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RAIN IN THE WOODS.

Silence first, with gloom overhead
Not a stir in bush or tree;
Woodfolk all to covert fled;
Dumb the gossip chickadee.

Then a little rustling sigh,
Trestle-toss, and bushes shake,
And a silent wave comes by
In the feathered fern and brake.

Now a murmur growing loud
In the pine tops far and near;
And the woods are tossed and bowled,
Like a soul in sudden fear.

Hark! the music of the rain
On a thousand leaky roofs,
Like an army on a plain
Galloping with silver hoofs!

Pitter, pitter on the ground,
Bustle, rustle in the trees,
And the beaded bushes round
Drip when shaken by the breeze.

Ah! if you would nature know
Close and true in all her moods,
Flee not from the show'r, but go
Hear the raindrops in the woods!

—JAMES BUCKHAM, in Youth's Companion.

The Picture On the Cuff.

BY HARRY HOW.

I had known Franklin about a month. He was a man worth knowing. His honest and genial-looking face spoke truly of the honor of his heart within, and his friendship was something to be desired. Moreover, he was clever, very clever, and among his associates was freely regarded as an artist who some day would be with the much-coveted R. A. after his name. I was, therefore, particularly happy when he asked me to come round and smoke a pipe with him in his studio. It was a typical Bohemian little den in Chelsea—a studio among studios, for it was situated among a number of such "painting rooms," in a building specially designed for the purpose. His greeting, as I anticipated, was most cordial. We lighted our pipes, and, as though we had known one another for years, he took me by the arm, and walking me around his studio, commenced pointing out the various curios and the like hanging upon the walls and crowding corners in picturesque negligence.

One "curiosity" in a little black and gold frame, however, seemed to impress me more than anything else. It was a linen shirt cuff, and on it, drawn in pencil, was the face of a beautiful girl. I recognized the features at once; it was the face that figured in his celebrated picture, "Tired of Life," which created such a sensation with the public, and made such a marked impression on the art critics two years ago at one of the great art exhibitions in London. Franklin noticed and understood my curiosity.

"Sit down, old fellow," he said pointing to a basket chair covered with flowered cretonne. "Curiosity aroused, eh?"

I admitted that it was.

"Well," he said, "I am just in the humor for telling the story, and I think you will vote it a pretty one; yes, and as romantic as the finale of it was happy. This is a linen shirt cuff, and he reached it down from the wall, and the face you see there was the one which went into my 'Tired of Life.'"

I told him I recognized it as soon as I saw it.

"I was walking along the embankment one day a little more than two years ago," Franklin commenced, trying to hit upon a good subject for a picture. I paced up and down the water side for an hour or more, but still without an idea. I was just about to turn down the road leading back to my place when I saw a woman coming along. Her eyes seemed to be fixed upon the water. I had never seen such a sorrowful face before; so pale and so sad; there was trouble written on every feature. Yet it was a very beautiful face, and it seemed to inspire me in an instant, and the subject I had been in search of appeared to be mine at last. Now, you must know that I have a habit of sketching a striking or characteristic face upon my cuffs likely to stand me in good stead for introducing into a picture. Fortunately for me the woman stood quite still for a few moments leaning over the stone-work and gazing dreamily into the water. My pencil was out in an instant, and her face was quickly transferred to my cuff. I felt very excited. Here, here was my subject! the very thing. But possibly she might pose as a model for me, I thought. Better still.

"I crossed to her, and raising my hat, spoke. She started and looked at me with fear and trembling. I apologized to her for the strange inspiration that her presence had suggested to me. I told her I was an artist; that her face had given me an idea that might possibly bring me fame and fortune. 'Tired of Life,' I should call it. Again I apologized as I further explained to her my idea. She stared at me vacantly.

"It will be the picture of a young and beautiful woman," I said, "gazing dreamily into the water by night, and seeing in the dark stream a resting place for her and her troubles. Would she become a model for my picture?" I saw how poorly she was clad, so I felt I should not be insulting her if I told her I would pay her for her services.

She started and trembled at my request. She looked at me in a way I shall never forget.

