs of chewing tobacco.

"Shot at sunrise" continues a popular pastime in Mexico, but there's lots of regular fellows who are half shot long before midnight.

Are the high steps on street cars an argument against hobble skirts or are hobble skirts an argument against the high steps on street cars?

Virginia young man drove two miles before discovering that his best girl had fallen out of the buggy. Maybe he was driving with a rein in each hand.

Anyway those women whose babies do not win a prize at a baby show, have the satisfaction of entertaining a distinct opinion about the judges.

And now Chicago is censoring the modern song—and properly so, perhaps. Anyhow, they can't censor a whistle.

Some one has told us that a girl with painted cheeks is like a stale glass of beer—nice to look upon but very disagreeable to the taste.

If the neighbors keep feather minstrels in their poultry yards you will find no difficulty in waking up early every morning about daybreak.

In France lately the top fell off of a mountain, destroying gardens and orchards. This seems very careless. They should have better land laws.

'Tis no wonder that Paris is regarded as a city of high flyers. It is reported there are nearly a thousand registered aviators living within its confines.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield of London is of the opinion that those incapable of falling in love should be drowned. But then there are those who fall in and swim out.

This country consumes $37,000,000 worth of breakfast food annually, and yet some people kick at the idea of putting wood pulp on the free list.

The largest courthouse in the world is being built down in New York, and it would be difficult to think of a place where it is needed more.

"Come, live in my heart, and pay no rent," warbled the inspired poet. More easily arranged, we dare say, than meeting the monthly installments of the bungalow.

HIS WORSE NATURE

It Is Each Man's Double and Becomes Harmless When Conquered.

By ALTON EDWARDS.

Nobody except the Governor knew that he had a double—not even the Governor's wife, who knew him, perhaps, better than anybody else. The two men resembled each other so completely that it would have been impossible for their most intimate acquaintances to distinguish them. If there was any distinction, it was that the expression of character and sincerity upon the face of the state's chief executive was replaced, upon the face of the other man, by a certain furtive cunning.

From his earliest years Governor Haines had been engaged in a constant fight against this man. He had intruded into his life, had placed him in invidious positions, had, in general, committed actions which had needed all the governor's ability to nullify. And he had followed him even to the executive chamber, blackmailing him, offering compromises, threatening.

The executive mansion was totally unguarded. In that sleepy litle capital town formalities had not come into favor. The double strolled quietly across the lawn, entered the mansion and made his way to the Governor's office. His secretary, nodding at his desk, bowed to him, unconscious that this could be anybody but the Governor Haines he knew.

"Mr. Searles has telephoned that he will be here in half an hour, sir," said

"I've Finished With You."

the secretary. The double nodded, passed into the executive chamber and sat down at his desk.

That he had an intimate knowledge of all the Governor's business was evident, for he began scrutinizing papers and emptying pigeon holes and reading memoranda. But he was awaiting the arrival of Searles, the state boss, with ill-concealed impatience. He knew that the man was interested in the proposed street railroad franchise, that he had been pestering Governor Haines for weeks to sign the bill now awaiting his decision. And he had not omitted to threaten. It meant the Governor's political future, the decision which was impending.

The secretary looked in. "Mr. Searles is waiting to see you, sir," he said.

The state boss entered. He was evidently ill at ease, for he held his hat tightly and sat down nervously in the chair which the double offered him. The double swung round in his own chair and faced his visitor.

"You have called with regard to that railroad franchise bill?" he asked.

Searles cleared his throat and nodded. Then, placing his hat down on the Governor's desk, he began:

"Now, Governor Haines, we have threshed this matter out, among others, for a long time. I have tried to ally you with the better interests of the state, but I have failed. I have pointed out to you that—I may speak plainly?"

"Surely," answered the double, smiling, and something in the double's expression sent new hope into Searles' heart. Hitherto he had always been up against an impermeable barrier of character and rectitude. Now—this man seemed almost to cringe before him. Searles had not ruled men for thirty years for nothing. He knew that this was the moment to terrorize—to bully. These means would succeed where others had failed.

