

Wichita Daily Eagle

NOW FOR WINTER BOOKS

Betting Promises to Be Lively on the Great Turf Events of 1893.

Entries on the Brooklyn and Suburban Handicaps Closed—Tenny and Tea Tray Off for the Blue Grass Region—Ehret Will Be Missed.

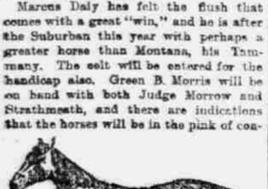
(COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY JAMES W. JOHNSON.) The year 1892 was a brilliant one for turf men, although the jockey clubs found it by no means as remunerative as the stirring seasons of 1890 and 1891. The entries for the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps have been announced, and with the opening of the winter books on these two great events the judgments of the men who follow the turf will be chronicled. There will undoubtedly be a division of interest, for the great purses...



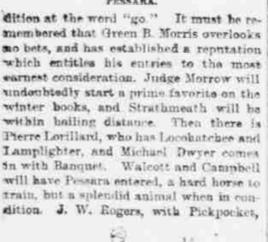
offered in Chicago are bound to attract the best horses to that section, and yet the arrangements for running the big events of the East are such that there will be no serious interference as to time with the Western races. This may save the season for New York. The subscriptions to the two events have been raised to \$500, and this has had its anticipated effect in making the entries smaller than they have been in the past few years, but of a quality which augurs well. The old, familiar names have been announced as they were about this time last year, but Tea Tray and Tenny were not mentioned, and that was the first strange experience for the bookmakers as well as for the sporting public. Mr. Fuisler has taken his great horses to feed on the "fat of the land" down in the Blue Grass region, and to do service for the turf of the year to come. Marcus Daly has felt the flush that comes with a great "win," and he is after the Suburban this year with perhaps a greater horse than Montana, his Tennyman. The sell will be entered for the handicap also. Green B. Morris will be on hand with both Judge Morrow and Strathmore, and there are indications that the horses will be in the pink of condition at the word "go."



dition at the word "go." It must be remembered that Green B. Morris overlooks no bet, and has established a reputation which entitles his entries to the most earnest consideration. Judge Morrow will undoubtedly start a prime favorite on the winter books, and Strathmore will be within hailing distance. Then there is Pierre Lorillard, who has Lacoste and Lamplighter, and Michael Dwyer comes in with Banquet, Walcott and Campbell with the Pessara, and a hard horse to train, but a splendid animal when in condition. J. W. Rogers, with Pickpocket, and Gideon and Daly, with His Highness, promise to make a good fight for the big stakes. His Highness has had a long rest, and his trainer, John Hyland, expects him to make an excellent showing. Among last year's two-year-olds were a number of promising animals. Most of these have been entered in the big stake events with every prospect of standing well in the books. Sir Francis, Don Alonso, Sir Walter, G. W. Johnson, Dr. Alico, Prince George and Lady Violet all...



Art in Umbrellas. The prosaic umbrella has become a veritable "objet d'art," for among the most fashionable specimens thereof is a dark purple silk one with pink crystal handle inlaid with pearls and turquoise. Another umbrella, which deserves special mention, is of navy blue gros grain, with a yellow tortoise shell handle in the shape of a snake, beautifully carved, and holding in its open mouth a golden apple. Less costly handles are made of violet-wood adorned with ladybirds, bees, wasps, or even spiders, of pink coral, lapis lazuli and fine enamel, while the perfection of chic is attained by a dark sapphire blue ribbed silk umbrella, with a Saxe-porcelain handle in two blues, representing a crooked stick, on which is perched a little parrot scratching its crested head with its curved claws.



It's all right," said the clerk, as he read the firm's letter critically, "except that they've got only two 'p's in pepper."



Why She Was Happy. He—You seem to be very happy. Anything on hand? She—Don't you see that ring?—Jury.



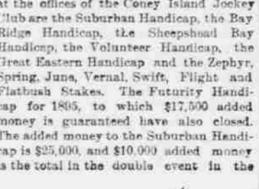
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DEFENSE OF THE LAKES.

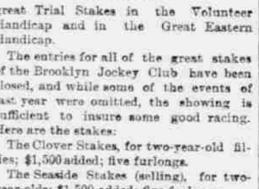
Formidable British "Revenue Cutters" Now in Commotion.



