EXTRA

The Evening World. EDITION

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THE TURF.

Board of Control Meetings Take On an Ordinary Tone.

NO LICENSES FOR "BOOKIES."

Isaac Murphy Buys The Hero---Racing in the Fog.

The racing trust held another meeting yesterday and contrary to general expectation did nothing of very startling importance. Several dozen jockeys and trainers were licensed and a letter from James Rowe was received in which he formally accepted the position of official starter to the tracks in the combine.

The license of Patsy McDermott, who accepted a mount on the day that he was licensed, was formally revoked, thus making Patsy an outlaw. Licenses were issued to Jockeys Barbee, the two Weber boys, Abrams, Sweeney and many others. The racegoers who visit Guttenburg will no doubt be thankful that the boys named above have been taken under the Board's wing.

The question of licensing bookmakers did not come before the Board, and there is a probability that it never will. The Board practically indorses the position taken by THE EVENING WORLD by declaring that there is no need for licensing the bookies and that no advantage would accrue to either party. One member of the Board said: "Bookmakers are not licensed by the jockey clubs in England, and there does not seem to be any urgent necessity for the Board of Control to do so. In England Tattersalls licenses bookmakers, but Tattersalls is not the jockey club by any means. There is a system of licensing bookmakers in Australia, I believe, but I guess the American plan will do for America for the present year at least."

* * *

The report that the Boardof Control had asked for an extension of time on the Ives Pool bill is not true if the members of the trust are to be believed. They deny that the Board of Control has dismissed the matter in any way, and declare that they are at a loss to understand how such a rumor got about. Nevertheless turfmen believe that there is more truth than fiction in the report, and notwithstanding Mr. Philip Dwyer's denials that he is making alterations at his track it is still asserted that he intends doing so, and that Boss McKane's brother holds the contract. This contract he is said to have exhibited to his friends. Mr. Philip Dwyer is known to be very sweet on Winter racing. He tried to establish racing this Winter at Baltimore, but the city pool rooms killed the scheme. He and his brother Michael built the Elizabeth track with the ultimate object of racing throughout the Winter. This, however, fell through, for before things got fairly started Peter De Lacey closed up the track. If this track were still in existence Mr. Dwyer would be the last in the world to declare that he was opposed to Winter racing.

* * *

Mr. August Belmont's four-year-old mare, Tarantula, by Galopin, out of Hypatia, which he recently purchased from Mr. Leopold Rothschild, will remain in England to be mated to the great Ormonde.

* * *

No sooner had the purchase of the great thoroughbred, Ormonde, by an English syndicate become assured than it was asserted that a Chicago coterie, headed by O. Y. Hankins, had the refusal of him for $200,000. It is now stated that this classing son of Bend Or and Lily Agnes is to come to this country after having fulfilled his engagement abroad.

* * *

William Jones, the owner of Austerlitz, is said to be heir to $150,000. He intends investing part of his inheritance in two-year-olds.

* * *

"Strong" Jim, of Jack Joyner's stable, and Mr. McManus, of Albert Cooper's stable, will fight for a purse of $250 offered by Cooper. The men are now in training and will fight at 115 pounds. The mill is set for Saturday.

* * *

The suit begun by Edward Corrigan, the Western turfman, against the Coney Island Jockey Club, will probably be pushed forward rapidly now. It was stated at the meeting of the Board of Control yesterday that none of Mr. Corrigan's entries would be received by any of the associations under the jurisdiction of the Board. Corrigan commenced suit against the Jockey Club for second money won by Huron in the Futurity, and to compel the Jockey Club to show cause why his entries should not be accepted.

* * *

It is said that the Board of Control will take up the question of abolishing one, two, three betting at their next meeting on Tuesday, Jan. 19.

* * *

Jockey Isaac Murphy has purchased of the Himyar Stables, the chestnut colt The Hero, three years old, by Fellowcraft or Himyar, out of Lulu S. for $1,000. The Hero's legs are in bad shape, hence the low price. Murphy will ride for the McLewee stable this year.

* * *

Capt. Garland pulled up lame in the second race at Guttenburg yesterday.

