

# A BIG CHIPPEWA CHIEF.

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

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

The reminiscence 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 visit 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 massacring 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 career to the Pacific ocean.—St. Paul Globe.

# WHERE DAY BEGINS ABOUT NOON.

**Social Life in Russia as Described by the Princess Engelitchoff.**

The Russian princess, Engelitchoff, gave a very pleasant talk to the people who filled the Women's union to overflowing. Her subject was "Social Life in Russia," which means, of course, social high life, for she told her audience of nothing else. She began by saying that social life was similar everywhere, except as it was modified by aristocratic or democratic governments. The long severe winters of Russia, as far north as St. Petersburg, are very favorable to brilliant seasons. To the south the climate is very mild, and in the Crimea the wet and dry seasons suggest the tropics. That place is a resort for invalids.

In summer, said the lecturer, St. Petersburg is deserted. Everybody, even the poorest, goes away if possible. By the last of May or the first of June the town is shut up. The schools close and there is no life again till in the fall. As cold weather approaches carpets are put down, double windows are put in, and every attention is paid to the general comfort. Nearly everybody lives in flats. There are no small private houses, and only the rich families live in their own houses.

"We Russians do not rise early," said the lecturer. "It is 10 or 11 o'clock before anybody is astir, unless it is the children or teachers, who must be in school at 9, and if one is to call on an official he should wait till midday."

The day of the high born Russian was described at some length. Everybody drives in the afternoon, and brilliant equipages with only two occupants are seen everywhere. At 4 o'clock driving is at an end, for it is dark by that time in the winter season, and receptions are in order. Dinner is at 6, which, to the foreign mind, appears to be a series of standing lunch, sitting meal, smoking soiree—for women smoke cigarettes as well as the men—and card party. Everybody plays whist, and for money. The stakes are small usually, though at the clubs fortunes are won and lost in a night.

The lecturer described the Russian theatre as the finest in the world and the most fashionable. Wraps are left in the hall. The performance is always preceded by the national air, and passionate plays and music are popular. The ballet is excellent only in Paris. After the play follow a long drive to a restaurant, a leisurely supper to the most ravishing music, and the day draws to a close. Then were described the balls at the Winter palace, led by the emperor and empress, the carnival, Lent and Easter—all of which are observed in grand style, just as they were of old. Nobody eats meat during the six weeks of Lent. The theatre gives way to grand concerts, and after Easter many leave town.

The summer resorts are very rustic and very quiet. There are cottages; there is no fine style, no formality, no grand dressing. It was with evident sadness that the princess declared that Russia was poor and growing poorer. There were only a few very rich families. "As a rule we are poor," she said. "The women generally dress in dark colors and not expensively. What would your young ladies think of only two ball dresses in a whole season?" After having seen our Saratoga and Newport the lecturer was ready to say that Russian watering places were bad. There were no entertainments, few conveniences, and only very poor music. Once the people were rich enough to seek these things abroad, but now they could not and were obliged to accept such as they found at home.

The lecture was followed by a pleasant reception. Coffee was served down stairs and Russian tea up stairs, which latter, to the provincial American sight and taste, was merely good tea sweetened with candies and given a foreign character by lemon juice. The princess was very sociable and made everybody at home about her. She passed freely from one part of the gathering to another, and everybody was charmed with her manner.—Buffalo Express.

# Authors a Proofreader Had Met.

Some one, a man apparently, who signs himself "B. F. P.," is writing a series of papers on "Authors I Have Met" for The Boston Transcript. How do you suppose he has met his authors? At the club or in the dining room? Not at all. In a much more practical way—as a proofreader and compositor; and he discusses them from a manuscript point of view. The most of his meetings was done in Boston, and he tells us how amiable were such men as Robert C. Winthrop, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Story and other equally distinguished Bostonians when they visited the printer's. As a rule these gentlemen wrote carefully and their manuscript was not difficult to read. It was not until "B. F. P." came to New York and had to read the proofs of a pamphlet on "Intagliotype Printing," by Horace Greeley, that he learned what it was to have a really hard time with a manuscript. When the "galley proofs" came to him they were almost "pi," but he and his copy holder struggled with them and did the best they could. He says:

"Horace came in one morning to read the author's proof, for he did not want The Tribune folks to know just then what he was up to. We were in fear and trembling. But what was our surprise to hear him remark to the boss, 'Your proofreading here is better than it is in The Tribune office!' and he had made but few changes. The boss was a fair man and introduced Mr. Greeley to repeat the compliment. He did. I explained why. My copyholder had been a compositor on The Tribune and handled the chirography before. 'Been in my office' queried Mr. Greeley. 'Yes, sir.' 'Come back to it.' I lost him."

I don't wonder that Mr. Greeley did not want to part with a man who could read his handwriting.—Critic.

The following inscription is to be read on a gravestone in Pere la Chaise: "Here lies Gabrielle X., my adored spouse, an angel! I shall never get over her loss! Here lies Henriette X., my second wife, an angel also!"

# LOST ILLUSIONS.

This is the fairy forest of my dream,  
Where heroes rode in glittering armor bright—  
And the tall trees in the pale moonlight seem  
To whisper tales of long ago, to-night.

Methinks the flowers are hushed in sleep, nor see  
The mystic symbols which upon the moss  
The white moon casts through yonder swaying  
tree—

Where I in solitary search must cross.  
It is the same old fairy forest still;  
But where are all the heroes dressed in gold?  
And where the nymphs who beckoned me until  
I thought them real—ere yet the world was old?

I seek them now, but they elude my quest;  
Lost dreams of youth and faith are ne'er re-  
stored:—  
For I myself am he whose hands did wrest  
The substance from the visions I adored.  
—Felix N. Gerson in Philadelphia Ledger.

# ONE SUBSCRIBER.

Phoebe Mumford came down to breakfast one morning in very low spirits. There seemed no doubt that the mortgage would be foreclosed at last. Her father's mind failed more and more. Everything was forlorn and wretched. She had been gazing at a rose colored picture of the past to which distance lent enchantment. She saw her buxom, comfortable, loving mother; her young aunts, who petted her; a kind though grave father; a lover, Billy Barton, who adored her, and went away to sea and who had not been heard of since. There was a little misunderstanding that she was too proud to explain. Now how gray and dull was life! The dear mother gone, and though doubtless she watched over her daughter, human eyes cannot see those loving angels. The aunts married; one in California, one in Colorado, one in Canada, with families of their own. The father changed, since the terrible illness that followed his wife's sudden death, to a trembling, querulous shadow, who requited all her love and tenderness by finding fault with her for her having been born a girl.

"If I had a son," he used to say, "things wouldn't go to rack and ruin while I'm poorly. It's the only fault I ever found with your good mother, that she had a girl instead of a boy."

"Poor father!" he used to be so different. Phoebe would say to herself; "and it is a shame that I am not a young man."

But still, when a woman finds herself unappreciated, her heart must ache. A son never would have made the feeble old man so comfortable, waited on him so patiently, spared him so much. The "bound girl," little Hannah Jane, from the poor house, was bright and tractable, but there was still much to do; all woman's work, though; nothing that could keep the heavy mortgage from foreclosing, or the man who farmed what land there was left "on shares" from cheating them unmercifully; nothing that brought money in.

Phoebe felt that, and it pained her more than the thought that her thirtieth birthday was close at hand, though no woman ever lived who did not shrink from that thought with a shiver of horror.

Wiping the tears away, Miss Phoebe left the table and took up the newspaper—a big New York paper full of politics, which she read to her father every day and which was almost his only pleasure. She glanced down the column of deaths and marriages, and saw there no name that she knew. She read an account of the appearance of the sea serpent at the shore near a certain hotel, and of a frightful murder that made her blood run cold. She read the wise words of the weather prophet, who predicted a rising barometer, and glanced over the advertisements. "Spinkins' electric collar button, warranted to cure everything," offered testimonials from kings and warriors, and tempted her to go down and buy one for pa—or would, had she had the money to throw away on a cruel imposture.

