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OPEN THE GATES!

The Board of Education, at its meeting next Wednesday, will announce what it intends to do in regard to opening the school gates earlier than is now done, in order that the children may not stand waiting on the street.

It seems impossible that the school authorities can deliberately refuse to open the school gates after a proper consideration of the point. It is too clearly to the advantage of the children in every respect and so greatly to their advantage that it is hard to see how anything can be brought up as a sufficient offset to their claim.

It is cruel to keep young children waiting at the locked gates. Their delicate constitutions can so easily be impaired by the cold or the wet, to both of which they are exposed by this long vigil. The season is rapidly settling into steadily cold weather, and these children are frequently too poor to be properly protected against it by warm clothing. So the point cannot be settled too soon.

These are not fictitious or exaggerated evils. They are simple facts. The city in undertaking to educate these young children necessarily assumes the care of them during the hours of instruction. Is it fidelity to this duty to force them to shiver at the gates and be exposed to such danger as young unguarded children are open to on the streets?

It does not seem as if any sufficient reason could be proposed to the Board of Education which should lead to an adverse decision on this point.

A young man of independent income and successful business position blew out his brains yesterday at his club-house. The only reason that has been assigned for the act is that of ill health or disgust of life. Such a self-destruction has more than the wonted horror of suicide in it. With everything apparently to make life pleasant he found it unendurable, and fittingly left it, attired in evening dress. It is a melancholy commentary on the lack of nerve for fortitude in this Nineteenth Century.

The President reached Indianapolis early Sunday morning. He attended church and shook hands with people in front of the sacred edifice. Then he went home to dinner, and in the afternoon shook hands again with many callers. Altogether it was a quiet effective day for Sunday, and the meek little silver-haired President rather scored a point by going to church. There are people who regard it almost as a beautiful act of lowly condescension in a President to go to church.

Col. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD has managed to make himself considerably feared at the White House and by the prominent Republicans at Washington. The Colonel is an *enfant terrible* to his own. He will talk, and everybody fears, with beautifully well-grounded apprehension, that the Colonel cannot talk much without muddling things up. He is no longer invited to dinner at the White House. The President fights shy of him.

Salvator, the king of racers, will be withdrawn from the race-course and taken to California to be retired to the stud. The superb thoroughbred has had a brilliant career and may perpetuate his glories by fliers of his get. He has done enough for his fame already.

Yesterday a young gentleman made his debut in life at the Corean Legation in Washington. He is the first native-born Corean. Hope the young man will like America.

POLITICAL ECHOES.

Ex-Judge Gunning S. Bedford, who was not named for District-Attorney on the fusion ticket, has resigned from the County Democracy and announced his intention of supporting Tammany's nominees.

John E. Brodsky may be induced to forego his intention of putting a straight Republican ticket in the field because ex-Police Justice Jacob M. Patterson is not a candidate on the fusion ticket. Brodsky was left a legacy of revenge by the late John J. O'Brien, and Patterson is its object.

Now that the nominations are all in Col. Fellows will, perhaps, be less prominent in the presentation of celebrated cases in the General sessions.

John J. Moran is talked of as the County Democracy candidate for Assembly in the Sixteenth District.

Federal office-holders in the Custom-House who owe their positions to the influence of "Wicked" Fred Gibbs, begin to feel that their term of office is insecure. Several Gibbs men have been discharged recently for "lack of employment."

Police Justice Power's view of the political situation is a roseate one. He predicts a victory for the fusionists by 20,000 majority.

Twenty-four of the twenty-eight election district captains in Keenan's Twelfth District County Democracy organization are said to be in sympathy with Joseph S. Newberger, and it will be difficult for the veteran leader to prevent them from supporting the Tammany ticket.

Veteran firemen declare that the labor demonstration against John J. Gorman, at County Hall's candidate for Sheriff, will be offset by the support of the old fellows who "run with the machines" in the days of the Volunteer Department.

The Ball-Players.

[From the Epoch.]

Robby—Do you like your new home?

Little Johnnie—Yes. It has a vacant lot next door.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Way to Make Cheap Cookery Savory—The Pay of School Teachers—A Social Attack on the Ubiquitous I—Crazes in Words.