* * *

Sir Rae and Prince Howard were both bid up several hundred dollars after winning their races at North Bergen yesterday.

* * *

The first race was the only one that the spectators saw at North Bergen yesterday. After that the fog shut in so thick that it was even hard work to place them at the finish.

* * *

The directors of the Horsemen's Association met at Grand Rapids yesterday and elected Don J. Leathers President. The next meeting will be held from Aug. 9 to 14 inclusive. The purses aggregate $40,000, including $10,000 for the Furniture Stakes in the 2.30 class trotting on Aug. 10, and $20,000 for a free for all trotting stallions on Aug. 12.

* * *

The St. Louis Jockey Club has secured Starter Frank D. Walker, of Indianapolis.

Poet Whittier Ill.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Jan. 13.—John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, is confined to his bed at the residence of his cousin in this city with an attack of the prevailing grip. His attending physician thinks the illness is not serious.

"L" TRAINS BLOCKED.

Traffic on the West Side Lines Delayed Two Hours.

A Ninth Avenue Train Left the Track at Sixty-second Street.

No One Hurt, but Great Inconvenience Caused to Passengers.

A south-bound train on the Ninth avenue "L" road jumped the track between Sixty-first and Sixty-second streets at 6.25 o'clock this morning and caused a blockade in traffic that was not completely raised for over two hours. No one was injured on the train that left the track.

Owing to some delay in telegraphing news of the accident to the uptown stations, other south-bound trains were allowed to continue on their way until the west track was one solid line of cars from Sixty-second to One Hundred and Fourth streets.

For an hour after the accident tickets were sold at the stations further uptown to all comers, and the platforms at One Hundred and Sixteenth, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth and One Hundred and Thirty-fifth streets were crowded with persons waiting for trains.

At 7.30 o'clock the ticket-sellers at these stations announced that the road was blocked.

There was no offer to refund money for tickets that had been dropped in the choppers' boxes, and no definite information given out as to when the blockade would be raised.

Disgusted with their long wait hundreds of people descended from the station platforms and crowded the horse cars.

Passengers on the blockaded trains swarmed out upon the narrow gangway beside the track and plodded through the rain to the nearest stations.

When the trains finally got under way again they were nearly empty of passengers.

The blockade also affected traffic on the Harlem branch of the Sixth Avenue L and thousands of workers were from one to two and a half hours late in getting to their places of business.

At 8.30 o'clock trains were running regularly on both the Sixth and Ninth Avenue roads.

The L road officials professed ignorance as to the cause of the accident, and did not seem disposed to discuss it with reporters.

When inquiries were made at Col. Hain's office at 9 o'clock it was stated that no report had been received and that nothing was known there about any accident.

The dispatcher at the Rector street station said that he had heard something about trouble up the road, but had not learned the nature of it.

TRICKS OF A PET COON.

It Played One Too Many and Got Killed for It.

Rattlesnake Pete has had a pet coon for the past three years that was as full of tricks as an egg is of meat, says the Oil City *Derrick*. One of these tricks was to throw back the three bolts on his cage, let the other animals out and go visiting.

His favorite resort was the Exchange Hotel, where he would hide in the cellar and chase the women when they entered. On one occasion he entered the dining-room and frightened the girls so they climbed on the table. He kept guard for nearly a half hour, when the girls cried for help.

He performed his last trick at supper time Friday, when he chased one of the girls up the cellar stairs and caught her dress in his teeth.

She drew his head through the door, slammed the door shut and held him there until one of the other girls brought a cleaver and split his head open. The body weighed twenty-seven pounds, and the hide will be stuffed.

SMART PELICAN, THAT.

It Devoured a String of Fish While Undergoing Capture.

A California paper relates the following fish story.

Sunday there was a great crowd of fisherman on the wharf hauling in yellow-tails and mackerel. During the height of the sport an immense pelican, measuring fully six feet from tip to tip of wings, flew down so low over the wharf that one of the boys seized him by the wing.

In the other hand the boy held a string of eight mackerel, and it was the work of but a moment for the pelican to grab the fish and gobble up the lot at one gulp.

Others then seized the bird, but the fish were safe so far as the pelican was concerned, and he was finally allowed to depart. This is not a fish story, but a pelican story, and entirely truthful.

