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A BIG CHIPPEWA CHIEF.

HE CUT A WIDE SWATH AROUND ST. PAUL IN EARLY DAYS.

Hole-in-the-Day and His Career—A Specimen of His Magnificent Nerve—The Chief's Descendants—A Minnesota Pioneer's Reminiscences.

The reminiscent strain is quite a general and generous one with Maj. T. M. Newson. Among the interesting and historical stories in his fund of such is one of the noted Chippewa chief, Hole-in-the-Day, with whom he, in company with other early settlers of St. Paul, was personally well acquainted. The story, in his own language, is as follows:

While sitting in a small office in the old Fort Snelling house, St. Paul, Minn., in the year 1853, my attention was arrested by the imposing presence of a large Indian chief, who, with his blanket about him, strode into the room with the dignity of a Roman senator. He was a large man, with high cheek bones, a well poised head, brilliant black eyes and hair, and with a pleasant smile he exclaimed while passing: "Booshu nechee"—how to do, friend?—and took a seat near me. There was a massive characteristic about the man which did not belong to the ordinary Indian, and yet he had all the Indian peculiarities.

DIDN'T LESSEN HIS APPETITE.

Dinner was soon announced, and he took a seat near me at the table. He ate with ordinary deliberation and stowed away an ordinary amount of food, but while so engaged one of the windows was suddenly darkened, and on looking up I beheld many grimy faces and burning eyes, with war paint and feathers, the possessors of which belonged to the Sioux nation, and which nation had been for years and was then at war with the Chippewas. Gleaming knives and partially covered tomahawks made my position by the side of the Chippewa chief rather uncomfortable, so I moved; but he continued to eat, and then the door opened and some ten or twelve Sioux warriors filed along in front of the foe of their people, with clinched rifles and hearts glowing with revenge. Still calm, with not a muscle of his mobile face denoting fear, the chief finished his dinner, coolly arose, drew his blanket about him, and with a lordly tread, a compressed lip and a flashing eye, walked down in front of these hostile Sioux, and lighting his pipe, deliberately puffed the smoke into the very faces of his inveterate foes. That man was Hole-in-the-Day, the chief of the Chippewa nation, and the Sioux warriors were on his warpath, but they feared the white man's troops at Fort Snelling would dart down upon them the moment a blow had been given, so they restrained their wrath and let the great chief depart unmolested.

Hole-in-the-Day was an Indian of remarkable sagacity and intelligence. He associated with the whites and comprehended their ideas of civilization. He was very wily and very brave, and greatly feared by his enemies. It is said of him that he would float down the Mississippi river in his canoe to St. Paul, paddle across the stream to the opposite shore, secrete his boat, lay in wait for the Sioux, who were in the habit of following the trail to Mendota, then pounce down upon them, kill one or two, secure their scalps and make his way back to the east shore and thence home. He visited Washington several times, and became very well versed in the ways of tricksters and politicians. Once, while on a vist to the capital, he fell in love with a white waiter girl in the National hotel, proposed to her, was accepted, and they were married. He came west, repaired his home near Fort Ripley, installed his wife in his tepee as the white Indian queen, and soon after he was assassinated while riding home with his little son, probably growing out of the insane jealousy of his squaws.

HIS TWO SONS.

This white widow of Hole-in-the-Day lives at present, or did live, in Minneapolis, where her son held a position in the postoffice, but I believe he is now in some official position on the White Earth reservation. Ignatius Hole-in-the-Day, the eldest brother, and heir apparent to the chieftainship, was drowned in the Illinois river in Chicago about one year ago. Of course he was full blood. His brother, or rather his half-brother, the son of the white wife, is a fine, genteel, well educated young man, and quite attractive in his appearance. The head men of the tribe have been anxious to have him take the place of his father, but in an interview with me he said, while he would like to do something for his people, he could not go from civilization back into the habits of the Indians, as he would be obliged to do to hold any power over them.

The chief, Hole-in-the-Day, had a magnificent physical organization. He was very straight, quite dignified, and yet very affable, and withal he was very generally liked by the whites. During the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota in 1862 he had overtures from Little Crow, the great Sioux chief, to join with him in massacreing the whites, but he declined the honor, although some of his people were anxious to have him do so. St. Paul, in early times, without Hole-in-the-Day, would be like the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

On the bank of the upper Mississippi, about Little Falls, in Minnesota, lies the body of the once great Chippewa chief and that of his father, Hole-in-the-Day, another noted chief before him, both bodies facing south, so they can watch the movements of their enemies—the Sioux. There is a depression between the two hills upon which the bodies lie, and in the middle of this depression stands a lone tree, conveying the idea from the roadside that a sentinel was guarding the graves. But how changed is everything now! Gone are the Indians and their chieftains, but in their places have come great cities, and back of these roar the great waves of civilization as they roll onward in their wild carcer to the Pacific ocean.—St. Paul Globe.