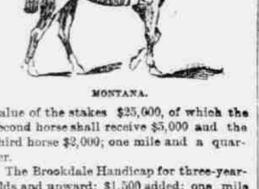
Under the 1817 treaty the naval defense to be maintained on the great lakes is limited to one war vessel for Great Britain and one for the United States. Great Britain has never found it necessary to maintain her single warship owing to her ability at any time to run fifty or more gunboats into the lakes from the ocean by way of the Canadian canals.



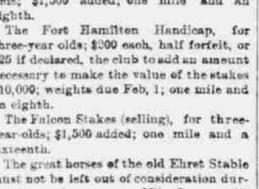
Extending aft from the bow for a distance of fifteen feet is a solid and massive backing of oak. A steel cord runs round the vessel slipping through the oak backing. Every few feet this steel cord is connected with steel ties running to the keel, a steel plate two feet wide and three-quarters of an inch thick strengthens the keelson. Twelve hundred tons of coal is the capacity of the coal bunkers, sufficient for sixty days' continuous steaming without re-coaling. Gun ports can be marked off and cut through for the mounting of broad-side rifles. The battery of these vessels are all called "Ann Arbor," numbered one, two and so on—can be made up by as heavy ordnance rifles as the navy department may desire.



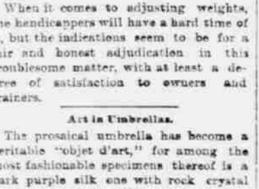
England's ability to send a large fleet into the lakes has been a matter of discussion and consideration in Washington for some years. The building of the boats described goes a long way toward the settlement of the problem of efficient defense on the part of the United States.



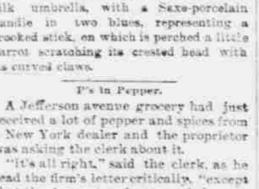
There are a number of steamers in the Atlantic and other seas that can be taken up by that government for warlike purposes. The Inman line, the City of Paris and the City of New York, came under the arrangement which was made when they were building. The United States government, so far as is known, has not yet contracted with the Toledo & Ann Arbor company to use the latter's boats in the remote contingency of hostilities, but the navy department sent naval officers to inspect them with a view to their being utilized...



There has been of late a tendency toward a change of view in regard to the origin of those widespread storms known as cyclones. M. Faye, the French astronomer, has long argued that they originate in the upper regions of the atmosphere, instead of at the surface of the earth. Recently Mr. W. L. Dallas has announced as the result of his studies of the cyclones of the Indian ocean, that the probability seems to him to be that those whirling storms "descend from and retreat to the superior layers of the atmosphere." Much more study will be required, however, to settle the question, but it is surely most interesting to think that storms should come to us in the way suggested. The atmosphere is a sort of ocean, at whose bottom we dwell, and if M. Faye's view is correct, the storms that whirl over us must first lash the air far above our heads, just as a whirl started in water may bore its way down toward the bottom, and disturb the little fishes there.



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UNCLE BILL AND HIS CURES.

His Advice to Young People—How to Stop Hiccoughs.

The boat glided along in a silence broken only by the steady splash of "Uncle Bill's" oars, and the two young men in the stern, strangers to the old man, had ceased their low conversation and were watching the great red sun sink behind the Dunderberg. It was the ending of a perfect day, and as the light craft moved slowly along the eastern shore of the river through water flushing under the departing glory of the "orb of day," the beauty of the scene impressed the young people and they did not care to talk. Then, as the ferry hid his face behind the rugged crest of "the thunderer," the clouds floating above it blazed with golden light, and formed a gorgeous gladden for the mountain. Slowly the brightness went out of the sky and the evening shadows were creeping down the sides of Dunderberg, when "Uncle Bill," rolling his huge "shaw backer" in his capacious jaws, remarked: "Hev yer got any objection, sir, to my askin' a question wot ain't none er my business?"

