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HOW HE GETS HIS CUE

HE DOESN'T HEAR THEM, BUT "PICKS THEM UP" PROMPTLY.

A New York Actor's Way of Overcoming a Physical Defect—He Studies the Faces of the Other Players and Counts So as to Tell When to Speak.

Perhaps the most important detail for an actor to master in stage technique is the trick of picking up his cue quickly.

Every stage manager knows how important it is that that should be done. The slightest hesitancy in a quick conversation between the lines spoken by different people will surely spoil the scene.

The regulation way for actors and actresses to learn their parts is to also learn the cue, as well as their own lines.

Everybody in New York who goes to the theaters knows or has seen Joe Holland, and he is familiarly called "No one would suspect, to see Mr. Holland's rendition of the parts he plays, that he does not hear the cues."

However, that is a fact. Mr. Holland inherited deafness. His father was deaf, and his brother, Mr. George Holland, the Philadelphia manager, is also slightly affected that way.

It would seem to the average thinker that Mr. Holland would have found his infirmity a serious handicap in the dramatic profession.

Of course Mr. Holland is not absolutely "stone deaf," as the saying goes. He is what is generally termed "hard of hearing."

Now as to how he picks up his cues when he doesn't hear them.

He studies not only his own part, but also the entire lines spoken by other people when he is on the stage.

His main reliance, however, is on a system of counting. He knows just how long it will take for each speech to be said.

As for instance, Mr. Holland comes on the stage, his line is: "Well, I've returned."

He then turns around to lay down his line, and the other person says: "But you were very late in getting back."

As soon as Mr. Holland turns he begins to count. When he has reached eight, he says in a nonchalant way, no matter what is happening:

Long experience has shown him that in this way he picks up his cue just as promptly as if he heard more so than though he had heard it.

Mr. Holland's adroitness in this line has been the wonder of New York managers. Probably no one else knows of it, for, as is natural, Mr. Holland is a trifle sensitive on the subject.

The only drawback that he ever finds to his system arises from other faults than his own. He has never yet been caught napping except when some stage hand made a blunder or some unforeseen accident occurred.

Suppose, for instance, that in the business of a piece a bell is to be rung. It doesn't ring when it should. However, that's none of Mr. Holland's business.

"Ah, there goes the bell. Go to the door, Mary!" And just after he has said it the bell rings.

Or if some one is to fire a pistol and Mr. Holland is supposed to be listening for the report with rapid attention, and when it should go off says, "At last he has fired," and no one has fired as far as the audience can discover.

A Fitting Title. "My dear," said Mr. Nabbs to Mrs. Nabbs, "what name did I understand you to call the new hired girl?"

"Japan," replied Mrs. Nabbs sweetly. "And, pray, why such an odd name, my dear?"

"Because she is so hard on China, love." And the domestic contented smile remained serene.

The glove is first mentioned as a common article of dress in 1616.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free.

BOONE AND THE INDIANS.

The Old Kentucky Hunter Was a Prisoner in Their Hands For Months. Boone frequently took to the field on expeditions against the savages.

Once when he and a party of other men were making salt at a lick, they were surprised and carried off by the Indians.

The old hunter was a prisoner with them for some months, but finally made his escape and came home through the trackless woods as straight as the wild pigeon flies.

He was ever on the watch to ward off the Indians and to follow the war parties and try to rescue the prisoners.

Once his own daughter and two other girls who were with her were carried off by a band of Indians.

Boone collected some friends and followed them for two days and a night. Then they came to where the Indians had killed a buffalo calf and were camped.

On another occasion, when Boone had gone to visit a salt lick with his brother, the Indians ambushed them and shot the latter.

Boone himself escaped, but the Indians followed him for three miles by the aid of a tracking dog, until Boone turned, shot the dog and then eluded his pursuers.

In company with Simon Kenton and many of the noted hunters and wilderness warriors he once and again took part in perilous expeditions into the Indian country.

Twice bands of Indians, accompanied by French, Tory and British parties from Detroit, bearing the flag of Great Britain, attacked Boonesboro.

In each case Boone and his fellow settlers beat them off with loss. At the fatal battle of the Blue Licks, in which 300 of the best riflemen of Kentucky were beaten with terrible slaughter by a great force of Indians from the lakes, Boone commanded the left wing.