Mining Stocks.

The following are the closing quotations of mining stocks at the Consolidated Exchange to-day:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
American Flag	.05	—	H'rn Silver	8.75	9.00
Alice	1.25	—	Iron Silver	1.40	—
Ad'ms Con.	1.70	1.75	La Cruces	—	.08
Aspen M. & S. Co.	3.00	—	Leadville C	.18	.20
Belle Isle	.25	—	Little Ch'f	.25	.50
Best & Belcher	2.00	—	Mexican	1.50	—
Bodie	.50	—	Mono	.43	—
Breece	.30	—	Monitor	.02	—
Bruns. con	.07	.09	Navajo	.10	—
Brunswick G'ld	.50	.70	North Belle Isle	—	—
Cal'a & H.	.50	—	Ophir	2.90	—
Chollar	.90	—	Oriental & Miller	—	.08
Crown Pt.	1.05	—	Plymouth	1.65	—
Crysolite	.15	—	Phoenix	.10	—
Col. Con.	—	1.50	Phenix A.	.43	.47
Con. Cal. & Va.	3.65	—	Rob. con.	.48	.55
Commonwealth	.15	—	Savage	1.40	—
Com. T. Co. Stock	.10	—	Sierra Ner.	1.70	—
Bonds	23.00	—	Standard	1.20	2.00
Scrip	23.00	—	Satro Tun.	.05	—
Deadw'd T.	2.00	—	Stormont	—	.08
Den. City con.	.95	—	Sactiago	—	.50
Eureka Con	1.50	—	SilverCord.	.25	—
El Cristo	.39	.45	Sun Hopes	.90	—
De Smet	.25	—	S. M. Co. of L. V.	.40	—
Hale & Norcross	.90	—	Shoshone	.01	—
Homestake	11.00	—	Tiger	—	.50
			Union con.	1.40	—
			Ward con.	.10	—
			Yel. J'k't.	1.00	—

EXTRA.

MANNING!

Cardinal Priest and Archbishop Dies To-Day.

Unconscious at the Time of His Passing Away.

A VICTIM OF INFLUENZA.

The Pope's Blessing Comforts His Last Conscious Hours.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

LONDON, Jan. 14.—Cardinal Henry Edward Manning, the distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, died at 8.20 this morning at the Archbishop's house, Westminster.

The aged divine had been ill for some time past with the influenza, now prevailing as a violent epidemic throughout Europe.

Until within the past twenty-four hours, however, his condition was not regarded as serious and his physicians looked hopefully for a rally.

Yesterday morning there was a decided change for the worse, and the Cardinal's malady assumed a very grave aspect.

He was attacked with congestion of the lungs, and during the day his condition became more and more alarming.

He grew weaker and weaker every hour, and towards evening his physicians, unable to administer anything for his relief, pronounced his case a hopeless one, and a bulletin was issued stating that death might be expected at any moment.

The Cardinal retained consciousness, however, despite his extreme weakness and suffering, and when the last sacrament of the Church was administered to him, late in the afternoon, he was able to make the formal profession of his faith.

The ceremony was conducted with great impressiveness about the bedside of the dying Cardinal, in the presence of the full-robed Canons of the diocese.

After the ceremony the venerable prelate pronounced his blessing upon the priests who attended him.

The Pope, who had been apprised of the sudden change for the worse in the Cardinal's condition, sent his blessing to the dying prelate by telegraph.

It reached its destination before the sufferer became unconscious, and seemed to give him great comfort and consolation.

He apparently realized that his end was near. Telegrams were also sent to the high church dignitaries in Europe and the United States, informing them that all hope of the Cardinal's recovery had been given up.

During the night the sufferings of the patient increased, and before morning he became unconscious, while those about his bedside watched over him and waited for the end.

He passed away without regaining consciousness.

Since his death was announced many telegrams and despatches have been received from all parts of the world expressing grief for the loss of so eminent and distinguished a representative of the Church.

The Cardinal's illness originated in a slight cold which he contracted last Thursday, and which until Sunday last gave his physician no cause for alarm.