"Do you know—do you know," she said, "but no, of course, you cannot, I must go; please let me go. I cannot do as you ask."

"The woman made a movement. 'You seem in trouble,' I said, and putting my hand in my pocket—well, the truth is, old fellow, I gave her a sovereign. I shall never forget the grateful look she gave me; there was a smile there, and tears were in her eyes. She took the money without a word, but I read all she wanted to say. I gave her my card, and told her if she thought anything more of my proposal to come and see me. She took the card, and with a thankful face turned quickly and hurried away.

"Well, I started on my picture, and day by day it grew. I seldom had to refer to the sketch on my cuff though I kept it carefully, for the woman's face was too vividly impressed upon my memory. I must tell you that at that time we had an old man here, named Glover, who used to clean and dust our rooms and do odd things about the place in general. He was a quiet, shy little sort of old fellow—a man, I should say, who had evidently seen a bit of trouble as well as better days. We men used to talk to him pretty freely, and he always evinced a deep interest in the various pictures upon which we were engaged. But I never knew him so interested in any canvas as he was in my 'Tired of Life.' He was silent about it, however, and seldom spoke. I used to surprise him of a morning sometimes when I entered my studio for work. There he would stand before my easel with wondering gaze, watching my picture growing, and evidently wondering what was to come next. There on the canvas was the river by night, the lights reflected in the water, the bridge in the distance, and some river craft lying idle by the water's edge. Just by the parapet stood a woman in black—a shawl loosely thrown about her shoulders, her hat old and shabby her face—'Tired of Life.'"

"I had not quite completed the painting on the woman's face, it was not realized yet, but the old man was always looking at it and apparently was wondering what expression and what features would eventually be placed there. All this time I had not seen or heard anything of the woman who had suggested the character to me. It was just a month to sending-in day and I had only another day's work on the face, and I should be through in capital time. I spent the whole of this day on the features of the woman and just as it was getting dusk I surveyed my work with satisfaction. It could not have been better, and I heartily shook hands with myself. The following morning when I entered my studio and opened the door I saw that which made my heart most uneasy. I stood holding the handle of the door and could not move, my whole frame was trembling. The face of the woman had been cut out of my picture! In a moment I had pulled myself together. I shouted out for 'Glover—Glover!' but no reply came. I rushed round my fellow artists' rooms. The old man was not there, neither had he been there that morning, for their rooms were unswept and untidy as left the previous night. The whole truth flashed across my mind. Glover was the miserant who had ruined and stole my work. I remembered it all then—his interest in my picture, his anxious waiting, waiting, waiting for the woman's face to appear on the canvas. 'The wretched thief and robber,' I muttered. And in the midst of all this the great question rang through my ears and haunted my brain—'Who was this woman that induced this man to want the picture of her face? Some one made for him, but he had gone none knew where.

"It was a supreme effort, I tell you, but I did it—I did it! I had a clear month before I should have to send in my work, and I set to and painted the whole thing again. You remember what a success it was, and I think I may say truly that had I never painted 'Tired of Life,' I should not be what I am to-day.

"It was the day before the opening of the—Exhibition. I was sitting thinking quietly in my studio when I heard a rap at the door. I cried, 'Come in.' The door opened, and there stood—the woman I had seen on the Embankment! Her face was still pale, and the lines of trouble were not entirely effaced, but she appeared more composed and contented. She was better dressed too. It was such a sudden surprise to me that I practically jumped from my chair. She was the first to speak.

"'Oh, sir,' she said, 'forgive me this; I should have come before. Tell me, tell me, have you painted the picture you spoke to me about?' 'What was it? I asked.

"'There is one who might, though,' she cried.

"'Who?' I asked.

"'My father.'

"'Her father! I seemed to realize the whole thing at once. Her father was the man Glover—the man who

ruined the work of many a day and caused me ceaseless toil and anxiety. Here, then, was the cause of his spoiling my picture. He, too, recognized the face on the canvas, and he did not want those features to be given to the world. 'Tired of Life!' and a father living, a daughter forgotten and forsaken. This, then, was the motive of his crime.