Miss Caroline Wilkinson who died in Atlanta Ga., recently was engaged to Alex. H. Stephens for forty years, his ill-health preventing their union. The devotion of Miss Wilkinson has no parallel in these days of fickle-heartedness.

Miss Elinor Buckingham, a senior of the Harvard Annex, has been appointed an instructor in the Royal Normal College for the Blind at London.

At the late exhibition of the work of the professional photographers of the United States, which was open to amateurs as well, Miss Catharine Weed Barnes, a granddaughter of Thurlow Weed, and an accomplished student of photography, exhibited three pictures, which were pronounced by the judges to be fully entitled to second place, though the collection contained specimens of the skill of the best professional craftsmen.

An attack, a social attack, has begun on the great and ubiquitous I. The student of culture does not use it either in speech or note, and some very nice discrimination and rhetorical forbearance is required in the graceful turning of sentences.

There are crazes in words as well as in wearing apparel. Just now differentiation is the choicest polysyllable in the vocabulary of fashion. Its origin is not in Commonwealth avenue of Boston, but Rush street, Chicago.

Mrs. Burnett is said to stand at the head of our authors just now in her literary earnings. The London *Daily News* says that she has received for her American rights on the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" no less than £17,000 ($85,000), and that if we were to add her similar profits in England on the "enormous sales" of this novel, the amount earned out of the book would be "quite startling."

Thirty years ago the highest salary paid a woman school teacher in a Boston academy was $500. Now that is the average pay of the public school teacher.

A potent aid in making cheap cookery savory is the judicious use of seasoning. In some homes knowledge of these seems to be confined to an acquaintance with pepper, mustard, onion and parsley. Little is known of the variety of even simple herbs, like thyme, sweet marjoram and Summer savory, and still less of Worcestershire, Harvey's, anchovy and chili sauces, of chutney, of curry powder, of tarragon vinegar, of bay leaves, of *maître d'hôtel* butter, of olives, of tomato and walnut catsups, or of the careful employment of spices in small quantities. The magical improvement wrought by the addition of a little lemon juice and a wine-glassful of California sherry (at 50 cents a quart bottle) is totally unknown.

When Miss Kate Kane, the Chicago woman lawyer, brought suit for $30,000 damages for false imprisonment against Alex. Beaubien, cell-keeper of the Chicago Armory Police Station, she mailed a thousand postal cards to the most public-spirited women of the Fair City, which read as follows:

"DEAR MADAM: If you have any sympathy for the cause of womankind against wrong please attend the hearing of the case of Kane vs. Beaubien, in Judge Driggs's court, Wednesday morning, Sept. 24."

The result was a crowded court-room. Miss Kane had gone down to the lockup of the station one day in December, 1888, to interview a prisoner, and when she started to go upstairs again found the door locked. Lockup-Keeper Beaubien would not reopen the door, and she was compelled to make her egress through another door. That was all there was to the case, except her statement that Beaubien had spoken disrespectfully to her. Judge Driggs took the case from the jury on motion of the defense, and dismissed it without hearing the defendant's testimony. Miss Kane is not a pretty woman nor a *pretty* woman, but she has a big head crammed with brains, and Keeper Beaubien is not through with her just yet.

SPOTLETS.

A strike is sometimes like a gun—it "kicks."

The German Government is going to put uniforms on its telephone and telegraph girls. A uniform girl is a rarity.

Russia is going to build a Siberian railroad. It has "railroaded" people there pretty well hitherto.

Brewers will not attend the matinee of "Lesbia," because they object to less beer.

Rich and poor are alike when they die. This seems, think fate, it is poverty given. That wealth, however boundless, never can buy The sixth of a chair in the kingdom of heaven.

Emperor William wants Europe in one grand peace. He also wants Germany in one grand piece.

Women hate wearing things, unless they wear the things themselves and they are fine goods.

The playwright is not so democratic as to object to royalties.

Now, why wouldn't "A Parlor Match" be a good play for John L. Sullivan?

Naturally gossip that goes round cannot be on the square all the time.

The candy-store furniture that FLINT & CO. turned out this week fairly to avoid the increase in duties is now being sold very cheap, as room is wanted to be kept for holiday trade.

WHICH WAY IS BEST?

Choosing a Wife Noticeably the Younger or Near Her Husband's Age.

Symposium of Bright Readers of "The Evening World."