His extreme age and feebleness and the rapid development of the epidemic disease influenza, which followed, baffled the most skilful efforts of his medical attendants.

Since 1865 Cardinal Manning has lived in the Archbishop's house at Westminster, occupying a small, plainly furnished room upon the upper floor.

It was there that he passed his last illness.

His Eminence Henry Edward, Cardinal Priest of the Roman Church, and Archbishop of Westminster, was the son of the late Wm. Manning, esq., M. P., merchant, of London.

He was born at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, July 15, 1808, was educated at Harrow and Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated B. A. in first-class honors in 1830 and became Fellow of Merton College.

He was for some time one of the select preachers in the University of Oxford, was appointed Rector of Lavington and Graffham, Sussex, 1834, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840.

These preferments he resigned in 1851, on joining the Roman Catholic Church, in which he entered the priesthood, and in 1857 founded an ecclesiastical congregation at Bayswater, entitled the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo.

CARDINAL MANNING.

The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him at Rome and the office of Provost of the Catholic Archdiocese of Westminster, Protonotary Apostolic and Domestic Prelate to the Pope.

After the death of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman Mgr. Manning was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster, June 8, 1865.

Pope Pius IX. created him a Cardinal Priest March 15, 1875, the title assigned to him being that of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Coelian Hill. The same Pontiff invested him with the Cardinal's hat in a consistory held at the Vatican Dec. 31, 1877.

He was the author of a large number of religious books, besides numerous sermons and pamphlets.

Cardinal Manning was well known, not only for his work as a Roman Catholic prelate and divine, but also for his exertions in the cause of temperance and social reform.

He had taken a leading part in the settlement of the labor disputes with which London has been troubled for several years past.

The celebration of the Cardinal's Episcopal jubilee took place on Sunday June 8, 1890.

JIMMY'S COMPOSITION.

He Tells What He Knows on the Subject of Ants.

In a public school in one of the New England States the teacher makes a practice of requiring "natural history composition" from her pupils, says the *Youth's Companion*.

She gives them as a subject something with which they are familiar, and tells them to write all they know about it. In this way she teaches them English orthography and natural history all at once.

Not long ago she asked Jimmy, one of her bright boys, if he knew anything about ants; and when he said that he did she told him to write a composition about them. Here is the result of his effort:

"ANTS.

"There is many kinds of Ants My aut Mary Jane is one of these kinds. She is genily good natured and when she comes to see My Mother she brings me five cents worth of peanuts and tells me Why James how you've growed but when I go and see her and don't only just walwk on the Carpit without Cleening my boots she is orfly mad. Ants like to give you Advice and scold at you like everything, but their Hart is in the wright place and once I found a ant's nest in the woods I poked it with a stick and a Million Ants run out after me and Crawled up Inside my Pants and Bit me like Sixty. Ants' nests are good Things not to Poke with a stick. Ants are very Industryous in Steeling Shugar. I forgot to say that my Aut Martha lives in Main. She has a boy of Just about my Aige, and He can stand on his Hed Five minits and how Do you suppose he can Do it. I Do not think of Annything more about Ants at present.

"JAMES W. MCCREEBY."

FACTS ABOUT SHOEMAKING.

Wonderful Machines That Are All American Inventions.

Special Examiner Hyer, of the Patent Office, has just returned from a tour of inspection through the great boot and shoe factories of Lynn and Haverhill, in Massachusetts, and says that it is wonderful how machinery is now utilized to produce the output in this country, says the Washington *Star*.

With the aid of one ingenious device one man can sew together soles and uppers for 450 pairs a day. On what is known as the standard nailer a single operator can nail 300 pairs a day, the machine making its own nails by wire, pointing them, driving them, and, at the same time, automatically regulating the length of each nail to the thickness of the shoe.

With loose nails or pegs one person can do 600 pairs a day, though the toes and heels must be made additionally secure afterwards.

One pegging machine will peg two pairs of women's shoes per minute, cutting its own pegs from strips of white birch at the same time.

A thousand cords of wood are cut into shoe pegs every year in the United States. All machines for sewing shoes are of American invention. The last census showed that the manufacture of boots and shoes was the great industry in America, employing the largest amount of capital and the greatest number of individuals. The employees of the trade are about equally divided as to sex.