DOBBES & CO., on receipt of ten cents and a stamped and directed envelope, will send to any lady or gentleman directions how to make a fortune at their own homes.

She was not much impressed by this magnificent offer. But here was something:

WANTED in our office, a lady of education and refinement, a good talker, who has read a great deal. Salary \$30 per week. Apply at once in person. Church corner preferred.

COZZEN & CO.,  
No. — street.

"Dear me!" cried Phoebe to herself, "fifty dollars a week! I think I am refined. I certainly have had a good education. I read everything I can get to read. I am a church member. If I could get the place, I could go to business regularly like a man, give pa most of the fifty dollars a week, save the electric collar button."

Visions of her father restored to health and vigorous old age; of the mortgage paid off; of herself kneeling at her father's feet while his hands rested on her head and said: "My daughter, I no longer regret that God never gave me a son, since he sent me you," rushed through her mind. She slipped from the big horse hair covered arm chair, and, kneeling before it, hid her face in its great dimpled back, and with her handkerchief to her eyes, prayed to be helped. And when she arose it seemed to her that a strong, unseen hand led her; that there could be nothing to fear or dread; nothing before her but success.

She gave her father his breakfast with many smiles, and fully laughed when he said: "Now, if you were a boy you could just go along with me to the polls and vote for Puffingham. I want that man to be elected; he's got the right views about property. But you're a girl, poor thing—a girl."

Little he knew what was in her mind. She read the political articles through and had just time to catch the train, giving Hannah Jane directions for the dinner.

"If I get the place, old Mrs. Williams must come and live here," she said to herself, as she walked. "I'd feel perfectly safe then, and she'd be glad to have the spare room and her board."

A fresh color was on her cheek, and a bright sparkle in her eye as she stepped into the car. She wore her very best things—precious and well saved—but

she must look her best. And she did; for hope is as great a beautifier as fresh bonnet strings, and when reaching No. — street she climbed the long and rather dirty stairs until she reached the office of Cozzen & Co., with a hopeful heart.

The door of the room stood open. The opposite roofs were visible through the unshaded windows. Some girls stood at a table folding pamphlets; others sat at another directing envelopes. Behind a barricade of walnut desk and iron railing sat a portly gentleman, bland, and wearing a good deal of white hair, from which a pair of round, black eyes, and a very round nose, blackened at the nostrils with snuff, peered out and gave him the appearance of one of those poodles which belles of years ago were fond of carrying about with them.

Another lady, with downcast eyes, was gliding from the room; and another woman, with rather a coarse manner, tossed her head in indignation as she pushed past the first.

"Poor things! they have applied for the place and have not got it," said Phoebe; but she could not feel sorry.

The portly gentleman arose behind his railings as she looked toward him, and bowed.

"Walk in," he said.

Phoebe also bowed politely.

"Your advertisement"—she faltered.

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, "I understand. We have had throngs of ladies here. H'm! Sit down."

"I do not know what your position is, sir," said Phoebe, feeling very brave—almost like the son her father had always wished for, she thought; "but I can do my best. I have an education. I am a church member. I read a great deal. I think I can talk a little on a subject I understand. And amongst so many books"—she glanced at the shelves—"I certainly should find the employment congenial; only I must go out of town every night."

"That would be very easy," said the gentleman. "You could arrange your hours to suit yourself. You are exactly the person we want. I see in your face that expression I look for in vain in so many faces—intelligence." The gentleman gave a little leap on his chair and spread his hands abroad. "Vivacity!" He repeated the action. "And with a fine personal appearance. You are the very woman we need. I speak in a purely business way. We must think of these things. You suit us."

Could it be? Could it be? Phoebe trembled with joy. Fifty dollars a week!—her dreams realized—her father happy! Meanwhile the gentleman arose from his seat.

"This," said he, taking a thick volume from a shelf, "is the volume."

Phoebe looked at it with a happy smile and waited for more.

"Have you ever taken subscriptions?" asked the gentleman.