"'My father,' she said, 'whom I want to see again. He was so good to me; but I left home for one who has deceived me, and I cannot face my father now. But I want to: I want to kiss him, to take his hand and fall on my knees at his feet and say, 'Take your Mary home again, father, for she loves you still. Forgive your Mary, father, for she leaves you more than ever now. Oh, forgive me, dear, dear father!'

"My heart was touched. I told her to rise to her feet again. I took her by the hand and sat her down in my chair. I had made up my mind exactly what I would do. Glover knew for which exhibition my picture was intended. He evidently destroyed my work thinking I should not be able to paint another in its place in the time. Possibly, I argued to myself, he might have had his doubts, and I should not be surprised if on the morrow he was there to see whether I had once more conveyed his erring daughter's face to the canvas.

"I turned to the weeping woman and asked her name. It was Mary Glover, she said. Then I was right.

"'Will you meet me to-morrow evening at 6 o'clock at Charing Cross Railway Station?' I asked; 'if you will I may be able to help you.'

"'What do you mean?' she cried excitedly.

"'I don't know yet. But, come there at that time; and who knows what may happen?'

"'Well, the poor girl went away. The morrow came, and with it the opening of the—Exhibition of pictures. My work took the town. It was as I expected. I kept a sharp lookout and there was Glover among the crowd. I shall never forget his face when he saw that picture. He only gave one glance at it, his face went deadly pale and he flew from the room. I pursued him through the streets to a little by-turning off Hatton Garden. He entered a house there, and I soon ascertained that he lived at this place. There was no time to lose; I hired a cab and got to Charing Cross just as Big Ben was chiming the appointed hour. She was there.

"'Jump in—jump in,' I said. She obeyed me with a trustful look. In as careful a way as I could I told her that I had found the whereabouts of her father. That I thought that he, too, was waiting to welcome her back to his arms again. I shall never forget that woman's face when she heard those words. Her cheeks became flushed, her eyes shone with brightness.

"At last we reached the house. The door was open, and bidding her follow me up the creaky stairs we reached the third floor, where the door of a back room was partially open. I asked her to wait until I called her. I peeped through the door and there I saw the old man, holding in his hands the piece of canvas he had cut from my picture. He raised it to his lips and kissed it. My heart leaped, for that action told me that my mission would not be in vain.

"I tapped quietly at the door. Hurriedly I saw him place the canvas under a cloth on the table. With trembling hand he pulled back the door and he saw me standing there. He could not speak. He stared at me vacantly. I almost felt sorry for him—poor old fellow!—and all the trouble he had given me seemed to fade away. He was about to fall on his knees, but I stayed him.

"'Never mind, Mr. Glover,' I said as well as I could, for there was a great lump in my throat that made it difficult for me to speak. 'Never mind, I understand all.'

"'Thank God!' the old man cried. 'The sound of his voice must have reached the ears of the one waiting on the landing below. I heard her hurrying footsteps up the stairs, and at their tread the old man started. He stood as one afraid to move, but when he saw the form of his child he flew out of the doorway and caught her in his arms.

"That's all, old fellow. I couldn't tell you anything more—save that I found the tears trickling down my face just then. I often hear from her now. You are not surprised I keep that old linen cuff, are you?'—[London Million.

Wool Fat.

A recent discovery in Australia goes to show that the sheep is even a more valuable animal than it has been generally esteemed. Its latest contribution to man's welfare is a fatty substance called wool fat, derived from the grease that is skimmed from the scouring vats.

It is used as a basis for the ointments for medical purposes, and is said to be more readily absorbed by the skin than any other oil or fat known. It is able also to adhere to moist surfaces, which no other ointment in present use will do. The sheep owners of Australia are carefully saving the refuse of their vats for this purpose.—[New York World.

Raggedly Wayside—Why did you swipe that scientific paper when der wuz lots wid gals' pictures in dem liz'ly round?

Wandering Willie—I like ter read 'bout de invention of labor-savin' machinery. Diss will be a boss work ter live in when dere's no more work done by hand.—[Puck.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Accepts the Jealous' Resignation.