Ground Hog Day.

The ground hog theorists will tell one that the ground hog comes from out the earth invariably on Feb. 2, and never before. He comes out with the break of day, and if the weather be such that he can at any time during the day see his shadow he hies him back into his hole, and sleeps for six weeks longer. But if the weather be gloomy, rainy, snowy, or if, in short, the sun is not seen all day, the ground hog knows the rigors of winter are over, and he stays out to enjoy the early spring.

The ground hog prophecy was founded on the old English saying regarding Candlemas day, for Feb. 2 is Candlemas day. The country folk always put much faith in the indications supplied by the state of the weather that day.

An old adage illustrates the mode in which the day told the sturdy British yeomen the future weather. It is as follows:

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another fight.
If Candlemas day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Crow Royalty in Maine.

Cape Elizabeth comes along with a claim on the crow appropriation that exceeds the returns of any one town yet reported by at least 1,000 heads. One thousand four hundred and ninety-six crows have been killed in Cape Elizabeth in the past year. One boy in one day brought to the treasurer seventy-three crows' heads. The crows flock on the shores during certain seasons and they are caught in great numbers by poison and different devices.—Lewiston Journal.

DOM PEDRO IN EUROPE.

His Visit to Pau Recalls an Anecdote Showing How He Paid for a Cup of Coffee.

The whole of the American colony here, and it is a pretty large one, yearly attracted to this valley by the mildness of the climate, was much interested last Sunday morning in the announcement that the exiled emperor of Brazil was on his way from Lisbon to Cannes, and that he would stay for a few days here. On his arrival he was warmly greeted by friends and by the crowd of sympathetic sightseers. But no official reception was tendered to the father-in-law of the Orleans Count of Eu in the city which was the cradle of Henry IV, the ancestor and first crowned king of the Bourbon-Orleans family. The exiled emperor was accompanied by a large suite, among them the Count and Countess of Eu. Dom Pedro and his suite entered carriages and were driven to the Hotel Gassion, where apartments had been retained for them. He looked a great deal older than the last time he was here; his beard has turned from gray to pure white; but he has preserved his vivacity, especially when he is engaged in discussing scientific questions, which he has not given up amidst his troubles. He has inquired already for books which would assist him in the study of the Basque language. Dom Pedro intends also to visit the grotto of Lourdes. The place is not far distant from Pau, and it is probable that the emperor will stay at Lourdes only when he has made up his mind to leave Pau and to start for Cannes, where he intends to spend the winter.

The emperor's approaching departure for Cannes recalls to mind an anecdote related by Alphonse Karr, who, after having published many novels which gained him celebrity and competence, was converted into a strong Catholic, and gave up light literature for gardening. His greenhouses and conservatories in the environs of Nice are famous throughout Europe, and their flavoring products are sold at very high prices, though their owner and producer is more of an amateur than a professional gardener. His renown attracts all kinds of people to his place, called St. Raphael. He was not surprised to see a few years ago Dom Pedro II paying him a visit, only escorted by his secretary and his doctor. The emperor, during the friendly conversation, said to M. Karr:

"I am quarreling with this gentleman"—Dr. Motto Moia—"because he would have me to sleep ten or twelve hours—the half of life! I want to sleep as little as possible, and I think that five or six hours are enough!"

"Sire," answered M. Karr, "the question has been dictatorially settled by an authority before which Dr. Moia will bow willingly; it is the Salerne faculty, which says that 'six hours are sufficient, seven may be allowed to lazy people, but eight never to anybody.'"

"I accept that decision," answered the emperor; and after a few minutes more of conversation he took leave of Alphonse Karr, saying that the doctor and himself wanted to have a cup of coffee at the buffet of the railroad station before taking the train. The literary gardener offered to have coffee made by his granddaughter, assuring them that it would be much better coffee. Dom Pedro consented, and a quarter of an hour later he was sipping an odoriferous cup of coffee by the side of M. Karr's granddaughter, who had prepared it. The emperor was amiable, unpretentious as usual, and the young lady suddenly asked him whether he had visited the college of Cannes.