Too Mean!

[From the Epoch.]

Mr. Foster—Will you take me forever?

Miss Neville (in tears)—It's too—too mean to propose before I've made my debut and had a chance to look a-about."

French as She's Used.

[From the Jewellers' Circular.]

Mrs. Billsdoo—I think Alice has a very chic face.

Mrs. Bullion—Yes, she has a nice repousse nose.

Advertised to Our Loving Friends.

[From Judge.]

Edith—Do you believe it does any good for women when they lose their husbands to wear such heavy crape veils?

Ruth—Yes, indeed. If I hadn't been wearing one when I happened to pass George in Paris he'd never have come back to me.

EXTRA.

ALBERT VICTOR

Heir Presumptive to Victoria's Throne Is Dead.

He Was Eldest Son of the Prince of Wales.

PRINCE AND DUKE OF CLARENCE.

Pneumonia Ended His Life at 9.15 This Morning.

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.]

LONDON, Jan. 14.—The Duke of Clarence and Avondale is dead.

The Prince of Wales has sent the following telegram to the Lord Mayor of London:

"Our beloved son passed away at 9 o'clock to-day. ALBERT EDWARD."

The news of the death of the Duke of Clarence has caused widespread grief, and already demonstrations of the public feeling are everywhere apparent.

On all public buildings flags are displayed at half staff, and throughout the whole of London the sad intelligence has been received with expressions of the deepest sorrow.

The Duke was the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the throne.

His illness arose from an attack of congestion of the lungs, and he had been confined to his bed only seven days.

Last week Wednesday the Duke was of a party shooting over game covers in the vicinity of Sandringham Hall, the country home of the Prince of Wales.

On his return from the day's shooting the Duke was found to have taken cold. He had walked home instead of driving.

Thursday, he joined another party, against the wishes of his friends, but walked to the covers, accompanied by his betrothed, the Princess May of Teck.

After luncheon in the field the Duke returned home, complaining of feeling ill, and on Friday he took to his bed.

The cold that he had taken developed symptoms of pneumonia and the physicians soon found that one lung was congested.

They hoped to pull him through, as he had naturally a very strong constitution, but all their efforts proved unavailing, as he continued to sink until the end came at 9.15 this morning.

Queen Victoria, his grandmother, was notified at once by telegraph, and the news was flashed all over the United Kingdom.

The Duke's mother, the Princess of Wales was at his bedside all night and his bride-elect remained within call.

The Lord Mayor first received a telegram timed eight minutes past 9 o'clock, concerning the condition of the dying Prince.

This news was from Sir Francis De Winton, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of the Prince. The despatch was as follows:

"A change for the worse has occurred. We fear there is not much hope."

Then at 9.35 o'clock the Lord Mayor received the following:

"His Royal Highness passed away at 9.15 o'clock."

After this came the despatch from the Prince of Wales announcing his son's death.

On receipt of the news the Lord Mayor at once gave orders to have the great bell in St. Paul's Cathedral tolled and also sent the following message to the Prince of Wales:

"We are profoundly moved by the sad news and have communicated it to our fellow-citizens. We tender our deep and respectful sympathy with Your Royal Highness in this great sorrow and national calamity."

The news of the death of the young Prince was announced to the people of London by the tolling of the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Albert Victor Christian Edward was the eldest of the five children of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra of Denmark, Princess of Wales.

He was the grandson of Her Imperial Majesty Queen Victoria and great-grandson of old King George IV.

Thus he was heir presumptive to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland and the Imperial diadem of India. His royal grandmother is nearly seventy-two years old, and the Prince of Wales is fifty-two, and only their lives intervened between Albert Victor and the crown.

The dead prince was born Jan. 8, 1864, at Frogmore, and was therefore twenty-eight years old last Friday.

He was educated under the supervision of Rev. J. N. Dalton, who was, in 1885, at the termination of his service as tutor, appointed Canon of Windsor at a salary of £1,000.

In 1877 the Prince entered the navy as a midshipman and passed two years on board the man-of-war Britannia, Capt. Henry Fairfax, who is now third in rank of the Rear-Admirals of the British Navy.