"Gem'len," said Brother Gardner, as he stood up, adjusted his spectacles and looked around the hall, "it has come to my ears dat sartin pussions in dis Limekiln Club ar' feelin' sort of shaky 'bout our finances. Day am talkin' 'bout embezzlement, defalcation and shortage, and dey say dey can't sleep 'nights fur worryin' 'ober it. I shall take advantage of dis occasion to explain sartin things to yo'.

"'Fustly, our system of bookkeepin' ain't made up of 'debit' credit, marchendize an profit an loss. 'Whatche take in any money, it is put right down on de book in plain handwriting as cash taken in. It's de same when we pay out. Dar am no profit—no loss. De figgers an right dar an can't get away nor fade out.

"'Secondly, our treasurer ar' not only under bonds, but we doan' trust him too fur. We 'low him to walk around wid about 50 cents of our money in his pocket, but de's de limit. Once a week a investigate, an we doan' let go till the figgers balance.

"'Thirdly, it takes fo' of us to draw any money from de bank, an our office safe is neber opened 'cept in de presence of three members. Jest at dis time dis club has about \$18 on hand. To get dat money five members would have to enter into a conspiracy an dodge around fur three or fo' weeks. We neber keep noose fust in de office safe, an should a pussion tackle dat safe he would fust be cotched in a b'ar trap, den he would be shoy wid buckshot, den he would be blowed up by dynamite, an at de next meetin all de evidence we should find of him would be a few eye lashes stickin to de ceilin oberhead.

"'Dis club does not employ a confidential clerk. Its treasurer does not play de races nor v'ar diamonds. It does not wait till de end ob de y'ar to balance its books. It believes dat all its officers an honest, but it doan' offer any of 'em no chances to git hold ob de boodle an skip. We neber loan nor borrow. Dar am occasions when Samuel Shin wants to put up his jackknife as collateral for 15 cents, or Shindig Watkins will git two members in good standin to endorse his note fur a quarter, but I own advance de money from my own pocket and take all de risk. De time may come when Paradise Hall will be struck by lightning, but none o' yo' will live long 'nuff to diskerivat our treasurer ar' 27 cents ahead of de game.

"'When we look around us heath tonight we miss de absence of Brudder Sundown Davis, who was our janitor fur ober two y'ars. Am he dead? Am he lyin' on a bed of pain? Am he fur, far away from home and can't get hear! My friends, Brudder Davis will meet wid us no mo'. He am healthy and well and right heath in town, but sunthin has happened to him. Brudder Davis allus felt sensitive about his reputashun fur honesty. He knowed I had an eye on him an it hurt his feelins. At de meetin a week ago to-night I left a cokerent on my desk as a test of his honesty. When I drapped in heath next day as he was cleanin up, dat cokerent was gone. Brudder Davis felt his honest'ly insulted when I axed him if he had hawn it. De bare idea dat I should suspect him of eben layin his paws on dat property made him so mad he threatened to resign. Dat vartuous look which he put on night heer stood some folks off, but it didn't skeer me. I stood Brudder Davis up in a co'ner and proceeded to s'arch him, an perhaps it am needless to say dat I found my missin cokerent in de s'um of his fanned shirt. Brudder Davis called in to examine his books, and I didn't 'peal to de police. I jest took hold of him an wrenched an shook him an banged his head agin de wal till he hollered fur mercy. Den I accepted his resignashun without waitin fur de club to act, an Brudder Davis won't meet wid us no mo' in dis cold world.

"'I want to say right heah and now dat if dar am any older highly sensitive pussion in dis club—pussions who handle our cash or hev charge of our belongings an feel dat a little watchin degrades 'em—dey had better offer der resignashuns right away. Our assets am gwine to keep right on bein \$18 an our liabilities nuffin 't all, an if we hurt anybody's feelins dey am not obleeged to stay in de club. Dar am not de slightest occasion to worry ober de safety of our finances. Eben if de bank busts up I know whar de president libs, an I know dat three or fo' of us kin rake in \$18 wuth of his Leghorn chickens an de night of de calamity. One word no': Our treasurer v'ars what 'pears to be a \$600 diamond pin, an some of de brethren feel skeery on dis account. Dar am no call fur it. Dat pin cost him jest 25 cents, an if it should git run ober by an ice wagon and could be raised up agin fur a nickle he'd ther to raise de money on a mortgage or throw de pieces away.'—[New York Recorder.