"Not yet," said he, "but I shall go, because I take great interest in anything relating to education of children."

"Then your majesty will undoubtedly act in conformity with tradition?"

"What tradition, miss?"

"It is that whenever an emperor or a king visits a college he causes one day of vacation to be given to the students."

"And what interest do you have in that the scholars of the Cannes college should have a day of vacation?"

"It is because my brother is there, and he would come and spend that day with us."

"I would have some objections to make to extraordinary vacations, but inasmuch as your motive is so good, I am vanquished. On returning to Cannes, I will immediately pay my visit to the college."

"And, in fact, 'the tyrant,'" as M. Karr says, "kept his word, and the next day my grandson came to spend the day with us."—Pau Cor. New York Tribune.

Smallest Draft on Record.

The smallest draft ever issued by the treasury department will be drawn in the course of a few days. It is for the magnificent sum of one cent and is to pay for property worth, at the lowest estimate, $40,000. At the last session of congress the representative from Lowell succeeded in having a bill passed appropriating $200,000 for the erection of a public building here and the purchase of a site. Half a dozen different property owners were anxious to have the government buy their property, as they thought it would be a good thing for them. The famous bunting mill, in which Gen. B. F. Butler is such a large stockholder, owns a large plot of ground near the mill, and offered it to the government for a very low price, thinking that if the postoffice was built there the company's other property would enhance in value.

Considerable property was owned by an estate at the other end of the town, and for the same reason they offered land equally as desirable. The contest between the two waged warm for a time until at last the Butler people executed a master move and offered the property to the government for $1. But the other syndicate heard what had been done and offered their ground for 1 cent, and this offer the government finally accepted, and the draft for 1 cent will soon be sent to the agent of the owners. The same routine will have to be followed in regard to this draft as if it were for $1,000,000. All the papers will have to be carefully examined by the accounting officers in the first instance, and there will be about fourteen signatures on the warrant before the draft is finally signed by the secretary of the treasury.—Lowell (Mass.) Letter.

An Opportunity.

The most famous and unique Shakespearean collection in the world, namely, that of the late Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, is about to be placed on public sale. By the terms of his will it was provided that for the space of one year following his death the city of Birmingham should have the sole option of purchasing for a stated sum his unrivaled treasury of relics of the immortal bard. The Birmingham municipality, however, declined the offer on the ground that it had no money to waste on literary luxuries, and as the year's option has now elapsed, the collection lies open to the competition of both the eastern and the western hemispheres.—Toronto Globe.

Strangled by a Collar Button.

A singular accident, resulting in the death of a little 2-year-old daughter of Orlando Reese, assistant secretary of the board of county school commissioners of Carroll county, occurred in this city. The child was playing with a small porcelain collar button, which she had put in her mouth and attempted to swallow. It lodged in the windpipe and produced strangulation. A physician succeeded in removing the obstruction, but it was too late, as the child died immediately after.—Westminster (Md.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

There has been an extraordinary and alarming increase in the number of suicides among officers in the German army. In one month twenty-eight officers shot themselves.

A MODERN HOME.

The hearthstone and the home
From ancient times came down,
Like pedigrees of British peers
That antedate the crown.

The poet twines his verse
With grace around the theme,
And plot or prose is incomplete
That drops them from its dream.

But in this age of change
That cultivates the new,
Patrician habits step aside
And greet the parvenu.

Improvement is its name,
Convenience is its throne,
And rhyming writers lose their grip
When sentiment has flown.

For now are countless homes
Exiled within the flat;
What facile poet has the nerve
To try his charm on that?

And hearthstones are but pipes,
Back in the corner set;
Rude foes to all alluring thoughts
That dancing flames beget.

The imagery of each
Is banished from one's dream,
When home is hired per month en suite
And the hearthstone holds the steam.
—J. B. Alden in Boston Transcript.

Something About Good-Bys.

Every now and then, as we journey through this vale from the cradle to the grave, it becomes necessary for us to say good-by. Generally it is said in sadness and with a sigh. We wring the hand of the departing friend, the sorrowful tears are shed, then the bell rings and the train goes around the curve. This is the good-by that sticks in the throat like a large three cornered lump and persistently refuses to be swallowed. After this kind of a farewell we go home feeling that something has gone out of life. We are like the man who puts his foot for another step at the top of the dark stairway and finds suddenly that it isn't there.

