

The Herald and News

Lady "Rough Riders"
The Jersey Town, Where Women Ride

Forty women in the saddle, with legs astride, and stretched to standing height in the stirrups; jingling spurs to boot heel; body erect, shoulders thrown back and chin held in like a major-general's; centering fearlessly as Goliath through the staring streets; galloping at daredevil speed along the country highways, leaping hedges, jumping fences, clearing ditches, the Lady Rough Riders of Hackensack are shaking that snail old New Jersey town to the very foundation of its moral structure.

Horses and saddles and spurs, saddles and bridles and boots, with whippers of scarabed sabres, are the talk of the day, says Dorothy Adams in the New York Herald.

Formerly speaking, and in social registers, the "Lady Rough Riders" are known by the comparatively innocuous and more or less commonplace name of the Hackensack Riding club. Its forty members, drawn from the best families of the county, and representing the most exclusive society of the town, range in age from a little girl of 10 to the white haired chaperon of more than 70, and each and every mother's daughter of them including the white haired chaperon, rides her horse astride or "man fashion," as her modest grandmother was wont to express that then almost unmentionable pose.

Ride this way once, and you will never again use a side saddle, declared this up to date grandmother, as she slipped a dainty spurred foot into the stirrup and swung astride her impatient horse, to show me how easily it was all done.

The horse and his white haired rider had just a few minutes before parted through the wide gates of Catalpa villa, the Spencer Borden residence, where the meet was to take place. She was to chaperon the crowd of young girls who had awaited her, and she had sprung from the saddle with quite as much ease as I had just seen her swing into it.

Visions of other grandmothers that I have known came before my eyes—memories of dear, old fashioned dunes who at less than 71 I have watched making frantic attempts, with the aid of chairs and step ladders, to pile into low seated chairs.

And so I asked the new grandmother, "Doesn't it make you very tired, turning those handspindles, and such fast riding?"
"Not a bit," she replied, springing out of the saddle again and beginning to unfasten the surcingle, preparatory to the blanket drill which was to open the morning. "Why, it's made me twenty years younger, this sensible fashion of riding. I was too old to ride a horse in the old fashioned, cramped up way that I did when I was young, and my only regret is that I could not have adopted this style when I first began to ride, fifty years ago."

"And aren't you afraid some times," I asked, turning to the little 10 year old girl with the long hair, who sat bravely astride of a pawing and diminutive Irish horse up to all manner of tricks. To which she answered, rather incoherently, I thought:
"Me? Oh, I'm not afraid of anything except cows. I'm awfully scared of cows, though, because you can't trust them like you can horses."

DISAGREED WITH PRESIDENT.

New Story of Postmaster General Smith's Resignation.
Washington, Dec. 20.—A different reason has been assigned to that generally assumed as actuating Postmaster General Smith in offering his resignation purports to come from an official source near the Postmaster General himself.

It is, in brief, that Mr. Smith disagreed with the President in a matter concerning civil service reform. President Roosevelt prohibited the inclusion in the civil service of employees admitted without examination, and whose duties have been performed in offices which have been included within the scope of law. Where, for instance, the clerks in the previously re-classified service, those in the third promoted to the second class postoffice, and which have become to be free delivery offices, have been transferred to the department service, the President has determined to exclude them until they shall come in regularly.

The Postmaster General's action in receiving such employees into his department, taken with the President's strict interpretation of civil service rules, or rather new rule of civil service, caused the former, it is stated, to tender his resignation, and not simply his personal desire to return to journalism.

[Chicago News]

If a woman has a man to love she has no use for a cat.

Faith in your own ability is two thirds of the battle.

When a man is beaten he admits it but it's different with a woman.

If you find it impossible to tell twins apart, tell them together.

When a clock is wound up it goes; when a business is wound up it stops.

Every spinster knows at least a dozen men who might have married her if—

A man always feels contemptible when he lets a girl kiss him against her will.

As soon as a girl gets married she begins to acquire a supplementary education.

It is human nature to desire to be equal to your superiors and superior to your equals.

The man who wants to prove everything he says advertises the fact that his word isn't to be credited.

Some men who have dollars lack sense. What they need is change.

There is plenty of space to let in the immense room for improvement.

Love may not be blind at the start, but it is never able to see its finish.

Few men have enough self confidence to enable them to ignore their own mistakes.

When two women are bitter enemies there is always some man at the bottom of it.