Compete for the Prize of Gold Awaiting the Winning Writer.

Should husband and wife be near the same age, or should the wife be much younger?

Based on Adam's Experience.

To the Editor:

INTRODUCTION.

Verse appeals to the reader more strongly than prose,
For the rhyme being shorter, the quicker it goes;
If it rhymes fairly well, the words being scanter,
He runs to the end at a pretty good canter!

THE MATTER IN HAND.

Now take, for example, that old case of Adam:
Experiences he of a ninety had 'em
In the silly old matrimonial see-saw!
And felt doubtless like a "one man" at the sea-shore!
'Twas he who came first it is positively reasoned,
His wife as is always the way) coming second!
The end of this logic will go without saying,
For haven't you heard all these asses a-braying?
Adam then Eve had (you follow the sense (?)) fully one hour more of experience!
Again there is something appalling the matter
When man looks up to his wife 'stead of at her,
For it he must look up (intellectually slim)
So sure will she have to look down upon him!
No.—Give me a wife who is on my own level;
The rest of the world then can go to the devil!
Be her age what it may, there'll be no conjugal stir
If she will love me as I love her.

"HAL."

In a Green Old Age.

To the Editor:

If women live longer than men, as it is generally conceded that they do, the husband should not be more than five years older than the wife.

It is a pleasant sight to see a happy old couple journeying together down the hill of life, cheerfully bearing one another's burdens, casting sunshine around them by kind words and deeds, and giving their fellow-pilgrims a higher opinion of their race, while demonstrating that marriage is not always a failure.

How wistfully they are regarded by the lonely, sad-faced women who find themselves bereft of their husbands before the sunset of life! Their children may be disposed to be kind, but they have partners of their own and interests in which their mothers have but little share; and they are thankful, if dependent, that their very existence is not deemed a misfortune by selfish sons and daughters-in-law, who "have no room in the house because there is none in the heart."

At best they cannot feel the sweet content of the aged wife. They stand alone at the time when women love their husbands most and have the greatest need of their care and companionship. A. M. S.

"Old Maid" Agrees with "Bach."

To the Editor:

Like "Bach," being of a singular frame of mind, the question of wedlock is to me personally non-interesting.

How true happiness in married life could be maintained in any other way than by the mutual love, respect, &c., of the principals surpasses my comprehension!

Without love it seems to me that marriage would be on a par with that "very warm place," as Cupid sends his darts where he listeth.

Age has nothing to do with the matter. Love and love only should influence a man or woman in the choice of a life companion.

If a man loves a woman truly in his nobility of manhood he thinks of no such petty trifle as a redundancy of years in either his own or his sweetheart's age.

This from a predestined old maid.

FRANCES.

A Happy Woman's Theory.

To the Editor:

If a woman is to honor and respect her husband he ought to be her superior, and to believe his wife to be the loveliest and best of women. If such a couple love one another, no matter what their age may be, in marriage happiness is theirs.

P. C.

The Question's Practical Side.

To the Editor:

Among the practical things of wedded life to be considered are the ages of husband and wife. Nobody denies that it is the part of wisdom for a woman to choose a mate several years her senior. The average girl who marries stays at home and makes her home a refuge for her husband and children.

The man goes out into the world and has the responsibility of caring for those at home, and yet time does not set its seal on him as it does on a woman. The little cares of life ruffle her, and too often make her look old before her time.

A woman even proportionately grows older in appearance sooner than a man, and for that reason she wants to take the benefit of the doubt and let him have the added years to start with. A. R.

WORKLINGS.

The chestnut crop in Virginia is unusually large this season. In Patrick County it is immense, and every train from Stuart for the last thirty days has had from one to three carloads of chestnuts.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, has a passion for pearls. She wears strings upon strings of them around her neck. Malicious tongues whisper that she wears them to hide a goitre.

A pearl found in the Pecatonica River by James Ellis, of Winslow, Wis., and sold by him for $600 has been bought by a New York jeweller for $5,000.

Mme. Blavatsky is reported to smoke sixty cigarettes a day. They are filled with the choicest Turkish tobacco.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

Jack Ommen, the champion 125-pound boxer of America, who has been so ill with typhoid malaria that it was expected he would die, is said to be out of danger now. Of course he is out of boxing for a long time to come.