"You got my letter, Governor?" he asked, his lips parting in a wolfish smile. "Well, it amounts to this. If you don't sign that bill you won't have the renomination next year. That, of course, goes without saying. But I'm going to do more than that. I'm going to drive you out of public life altogether. Twenty-five years ago, when you were a young man, you were involved in a scandal. You know what I mean. The people of this state won't stand for anything of that kind in their chief magistrate. Will you sign the bill or will you be exposed?"

"The man who was involved in that scandal was not I. It was a double of mine," thought the double; but of course it was not to his interest to betray himself. He merely looked at Searles with a faint smile. And Searles understood that smile.

"Let us come to the point, Governor," he said. "It's no use shilly-shallying or beating about the bush." He drew a paper from his pocket bearing the Governor's signature. "This is your obligation for five thousand dollars," he said. "May I tear this into pieces and throw them into your waste-basket?"

It was strange, the extraordinary revulsion that came over the double. He had his enemy at his mercy, this Governor Haines who had hated him since their boyhood, and on whom he could now take effective revenge. Suddenly he felt that his whole mental attitude was changing. He thought of the man, bravely and silently fighting down the scandal of his past life, of his uncompromising battle for purer politics. He stretched out his hand impulsively and took his pen, and in large letters wrote at the bottom of the bill 'vetoed.' He held it out toward Searles.

Searles seemed completely nonplussed. For a whole minute he stared at the vetoed bill. Then he got up and stretched out his hand.

"Governor Haines," he said, "I think the world of you. You have won the fight and I'm man enough to recognize it. You'll have the people on your side now—and I don't kick against the pricks. You've bested me and you'll have the entire Searles organization with you when we offer you the nomination."

He shook Haines by the hand and walked slowly out of the office, shaking his head. The double at the desk, however, was even more disconcerted than Searles. Why had he done this thing, he whose whole life had been dominated by hatred of his enemy?

He must have dozed, for some minutes later, when he looked up, he saw his enemy before him. Governor Haines was looking steadily at him, but he evinced no surprise.

"Let's fight this thing out right now," he said. "I've finished with you. I shall never temporize with you again. In I have compromised and feared you; henceforward it is war between us for ever."

"If you had told me that twenty-five years ago I should never have troubled you at all," answered the double, humbly, rising.

Governor Haines did not answer him, but watched him leave the room. The sleepy secretary outside did not notice him pass. Nor would he have seen him even had he looked for him. Each man has his double, his worse nature. But when he has conquered him the double becomes a harmless wraith, transparent as a breath of marsh air that is dispersed in the sun light.

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LOVER OF GRACE DARLING

Jimmy Giles of Ipswich, Eng., Once Courted Famous Life-Saver—But She "Wouldn't Leave Daddy."

Jimmy Giles of Ipswich, Eng., who for nearly 60 years was dock gateman and assistant engineer, is a link with the past, inasmuch as he was the sweetheart of Grace Darling.

Listen to the following conversation with the old seaman and live over again the memories of that brave exploit near Longstone Lighthouse that made immortal history:

"When a young man I took a cargo of salt from Ipswich to Sunderland. While there I left my brig and was made coxswain of a coble that supplied Longstone Lighthouse with provisions.

"This was in 1839, and as Grace's great deed took place the previous year I was anxious to meet the famous girl. On my first trip in the coble I saw her standing at the lighthouse door, but, although I tried to drew her attention, she got behind the door.

"The next time I visited the lighthouse I took a silk handkerchief full of grapes and gave the lot to Grace when I saw her. She thanked me, and we got on well.

"Grace was not handsome, but she was passable, with dark eyes and hair, and a face bronzed by the sea air, and conveying a sense of purity and innocence that I have never beheld in any other.

"She wore very short skirts and a dark blue Scotch cap, which suited her well. She was as good as any sailor, and could set a sail or pull an oar with the best of them.

"Her father, an old man, nigh 70, was a very old-fashioned man, and always wore drab knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with a sparrow-tail coat, big waistcoat, and a round skull-cap trimmed with fur. He didn't think much of my carryings-on with her.