"No," said Phoebe; "but I—"

"Ah, yes, you will be very successful. I am sure," said the gentleman. "We give you a list of streets, numbers, names of residents. You call with the book; ask to see Mrs. So and So, or Mr. So and So; send up your name; your card is preferable. You rise when the person enters; say 'How do you do, Mrs. So and So?' I feel that you would be interested in this work and called to show it to you. You then talk in such a manner that the person subscribes for the book. On receiving the money we give you the percentage. You see?"

"Yes," said poor Phoebe, who, under the revulsion of feeling, was on the verge of a fainting fit. "Yes. It is like the man with 'Dosem's Family Medicine,' and the other books, who comes to our house sometimes. But you give fifty dollars per week?"

"Fifty, dear madam!" cried the man, laughing and rubbing his hands gayly. "At ten cents on each book you can easily get a hundred subscribers a day—six hundred a week; sixty dollars for the six days' work. With your mesmeric power—I see it in your eyes—you will make more."

Poor Phoebe began to feel better. It would be terrible work; not at all what she supposed; but—anything, anything for father and the homestead!

"This is a specimen copy," said the gentleman. "You buy this little book for your names. It has a pencil attached; twenty-five cents. And you leave one dollar deposit for the book."

"Is that necessary?" sighed Phoebe.

"Well, we exact it of all," said the amiable Mr. Cozzen. "What would it have? We can't make exceptions; we should offend others."

Phoebe paid the dollar and a quarter, took the book and walked away, glancing at the outline of her "beat," which was far up town.

The book was a collection of receipts, advice to youth, selections from Bryant's poems and fun from old jest books. It had also many patent medicine advertisements bound between its covers, and four or five portraits of "beauties" with their heads on one side and a simpering smile upon their faces.

Poor Phoebe! she hoped against hope as the street car took her up town, and still cherished much more of that comforting emotion than could have been expected, when her feet touched the red hot flagstones of Fifty-seventh street, and the tall residences stared down at her with half their doors closed with those wooden barriers that say to all who look, "Family gone to Europe." But yet there were steps that might be climbed, and Miss Mumford climbed them patiently.

She saw a sweet, old lady, who beamed on her and said:

"We've such a large library now, we can't really add to it. There's not room in the house for another book."

She saw a sarcastic lady, who said:

"Greatly-obliged for the attention. It is a wonderful book—wonderful, but I couldn't understand it. I have to read lighter things. My brain, you know, won't bear too much."

She saw a decided lady, who said:

"No, no, indeed! Oh, no!" and opened the door.

She saw a contemptuous young lady, who simply shook her head, and rang for a footman to "show this person out."

Then she saw a grandpapa with a dyed mustache and an eye glass, who was gallant and offensive. Then she received many "not at homes" from angry servants, who knew her errand well, and felt that they had been troubled to open the door unnecessarily. After many long, hot, wasted hours she found that her next number was a drug store, and entered it, thankful for its cool shadow. She was hot, thirsty, wretched. She longed for a glass of the ice cold soda water, but had only a little change, which must serve for fares, in her pocket.

She stood before the counter and repeated her little story—her talk about the book. The druggist smiled as he glanced at the volume.

"I would not half such dash in mine house," he said. "You waste your dime with a book like this."

"It seems worthless to me," said poor Phoebe, sighing.

"You get dook in, like some odor beoples, with dem rascals," said the German. "You look dired, madame, and not vell. Go home and rest—I advise you as a doctor."

A customer, who had been looking at her, threw down the price of a tooth brush he had bought, and seizing his purchase, followed Phoebe out of the door.

"Let me see your book, madame," he said. "Very nice; I'll subscribe. Give me your book, I'll write my name and residence."

He did so. Phoebe thanked him, and tried to read it, but the letters danced before her eyes. Her head was so hot, so heavy, she must go back to Mr. Cozzen's, get her dollar, give in her subscription, tell him that she had failed. She would feel better after she had rested, she thought—better. How kind that man had been. But he subscribed for her book—she knew it well—out of sheer pity; as one gives alms to a beggar.

She was in Mr. Cozzen's office again. He looked at her out of his bush of white hair. His black eyes and black nose more poodle like than before.