Fred Schmeiser, one of the clever boxers of the Pastime Athletic Club, is a pleasant-faced fellow, who speaks very modestly of his boxing career. He weighs about 130 pounds when at his best.

John Owens, the Detroit Athletic Club man, who electrified the athletes at Washington by covering the hundred yards in 9 4-5 seconds, is the westerner whose alleged record of 10¼ at the same distance created so much talk a year and a half ago. This latter "record" could not stand, as it was induced to have been made under unfair conditions, such as with a high wind and over a short track. Owens is a light-weight in build.

CHILDREN subject to diarrhœa and dysentery cured by Moxie's Teething Cordial. Price 25c.

NEWS OF THEATRICAL FOLK.

An American Singer's Experience with a Parisian Voice Trainer.

Apotheosis of Nero on a New Scene at Niblo's—"The Soudan's" Success.

Miss Dorothy Trindor, a new American aspirant for comic opera honors, has just returned from Paris. She tells a very amusing story of her experiences with Mme. Marchisi, the well-known voice cultivator. Said Miss Trindor: "The first time I went to see her she declined to talk. 'I am very tired, my dear,' she said, 'and I must have my drive.' The second time I called she declared that she was going to a luncheon, and the third time I went I had an unsatisfactory interview.

"She charges $60 for twelve lessons, and I found to my horror that each lesson lasted ten minutes only—half an hour per week. I remonstrated, but it was no use, for we had to pay in advance. I noticed when I went with my money that several girls had envelopes in their hands. I asked what it meant, and was told that Mme. Marchisi declined to receive money unless it were placed in an envelope. I had no envelope and didn't know what to do. When my turn came I said to her, 'Madame, I am awfully sorry, I have no envelope, and am told that you will not take the money without one.'

"She grabbed the three hundred francs very quickly, then said, 'My dear, never do it again. Always put your money in an envelope and drop it upon the little silver plate on my piano.' She is a terror, a perfect terror. She complained of my dress because it was too long. When I told her that dress was not her province she became very indignant. She declines to listen to the slightest suggestions, and treats everybody in just the same manner. I got indignant at last and wrote her a very hot letter. It was returned that the Marquise di Castiglione (the title she bought) had not read the letter that Miss Trindor's servant had written. I forfeited six lessons."

The last scene in "Nero," that is to be produced at Niblo's, is the apotheosis of Nero. The Emperor will be seen going up to heaven. The scene-painters, who are to use plenty of red and white and gold upon this picture, were rather afraid that they wouldn't have time to put in the white and gold. Messrs. Locke and Paige, it is said, notified them that if they couldn't manage the white and gold it didn't matter very much, as they would just as soon send Nero to hell as to heaven.

"The Soudan," which was to come to the Star Theatre in January, has proved so successful that Manager Tompkins intends to keep it in Boston. "The Senator" will therefore remain at the Star until Feb. 24.

Miss Annie Wood, and her niece, Miss Jeannette Wood, who has just arrived from England, have been engaged for Will H. Wilson's play, "The Inspector," which is to be done at the New Park Theatre, instead of at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, as originally intended.

R. F. Cotton, the elongated comedian who forsook the legitimate for comic opera, did not adhere very long to his new resolution. He has already left the McCaull Comic Opera Company and has been engaged by Manager E. D. Price for Mrs. Carter's company.

By the bye, Mrs. Carter, who went to Chicago the other day to see her little boy, has just returned. It must have been rather a discouraging visit, for all sorts of restrictions were placed upon her. She went to a hotel, and the child was brought to her. He was only permitted to stay for one hour, and was not allowed to take luncheon with her. Mrs. Carter wanted to have him photographed, and this was also denied. In fact she was literally allowed to see him, and nothing more.

Miss Amy Lee, formerly of Harrigan's company, is now starring in a farce-comedy called "The Clipper." She will shortly bring her play and—incidentally—herself, to the metropolis.

THE COLUMBUS THEATRE.

Columbus, the discoverer of America, setting forth his needs before Ferdinand and Isabella, is the subject boldly painted upon the drop curtain of the new theatre in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street. A theme quite as fascinating would have been Hammerstein, the discoverer of Harlem (theatrical Harlem), before the Fire Commissioners begging for a license. The doughty very uptown manager certainly fought hard enough for the privilege of offering to the Harlemites one of the prettiest and most desirable theatres in the city. He was kindly allowed to open it on Saturday night, just as the Harlemites were beginning to grow despondent.