WEATHER PREDICTION.

Weather Prophet—I hit it again. I never fail.

Ordinary Man—Hugh! The thermometer has dropped 20 degrees, and it is raining pitchforks. You predicted fair and warmer.

Weather Prophet—I predicted fair and warmer, with increased humidity. I may have been a trifle off on the fair and warmer, but you can't deny the humidity, Sir—no, Sir.—[New York Weekly.

The Hebrew year commences September 6.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND VARS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Cook's Dubious Compliment—Misconstrued—Narrow Escape—Proceeding Cautiously—Etc., Etc.

COOK'S DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

Exasperated young Mistress—(after a wordy argument with her cook)—Why, Bridget, it's perfectly absurd! Either you or I must be crazy.

Bridget (proudly)—Sure and I wouldn't be so bold as to think ye had no more sense than to keep a crazy cook.—[Truth.

MISCONSTRUED.

Mamma—Robbie, why didn't you speak to Mrs. Baugle when you met her just now?

Robbie—You said I must always think twice before I speak, and I couldn't think of anything to think.—[Inter-Corow.

NARROW ESCAPE.

"Maria," said Mr. Billus, "that young man with the blond hair and the pale mustache seems to be a good deal stuck on Bessie."

"I wish you wouldn't use coarse slang when you talk, John," replied Mrs. Billus.

"What is the young fellow's name?"

"His name is Leech."

"Maria," observed Mr. Billus, after a thoughtful pause, "you see I wasn't talking slang."—[Chicago Tribune.

PROCEEDING CAUTIOUSLY.

"Has that young man proposed yet?"

"Not yet, mamma; but he has been inquiring if your cough was anything serious."—[Indianapolis Journal.

PROPER DISPOSITION.

Author—I have here an article called "Powder and Shot," which I would like you to publish.

Editor—Why not send it to a magazine.—[Philadelphia Record.

A CITY BOY'S CONCLUSION.

Wilbur—Do they always keep that big bell on the cow?

Papa—Yes, Wilbur.

Wilbur—I suppose it is to keep her from falling asleep in this quiet place.—[Harper's Young People.

THE ONLY ONES THAT ARE FUNNY.

Editor—See here! This joke is old.

Paraphrastic Serf—Is that so? Um-h! It struck me when I was writing it that there was something funny about it.

HIS PREFERENCE.

Jack—What are you going to take up for your career—law, medicine, or what?

Will Marigold—Matrimony, I think.

LOST HIS WAY.

Happy Pilgrim—I'm going to the better land.

Conductor—You're on the wrong route, then, Mister. This train goes to Chicago.—[Puck.

BEST KIND OF LUCK.

"Did you have good luck fishing the other day, Bally?"

"Yes."

"What luck?"

"I didn't fall in and drown."

BEGINNING 'T LAST.

"Now," shrieked Mr. Barnes Torner, in the great melodrama, "Fished from the Ferry." "Now is the time to act."

"By gee!" shouted one of the two men in the gallery, "I thought it wuz purty near time for him to begin actin' if he ever wuz goin' to."—[Indianapolis Journal.

NOT COWARDICE.

"Listen," said the first striker, "I hear a band. We got to git."

"Git nothin'!" said the other striker. "Think I am goin' to run from a lot of kid soldiers!"

"Oh, I ain't afraid of the soldiers meself. But the band is playing the 'Washington Post March.'"—[Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Mr. Jones (handing a silver dollar to the joy of his household)—My dear, do you know this reminds me of you.

Mrs. J.—Indeed, why so?

Mr. J.—It makes up in beauty what it lacks in sense!

(And Mrs. J. do not know whether to be real mad or all glad.)

STILL A COWARDICE.

Chollie—Chappie, deah boy, you aw passively and gossily intoxicated—you actually have a jag on!