Then there is the farewell that is said with a hilarious chuckle of joy. We say it to the bill collector, whom we have with us always, or have had for a long time. We say it to the bore, the spring poet, to the man who reads the exchanges and to the writer who invariably refers to a bear as bruin.

The sweetest good-by is that of the girl at her father's front gate, when only you or I and the girl and twinkling stars are present. To some of us it is only a memory, this kind of a farewell, but it is a memory that will remain fresh and green long after we have passed that callow age.

The saddest good-by is the one that is said by the side of an open grave.—Richard S. Graves in National Weekly.

Split Gold Coins.

"Two tens for twenty, please," said a gentleman to the cashier in the county treasurer's office.

The cashier took the "twenty" and rang it on the counter. It had that peculiar dull ring that characterizes counterfeit coins. He rung it a second time and then inspected it critically.

"Is that bogus?" asked the owner of the coin.

"Oh, no," answered the cashier; it's good as wheat, but split."

Continuing, he said: "That is the first split twenty I ever ran across. The stamping machine at the mint sometimes comes down too hard on the coins and splits them; but it is seldom the larger coins split. It's mostly 'fives' that suffer. But they are very careful at the mint and stop every split coin they detect. Now, in the thousands of dollars handled here every year I rarely find a split coin. I don't think I've found more than four or five in a year, and, as I say, the coins were mostly $5 pieces."

The split $20 piece looked perfect, and, so far as the eye could detect, bore no flaw of any kind. The only fault with it was in the "ring," and the split made it sound "dead" when thrown on the counter.—San Francisco Examiner.

Fun for Arithmeticians.

Talk about mathematical puzzles! Here is one that beats out the hen-and-a-half, egg-and-a-half algebraical nightmare. On a Rondo street car Alderman Patrick Kavanagh put a quarter into the change box in the front door. An instant before a young lady had deposited a dime in the same sub-treasury. The driver returned from the outside two change packages, a blue and a white one, simultaneously. With true gallantry Mr. Kavanagh waited for the young lady to help herself, which she did, inadvertantly taking out the blue one, and, by mistake, dropping two dimes into the "Pay Here" lock box. Kavanagh demanded his change, but the driver obdurately refused to give any more. Hard words ensued, to the great embarrassment of the lady, and the alderman refused to take the ten cent package, which remained in the possession of the company. Kavanagh, of course, paid no more for his ride; the young lady paid twenty cents, and now how much was the company ahead on the deal?—Chester (Pa.) Local News.

Cowhide Horseshoes.

In England, and on many parts of the continent, they have been for a long time using the Yates horseshoe, one made by compressing common cowhide. It is composed of three thicknesses of the cow skin pressed into a steel mould, and then subjected to a chemical preparation. It is claimed for it that it is much lighter, that it lasts longer, and that split hoofs are never known in horses using it. It is perfectly smooth on the bottom, no calks being required, the shoe adhering firmly on the most polished surface. Its elasticity prevents many sprains, the horses' steps being lighter and surer. Straw, treated with chemicals unknown, has been used for horseshoes for centuries in Japan. Perhaps some American genius will give us a paper horseshoe, who knows?—St. Louis Republican.

A writer in an eastern journal, talking about church choirs, says they have become the training school for the comic opera stage. "The good deacons may not believe it possible, but a glance at the history of the most popular soubrettes and prima donne shows that they graduated from church choirs."

Explodes Very Easily.

Iodide of nitrogen is the most sensitive substance in existence, and when in a dry state explodes from the weight of a fly descending upon it, or on being touched with a feather. It also explodes if allowed to fall from the height of a few feet upon the surface of water. It takes the form of a black powder. Trichloride of nitrogen is another substance very easily exploded, the direct rays of the sun alone being sufficient to bring about its explosion with an energy far exceeding that of dynamite. Light assists it in explosive powers, for whilst it has a great antipathy to all kinds of vegetation and explodes immediately upon coming into contact with them, it is never found to do so in the dark or on dull days.—Moutreal Star.

A Good Advertisement.

It is customary to say that when a man survives three score years and ten he is living on borrowed time. Some men at 75 consider themselves very youthful, and instances are not uncommon of hale and vigorous men who lack less than a decade of touching par. They had an old Indian from Monterey at the state board of trade not long since, who set up a claim of being 150 years of age. He might have been younger—perhaps older—but at any rate he was a tiptop advertisement for the "glorious climate," although his complexion was a trifle off color and his skin looked like the tanned hide of an alligator.—San Francisco Alta.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

LOST IN THE SOUTH SEA.