"She showed me her presents, including a gold slipped in a scarlet morocco case, which the Czar of Russia sent her. She was often asked to go to London, but she wouldn't leave 'Daddy.' And, although I became her sweetheart, that was the reason she gave me for not marrying, and so we drifted apart."—Stray Stories.

No Damages for Uncaught Fish.

A suit for damages for the loss of fish one might have caught was before the courts of Maine in an injunction action against a canning company for unlawfully dumping into Passamaquoddy bay a lot of decayed sardines in cans. They had been swept by the tides into the plaintiff's weir and prevented fish from getting into it until the refuse matter was removed. The supreme court awarded him damages for injury to his nets and for the expense of hiring men to remove the dead sardines to permit live fish to enter the weir, but gave him nothing for the fish he might have caught in the meantime.

Bilkins' Flop.

"Here is Bilkins, a Republican all his life, as his father and grandfather were before him, turns Democrat in the hope that he's going to get a post-office apointment."

"Yes; he has sold his birthright for a mess of postage."—Buffalo Express.

GHOSTS OF LONDON

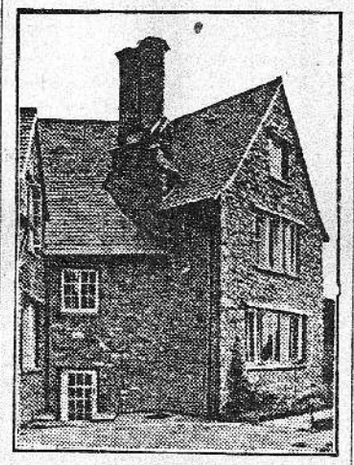
Temple Bar and Tower Favorite Haunts of Spooks.

Writer Advises Americans Who Seek Excitement to Spend an Evening With the Spectral Forms That Roam In Buildings.

London.—If the Americans who come to London find time hanging heavily on their hands, they might do worse than divert themselves with ghost hunting. It is widely known, of course, that the shade of the famous American lawyer, Judah P. Benjamin, haunts the picturesque old Temple, where, as one of the most successful "K. C.s" in the history of the English bar, he once had chambers, and now we have it on the authority of one of the leading spook experts in this country that the Tower of London, where so many celebrities, from queens downward, lost their heads, is haunted, too, though not by as many specters as might have been expected, considering the wholesale killing that once went on there.

Thousands of our countrymen visit the "Temple" every year—mainly to see the grave of Oliver Goldsmith—and thousands more explore the grim old Tower, with its racks and dungeon and site of the scaffold where Queen Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey and the Earl of Essex were beheaded, and perhaps if these visitors stayed on after nightfall, instead of going back to their respective hotels and boarding houses, and kept a sharp eye out, they might be rewarded, at the Temple, by a glimpse of the ghostly Benjamin, or maybe even of the ample shade of Doctor Johnson, who likewise lodged there, or, at the Tower, with a view of Henry VIII., the much-married, whose spectral form has been seen in the neighborhood at least once.

Eliot O'Donnell, who, of course, is one of the most eminent authorities on ghosts in England, tells about the Tower ghosts in the pages of the Occult Review, and an astonishing crowd they prove to be. One of them, which was "undoubtedly," according to O'Donnell, the shade of Queen Adelaide, the wife of George IV., appeared to two persons, one of them a former keeper of the crown jewels at the Tower, as a "cylindrical figure, like a glass tube, about as large as one's arm, and seemingly filled with a dense fluid," and another in the shape of a "huge bear" which issued from underneath the jewel room door. "A soldier thrust at it with his bayonet, which, going right through it, stuck in the doorway, whereat he dropped in a fit and was carried senseless to the guardroom, dying on the following day."



Garden Corner of "Temple."

TO TEACH HENS TO LAY EGGS

English Agricultural Experts Tour North Wales in Special Train to Show Machine.

London.—The Agricultural Organization and the National Poultry Organization Society are jointly responsible for a unique scheme by which it is hoped hens may be taught to lay.

