

We regret the delay in the Gleaner, but doubtless as the editor has had his work hired out he is more excusable than had he his own press, but the chances are we can excuse the editor, for he is faithful on his part. Time has come now for the September, number, and what is there that will be of interest. D. E. is supposed to rest and be ready for his Fall and Winter work, like the rest who go out for a summer vacation! but he finds he is better employed than to give up entirely. This idea has become more use to him in a way to learn and make all his ideas meet, and with such an ambition that will give rise to that state of life, it will be not only a wonder to him alone, but all mankind. We of course have lots of elderly editors for many years, but as to young D. E. with ability and brains, who makes such a point to make up of man such as is laughable.

"Is the editors, we have had that I refer to, but some of the young men in whom the editor has seen and they have run amuck of our D. E. of to-day, feeling, they also are equally as good.

Newspaper writers have a style of their own, but the original one, if I do say it myself, cannot be beat. Every man thinks it is an easy thing to become an editor, and all they have to do, is to write, and get their pay, and go on about the next paper. Yes, that is so, in a way, but still it is an art to keep the interest of a paper up. Study the style, to which the people like to read, don't interest minds with things that don't concern us, nor write poor trash. Keep a good lookout over everybody, and no matter how many questions they ask or as to what threats they think of doing to abuse a newspaper, just let them try it with out the owner's permission, and what luck will they have? D. E. has been through all this and more too, and people have wondered, and wondered how he escaped! Simply by keeping to himself, and not let out advice which would not be beneficial to others. Be patient, quiet, and be not moved in ones own remarks, and always have a good answer very set in your ways and not to explicit on the start, let others have a chance to reflect. All this may mean but little to a non-believer, and it is only they, who are not interested in what a position an editor is placed in, so to be entertaining to those round about him unless they can be a help to them, if not they laugh and make fun upon things they know nothing about.

Editor, and the editorials are a work which no one but those who have the management of them know anything about it. Yet it is easier to read a newspaper than it is to print it fast enough for human minds to have any conception of, but should they ever take time and go in a newspaper printing, and see how much there is to do, they would find out a different idea than they first thought, or go into an editors room, and we find papers, books, letters composers, and what-not all around the floor and what would say to him: burn the trash, what a pile, what are they for, we cannot concern and you would have to be, come well posted, and have a name as well as a fortune before you take the original D. E. of the Gleaner, you see can write papers for the world, and others but could not write a paper like the Gleaner that is a paper, but one man to fill and the only paper of its kind that I ever saw, which I can get some news of amusement. It has no politics, no smutty stories, it

is original and no clippings and then you talk about becoming a D. E. in my hearing! This the general idea people have thinks the Gleaner's editor that now considerable parties think it is easy to write a newspaper and be as unconcerned about it as possible. True, every man has but a calling in life and with that, can that one man fill, and no other. He cannot be two places at once and expect to make a fortune. We may think all those things out of the question but let me tell you it is the best way of social training of the mind. D. E. is away from his but yet his patience is tried somewhat as he mingles with many people of the famous boarding house he sojourns through the wilderness in the heart of the Adirondacks to that of the Sunny South of North Carolina where he has been the last few years of his life. What a step he has taken in the many walks and rides he has taken to buy and reach a gold mine made by his own hands. To think to leave home where all is so bright and comfortable, and want to roam for himself. Will he ever succeed, we ask? Yes, in time, how he do it simply by perseverance and knowledge. Patience, time, and end with prosperity, and would not know when to begin, or no one else but editors themselves, who know every article in his business, the same as the cook does in the kitchen, but let a stranger in and they would have to be there some time before knowing the run of a kitchen department.

Editorials are made from minds of men, as it is not every one who can possess this equality, even if it does look easy, yet if one don't believe it, let him try it, and leave the occupation he has followed and go to entering a newspaper as an editor, one young man told D. E. he was going to become Distinguished like mine. How said I? "Well they tell speaker so, and he asked every boarder if he was not distinguished before me, of course they all said yes but, sir you cannot come up to our D. E. you can't write a paper, your name is Dennis, and what can you do," replied the boarders.