The Perils Encountered by a Ship's Crew Among Savages.

A tale of shipwreck in the southern seas of Save Islanders and the romance of a modern Robinson Crusoe is what Capt. William Gooding tells. He was the commander of the Portland bark Tewksbury Sweet, lost in the South Pacific last spring, and has just arrived in this city on his way to his home at Yarmouth. He and his crew had been given up for dead, and the first intelligence that they were still alive was received about two weeks ago. Their escape from death by the wreck and from the savages makes an interesting story.

The stanch American bark sailed from New Castle, New South Wales, on March 17 for Hong Kong. On April 9 she encountered a gale and was carried ashore on Susanne reef, near Poseat Island, one of the Carolinas. A very high wind was blowing at the time and the surf was running high. The vessel commenced to go to pieces soon after she struck. Nothing was saved from the vessel but one chronometer. The crew escaped in one of one of the ship's boats, and managed with great difficulty to reach a small islet to the northward. From this islet, after the storm had subsided, they made the island of Poseat, which is inhabited by fierce savages.

As the boat approached the island a fleet of canoes put off from the shore. There were about thirty canoes with eight or ten men in each, all armed with knives and spears. Some of the savages in their eagerness jumped overboard and swam to the boat, each with a long wicked knife held between his teeth. The first savages reached the boat, clambered in until the boat was nearly swamped, then they began to strip the sailors of their coats and outer garments, throwing the garments aboard their own canoes. The men were soon despoiled of everything but their undershirts. Then the whole fleet drew in towards the land. The savages all this time had kept up a tremendous din of shouting and singing, and the crowd of women and children on the shore were dancing and jumping about with shouts and cries. The sailors expected no better treatment than to be killed and eaten, but as they learned afterward, the natives of this island are not cannibals.

While the shipwrecked crew were standing surrounded by the noisy crowd, a man, dressed as all the others, with only a cloth about his hips, came forward and spoke to them in English. He gave his name as Charles Irons, an Englishman by birth, and offered to render any assistance possible. It seems that he was left at Poseat by a trading vessel about four years ago, his business being to represent traders on the Cocoanut Islands, but the vessel never called for Irons since leaving him, and he had gradually assumed the habits of the natives. He finally became like them in appearance and manner. He had taken to himself seven wives, and was regarded by the natives as a man of importance, second only to the chief of the tribe. Irons had even forgotten many of the common details of civilization, but he was of good service to the castaways—no doubt saving the lives of them all. A day or two after landing at Poseat Capt. Gooding, who had become uncertain about his reckoning of time, and not knowing exactly whether the day was Thursday or Friday, asked Irons if he knew what day of the week it was. Irons answered that he did not, and more than that he did not know what year it was. He interested himself in behalf of the shipwrecked men and hired a canoe from the natives.

Capt. Gooding, Second Mate George W. Harrison and one of the ship's crew set sail ten days after their arrival, leaving the rest of the men and First Mate Richard Watchman—seven men in all—at Poseat. The captain and his men made their way from island to island, touching at eight different points and making stops at each, varying from two days to a month. They finally arrived at Ruk, where there is a missionary station. Here they were cared for by the missionaries and obtained the use of the boat belonging to the station. The missionaries did not like to let them have the boat, because, if deprived of it, they would be exposed to danger of attack from natives and deprived of their only means of leaving the island, but finally gave consent. The missionaries also told them that had they come ashore at Poseat with any valuables the natives would certainly have killed them as they had others. In the missionary boat, a stanch center boarder, the captain made sail back to Poseat. He then returned with his crew to the missionary island. Two months later the missionary vessel Morning Star arrived and took them all to Honolulu, where they arrived Nov. 18. From Honolulu Capt. Gooding and part of the crew were brought by steamer Australia to San Francisco.—Portland (Me.) Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Christmas Roses.

Garden and Forest states that it has received at its office, as a reminder of the mild winter, a very interesting photograph of a group of Christmas roses which came from Cazenovia, N. Y., to testify how beautiful these flowers can be in mid-winter. Branches of many shrubs with fully expanded flowers were also received; and in a collection of this sort from the Meehan nurseries at Germantown were sprays of the Cornelian cherry with the yellow stamens showing through the opening buds, and the Tartarian honeysuckle with buds just opening.—Science.

Killed by Prunes.

