

A LITTLE WAIT AT AN INN

Story of a Child Abandoned in the Backwoods of Pennsylvania.

In northern Pennsylvania there is a wayside inn which many years ago, during the stage coach days, was a famous stopping place for travellers on old North and South turnpike. The ancient glory of the place long ago departed. In a field belonging to the inn on a slight knoll inclosed by a neat wooden railing, there is a grave apparently that of a child marked by a plain blue stone slab less than two feet high on which are carved the simple words 'Little Chip.' This is the story of it told by the landlord of the old tavern.

One evening in the summer of 1848, he said, 'the regular coach from the south reached an inn an hour or more behind its usual time. The cause of the delay was a breaking down some miles below. Among the passengers who alighted, while a blacksmith repaired the damage done to the coach, was a handsome young woman who had a small baby in her arms. She asked for a room where she might lie down until the stage was ready to start, saying she was too ill to eat supper. When the coach was ready to start on its way the young woman came from her room carrying the child, or what was supposed to be the child close to her breast. The stage had been gone an hour or more before the room the young woman had occupied was entered by any one about the house. Then the landlord's wife went into it. By the light of a candle the lady carried she was startled to see the baby lying asleep on the bed. The news was soon spread through the house and Solomon Ryder, the landlord, sent a man, mounted on a fleet horse and carrying the abandoned child to overtake the coach and return the child to the woman. He made such good use of his time that he overhauled the coach, but the woman was no longer a passenger. She had alighted at Clark's Corners, ten miles back, where she took the coach waiting for the eastern bound passengers. To overtake that coach was out of the question and the man returned to the tavern with the baby.

The presence of the abandoned baby in the tavern placed the landlord's family in a dilemma. Mrs. Ryder had a large family of her own and to add the care of this unknown child to it was not to be thought of, and there was no family in the settlement that was not in a like situation. How to dispose of the innocent cause of an unfortunate situation was something that puzzled Mrs. Ryder. The babe was a very small one, a boy, and apparently bright and healthy. The good housewives of the neighborhood warmed toward and pitied the helpless stranger, and at last a novel plan was hit upon that solved the problem of its care. It was agreed among the families of the lumbermen who then lived thereabout that the care of the little one should be divided up among them, one family taking him for a week and each one succeeding to him in rotation. The child was so uniformly good, he never having been heard to utter a sound, that he became a great favorite with the rude but great-hearted backwoods families, and his coming was warmly welcomed wherever it fell to his lot to go.

In this way the child grew up among his many foster relatives. He was literally the child of the settlement. Before he was many months old the discovery was made that the strangely abandoned child was deaf, and from the utter absence of any inclination on his part to make an articulate sound, it was believed he was dumb as well, which time proved to be true. Another peculiarity of the child was his diminutive size. At 4 years old, while bright and healthy, he was barely the size of the average year-old child. As no one knew the name of the waif, no conclusion could be arrived at as to what name he should have. One day some one remarked that the baby was no bigger than a little chip, and from that time the unknown child was called Little Chip, and as such the stranger was known until he died.

When Little Chip was old enough to run about, he developed a love for solitude. He would not play with other children although not one in this settlement but would run his feet off to please the little mute. He loved the woods and spent all his time running over the hills. He was at home whenever he chose to go. When he was hungry he entered the nearest house and ate, and when he was sleepy he went to bed at the first house he came to. He clothed himself in the same way, putting on whatever pleased his fancy wherever he might be. This trade made the naturally weird little waif still more picturesquely so, as nothing he ever wore fitted him, whether it was hat, jacket or shoes. He

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Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

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Could Not Sleep—"I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was so tired I could hardly walk. Read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, took four bottles and it restored me to perfect health." MISS JESSIE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

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Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

would not confine himself to clothing made especially for him, and, by the time he was 10 years old his kind benefactors ceased trying to cloth him in that way. He loved cows and horses, and seemed happiest when driving cattle to or from pasture or leading a horse to water. He was uniformly good-tempered, but seemed to have no affection for any one.