Leading his men, rifle in hand, he pushed back and overthrew the force against him. But meanwhile the Indians destroyed the right wing and another and got in the rear, so that there was nothing for Boone's men except to flee with all speed.

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HE WAS TOO SMART.

The Experience of a Countryman With London Confidence Men. London has its confidence men, who are quite as expert as America's, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

Their methods are very similar. It is not worth while to record their routine operations, but one recent instance, as illustrative of their resources, is amusing and instructive.

An old Scotch traveling man, who bore somewhat the appearance of a countryman, but who knew the ropes perfectly, was accosted. He decided to have some fun at the expense of the would be swindlers, so he pretended to fall readily in with their statements.

They bought him a particularly easy victim. They bought him a splendid dinner, calling him Mr. Kenny of Dundee—a name which they had caught from a traveling lag which he had borrowed from a friend.

He enjoyed their hospitality largely, and ate positionally and expensively. They paid the bill, and began the usual talk about a lottery prize, etc. Then he saw it was about time to "cap their game."

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the dinner. It was very good, and I have had a very pleasant time with you. But I won't go to see you draw your lottery prize. Oh, no! I know all about the lottery prize. My name is not Donald Kenny. It is Robert Ferguson, and I'm not from Dundee, but from Lochmoven, where I've lived with my daughter for 20 years. I am too old a fish to be caught. Good night!"

And he went his way rejoicing. Two weeks later, when he went home to his daughter in Lochmoven, one of the first things she said to him was: "Did you get the £20 all right?" "What £20?" "Why, the £20 you telegraphed for." And it developed that the confidence men whom he had beaten at their own game had an ace up their sleeves, which they played after he had left them.

HE KEPT THE CHECK.

Turkmen Green Morris Was Too Cunning For the Banks. With so many bank robberies all around us it is not surprising that there should be some uneasiness among depositors.

In general, however, the New Yorker has a clear head. He has faith in the Clearing House association, because he really does not quite understand the mystery of it, and he believes in his bank through thick and thin because he has seen the banks of the city stand together in support of a weakened institution.

I am reminded of what happened to Green Morris, the Turkman, who lived in Brooklyn and raced horses on all the tracks of the metropolitan circuit. He had a big year of winnings at Monmouth park, and received at the end of the season a check from the association for \$67,000.

Eighteen months later he showed that check to me, considerably worn. "Why, Green," I said reproachfully, "this check is 18 months old. What do you mean by keeping it so long? It is nearly worn out. Don't you know that a check should be deposited at once or cashed? Suppose the bank was to fail?"

Green chuckled knowingly and winked as he folded it up and put it back in his pocketbook. "I ain't been racin' horses for nothin' these goin' on nigh 20 year. I ain't got no faith in no banks. They's too much fallin' to suit me. That's what I've allus been afraid of, an' that's why I'm holdin' on to my check. I ain't a-goin' to have no bank failin' with my money."

Besides I ain't had no use for the \$67,000, an' it's jes' as easy to keep it in my pocket this way."

This same Green is worth now \$300,000 or \$400,000, and yet cannot write his name.—New York Press.

"CHRIST HATH RISEN."

All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The Russian priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer and announces in tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice, "Christos voskres!"

"Christ hath risen," and the people answer him with one voice, "Vo istine voskres!" (In truth he hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him, her neighbor in turn receives the light from her, and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights.

Fathers and mothers, some stationers, friends and relations embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high mass now followed.—Chambers' Journal.

Transporting Carp.

When packing live carp for transport by post, some authorities recommend placing in their mouths a small piece of bread, well steeped in brine, but do not myself approve of this plan, as I believe it tends to encourage the fish in a disastrous love for ardent spirits.

The eminently respectable Dutch, on the other hand, keep carp during the winter hung up by baskets, but feed them on a blameless course of bread and milk, which the sternest moralist could not fail to approve of.—Cornhill Magazine.

Self-able.

"My," said the shoe clerk border, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it."

"In other words," gurgled the cheerful "feller," "you deem his remarks both cutting and fitting."—Indianapolis Journal.

Eyes and Darkness.

Objects in a dark room cannot at first be seen by one going in from the sunlight, because the pupil of the eye has been contracted during the exposure, and cannot at once enlarge to admit sufficient rays of light to enable the individual to see clearly.

It May Do As Much For You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result.

About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At A. C. Marsters & Co.'s Drug Store.

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