A peculiar death occurred at the house of Charles Maltby, in the suburbs of Plainfield, N. J., several days ago. George Robinson, a lad employed to assist Mr. Maltby's gardener, entered the butler's store room soon after dinner and fed himself generously on dried prunes. He then drank largely of water. In a short time, it is related, he began to suffer excruciating pains, which medical skill could not lessen, and within an hour after physicians had been summoned he was dead.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fatal Bravery.

In the sanguinary wars of the Turks in Hungary, Count Ludovic Lodrom, on the eve of a battle, harangued his soldiers in the true martial strain. "That is all very well," said a German veteran, stepping out in front of the ranks. "That is all very well for you who are mounted on a swift horse, and are already thinking of saving yourself. But for us"—Whereupon Ludovic immediately dismounted, drew his sword and hamstringed the animal. Then he exclaimed: "Today, then, comrades, you shall see me as captain and soldier fighting on foot by your side and on the same terms." He was so severely wounded in the fight that the Turks, who took him prisoner, put him to death and sent his head to Constantinople, believing his recovery impossible and that they could never carry him there alive.—All the Year Round.

New Street Car Stove.

The Electric Railway company at Des Moines, Ia., has received two petroleum oil stoves, a new invention for heating purposes. The inventors claim for them safety and the most satisfactory and cheapest heat appliances for cars. The stoves are placed underneath the seat, are entirely out of the way, and, if satisfactory in their operation, will certainly prove a big improvement over the car stoves. The invention is a new one, the patent having been secured by a Chicago firm, who have given them a thorough test.—New York Telegram.

FOR THE BLOOD,
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

Edwin Forrest.

From Joseph Jefferson's autobiography in The Century we quote the following: Edwin Forrest, with all his faults, had warm and generous impulses. I know of one instance where a poor, old actress went to him in distress. In former years he had known her father and respected him. Touched by her appeal for assistance, he lent her a large sum of money, with the almost certain knowledge that he would never get it back again. It was never made public; no one knew of it but the receiver and myself. The Forrest home has done much good, and is likely to do more; and those actors who either by age or by infirmities have been debarred the privilege of following their profession will naturally be grateful for this rich legacy.

Even in the days of his theatrical fame and prosperity Forrest was an austere man, and as he grew older he became morbidly misanthropical, holding himself aloof from all but his most intimate friends. The latter part of his life was embittered, too, by illness and the loss of public favor. Until the closing years of his career he had been blessed with perfect health; this became suddenly shattered, and the unexpected attack wrecked his dramatic power. He might have borne the stroke of illness, but to one whose imperious nature could not brook the faintest slight the loss of public admiration was a heavy blow; one, too, that would have shocked a wiser and more even tempered man than Edwin Forrest. Still he toiled on, and was unjustly censured for acting past his powers. But what was he to do? His physicians told him that he must act if he would live; the wheel must be kept in motion or it would fall. His performances in the larger cities were given to empty houses, while bright and youthful aspirants were drawing from him all his old adherents.

His former friends forsook him, and naturally, too; they could not bear the pain of witnessing their favorite of other days declining night by night. No actor can hope to hold an interest in his audience merely by what he has done in years gone by; in acting it is the present that the public have to deal with, not the past. To witness age and decrepitude struggling to conceal their weakness in the mimic scene is too painful. The greater our affection for the artist the less can we bear to see him suffer and go down.

In the vain hope of struggling on, the old tragedian sought "the provinces." Here the people flocked in crowds to see the great actor that they had heard of from their childhood; not with the faintest hope that they would find the grandeur of the past, but from the curious desire to see a ruined tower just before it falls.

Nothing Saved.

A little boy was walking with his father one day. As they trudged along the father saw an old horseshoe lying in the road, and bade the boy pick it up and take it along.

The lad looked at the shoe carelessly and replied that it was not worth carrying, whereupon the father said nothing more, but quietly picked it up himself. He pretty soon sold the old iron for a penny at a roadside smithy and invested the coin in cherries.

The day was hot, and presently the man noticed that his son was beginning to cast longing eyes upon the box of cherries, but did not offer any to his son. He made pretense of eating them, and dropped one to the ground as if by accident.

The boy picked it up quickly and ate it with a relish.

A little further on another dropped, and this, too, the lad lost no time in securing. So, one by one, all the cherries were dropped and picked up.

"Well," remarked the father, when the last one had been eaten, "it did not pay to pick up that horseshoe perhaps, but if you had stooped once for that you wouldn't have needed to bend twenty times for the cherries."