Nothing having ever been heard from the woman who had abandoned him, all hope that the mystery attending Little Chip would ever be explained had long been given up, when one day, when the boy was 10 years old, a letter was received by Landlord Ryder, postmarked Philadelphia. It was alleged to have been written at the request of the woman who had abandoned the child ten years before, and who desired to have him brought to her at an address given in the letter, as she was his mother. This letter caused great commotion in the settlement, and the weight of public sentiment was against tearing the unfortunate boy away from the only home he had ever known and transferring him to a person who had treated him so cruelly. But Solomon Ryder, whose word was almost law in the settlement decided that the boy might have rights of great importance to him which his return to his mother might establish. It was with difficulty that Ryder could induce Little Chip to go with him, but he at last got him away. He found the address given in the letter, but was told the woman, whom he sought, and who had been ill with consumption at the house for a long time, had died two days before,

and had been taken away by a strange man woman, who said they were relatives of hers. All that was known of her at the house, which was a boarding house, was that her name was Mrs. Hunt.

Ryder returned to the Ridge with his unfortunate charge, and the mystery of his birth was never revealed. As he grew to manhood he became an adept woodchopper, but he worked only as the fancy moved him. He continued to live among the people, as he had done since he appeared so strangely among them, although the families and their descendants had become scattered and few. Most of the mothers who had helped to raise the unknown waif from babyhood had long since passed away, but none of their children ever attempted to change Little Chip's mode of life or objected to the freedom of his presence. This child of mystery lived in this way until ten years ago, when one day he came in from the woods to the tavern where he had not been for some months. I was the landlord then. He went to the barn, fondled the horses and cows and visited every nook and corner of the premises. He went to bed soon after supper and it was noticed by everybody that there was a peculiar, happy look on his face. Next morning he did not come down. This was so strange that I went to the room where he had gone to bed. He lay in bed, dead with a smile on his face. His strange life came to a peaceful end. We buried him on the little knoll over yonder, and I had his grave stone marked by the only name he had known, 'Little Chip.'

Mr. Rockefeller Dreads Debt.

John D. Rockefeller, the 'Oil King,' whose wealth touches the \$125,000,000 won his first start in a business way by working on a New York farm twelve hours out of the twenty-four, for twenty five cents a day. He has earned his position as a multi-millionaire by adhering to the principles of the following maxims:

It should be every man's duty to get all the money he can, keep all the money he can, and give away all he can.

Buy only what can be paid for, and look upon debt as an ogre that first paralyzes and then kills.

Live within your means, and don't think too much of your neighbor's good fortune. Keep a record of all expenditures and receipts so that at the end of each year you can tell whether you are saving enough money to provide the inevitable rainy day.

Any one can make money; few can save it.

Live as though every act of yours was under the scrutiny of your bitterest enemy.

The Golden Rule in Money-Getting.

President John J. Mitchell of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and a financier of the first rank, simplifies his code of business ethics as follows:

There is no question that the golden

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MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

rule is the best one to apply to business transactions.

I put myself in place of the man with whom I am dealing and govern my actions accordingly.

Success has attended my efforts because of dealing with others as I would be dealt with.

My rule in investment has always been; Look to the principal rather than to the interest.

ODD SIGNS ON OLD INNS.

Curious Survivals in England of an Ancient Custom.