Lots of worry and trouble is brought on by advice that is supposed to prevent it.

Sometimes it is a man's dinner that disagrees with him and sometimes it's his wife.

Lots of people are about half witted between what you think they are and what they pretend to be.

The clam has a larger mouth in proportion to his size than a man, yet the clam never talks about his neighbors.

Colored Man and Woman in Omaha Robbed a Druggist of \$15,000 Worth of Jewelry—They Borrowed \$200 From a Pawn Broker and Were Caught.

Omaha, Neb., December 11.—W. H. Woods and a woman champion, giving the name of True Johnson, both colored, were arrested here today, charged with having robbed Alfred B. Lowenthal, a traveling salesman for a New York jewelry firm, in a Portland, Oregon, hotel, of \$15,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. The jewelry was traced by a local pawnbroker, who had received a printed circular describing the stolen property, to Woods and his companion, and they were found in the east part of the city. When arrested there was found in their possession \$3,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry, railroad transportation to Portland, and a check for \$200, which had been given by the pawnbroker in exchange for a diamond brooch.

Prominent among the many remarkably attractive features which appear in "The Designer for January is: "In Holiday Masque," illustrating and describing numerous unique and artistic fancy costumes for adults and young folks. In another article "Evening Waists" are most charmingly set forth, and there is besides an alluring display of Winter fashions and millinery. Literary contributions having special bearing on the New Year are: "A Watch Party," "A Twelfth Night Dinner," and "Holidays at the White House." There are two short stories, "The Frolic at Bassett's" and "Found in the Ice Hills," and a parlor comedy, "A Glimpse of Bohemia." "Decorative Daring" and directions and illustrations for knitted mittens, booties and golf stockings offer pleasant and useful employment for winter evenings. "Points on Dressmaking," "For Health and Beauty," "Book Notes," "Selections for the Recitationist," "Etiquette Hints," "Nursery Lore" and "Cookery Recipes" are some of the other helpful articles in this exceedingly interesting number. A few words of well deserved praise should be spoken of The Designer's New Year cover, which pictures a pretty girl in a dainty scarlet cloak and broad-brimmed hat against a background of pine boughs, the entire conception being in excellent taste.

DISPENSARY LAW

Senator Tillman's Views Expressed in a Magazine.

Senator Tillman will publish in Frank Leslie's magazine a defense of the dispensary system. The magazine states:

The state dispensary law for the governmental regulation of liquor in South Carolina went into effect in 1893. At the end of eight years it is possible to tabulate fairly the results obtained and to compare them with what has been achieved in the prohibition states. In Frank Leslie's monthly for January Senator Tillman publishes a vigorous article in defense of the law with which his name is so closely associated. As his argument is based on facts and figures, he shapes the issue squarely, and both the friends and enemies of the law will read his article with keen interest.

A SERIOUS MATTER

How the State Library is Losing Valuable Records.

Miss Lavinia C. LaBorde, the efficient State librarian has been receiving no end of applications recently for the purchase of certain documents in the library. The thing got to be so general that she finally asked the attorney general's office if she had to sell the volumes desired. An investigation was made that shows that the custom of selling documents in the library, prevailing for many years, is without warrant of law. Miss LaBorde has found that the library is being rapidly deprived of its most valuable documents by these continued sales. For instance there is not now a copy of the journal of the secession convention to be found in the library. She expects to call the attention of the general assembly to the matter in her annual report and no doubt an act will be passed on the subject.—The State.

Fifteen Days in a Box

A dispatch from New York says the man who was discovered in the old of the Hamburg-American steamer Palatin after having made the ocean in a box, had resolutely to be able to establish his identity positively. He said his name was Johan Beck, and that he had lived up to about a year ago in Budapest, Hungary. The physicians would not allow him to tell all his story, but enough was learned from him and other sources to show that Beck was a horse painter and that he had come across the carb of an uptown hotel in the city, this proprietor of which have a German name. Though a stranger to them he wrote that he could get no work in Germany and was coming to America and hoped the hotel men could find him something to do. Then he fitted up a packing case, paid freight charges on it and engaged a carter to take it to the Hamburg pier at a certain time. He returned to his lodgings and boxed himself up after he had provisioned himself with a dozen cans of condensed milk, a box of prunes, three dozen cakes of chocolate, coffee in bottles and some bread. The called and got the box, not knowing of its living contents, and

shipped it. Book says he was in the box until the ship reached Hoboken pier, a period of 15 days, when he was found almost dead from hunger, cold and terror. He is reported to be still exceedingly weak, but the physicians hope for his recovery.