What is known as the "golden egg" train left London recently bearing a party of poultry experts who are going to teach the hens in Wales how eggs really should be laid. The train consisted of three special coaches, fitted with every modern device calculated to encourage the most educated hens to lay prize eggs, and it will travel from station to station in North Wales for a fortnight. The poultry experts will lecture at each stopping place to the local chicken farmers.

BABY THREW MONEY AWAY

Steelworker Gave Child Pocketbook to Play With on a Train and He Drops It Out of Window.

Newcastle, Pa.—According to word received here from Fernando Russo, a steelworker now at Harrisburg, Pa., his savings, a small fortune, were thrown from a train near Philadelphia by his baby, Jose Russo, and his family are stranded.

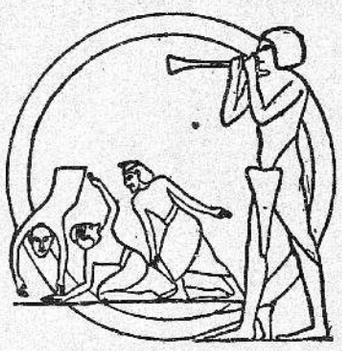
Russo, his wife and children were returning from New York, where they went to meet a relative, when the savings of several months were thrown away. The parent gave his baby his pocketbook to play with and Jose tossed it out of a window. The family traveled from Philadelphia to Harrisburg on a freight train

SPORTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT

Boxing and Ball Playing Were In Vogue Centuries Before Greece Was Known to Exist.

Athens, Greece.—That boxing, ball playing and sprinting were favorite sports of the ancient Greeks is widely known. But it is not generally known that these sports were in vogue in ancient Egypt centuries before Greece was known to history.

The accompanying sketches are reproductions of prints from the works of Lepsius, Rosellini, Maspero and other Egyptologists. The large print is a copy of a photograph from a rock carving which was executed in Thebes during the reign of Rameses II. in the early part of the fourteenth century, B. C. Long before Moses led the hosts of Israel into the Sinaitic desert; long before the oldest books of the Old Testament were written; and four centuries before Solomon wrote, "There is nothing new under



Showing Old Egyptian Sports.

the sun." It is a draft of the camp of Rameses II. before the Hittite City of Kadesh. It plainly shows the diversions of the Egyptian soldiers in their hours of leisure. In it the artist has depicted boxing, baseball, horse racing and even the gentle pastime of "crap shooting."

The smaller sketches might have been made on any professional ball ground in this country, barring the uniforms. One of them might have been labeled "safe on second." It probably represents a runner stealing second sliding into the bag after a headlong dive under the baseman. The umpire is shown with downturned palms, indicating that the runner is safe, while the baseman is evidently protesting against the decision.

The other cut depicts another familiar figure and is evidently intended to represent a megaphone man announcing a change of batteries, or, perhaps, informing the "fans" that "O'Sarkon, the great Memphis pinch hitter, will bat for Si-Bast, the southpaw twirler, who has been taken out of the box by Manager Rut Ammon."

The amusement of crap shooting was probably introduced into the Egyptian army by the Ethiopian or Nubian mercenaries, as it is still the national sport of the descendants of the hunters of Equatorial Africa. Just who introduced baseball into ancient Egypt is not known, but the "Records of the Monuments" show that Father Time discovered the game before either Father Chadwick or Father Spalding.

Truly there is nothing new under the sun. What with the discovery that Egyptians in the dawn of history probably used electric or hydraulic drills to shape the blocks of granite for the pyramids, and the granite pictures showing that even baseball and crap shooting were popular sports, and boxing bouts a regular thing among Egyptian soldiers when ancient Greece was a backwoods settlement and Babylon a one-horse town, the fact that there was boxing in Greece 2,300 years ago is a modern incident, and in all likelihood it was only a hoary sport introduced into Greece along with other civilizing innovations from the "Land of the Pharaohs."—Professor "Dusty" Miller.

ERASERS BRING HER FAME

Mrs. Houston, Originator of Rubber Pencil Tips, Brought to St. Louis for Burial.

St. Louis, Mo.—The body of Mrs. Mary E. Houston, reputed to be the originator of rubber eraser tips on lead pencils, was brought to St. Louis for burial. Mrs. Houston, who was 85 years old, died at Greenwood, Miss., of apoplexy.