The signs displayed by the innkeepers of this country, even in the earliest days of its existence, were never so fantastic and varied as those which were in use in the mother country. The number of subjects chosen by American landlords to stand for their inns was small and many of these were geographical. As there was no manor lord whose arms were to be chosen as the insignia of the inn in the neighborhood of his supremacy, there was a monopoly about the designs used here. In England, on the other hand, they were numerous and diverse and their origin has never been satisfactorily explained although many traditions about them have been dispelled by modern investigation. More than a century ago the large signs that formerly stood in the street in front of the inns were removed by law, but enough remain to surprise an American who stumbles across these inexplicable names in London. To this day there stands in a London street 'The Antigallican,' a name which would convey little suggestion nowadays as to the character of a hostelry. The name dates from the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a society was formed with the idea of keeping always active the English dislike of the French. The association ceased to exist long ago, but the inn to which they formerly resorted still keeps their memory a little bit alive. Many of the signs are nearly as much representative of some especial episode. 'The Bombay Grab' sounds neither enticing nor comprehensible and can be appreciated

only with an understanding of the slang of the last century. A 'grab' was a foot soldier at that time, and this term was commonly used to describe him. The original proprietor was a soldier who had served in Bombay and so perpetuated those days of his career in the name he gave his hotel. Unique in character is the London inn with the name 'The Case Is Altered.' This stands opposite a cemetery, but its name has no connection with that circumstance. The inn has been known by its rather positive title since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a lawyer had been trapped by his enemies to attend a bogus mass performed by a layman disguised as a priest. This came out at the trial and the prisoner, who was likely then to be convicted, got off by turning to the jury with these words: 'Gentlemen, this case is altered; no priest, no mass.' Since that day this name has always been attached to some English inn. 'The Bull and Mackerel,' found to this day in London, is intended to perpetuate the story of the man who when he put a fish caught by him back into the water for future use, tied a bell on its neck that he might be able to find it without difficulty.

The name 'The Hole in the Wall' is applied to several London inns, and came from the hole in the wall of Debtors' Prison, through which food and refreshment were passed to them. This name has gained some vogue here and sometimes as a term of rather unfavorable description. 'The Moonrakers,' a name still found in London, recalls the legend of the Welsh farmer who tried to rake the reflection of the moon out of a pond. Only one hotel in London is known as 'The Runt Day,' which has no other rival in England. 'The Pinner of Wakefield' is named after a very famous pinner, or impounder of stray cattle, who won his reputation by taking into confinement the cattle of the lords and barons of the manor as frequently as the cattle of the peasants. 'The Running Footman' took its name when the footmen congregated in Berkeley Square were in the habit of stopping there for their refreshments. 'The Ship and Shovel,' near the wharves and granaries, is also a tribute to the occupation of its principal clients.

'The Sun and Thirteen Cantons' exists in a part of London long occupied by many of the Swiss residents, and its connection is obvious. 'The World Turned Upside Down' has a man walking upside down as its sign. He is supposed to be standing on his head, which was thought to be an attitude made necessary by the conditions of the South Pole.

Two of the most interesting of London signs disappeared only a few years ago when the inns which bore them finally went out of existence. They were 'Old Pick My Toe' and 'Who'd a Thought It.' The name of the former is believed to have come from that of the Roman slave who performed his work before he even stopped to take a thorn out of his toe. The other got its title from the strange fact that its first proprietor made out of it a fortune that ultimately enabled him to get into peerage. His successor wanted a new name for the place, and 'Who'd a Thought It' was suggested. This explanation is unsatisfactory only because there are three inns of this name in England.

Some of the former theories of the origin of these names have been shattered during recent years. The familiar cat and fiddle sign was said to have originated in honor of 'Canton fidele,' a staunch Protestant. In reality it had been a popular sign for an inn in England long before there was any distinction between Protestants and Catholics to cause the notice of a Protestant who was especially zealous. Efforts to find significance for the signs used on inns proved misleading. The original desire of the landlord was to make known in an age which could not read what his purpose was and he like the modern advertiser, adopted the symbols he thought likely to do the best. This led to use of many signs without especial significance, although some modern students have tried to find significance in all of them. The arms of the lord of the manor under the protection they lived, the signs of the guilds and modifications in coats of arms that had already been used were some of the ways of making the significance indicative of the character of the inn.

Freddy (age six) was seated in a barber's chair. 'Well, my little man,' said the barber, 'how would you like your hair cut?'

'Like father's, with a round hole at the top.'

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