People flocked to the theatre, and long before Romeo had begun to make amorous eyes at Juliet every seat was occupied and a critical examination of the house was made. The theatre is extremely handsome, and, according to the programme, "every inch of space breathes of Roman art and the touch of the Renaissance." How much Roman art and how many Renaissance touches the possessor of a 30-inch seat would get is a problem I cannot immediately solve. The box occupants must have been intoxicated with Roman art and Renaissance flavoring.

The proscenium is very large and bold, and the stage satisfactorily deep and wide. The ceiling is elaborately decorated, and in every direction an artistic hand has been dominant. The six private boxes, which are anything but private, are unusually pretty. Extending over the upper tier are two great shells, and the hangings are of blue silk plush. There are two balconies, charmingly marked out by lamps, and a floor that will seat a thousand people, and give to every man and woman that quantity of Roman art and Renaissance flavoring to which I have already alluded.

In fact, the Columbus is something to rejoice at, and there seemed to be plenty of rejoicing in the atmosphere Saturday night. Miss Margaret Mather, a young actress, richly impregnated with star-spangled-bannerism, opened the house named after America's discoverer with "Romeo and Juliet." Miss Mather was received with great enthusiasm, and was called before the curtain several times. When she first appeared, looking bewilderingly lovely in her original Juliet dress, it was some time before she was permitted to proceed. Miss Mather seems to grow younger. A more charming picture was not to be found amid all the Roman art and Renaissance touches.

Her work as Juliet is well known to the theatre-goers of this city. She seemed to realize the importance of the occasion, and was more impassioned than ever. The little comedy bit with the nurse was very dainty and pleasing. Miss Mather, who gives the lie to the assertion that there is no money in Shakespeare, has surrounded herself with an excellent company of young ambitious actors, who have not yet descended into the slough of drudgery.

Otis Skinner was an effective Romeo, though a trifle declamatory and heroic. John Malone, as Mercutio, was also commendable. The effect of the Queen Mab speech might be heightened if he cultivated a little of that much-abused quality known as repose. The other members of the organization are Henry E. Walton, who did some very clever stage management; Howard Kyle, Giles Shine, Gilmore Scott, Fitzgerald Murphy, Harold Hartsell, Henri de Lussan, Miss Hinckley, Miss Gordon and Miss Carrie Jamieson.

ALAN DALE.

GOSSIP OF THE ATHLETES.

Cherry Diamond Celebrating Their Achievements at Washington.

Talk of a "Go" Between Flaherty and Tommy Kelly.

Cherry Diamond reigns supreme in town today. The great victory of the Manhattans in the A. A. U. meeting at Washington Saturday is being celebrated in this city by every member of that club.

Yesterday, from early morning until late at night, flags floated from the Fifth Avenue Club-house of the Manhattans from every available window, from top to bottom.

Today the festivity at the club-house is high, and it promises to culminate this evening in a wild hurrah. Each member who has a drop of patriotic blood is expected to be at the club-house to-night.

* * *

The sensational feature of the Washington meeting was the smashing of the 100-yard record by John E. Owens, of the Detroit Athletic Club, who covered the distance in 9 4-5 seconds. Ten seconds has stood as the world's record for twelve years.

* * *

The Acorn Athletic Club is coming in for a big share of praise for the prominent part it took in the meeting.

* * *

Folks who gather at an uptown sporting resort are discussing the probability of a fistic match between Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, and young Martin Flaherty, the youthful bantam-weight whose work has been so much admired of late.

* * *

John L. Sullivan wears silk underwear. And not only silk underwear, but pink silk underwear. Just before he left on his tour West he went to a well-known fashionable "gents' furnisher," and left his measure for a half dozen suits of these ladies' garments. They were spread out on a table at Jack Cusack's prior to acceptance to be passed upon by the Big Fellow. The shirts looked big enough for horse blankets.

The modiste says they are the biggest shirts he ever made. He said the width across the shoulders fairly took his breath away.

* * *

It is the fashion for sporting men and young men about town to drop into Jack McAuliffe's place, "The Pimlico," in the Tenderloin Precinct, of an evening, where Jack, in his role of host, appears to much advantage.