She had wasted her day, risked sunstroke, failed in her effort, and crushed her hopes. What did he care, if he had one subscription more? A book agent was almost sure to get one, and hundreds toiled over the earth every day with the same results.

"Very foolish to give it up so," he declared. "The first day never counts. I have ladies on my list making a hundred dollars a week who got no subscribers on the first day, and— Oh, your dollar? Yes, yes! And here is your percentage—ten cents. But you ought not to despair when you have secured the name of Capt. Barton on your list. Well, good-day."

She was gone, threading the streets that led to the ferry. The boat first; then the train. Was that the train coming? What a roar! How black it was! She staggered, but she did not fall to the ground. Some one caught her in his arms.

Out of darkness, out of rest, out of strange communion with her mother in another world, Phoebe floated back to life again. A woman sat beside her and fanned her.

"She's all right now," said a voice of the family doctor order. "Only faintness; not sunstroke."

Then peace again; and waking, much better.

"My poor father!" she sighed. "He must be so terrified! Some one has been so kind; but let me get to my father at once."

"All in good time," said the motherly woman at her side.

"Your father won't be anxious, Phoebe," said a man, and he only subscriber stepped where she could see him. "I found your name and address in your little note book. I went and told him you'd be home to-morrow. You don't remember me, Phoebe?"

Phoebe smoothed her dress and sat up on the chintz couch and looked at the speaker.

"You subscribed for my book," she said.

"But before that," said the man. "Before I had a beard and went away to sea with no hopes of being captain. Don't you know Billy Barton, Phoebe?"

"Oh!" cried Phoebe. "Is it you?"

"I thought I knew you," said Capt. Barton. "I followed you, wondering if I dared speak; and you looked so ill. So I was there when you fainted."

He took her hand and held it and lifted it to his lips before he put it down.

"The same sweet girl," he said, softly. "Good night. Peggy will take good care of you. Every one who falls sick at this hotel knows Peggy."

By next morning Phoebe was well again, but Capt. Barton insisted on seeing her home.

"What did pa say?" she asked. "Are you sure he was not worried?"

"He said," replied the captain, with a smile, "that girls are never to be depended on, and that if he had had a son he never would have cut up such pranks."

Phoebe felt the tears rise to her eyes.

"The old gentleman is very much broken," said Capt. Barton. "He does want a son as well as daughter; don't you think so Phoebe?"

When he said that, he looked like the Billy Barton of the long gone times.

A few months afterward he asked the same question, adding:

"Won't I do?"

And so it came to pass that Phoebe, instead of ending her life as a solitary spinster, married a man who loved her truly. The mortgage was paid off the old place, and the farm was no longer managed on shares. And the old gentleman, what with freedom from care and luxurious living, grew stronger and brighter in every way; much fonder of his daughter, too, as in the olden time. So that one day when Phoebe Barton came down to breakfast and sat waiting for those other two, and thinking of the day with which this story begins, she laughed softly to herself and declared:

"And I'm really the happiest woman in the world today, I believe, after all."

—Mary Kyle Dallas in New York Ledger.

# MY OLD UMBRELLA.

Old friend, neglected there you stand  
Behind my closet door,  
You've really grown too shabby now  
To carry any more.  
Round your rusty frame the silk  
In faded splendor clings,  
While numerous little genteel darms  
To view the sunlight bring.

I need the space you occupy  
Within my small domain;  
And yet to throw you out, I think,  
Would give me mental pain.  
Some sad and pleasant memories  
Encircle your gaunt form,  
Outside of times you've sheltered me  
From sun as well as storm.

Yes, many a tramp, old friend, we had  
In rain and pleasant weather;  
To weddings gay, and funerals sad  
We've often gone together.  
And when with merry friends I've climbed  
The mountains—you as prop  
Helped me to triumph o'er the rest  
By gaining first the top.

When in a crowded car I've gone,  
And could not get a seat,  
'Twas your crook'd handle held the strap,  
And kept me on my feet.  
But far above your usefulness,  
One memory sweet I see,  
'Tis this—neath your protecting shade  
My John proposed to me.  
—Elsie Hacking in Good Housekeeping.