Chappie—Haw! Is it on straight.—[Indianapolis Journal.

SYMPTOMS OF ILLNESS.

Wife—I feel dreadfully anxious about Howard. I'm afraid he's not well.

Mother—What are his symptoms?

Wife—He didn't growl about his breakfast once.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE PEOPLE WE KNOW.

"Don't you feel afraid to let your wife drive that horse?"

Husband—No, not now; all the people know how to dodge out of her way.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

READY ANSWER.

Mrs. De Fashion (to her Chinese cook)—John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women?

John—So they not trottee 'round k'chen and botheree cook.—[Philadelphia Press.

A POLITE REQUEST.

He—I have something to say to you—permit me to take you apart.

She—Certainly—if you will put me together again.—[Truth.

WHEN THEY ARE OUT LATE.

Returned Traveler—What you might call the society girls among the native savages were rings in their noses as well as in their ears.

Waggleigh—That's nothing. Some of our society girls here have rings round their eyes.—[New York World.

SHE HAD EXPERIENCE.

First Hen—There seems to be trouble hatching in China, if the papers are telling the truth.

Second Hen—Well, that is all I have ever been able to hatch from China, and I have tried a long time.—[Indianapolis Journal.

THE RIVALS.

Dusty Rhodes—I'm too lazy to breathe these days.

Fitz William—I've quit closing my eyes when I sleep.

DISCORD.

He did not think she was so sharp and repartee did not admire. He said her voice was like a harp. She said his voice was like a lyre.—[Judge.

NOT EXACTING.

Young Munney—Ah! fair one, be mine; I will give up wealth, fame, position, yea, even family for you.

Miss Pretty Shoggy—Well, Henry, if you still insist I suppose I must say yes; but I won't be hard upon you dear, you need give up only the latter.—[Boston Courier.

THE OTHER WAY ROUND.

Tagleigh—What did that bank cashier abscond for? Was he behind in his accounts?

Waggleigh—No; he was ahead. The bank was behind.

HIS METHOD.

Bradford—Higbee makes money go as far as any man I know.

Robbins—How does he do it?

Bradford—Gives it to foreign missions.—[Philadelphia Life.

UNDER THE WEATHER.

Hicks—Your milk was pretty bad last night.

Mrs. Hicks—I expected that thunder shower to affect it some.

Hicks—Thunder? Our can was hit by a cloud burst.—[New York World.

VERY PLEASANT.

Under the espionage of the gallant and witty cashier, a party of ladies were going through the vaults of a big Detroit bank and gazing with awe at the wads of wealth stored therein.

"My," exclaimed one of the party as they came out into the corridor, "how chilly it is."

"Naturally," smiled the courteous cashier, with bow, "there's a cool million there."—[Detroit Free Press.

METEORIC DIAMONDS.

Queer Origin of America's Product.

Though diamonds will never be an important product of the United States—only an occasional gem of this kind being picked up here and there—such vast quantities of them are consumed here that the geological survey has thought it worth while to prepare a monograph on the subject, which will soon be issued.

The fact has been established that the supposed diamonds found in meteorites near the Canyon Diablo in Arizona are actually such. This is a matter of profound interest, indicating as it does that such stones exist on other planets. Some authorities assert that diamonds, like coal, are so nearly of the same chemical constitution, could not possibly come into existence without previous vegetable growths to generate their material. For this reason they infer that the finding of the gems in the meteorites proves that there must have been vegetable life in the place whence the meteorites came. If there was vegetable life there it is a fair presumption that there was animal life also. All this may be untrue, says the Providence Journal, but it affords the first glimpse ever obtained into the greatest problem that mankind has attempted to handle, namely, the question whether life exists in other worlds than ours.

It seems strange to take a couple of ounces of charcoal in one's hand and to consider that one is handling the pure material of the diamond. If you could transform it into crystalline form you could sell these few pinches of stuff for \$1,000,000 perhaps. No wonder that chemists are eager to discover the secret of effecting this change. To assert that they will never learn how to make crystals of carbon would be absurd. By means of the voltaic battery real diamonds of almost microscopic size have been deposited upon threads of platinum. But, even if a successful process should be discovered it might be that the cost of making a diamond by it would be bigger than the price of a stone of equal size and purity from the mines. One recalls the experiments of Professor Sage, who turned out gold pieces in his laboratory from gold extracted from the ashes of certain burned vegetable substances. The result was beautiful, scientific, and the expense of making in this way one \$5 piece was about \$25.