One of the chief topics of discussion here is McAuliffe's proposed contest with Billy Myer at New Orleans. Jack is frequently asked what effect he thinks the use of live-mouse gloves has had on the result.

"Oh, that won't make any difference," is the jaunty answer. He believes he can defeat Myer with big gloves as well as with the bare skins. He says there will be no draw this time.

* * *

"What is the matter with the Princeton football team?" is the question being asked since Saturday's game at Tuxedo Park, when the collegians were forced to be content with a draw, not being able to score a single point all through the contest. Are the Princetons phenomenally weak, or the Orange Athletic Club team unusually strong? Wiseacres say that it is "a little of both."

It is thought that Orange will put the Crescents to their trumps to retain the championship of the American Football Union.

* * *

Edward Haplan and Jake Gandaur, the professional oarsmen, are trying to come to terms over the proposed match. Gandaur has now agreed to a single sculling match for $2,500, but still Haplan holds off.

Knew Too Much.

[From the Williams Herald.]

Intelligent Compositor—That new reporter spells victuals, "v-i-t-a-l-s".

Foreman—Yes, he's fresh; make 'er right, and dump'r in here; want to go to press in just three minutes.

And this was what the public read when the paper was issued: "The verdict of the Coroner's jury was that the deceased came to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound in the victuals."

A More Likely Supposition.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Billet—It's surprising what rough treatment pugilists endure. They must be made of wrought iron.

Whitley—More probably of scrap iron, dear boy.

A Great Inducement.

[From the St. Paul Globe.]

Pobbie—When I get to be a man I'm going to be a printer.

Papa—Why so?

Bobbie (smacking his lips)—'Cause Mr. Tyre, the printer up the way, says they have always lots of "pi."

Ambiguous.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Mr. Holt—Yes, that is my husband over yonder. When we were married last year he was quite blind, but now he can see well enough.

Dawson (sympathetically)—What an affliction!

A True Bill.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Jones—I don't think you ought to go around saying that Robinson is the biggest coward alive.

Brown—Why, he shows in every way he's afraid of me.

Jones—So? Well, you're justifiable.

Cards for Next June.

[From Puck.]

Philadelphia Girl—I feel lost here in all this noise and hurry of New York.

New York Man—If "findings is keepings," Miss Fairmount, I'll head a search party.

Paste This in Your Hat.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Mrs. Passifer (reading)—Whitewash will destroy the cholera germs.

Passifer—If I meet one I will give it a coat immediately.

He Got a Petition.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Commissioner—Were you wounded in the war?

Pension Seeker—Yes, sir.

Commissioner—Where?

Pension Seeker—In my vanity. I didn't get a promotion I expected.

It Would Be a Loss of Time.

[From West Shore.]

Scribbler—I've just published another novel, Johnson. You ought to lose no time reading it.

Johnson—Thanks for the hint, old man. I'll be careful not to read it.

An Objection.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Jack—I shouldn't think that you girls would care to attend college.

Maud—Why not?

Jack—Well, you would find it rather disagreeable to be called seniors, doubtless.

From Father
to son, through generation after generation, the taint of scrofula descends through the blood, blighting life and hastening death. The great majority of cases of scrofula and other blood diseases are hereditary, and therefore difficult to cure. But we wish to state in the most positive, emphatic manner that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula in every form. The most severe cases, too terrible for description, have yielded to this medicine when all others failed. The greater includes the less—and if you suffer from scrofula, salt rheum or impure blood in any form, take
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

The Original Steed of the Redskin Now Almost Extinct.

His Romantic Origin, Wonderful Endurance and Habits.

The Indian horses of the mountain and plains tribes were originally of that wild stock once found in vast herds all over the intra-continent region, and which had their beginning from those that strayed from the Spaniards in Old Mexico, as there were no animals of that character on the continent until the Spanish conquest, if we except an extinct species found only as a fossil on the plains of Kansas.

These, says a Kansas City *Star* writer, were geological specimens long before the advent of the Indian, and of such a remote age as to bewilder the mind in its contemplation. Even until the middle of the eighteenth century the Indians of the country east of the Mississippi used to laugh at the white man, who could not walk but must ride a horse. The Indian thought nothing of keeping up a "dog trot" all day, making his fifty and sixty miles during that time.