# Patti's High Notes.

A writer in The London World says of Mme. Patti's terms for singing in concerts: "I have all my life had a weakness for ladies, and ladies have always had the weakness to know what is not their business, so I am going to betray a secret of the trade to the lady readers of this paper in order to let them get an insight into affairs discussed by everybody, although 'everybody' knows nothing about what is really the matter. From all sides I hear of the greediness of Mme. Patti, the exorbitant prices she asks, and how she does not care whether the people in whose concerts she sings are ruined so long as she receives her money. The fact is this: Mme Patti receives for every concert in the Albert hall £700—an enormous amount, no doubt."

"Now let us see as to the ruin of the people who engage her. The expenses of the hall are about £100, other artists £200, advertising, etc., say £150; the whole forms £1,350 to £1,800 costs. The receipts of this first year's concert were about £1,700, of the second over £1,800, and the third will probably be still larger—that is to say, £300, £600 and £700 profit. I know that once in a concert in which she sang the expenses were a little over £1,200 and the receipts £2,143, with £133 taken for programme books. These are figures, not opinions. I have known what is perhaps still more astonishing. One evening the fog was so thick that I was reflecting whether I should go to the hall, imagining that Mme. Patti, whom I had to accompany, would not go. I went, however, after all, by the underground railway, and the receipts that evening left over £600 profit."

# A Persevering Prisoner.

"Perseverance will accomplish everything." I had these words for a writing lesson once and I shall never forget them. It is a great thing to have perseverance. There was once a man who was shut up in a dungeon with walls 200 feet thick, made of the hardest kind of stone. He had no tools except a pair of scissors his brother had sent him in a loaf of bread, but he remembered that a drop of water will wear away a stone if it falls on the stone long enough, and that a coral worm, which is so small that you can hardly see it, will eat up and destroy a coral reef if you will only give it time enough. So he said that he would persevere and dig a hole through the wall of the dungeon with the scissors and escape if it took him a hundred years.

He had been digging about a year when the governor pardoned him and the jailer brought him the joyful news. But they couldn't get him to leave the dungeon. He told the jailer that he had undertaken to dig his way through the wall and escape in that way, and that he was going to stick to it, no matter how long it might take. The jailer urged him to give it up and walk out of the door, and even offered him \$10 to give up his dungeon to a new lodger, but nothing could induce him to change his mind. So he staid in the dungeon and dug away at the wall for forty-seven years, and every six months he had to pay a big bill for damages to the jail, and he finally died when he was half through the wall. This shows what a splendid thing perseverance is, and that we all ought to persevere.—W. L. Alden.

# Tupper's Egotism.

Sir G—D—, a personage not unknown to fame, once encountered the late Martin Farquhar Tupper on a Clyde steamer, and was accosted by him in these terms: "I perceive that I am not the only distinguished man on board." Mr. Tupper smiled and as he spoke, being quite in earnest and, indeed, wishing to pay Sir G— what he conceived to be a high compliment. This little incident occurred on deck. Presently Mr. Tupper went down into the cabin, but before doing so handed his umbrella to a young lady, a perfect stranger, to take care of it for him. "Young lady," he observed to the astonished recipient of the umbrella, "you will now be able to say in after life that you once held the umbrella of Martin Tupper." Same senseless expression as before. The story is told of Tupper that one evening he attended a dinner party after having lost his portmanteau in the afternoon, and at the table, when he had talked a great deal about his loss, a wit who was present interrupted him by saying: "If I had lost my portmanteau, Mr. Tupper, I, being an ordinary man, should have been justified in boring a dinner table with my grief. But you, Mr. Tupper—your philosophy is proverbial."—San Francisco Argonaut.

# The Usual Result.

Mrs. William Snyder, a Des Moines woman, got the hammer to drive a nail into the kitchen wall the other day, and after three minutes' work she fractured the baby's skull, broke the hired girl's nose and nearly put out one of her own eyes. A man might as well try to turn the heel of a sock.—Detroit Free Press.