The moral of the story is an old one, but more generally known than heeded: "Lazy folks take the most pains."—Youth's Companion.

A Hospitable Horse.

A remarkable degree of intelligence and kindness to a stable companion is shown by a horse in Boston. One of the mounted police officers leaves his horse in the stable connected with the station on Blue Hill avenue, near Dudley street, while he answers to the roll call at noon and again at 6 o'clock. The officer fastens his horse to the post forming one corner at the head of another horse's stall, and as soon as the animal is tied, the other picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating about his stall and waits until his guest has eaten it. Then he repeats the operation and continues his hospitality until the officer returns for his horse. He began to do this without any suggestion from the men, and he does it twice a day, much to the satisfaction of his visitor. His performance has attracted considerable attention in the neighborhood, and his politeness has won him many friends.—Boston Letter.

The Miserly Shah.

A Teheran correspondent of The London Times, in a long article on "The Shah and His Government," writing of the personal character of Nasr-ed Din, says: "His least attractive feature is a miserliness which induces him to hoard large sums of money and bullion, a fraction of which, devoted to the practical regeneration of his country, would make his name live in history. In addition to the masses of jewels contained in the royal treasury, he has a private fortune, stowed in vaults or elsewhere deposited, which is known to consist of at least three millions sterling. This treasure is being continually recruited by the presents received on the smallest possible provocation from any minister, noble, official or merchant possessed of large means. Meanwhile the country lies impoverished, and progress is indefinitely delayed, owing to the alleged absence of native capital."

A Courteous Prince.

"Do not be afraid, Louis," said the Empress Eugenie, holding her son in her arms.

"I am not, mamma," answered the boy of 11; "I have not forgotten that my name is Napoleon."

The cutter in which the empress and her son were being conveyed at night from a steamer had struck a rock, and the waves were dashing over it at the time this conversation took place.

The young prince, who afterward lost his life in the war between the English and the Zulus, had one trait not common to children—he treated his playmates and all who served him with marked courtesy. The favorite companion of his sports was Louis Conneau, the son of the emperor's physician. They were daily together, and many storms ruffled their intercourse.

One day, when there was to be a state dinner at the Tuileries, at which the prince was not to appear, he invited Louis Conneau to dine with him. Both lads were very fond of strawberry cream, and the prince, in order to give an agreeable surprise to his playmate, requested that dish to be prepared for the dessert.

During the morning the two boys quarreled, and Louis Conneau returned home. The prince, too proud to show any emotion at his playmate's departure, took his seat at the dinner table and tried to eat. But when the strawberry cream appeared his self control gave way. The tears rolled down his cheeks, as he said to a servant:

"Take the cream to Conneau, and tell him I haven't the heart to eat it without him!"—Youth's Companion.

SPRING CLOTHING
FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

A. C. YATES & CO.,
LEDGER BUILDING,
SIXTH AND CHESTNUT,
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For 1890.

Consider *Scribner's Magazine* when you are deciding upon your reading matter for next season. The subscription rate is low—$3.00 a year.

The standard of the Magazine is high,
Its spirit progressive,
The illustrations are interesting and of the best.

There is not space here to give even a summary of the features to appear next year, but among other things there will be a NEW DEPARTMENT and ADDITIONAL PAGES, and groups of illustrated articles will be devoted to the following subjects:

African Exploration and Travel,
Life on a Modern War Ship (3 articles),
Homes in City, Suburb, and Country,
Providing Homes through Building Associations,
The Citizen's Rights,
Electricity in the Household,
Ericsson, the Inventor, by his Authorized Biographer,
Hunting,
Humorous Artists, American and Foreign.

There will be 3 serials.
Robert Louis Stevenson will contribute in 1890.

Each subject, and there will be a great variety this year, will be treated by writers most competent to speak with authority and with interest. Readers who are interested are urged to send for a prospectus.

Twenty-five cents a number; $1.00 for 4 months.

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743 Broadway, New York.