I am inclined to the belief, after some investigation of the question, that our word "lone," which both Webster and Worcester define as "an American provincialism; a short gallop," has its derivation from the fact that the Indians who were the runners of the tribes always moved in a sort of a shuffling gait, resembling, as the early French voyageurs called it, the snilling of the "loup," in that language meaning the wolf, and which has become corrupted into "lope."

The wild horses of the American continent once roamed from the borders of Old Mexico as far north as Lake Winnipeg. Twenty-three years ago there were a great many wandering over the broad, grassy bottoms of the Cimarron in Southwestern Kansas; perhaps they are not all extinct yet.

All the wild horses that I have ever seen were of small stature—pony built in every instance—but possessing a wonderful amount of endurance; a tough, hardy animal, well fitted to perform the peculiar duties the Indian demanded of him.

The average savage is very hard on his animals, and unless their horses were constituted to "live on cactus and drink the green slime of the buffalo wallows," they would have become extinct, probably, long ago. When caught young they are easily "broken," but if taken at an advanced age they are perfectly incorrigible.

I remember one that used to do duty on the old stage line between Ellsworth and Sterling about seventeen years ago. He was the most vicious brute it has ever been my fortune to have seen. Whenever it became necessary to shoe him he had to be knocked down with an axe, and before he recovered his senses, tied, and only in that condition would the blacksmith dare approach him.

His endurance was something marvellous; his driver, the only man who could do anything with him at all, tried for years to wear him out, but without success, and he succumbed at last only to old age. I have ridden behind him many a time, but in momentary expectation of having my brains kicked out or dashed to pieces whenever he started down hill. His bones lie bleaching somewhere on the divide between the Smoky Hill and the Arkansas.

The usual method of capturing the wild horse by the plains tribes was with the lariat, in the early days made of the hair of the buffalo, or that of the tail of ponies. The Cheyennes, Kiowas and Dacotahs, improperly called Sioux, whenever they started out on an expedition to catch wild horses always picked the fastest animals they possessed.

The rider, winding his lariat on his arm, dashes into the herd at a dead run, and, as soon as he gets the rope on the neck of a wild horse, jumps off his own as quick as a flash, and, running as fast as he can, allows the lariat to slip through his hands gradually until the animal is choked and falls to the ground for want of breath, and lies there a quivering, helpless mass.

Then the Indian moves forward very slowly, step by step, towards the horse's head, still keeping the animal well choked, and proceeds to fasten a pair of rawhide hobbles on his fore feet. Then he lets up on the lariat, so that the animal can catch his breath, and then takes a turn with the lariat around the jaw, like a bit, which gives him wonderful power over the frightened horse, which pitches and plunges, snorts and tumbles around until he is nearly exhausted. Then the Indian, by careful management, gets his hand on the horse's nose, pats him a little, and is soon able to mount him, and he is "broken!"

In later years they sometimes "creased" the animal, a custom taught the Indians by the old trappers, I suspect. "Creasing" was simply sending a ball through the tough mass of gristle of the neck, which by stunning the brain for a few moments, caused the animal to fall as if dead, every limb stretched out and quivering; this lasts long enough for them to be secured, when they rise as if nothing had happened to them.

The white man used to adopt entirely different tactics in capturing the wild horses on the Cimarron, in Kansas. They simply wore them out by never letting them stop to eat or drink, and by keeping up that plan the animal was easily "roped" after a day or two's constant travel.

An Earnest Convert.

[From Puck.]

Col. Hooks—I hear you have been converted, Uncle Rastus.

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; I'se done got religion, suah.

Col. Hooks—No more chicken stealing, eh? Uncle Rastus—No, indeed, sah!

Col. Hooks—And no more playing policy? Uncle Rastus—Well, sah, I buys de policy slips, but I makes 'em de subject ob a powerful deal ob pray'r, sah.

It Was a Long One, Too.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Mrs. Cumso (with the newspaper before her)—Bismarck is fond of taking long walks, I see.

Cumso—Still I don't think he enjoyed the one the Emperor invited him to take.

His Wife's Art.

[From the Pittsburg Bulletin.]

Bachelor—Still growling over your domestic expenses. Haven't you often said that your wife can make a dollar go farther than any other woman you know?