World's Champion Climber.

Chief Clerk Taylor, of the Post office Department, will lay before Postmaster General Smith a proposition to have F. S. Southland the champion climber of the world, scale the walls of the tower on the postoffice building and erect there on the apex of the structure a flagstaff to carry the time ball which now falls each day exactly at noon on the State, War and Navy Building, announcing to the country the official time by the meridian at Washington.

Southland is the only man the officials know who claims he can accomplish the task. When the ball has been fixed to the top of the staff, it will be four hundred feet from the ground. The tower itself rises one hundred feet above the mammoth building. Once in place, the ball may be seen from all parts of the city and as far in the suburbs as the Catholic University and Fort Meyer.

Southland is known better in Europe than in the United States. He has made nearly 50 of the highest climbs in the world. He erected the pole and halyards and raised the American flags on the Eiffel tower, he scaled the spires of the cathedral at Cologne, Germany, and climbed outside the chemical works stack at Glasgow, one of the tallest chimneys in the world. He has climbed the steeples of St. Patrick's Cathedral and Trinity Church, New York; the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, London; the national liberty pole at Navesink, N. J.; the staff on the world's Building, New York, the City Hall at Philadelphia; the court house tower at San Bernardino and Los Angeles, Cal. Sieghel Cooper's poles and stacks in Chicago and many other lofty towers and spires. He was formerly a sailor in the American Navy.

His business card, which gives his permanent address in care of "L. Z. Leiter, Chicago," contains the statement: "I assume all risks." He uses suction gloves. The chief clerk of the Postoffice Department laughed at Southland's claim that he could climb the postoffice tower, and the man today put on his gloves and shoes and climbed the side of a tall room in the postoffice building, the room being clear of furniture. While here Southland contemplates asking the proper authorities for permission to climb the Washington Monument.—Washington Dispatch to Baltimore Sun 14th.

A Language That We All Use But That Few of Us Know.

"Telegraph Talk and Talkers," by J. C. Hall, in the January McClure's is a fascinating revelation of some of the mysteries of "telegraphese" or "Morse," the garrulous tongue of dot and dash that clicks incessantly around the globe. Its similarity to spoken discourse is really startling. It is almost unnecessary to read that the initiated an operator's "Morse" is as indicated of character as his speech, his face or his dress; nay, that from his "Morse" one can often recognize at first sight a man whom one has never, until this meeting, been within many hundred miles of. By daily communication over the wire operators grow to form as close friendships as ever were made within four enclosing walls. Emotion is as clearly conveyed by these little metallic taps as by the most skillfully modulated voice. The tricks played on beginners and awkward operators by the instrument furnish a very amusing series of stories. The whole article is vastly entertaining in its novelty.

Shameful Facts.

Mrs. Helen B. Bullock, of New York, in a speech before the Women's Christian Temperance Union in Fort Worth, made the statement that there is in Chicago on one street twenty saloons that have playrooms for children fitted up with toys and everything tending to a child's amusement and where a child is also served with alcoholic candy and in many instances drink is furnished. This is the saloon known. Is the home safe, is the country safe, with such diabolical methods protected by the law?—North Carolina Baptist.

CHAMPION CLIMBER'S

The Bad Little Boy and the Good Presiding Elder.

Hon. John Dougherty, of Missouri, says that in one of the counties in his Congressional district, there lives a good Christian Lady, a devout and constant member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Some days before the date of a quarterly conference held there some years ago our good lady friend received word that the presiding elder would be her guest for a few days during the meeting. In order to convince the elder that she had been and was doing her Christian duty in the matter of training her only child, a boy about four years old to walk in "the straight and narrow path" she thought it not amiss to give him some special instructions before the minister arrived. So taking the little fellow upon her lap one day she told him that the presiding elder, a big and great man, would visit them soon and that he would "be very sure to ask some questions about your Sunday school, how you like your teacher, etc. But probably the first question he asks will be: What is your name? How old are you? Do you know where bad boys go when they die? Now, when he asks your name, tell him Johnnie Jones. When he asks how old you are, tell him four years old, and when he asks if you know where bad boys go when they die, tell him using the Scriptural word that they go to "hell." John was drilled on these questions daily until the minister came. In the meantime he knew by rote that his name was Johnnie Jones, that he was four years old and that when bad boys die they go to hell.