"The young man started. 'Hev' why no, I guess not; what is it?' 'Well,' said the seer, solemnly, as a dark storm stream shot from his lips and discolored the shining water, 'it's this, be ye married to that young lady?' 'Cause if ye are, I advise you to get another one, for she ain't goin' ter live long—she's got her raps.' 'Got the what?' demanded the astounded young man, while his companion opened her blue eyes in unbounded astonishment. 'The raps,' replied 'Uncle Bill,' cheerfully; 'jes like chickens have 'em. She's got 'em sure; I seen 'er gap four or five times in the last half 'n hour. People what's got the raps wants ter be makin' ther will; an' I tell yer agin, yer wanter be lookin' out fer nother one.' As he finished, a sympathetic grin stole over his face, for the cousins, who not only were not married, but who had no particular affection for each other, were convulsed. The old man's remark threw them at once into a paroxysm of mirth which they could not master. They laughed until they were forced to stop from sheer weariness. 'Uncle Bill' looked pleased at the effect his words had produced, and as both his auditors had grown redder than the glowing west with excessive laughter, he evidently thought he had struck home. When the objects of his uncalculated remarks had partially recovered, he said, half apologetically: 'I've bin boatin' on the river so long that I aintuz talk ter people like that, so yer mustn't mind it.' 'What?' came from the youth, in a voice beginning to shake. 'Why, sayin' wot I did. It's jes the same with hiccups. You know wot hiccups is; hiccups—anybody's likely to 'em. Do yer know how ter cure 'em?' The young man mentioned a few ways he knew about—holding the breath, drinking cold water, etc. 'Im-ya-as,' assented the old man, slowly; 'but them ways ain't much good for bad hiccups. Ther best way to cure real bad hiccups is this way: Suppose I had the hiccups; or you had 'em; or this young lady—anybody's likely to have 'em, yer know; well, now, suppose this young lady had 'em bad; you come into ther room where she is; an' you say ter her, 'Ther'er nice think on bin sayin' 'bout me, ain't it?' Ther'll cure her; it'll make 'er mad. Same way with yer raps—make 'em mad an' ther'll cure 'em.' His shrieking auditors had not finished laughing when the boat ran alongside the float, and as they stepped out on it and started off, the old man called after them: 'Well, if yer ain't married to that young lady, an' ar only goin' ter, I advise yer get another gap, 'cause that one won't last long—she's got the raps.'—N. Y. Tribune.

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AN ARTIST IN RAILROAD BONDS.

He Wanted the Kinds with Pictures of Trains on Them with Glaring Eagles.

"I want to put a few thousand dollars in railroad bonds," said a newly-enriched "hayhawk," entering a Wall street broker's office. "What sort would you prefer?" asked the head of the firm. "Well," responded the "jay," reflectively, "I want some of the best. I have a few now that I bought out west. They're printed on thick paper, and they've got a lot of pictures on them and red seals. I tell you they're pretty fine looking. Got any like that?" The broker had never thought of the bond from an artistic standpoint and was amazed. He tried to explain to the customer that the number of pictures wasn't of any importance compared with the solvency of the company. "Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the "jay," impatiently. "That's too thin. You're dealing with a man who knows what's what. I want bonds with pictures of ladies with swords in their hands and helmets on their heads, and the engraving's got to be first-class or I don't buy."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go somewhere else," said the banker, frigidly. "We have no flaming ladies with swords on their heads, or whatever you said."

"And this is Wall street?" "It is."

"Out in Boise City, Idaho, railroad bonds are covered all over with pictures of trains climbing up mountains and a lot of eagles glaring at the trains. Here in Wall street you haven't any of that sort?"

"We have not."

"Say, how many colors do you print your bonds in? Call this a financial center? Oh, rats, man, rats! What's the use of coming east to buy bonds? You ain't in it with the west—don't begin to be. I'm going back to Boise City. Out there the bonds are printed in five colors and have silk ribbons tied up in knots in the corners."

"You people haven't the first idea of finance," he concluded. "Good-day. I'm going to a place where you find folks who're in the procession. You ain't."

"And he made a bee-line for the Social capitals of the rapidly-developing west."—N. Y. Herald.

A Different Brand. "You are chewing the cud of fancy, I suppose?" said Mr. Bleeker as he approached Miss Wabash, who had been sitting alone. "No," replied the fair Chicago maiden, as she moved something about in her mouth; "this is just ordinary plain gum, Mr. Bleeker."—Judge.

A Nice Boy. Anxious Mother—Is that new neighbor's little boy a nice boy? Little Johnny—Yes'm. When teacher asked him who hit him with a spit-ball, he said he didn't know, and he saw me himself.—Good News.

77 I am seventy-seven years old, and have had my eyes examined by the best oculist in the city. My eyes are as good as new, and I can see as well as ever. I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all my friends. I have used them for many years, and they have done more for me than any other medicine I ever used. I can now see the faces of my friends, and I can read the newspapers. I am a great believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,