D. E. knows his business, and has become famous from years of hard work, all at once. We must chase one calling, and learn it well before going on to a new. As to the Gleaner, I had the same idea that most men do that money was easy to get not without making for it in all kinds of trades and yet aside from this, money is given by the hand of some one else as a gift but not from our own hard work. D. E. rather make money at times than be given him he says for if he makes it himself he feels gay and happy, but if from a gift it is not always gladness.

Now I have given a general idea for the master piece of this issue and in which I have made some very strong assertions in regard as well as to the editorial column and should the Gleaner have a strike between old and new printers, bear with us quietly till after the battle, and leave our great D. E. to manage without new subscribers of today.

By D. E.

SHE STOPS ITS CRYING.

A woman doctor who is a wife of a well known man, to stop a child of its-rying, she has a good size basket she says, and when the baby cries it is placed in it until its screams stops. Doubtless says the Gleaner this is a good idea but not many cries could be stopped by the screams of the infant.

THE WOMAN WHO CHARMS.

From Harper's Round Table. In one of the most intimate and confidential talks a dear girl asked me to tell her what I think the most desirable gift for a woman. She spoke of several friends—one of them as having grace of movement; another, as rarely beautiful with brilliant eyes and lovely complexion; a third as accomplished, playing and singing, and speaking two or three languages besides her own; a fourth, as very clever. We may multiply the list, and as we look over our circle of friends we easily see that nearly every one has something bright and individual which commends her to us; but the sum of the matter is that the gift of all gifts for a girl is expressed in one little word of five letters—charm.

If you insist upon my defining charm, I am afraid I will disappoint you, for it is as difficult of analysis as a perfume. The bet way, if I could manage it, would be to show you some one who has it, as I would with your tests until you have found absolute relaxation. Then you are in proper position for your nerve cure.

"Now," said I to this pampered young woman, "you are expecting me to cut down on your articles of food. But you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am going to increase them. I want you, when you go to the family table, to eat everything that is placed before you.

"You are in the habit of ordering extra dishes, or tasting of the special thing and that special thing. Stop it and eat everything. If you can't get up the nerve to help yourself to all the vegetables, have your plate fixed for you, as you did when a child. Eat it all without thought or comment. It will do you good and you will soon get over the nervous strain of your meal hours, thinking what will tempt your appetite. Give your appetite a surprise and it will surprise you by reforming. Eat a little of positively everything that is set before you on your family table.

"About candy and cream. Let them alone. In fact, you won't want them. You will be so busy digesting all the substantial things you have eaten that candy will go begging past your boudoir door.

"Now you get along to that fourth point, the one you want to hear about—love.

"Nothing cures nerves like love, and nothing blasts nerves quicker. You must choose your love well. Have you in your family any one who tries your disposition? Have you any one whose remarks jar upon you and who drives you to the verge of hysteria once in a while? If you have, be discreet and avoid that person as long as you have house nerves. When she sits on the piazza you must sit in the parlor. When she walks you nap, when she plays the piano you walk, and so time yourself that you don't have to be sternly jarred up. Sad as it is, any one in my position will tell you that half the ills are caused by a jar in the household, some nice, well-meaning person with a talent for nagging everybody.

"Of course, there is other love in the nerve-cure prescription. When you are nervous allow yourself to see only the friends of whom you are sure. Avoid those who are going to tell you harrowing things, among the women. And among your men friends avoid those who will make violent love to you, or threaten dreadful things if you are not ready to reciprocate. "Never allow a proposal when troubled.

This is another case where woman comes to the front, she is never satisfied to remain easy and by the above publication we give credit for what has already been told in as few words as possible.

THE MAKING OF TACKS.

Where do the pins go to, is a question to most newspapers, down to the Gleaner of to-day.