In 1859, Mrs. Houston said, she entered a stationery store in New York city to purchase a pencil. She asked the clerk why rubber tips could not be placed on the pencils. The clerk called several officials of the firm and explained her suggestion. Before she left New York, Mrs. Houston said, lead pencils with rubbers attached were advertised there for the first time. The stationery house refused to admit it was indebted to her for the suggestion.

SKIRTS TARGET IN CLASH

Ohio Traction Company In Retort When Women Ask Lower Steps on Cars.

Youngstown, Ohio.—The Woman's Club league of this city has petitioned the council to pass legislation compelling steps on trolley cars to be lowered within eight inches of the street. It is asserted the present steps are too high and women are embarrassed every time they board or leave the cars. It is believed the company will maintain that the present tight skirt is to blame and not the car steps.

YOUNG GIRL RIDER HORRIBLY MANGLED

Star Circus Equestrienne Is Thrown From Horse.

DRAGGED AROUND RING

After Running Around Circle Several Times the Animal Leaped the Low Ringside and Dashed Off Through the Arena, and Then Back.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—With 12,000 horrified persons looking on, little May Wirth, star equestrienne of a circus, was terribly injured at the performance here the other night when her horse dragged her again and again around the center ring in which she was performing and through the arena, her body bumping against the tent poles as she passed.

The handsome young woman, one foot hooked in the girth, the other braced against the animal's glossy neck, tore around the ring, her body perpendicular to the horse's side, when one foot slipped. Spectators gasped as she slipped, limbs outspread to the ground.

The fall scared the usually gentle horse and as he quickened his stride it became apparent that the girl's short ballet skirt had caught in the stirrup. Fidem Wirth, the ringmaster, leaped to the bridle as a dozen attendants rushed into the ring.

The big horse shook off the ringmaster's grasp and raced around, the girl's body dragging helplessly along.

The center pole of the mammoth tent rose from the middle of the ring. Twice as the maddened animal tore around this the girl's body swung near the pole. The third she struck full against it, the thud of her body causing a cry of horror to go up from hundreds of throats.

Seeing himself hemmed in, Prince leaped the low ringside and dashed off through the arena, narrowly missing those hurrying up to stop him. Every attache who could get hold was desperately clinging to his heaving sides, but he reached the edge of a stage at the end of the tent. Then he plunged back to the ring and ran four more times around it. May's now limp body still trailed beside him in the tanbark.

Performers, canvas men and trainers brought the horse to a standstill.

The Fall Scared the Usually Gentle Horse.

Then Prince kicked. His right hind foot struck Miss Wirth every time he lashed out. Still unable to release her, the men lifted her unconscious body from the ground and so held it that only her left leg received the kicks until at last she was wrenched free.

Dr. Grabill found the left leg terribly torn from foot to thigh, her body battered and bruised, her face severely lacerated, a deep hoof cut over the right eye. She will remain for some time in the circus' own hospital.

When Friendship Ceases.

St. Paul, Minn.—Friendship ceases when a man knocks a woman's teeth out in a friendly dispute, according to Miss Theresa Smith, who brought complaint against Mike Cummings in municipal court for assault and battery.

"You don't love him any more, I suppose?" asked the judge of the complaining witness.

"Can't you see that some of my teeth are gone? Of course I don't," the woman replied.

Cummings pleaded guilty to the charge.

He was given a suspended sentence of 45 days in the workhouse.

Float Logs 200 Miles.

Knoxville, Tenn.—Piloting two rafts of 75 logs each, poplar, pine and oak, over a distance of approximately 200 miles as the river runs, from Kingsport to Knoxville, taking four days and nights to complete the trip and camping out in a miniature hurricane at the mouth of the French Broad river, is the experience of William H. Crews of Church Hill, Va., and six other men from that vicinity.

GERMETUER GRIPS THE GRIPPE

Why Tamely Submit When You Have a Cure in Dr. King's Royal Germetuer.

After the grippe the body is left in a depleted condition, subject to attacks from almost every kind of disease. Thousands of untimely graves have been filled by pneumonia, constipation, Bright's disease and other troubles following the Grippe.