The minister was a portly gentleman of friendly manner and pleasant countenance. After receiving a cordial welcome, he was seated in the sitting room, and the proud parent excused herself and sought Johnnie, the pride and expectancy of her life, to introduce him to the minister. After John's face was washed, his hair combed and he was otherwise made presentable his mother led him in to meet the preacher. As the urchin entered the sitting room he observed through the open door a neighbor playmate sitting on the fence whistling for him and calling him to come out quick. Johnnie at once grew impatient to go out and wished the ceremony of meeting the preacher and answering his questions to be done with as quickly as possible. The doting mother introduced him as the youngest child, the baby of the family. The good minister called the boy to him and taking his little chubby hand in his own remarked: "What a very handsome lad? How like his mother?" His next question was exactly as had been anticipated. "Well, my little man, what is your name?" The boy glanced first up to the minister, then at his waiting playmate, and intending to expedite matters as much as possible by answering the three expected questions at once, replied, "Johnnie Jones, four years old, go to hell," and in the confusion that followed skipped to meet his friend.

Lots of people who imagine they are entertaining angels in disguise are sadder but wiser when it is time to unmask.

CANCER

Suffers from this horrible malady nearly always inherit it—not necessarily from the parents, but may be from some remote ancestor, for Cancer often runs through several generations. This deadly poison may lay dormant in the blood for years, or until you reach middle life, then the first little sore or ulcer makes its appearance—or a swollen gland in the breast, or some other part of the body, gives the first warning.

To cure Cancer thoroughly and permanently all the poisonous virus must be eliminated from the blood—every vestige of it driven out. This S. S. S. does, and is the only medicine that can reach deep-seated, obstinate blood troubles like this. When all the poison has been forced out of the system the Cancer heals, and the disease never returns.

Cancer begins often in a small way, as the following letter from Mrs. Shier shows: "A small pimple came on my jaw about an inch below the ear on the left side of my face. It gave me pain or inconvenience, and I should have forgotten about it had it not begun to inflame and itch; it would bleed a little, and I thought it would not heal. This continued for some time, when it began to swell, becoming very painful. The Cancer began to eat and spread, until it was as large as a half dollar when I heard of S. S. S. and determined to give it a fair trial, and I am glad to state that a wonderful effect had from the very beginning; the sore began to heal and after taking a few bottles also disappeared entirely. This was two years ago; there are no signs of the Cancer, and my general health continues good.—Mrs. R. Shier, La Plata, N. M."

S. S. S. is the greatest of blood purifiers, and is only one guarantee—purely vegetable. Send for our free book on Cancer, containing valuable and interesting information about this disease, and write our physicians about your case. We make no charge for medical advice. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed Schedule in Effect June 30th, 1901.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Daily, No. 10, Daily, No. 12. Rows include Charleston, Greenville, Columbia, etc.

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ATLANTIC COAST LINE

FAST LINE Between Charleston and Columbia, Upper South Carolina and North Carolina.

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CHARLESTON AND WESTERN CAROLINA R.R. CO.

Augusta and Asheville Short Line Schedule in Effect Oct. 5th, 1901.

Table with columns: Leave, Arrive, Stations. Rows include Augusta, Greenville, Asheville, etc.

BLUE RIDGE RAILROAD

H. C. BEATTIE, Receiver. Effective 1897. Between Anderson and Walhalla.

Table with columns: EASTBOUND, WESTBOUND, Mixed. Rows include Anderson, Walhalla, etc.

COLUMBIA, NEWBERRY & LAURENS R.R. CO.

In Effect Sunday, October 6, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.)

Table with columns: SOUTHBOUND, STATIONS, NORTHBOUND. Rows include Columbia, Newberry, Laurens, etc.

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Rev. Geo. Gay, Greenwick, Kas., is past 83 years of age, yet he says: "I am enjoying excellent health for a man of my age, due entirely to the rejuvenating influences of Dr. Miles' Nervine. It brings sleep and rest when nothing else will, and gives strength and vitality even to one of my old age." "I am an old soldier," writes Mr. Geo. Watson, of Newton, Ia., "and I have been a great sufferer from nervousness, vertigo and spinal trouble. Have spent considerable money for medicine and doctors, but with little benefit. I was so bad my mind showed signs of weakness. I began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine, and I know it saved my life."

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Table with columns: Central Time, Daily, Local Time, Daily. Rows include No. 10, No. 12, etc.

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