The first box ever made by hand the inventor used a vice and dies, and pieces of metal mashed by a clamp. The head of the tack was made by a blow with a hammer.

In time machinery was in use, and nowadays metal can be cut to a size that will turn out 300 boxes a minute, the work is interesting to visitors. The machinery are of narrow strips of metal, fed and clipped off. The heads are made by pressure and it rains tacks into large boxes placed underneath to receive them. Next they are poured into a rattler which is a rapidly revolving cylinder, through which a jet of air is forced under high pressure. This removes all dust and loose particles, black lead is sometimes put in to give them a polish, and then they pass on to the sifter which sorts them out from the bad tacks, leaves the good ones to pass on and drops into a box from which they are taken to be packed by quick fingered girls, who no doubt can pack 1,800 pound of tacks a day, if she is a smart woman.

We think it impossible how many these machines are going, and tacks at this rate are being sent out to market. We ask where does all the tacks go.—Atlanta Newspaper Union.

It is said by a writer of a paper that one gallon of whiskey made two men, murderers, two wives, widows, eight children, orphans.

NEXT PASS ON D. E. TO MALONE

This City of ten thousand inhabitants, time being but short he has but little to say. He took early train with his Mistress at 5:30 a. m. and arrived there about 7 a. m. giving him and lady ten hours before returning. He saw the City and visited the home-stand of his Mistress in her girlhood days then they did some shopping there, and be carried the bundles, trophies large and small as the lady thought it to flush among the places of calls were Butchers, Dentist, Jewelry Stores, Banks, and Peanut Stands, we rode in hacks, and we walked quite some, coming back a gentleman heard me speak of Rainbow, and he said he never had been there, but may come some time. He let me use my rate back to Rainbow less on a mileage ticket, which cut off half the fare. He was very good to me as a stranger, and I was well received. He got back at dinner time with a rousing appetite, and never was a better day spent than this one. The party were so congenial all the way through, and as for Editors Landlady is better for a good time than some of the traits of the new women.

Well doubtless the trip will be repeated, and Editor can give a better account of the City of Malone than he does now as he will possibly be there longer next time. As other articles are to be written we now pass on to new subjects as time is limited to so many minutes on one composition.

By Editor.

Salt on Apple, or Banana, is said is good, but Editor thinks useless because he dont like it.

POETRY ON NEWSPAPER.

What is this at Dawn light
That sparkles with gladness,
At morn till night:
When over its pages
The conquerer, we hail,
Of some long Generations:
In rapture we hear,
Why some great King at our
Sphere.

We read of his doings,
And ponder the Adds,
When turning over the pages,
The welcome news are all right,
Masses of men, and women too
Take a peek in,
Through its columns they view.
The Locals, the Ads, are just in
Sight,
For lothing to do, but read the
Newspaper at night.

Snicide death,
And marriage we hear,
Some have fallen,
Oh, such a fright,
When read aloud
After our days work is done,
Men sit around and light.

What they read is out of sight,
From the clipping of some old
Newspaper they read last night.

Well, September has now come,
Add to our Gleaner a No. one.

Though she has passed many,
It will enough if don't go any.
The Editors at large are few,
But I pay him best to read you,
As to his line of thought,
Are seldom taught.

But with his Gleaner who aspires,
His will not set the world on fire,
I never thought before the Gleaner
Come.

We surely have a hard day's run,
And if all flowers in our hours,
Are not molested by showers,
For his writing is not in vain
For the God that sent the rain.

Oh to this great Editors mind
We must be thankful for,
For his mind, his brain, wax
Old and producing power,
Of all the odds and ends,
From workings of the pen.

We cannot but all come,
And have some fun at No. one.
We cannot realize such thought,
Which Ancient African has
brought.

As we look to thee
In spite of gloe,
Gleaner is in Community.

With oft spelt words, I do adore
As we just come in, and shut the
Door.

While Editor with all his might
I cannot find but one man who
I claim all right.