Ordinary remedies are inefficient because they do not provide for thorough, constitutional recovery. Dr. King's Royal Germetuer cures the Grippe and does so pleasantly, promptly, safely and completely.

Dr. W. G. Cunnungham, Nashville, Tenn., editor of the Sunday School Literature, M. E. church, South, records his first experience with La Grippe as follows: "Last February I suffered a severe attack of La Grippe and in the early part of the summer it returned. I was for several weeks unable to do any work. I began to use Dr. King's Royal Germetuer and found almost immediate relief. My appetite returned, the languor and depression attending the disease disappeared, and I increased in flesh and strength. I am now quite well. I give Dr. King's Royal Germetuer the credit for all. After the first attack I took nothing else."

Dr. King's Royal Germetuer is sold by nearly all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, send $1 to Ellis-Lillybeck Drug Co., Memphis, Tenn., and a large bottle will be sent you by prepaid express. adv.

A Distinction.

Stella—No man is realy indispensable, you know.

Bella—But some man is.

WILL RELIEVE NERVOUS DEPRESSION AND LOW SPIRITS.

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC, arouses the liver to action, drives out Malaria and builds up the system. A sure Appetizer and aid to digestion for adults and children. 50 cents.

Couldn't Be.

"The barber was not at all diplomatic when he told my uncle he would have to wear a wig."

"But a thing like that can only be a bald statement."

Superstition and Juries.

After having sat on many juries the observant man is of the opinion that the whole human race is still strongly tarred with the brush of superstition.

"I am confirmed in that belief by the amount of damages invariably voted to plaintiffs whose injuries smack of superstitious origin," he said. "If a load of bricks should fall from a fifth story window onto the head of a man who happened to be walking under a ladder he would get twice as much damages as if the ladder were not there. The element of bad luck that attaches to a ladder would insensibly influence every juror, and the sum awarded would reflect their prejudices and sympathies."

SHE HAD TWO PERSONALITIES

London Physician Describes Two Conflicting Natures of Girl by Use Of Hypnotism.

An hysteric case similar to that of Miss Beauchamp of Boston, who had three distinct personalities, two more or less well behaved and one always naughty, was described recently by Doctor William Brown in a lecture at King's College.

Doctor Brown's case was also a patient of Dr. Morton Prince of Boston, the discoverer of the three Miss Beauchamps. The patient, a woman of 23, for months had two personalities, A and B.

B was a gay, pleasure loving girl, a constant thorn in the flesh of her staid and sober minded second consciousness, A. A's gloomy outlook, which kept her in a general state of low health, was being constantly further depressed by her receipt in waking up in the morning of frivolous notes written in the night by the irrepressible B.

By the use of hypnotism Doctor Prince was able, at first temporarily and finally permanently, to merge the two diverse personalities A and B into a healthy, normal personality.—London Mail.

MEMORY IMPROVED. Since Leaving Off Coffee.

Many persons suffer from poor memory who never suspect coffee has anything to do with it.

The drug—caffeine—in coffee, acts injuriously on the nerves and heart, causing imperfect circulation, too much blood in the brain at one time, too little in another part. This often causes a dullness which makes a good memory nearly impossible.

"I am nearly seventy years old and did not know that coffee was the cause of the stomach and heart trouble I suffered from for many years, until about four years ago," writes a Kansas woman.

"A kind neighbor induced me to quit coffee and try Postum. I had been suffering severely and was greatly reduced in flesh. After using Postum a little while I found myself improving. My heart beats became regular and now I seldom ever notice any symptoms of my old stomach trouble at all. My nerves are steady and my memory decidedly better than while I was using coffee.

"I like the taste of Postum fully as well as coffee."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for booklet, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular (must be boiled).

Instant Postum doesn't require boiling but is prepared instantly by stirring a level teaspoonful in an ordinary cup of hot water, which makes it right for most persons.

A big cup requires more and some people who like strong things put in a heaping spoonful and temper it with a large supply of cream.

Experiment until you know the amount that pleases your palate and have it served that way in the future.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.