The value of rough gems of all sorts produced in this country in 1893 was \$50,000 less than the output for the year before, amounting to only \$262,000. The decrease was mainly owing to the industrial depression. The precious stones of the United States are sold in large part to tourists, who purchase them as souvenirs of localities visited.

Tanned elephant skin is over an inch thick and brings very high prices.

A Marvelous Little Linguist.

Not until January will little Fannie Erdoly reach the mature age of four years, and yet she is perhaps the most accomplished young lady of her age in New York. Fannie illustrates in



LITTLE FANNIE ERDOLY.

her charming little personality the irresistible law of heredity. She speaks fluently four languages, and when it is explained that her mother speaks and writes six languages and that her father has a glib acquaintance with ten, besides numerous allied dialects, this extraordinary infant is accounted for. Arthur Erdoly, who is a registry clerk and interpreter at Ellis Island, was born, thirty-two years ago, in Buda-Pesth, Hungary. His wife is also a native of the same ancient city on the Danube. He has the characteristic Magyar features as well as that special linguistic aptitude which distinguishes his race. He speaks English with great purity, and has the further polyglot accomplishment of speaking Hungarian, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek (Romanic), Turkish, Finnish and that most turgid and difficult of all tongues, Basque. Mrs. Erdoly speaks fluently English, Hungarian, German, French and Slavonian, and so little Fannie has lived all her life in a philological atmosphere, where the air was thick with prepositions, adverbs and conjunctions. She speaks German like a Berliner, French like a Parisienne, Hungarian as would the daughter of a Boyar, and English with a Harlem accent. She is very fond of Central Park, and as she lives within two blocks she is a frequent visitor to its attractions. Her mother has observed that after even a short visit to the park Fannie cannot be induced to talk any language but English for some hours, but when her father returns from his duties at Ellis Island his little daughter always greets him in French.

Mr. Erdoly intends that Fannie shall acquire Italian and Spanish by the time she is five years old. The difficulty is not in teaching her a new language, but in preventing this marvelous child from acquiring one.

The Last King of the Montauks.

John Hannibal, or King Pharaoh, the last lineal descendant of the once powerful tribe of Montauk Indians, died at the home of Mrs. L. Atmos Youngs at Mattituck, a short time ago. King Pharaoh was known to almost everyone on Long Island's east end, and at the time of his death was eighty-seven years of age. With him ends the long line of Montauk kings, as his only child died many years ago.

King Pharaoh was born in old Montauk's rocky heights and his love for the rugged scenes of his earlier childhood was one of the old Indian's strange characteristics. Even in his advanced years he would walk miles to spend a day at his birthplace and among the favorite retreats of his forefathers. His mother was a full-blooded Montauk squaw. Through her came to him his title, King Pharaoh. When but five years of age he was taken from his tribe at the request of his mother, who desired that he should be educated and apprenticed to the trade of a cooper. He was sent to Jeremiah Huntington, of East Hampton. Even at that early age King Pharaoh would not suffer himself to be placed under restraint and he ran away the very first night. In inky darkness the boy walked the twenty miles back to Montauk. He was afterward induced to remain with Mr. Huntington until he became of age, when he went to live



THE LAST MONTAUK CHIEF.

with Thomas Tallmadge Parsons at Franklinville.

He was a faithful servant to the Parsons family for sixty-six years. His death occurred at the home of Mr. Parsons's daughter, Mrs. Young, who tenderly watched over the old Indian in his declining years. He was buried in the Parsons's family plot in the Franklinville cemetery, the funeral being attended by a large circle of friends who respected King Pharaoh for his many virtues and sterling qualities of heart and mind.

Sun spots, now believed to have an effect on meteorological phenomena, were first observed in 1611.