Who can it be may we reply, why
Of course our dear D. E. and
Peanning Lye.

The Richest Woman is more elegant to game than the coming woman. So believe it or not that the richest woman the United States claim out of every six in country dated back in History. Senora Isador has a home in Santiago; her father and mother died when quite young and left a fine sum \$200,000,000, the Revenue from her Coal Mine land amounts to \$60,000 a month. The next richest woman is Robinson Green, second in the world. She has \$9,000,000, left by her father who was a wealthy shipowner in Mass. He died 1864, and left his daughter so much in the world, I have often wondered how it is men are not so well provided for, and have a name so prominent to the world as woman. Sometimes they are, and sometimes they are not, but as to woman who is a power of the law are sometimes blessed, but we cannot always sometimes tell.

Women may hold their arguments, but it takes the men to drive them.

We say men may hold the reins but it takes the women to drive.

What marriage made for simple to separate. Single and from double.

Sugar on Lye Hominy cut fine for breakfast.

Take Alcohol out of drinks and how much would you drink.

Love is a sentiment but it does not always affect the heart, and body.

We go to bed because bed will not come to us.

A Miller wears a white hat to keep his head warm.

Adam when in the Garden of Eden planned his book.

Nations speak louder than words.

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

"Bouncing For the Bottle" a Feature of Wedding Ceremonies.

Mr. Wm. B. Smith writes to The Democrat of the last time he attended a wedding where running for the bottle was a feature. Of course in these degenerate days a wedding is not necessary to precipitate a chase for the receptacle, but accounts of the former custom may not be uninteresting.

The practice was in vogue among the aristocracy of England as far back as the sixteenth century. It was handed down to America through the early colonists, but has long since been out of date here.

The last chase of this kind, says Mr. Smith, that was performed in this section occurred in November, 1886, at the wedding of Emanuel Mann, father of Judge Russell Mann of Paris, and Ellen Snodgrass, daughter of David Snodgrass, afterward county judge of Harrison. The groom is still living at Millersburg. Emanuel was the son of Peter Mann, a Nicholas county farmer of considerable wealth and intelligence, and, of course, Ellen was a young lady of prominence. So, then, the wedding was quite "swell."

As the custom was, on the morning of the wedding the guests assembled at the home of the bride to await the coming of the bridegroom and his attendants. About one hour before the expected arrival three of the younger gentlemen, Messrs. David Henry, Jack Barrett and Long Sam Van Hook, equipped with whip and spur, mounted their sporting steeds and prepared for the race.

Off they went, out and steel plying upon the horses' hides, over fences, over ditches, through the fields, across the meadows—on they raced to meet the bridegroom. As last the bridal procession was sighted, the "best man" riding in front and holding in view the much prized bottle of whiskey. The race then assumed fresh proportions. Faster flew the steeds. Thicker grew the dust behind them. Now Barrett is in front. Over the next jump Long Sam leads by a nose. Henry leads at the next jump. Now all are together. Down the straight they come as one team. The riders are whipping for their lives. One more lash, one more stride, a supreme effort, and Jack Barrett captured the bottle.

Now Jack has won the right to head the procession. Proudly riding in front, shaking the bottle above his head in the pride of supremacy, he guides the way to the bridal parlor and the ceremony is ended.

The bottle, surrounded by a gay array of accoutrements, with exquisite floral decorations of mint was proudly stationed on the sideboard all the livelong day, that he who would might partake of its contents without let or hindrance.

Mr. Smith adds that no one so far forgot him self as to imbibe too freely. Mr. Snodgrass was a preacher in the Christian church and a model of piety. Though the bottle was master of the occasion, the preacher vetoed all efforts on the part of the younger folks to dance, play "old Sister Phoebe," or even play "pleased or displeased."—Cynthiana (Ky.) Democrat.

Nearly all the nations of the earth are increasing their rates of customs duties not only for the purpose of revenue, but to afford protection to their industries.