Benedict (gloomily)—That's the trouble. She makes a dollar go so infernally far that I never hear of it again.

A Pessimist, Evidently.

[From Munsey's Weekly.]

Grafton—Your friend Grump seems to be a pretty close student of human nature.

Wiggins—Very close. I never knew him to lend a dollar in his life!

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A VERY CLEVER YOUNG WOMAN.

MRS. YOUNG, OF HARLEM, TELLS A GOOD STORY IN VERSE.

She Introduces It with a Preface That Gives an Insight Into Her Private Life—She Was a Sufferer for Years, and Her Heart Goes Out in Bright Inspiration to Those Who Helped Her.

Mrs. Mary A. Young, a bright, attractive young lady, lives at 407 East 122d st., Harlem. She is a clever writer, and has been a frequent contributor, both in prose and poetry, to the columns of the Commercial Advertiser, the Rainbow, Christian Herald and other publications. Besides being above a clever pen, Mrs. Young has a strong, well-developed mind and was superior. Lately Mrs. Young was a terrible sufferer for years from that dread disease rheumatism, and when a physician went to interview her she could scarcely walk at all.

"I will write my own story."

While the reporter waited she sat down at her writing table and wrote the following story in verse in less than half an hour.

MRS. MARY A. YOUNG, 407 EAST 122D ST.

My heart it was burdened and weary,
Sweet health I could hardly endure;
And heartsickness made life so dreary,
No physician seemed able to cure.

Pains racked my frame night and morning,
And weak, indistinct grew my voice,
Until despair's gloomy fingers seemed warning
That Death would soon claim me his choice.

One day in the papers I was reading,
Of McCoy and Wildman it bright did speak;
I pitied the crowds to the mansion, not heeding,
A visit to the Doctors I quickly would seek.

So great the relief no words can be telling,
I feel I was snatched from a dark, gloomy grave;
For deep in my heart springs of gratitude are welling
To those brilliant Doctors who are ready to save.

Their wisdom and tact, their ability and power
Makes their treatment successful and certain the cure;
I advise all thus troubled to not wait an hour,
But give them a trial, they will be satisfied sure.

When Mrs. Young had finished she handed the verses to the reporter, and wrote this:

"TO THE PUBLIC: Honor to whom honor is due. Having been set just since a child to all those disagreeable symptoms which characterize chronic catarrh and rheumatism, it gives me unbounded pleasure to express the gratitude I feel towards Drs. McCoy and Wildman for their wonderful success in the treatment of my case, which other physicians and myself regarded as hopeless. By following the Doctors' directions my health has been entirely restored. Having a kindly feeling for humanity I write this, trusting to bring prominently before the eyes and thoughts of all similarly afflicted the great opportunity they have of being cured of one of both of the most distressing diseases to which the human flesh is heir. I cannot speak too highly of the excellent sympathy and attentive interest which they, Drs. McCoy and Wildman, exhibit towards all their patients, that being one of the secrets of their great success. I would be pleased to confer with any one who requires further details of my case. I remain respectfully yours,

MARY A. YOUNG, 407 East 122d st., Harlem.

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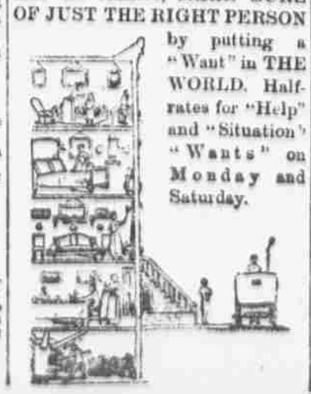

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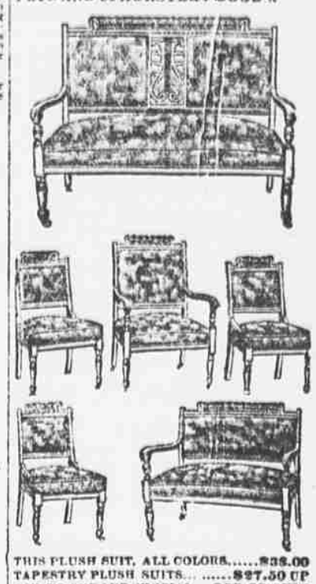

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