Baltimore & Delaware Bay Railroad

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 11, 1889,
Connecting with Delaware R. R. at Clayton,
Until further notice, Sundays excepted, Trains will run as follows:

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Freight No. 1, daily except Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 3, Thurs. only.
	Read Downwards. A. M.	P. M.
Leave Chestertown	6 25	1 25
" Worton	6 37	1 37
" Lynch's	6 43	1 43
" Still Pond	6 49	1 49
" Kennedyville	7 01	2 01
" Black's	7 13	2 13
" Lambson's	7 28	2 28
" Massey's	7 46	2 46
" Delaney's	7 58	2 58
" *Bingham's	8 10	3 10
Arrive Clayton	8 25	3 25

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Pass. & Fr't No. 2, daily exc't Th's & Sunday.	Passenger & Freight No. 4, Thursdays only.	Passenger No. 4, Thursdays only.
	Read Upwards. P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Arrive Chestertown	1 05	12 15	6 45
Leave Worton	12 53	12 03	6 35
" Lynch's	12 47	11 57	6 30
" Still Pond	12 41	11 51	6 25
" Kennedyville	12 29	11 39	6 15
" Black's	12 17	11 27	6 05
" Lambson's	12 02	11 12	5 55
" Massey's	11 44	10 54	5 39
" Delaney's	11 32	10 42	5 27
" *Bingham's	11 20	10 30	5 15
" Clayton	11 05	10 15	5 00
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.

Stations marked thus (*) have no agents.
Freights for Bingham and Flatland must be prepaid.
The Morning Trains make close connection at Clayton with trains on the Delaware Railroad Going North and South.
Freight carried at low rates to all points, and must be at Stations Thirty (30) Minutes before starting time, in order to insure dispatch.
The above arrangements on Thursdays will give passengers four and a half hours in Philadelphia, three hours and twenty minutes in Baltimore and return home the same day.
Freight received for Smyrna.

J. R. FRANKLIN, Gen'l Freight Agent.
E. P. STACEY, Supt.

The Sun.

FOR 1890.

Some people agree with THE SUN's opinions about men and things, and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years THE SUN has fought in the front line of Democratic principles, never wavering or weakening in its loyalty to the true interests to the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed as to the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not the SUN's fault if it has not seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety is the year that will probably determine the result of the Presidential election of 1892, and perhaps the fortunes of the Democracy for the rest of the century. Victory in 1892 is a duty, and the beginning of 1890 is the best time to start out in company with THE SUN.

Daily, per month,	$0 50
Daily, per year,	6 00
Sunday, per year,	2 00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8 00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0 70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1 00

Address THE SUN, NEW YORK.

Poor, Foolish Men.

TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.
This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the annoyance of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and adopt
Wolff's ACME Blacking
A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.
WOLFF & RANDOLPH PHILADELPHIA.

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KEEP COOL
by going to the
RISING SUN
SALOON.
ICE CREAM.
VERSUS
HOT WEATHER.

It will be to the advantage of all parties giving, or in any way connected with picnics, festivals, excursion parties or other entertainments, to give me an opportunity to furnish estimates upon their ice cream or water ice supplies. All kinds and flavors of cream and water ices prepared and supplied from the Rising Sun Saloon, Chestertown, or shipped by either steamboat or railroad upon short notice.

WM. PERKINS,
Proprietor of Rising Sun Saloon,
Chestertown, Kent County, Md

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, JAN. 1, 1890.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 8.30 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2.10 p. m., Express 10.25 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10.15 a. m., Express, 7.30 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5.10, 6.20, 6.30, 7.20, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30, 9.15, 10.15 and 12.00 a. m., 12.15, 1.50, 2.10, 3.00, 4.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8 35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m. Sunday 6.30, 7.45, 8.30, 8.35, 9.15, 10 15, a. m., 12.00, 12.50, 1.50, 2.10, 4.15, 5.00, 6.20, 7.10, 7.30, 8.30, 8.35, 10.20, 10.25 and 11.00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington 5.10, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.15, 3.00, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m. On Sunday, 6.30 and 8.30 a. m., 12.50, 5.00, 6.20 and 11.00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4.00, 5.00, 6.40, 7,20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45, 11.00 a. m., 12.00, 12.10, 2.00, 2.30, 3 15, 3.25, 4.25, 4.30, 4.35, 5.30, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m. Sunday, 4.00, 7.20, 8.30, 9.20, 9.45 a. m., 12.00, 1.15, 2.00, 2.30, 3.25, 4.25, 4.35, 6.20, 7.10, 7.45, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 15, §12 00, †3 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis, 7 20, 9 15, a. m., 12 15 and 4 15 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 10, †8 20, §9 30 a. m., †1 30, †a4 20, *5 25, *6 30 and *11 15 p. m. a Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick 4 10, 8 20 a. m., 1 30, 4 20 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m., and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15 a. m. and *7 30 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily, except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 10, †9 15 a. m., †4 20 p. m.

For Luray,