In 1879 the "middy" went to the West Indies with his brother, Prince George, on the Bacchante, and for two years, 1880-82, the two Princes travelled all over the world, spending much time in South America, Australia and South Africa.

In 1883 Prince Albert Victor entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the summer of that year went over to Heidelberg.

In 1884 he studied military science at Aldershot, and in 1885 was made Lieutenant in the Twelfth Hussars. In 1888 he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in 1889 he became the Third Major and spent much time in York in command of his battalion.

In 1890 he was raised to the peerage by his royal grandmother, who conferred upon him the titles of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Earl of Athlone.

He had already been invested with the Order of the Garter in 1883.

The Duke of Clarence's virtues were of the negative sort. He had been very exemplary in his private life. He was given the sobriquet of "Collars and Cuffs," by irreverent people, because of his penchant for high collars and wide cuffs.

He was popular, though never quite so popular as his only brother, Prince George, who now succeeds him as heir presumptive to the throne, for Prince Albert died unmarried, leaving to weep on his bier a bride-elect in the person of Princess Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline Claudine Agnes of Teck, only daughter of His Highness, Franz Louis Paul Alexander, Duke of Teck, and H. R. H. Mary Adelaide Wilhelmina Elizabeth, Duchess of Teck, and cousin of Queen Victoria.

The engagement of these royal young folks grew out of a pure love affair, and the wedding was to have occurred next month.

The dukedom of Clarence is an old royal dukedom of Great Britain. Its last holder was the Prince who became King William IV and was the immediate predecessor on the throne of Queen Victoria.

One Duke of Clarence was George, the unfortunate brother of Richard III., who was drowned in a butt of wine at the order of the ambitious hunchback.

The dead Prince, besides his military stipend of 15 shillings a day, was supported by his father, the Prince of Wales, whose £40,000 allowance was increased to £75,000 in 1889 by Parliament, to enable him to provide for his children.

As Princess Victoria May, Prince Albert Victor's fiancee, is a great-granddaughter of George III. and the Prince was a great-great-grandson, they were what is commonly called "third cousins."

Her title was not "royal," but simply Her Serene Highness. She is a lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, one of the new orders created for women by Queen Victoria. She was born May 26, 1867, in Kensington Palace.

The dead Prince leaves besides his successor in line of primogeniture, Prince George, three sisters, Princess Victoria, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Fife, and Princess Maud.

Prince George is a light-hearted young fellow who bears his inherited honors gracefully. He is a lieutenant in the navy, commanding the Thrush on the North American station.

He was even more popular than his more sedate elder brother.

It is related that when the two Princes were at a ball in a West Indian town during their tour of the world Prince George was devoting himself to the pretty girls, while his elder brother was left to attend to the stately official dowagers.

The Duke of Clarence protested, and Prince George replied irreverently:

"Oh, you go into a corner and sing 'God save your grandmother!'"

This is an indication of the character of the royal youth who, by the death of the Duke of Clarence without issue, becomes the heir presumptive, and will be king when both Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales have paid their debt to nature.

DUKE OF CLARENCE AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TECK, WHO WAS TO BE HIS BRIDE.

BREAKING A BRONCO.

Thrown and Blindfolded Before They Could Put the Saddle on His Back.

A loose, sandy spot is chosen for the breaking of the "bronco," the name by which the wild horses of California and Arizona are known, says the *Youth's Companion*.

Squealing, struggling, biting, kicking, bucking, rolling in the dust and a double back somersault—these are parts of the grand performance whenever a bronco is broken to the saddle. Capt. Bourke describes in his book, "On the Border with Crook," the fun and excitement associated with breaking "broncos" by a troop of United States cavalry.

The animal was first thrown, blindfolded, and then the bridle and saddle were put on, the latter girthed so tightly that the horse's eyes started from the sockets.

Then, armed with a pair of spurs of the diameter of a soup-plate and a mesquite club big enough to fell an ox, the Mexican "vaquero" got into the saddle, the blinds were cast off, and the circus began.

There would be one moment of doubt as to what the "bronco" was going to do; now and then it might seem for a few seconds as if a really mild-mannered steed had been sent to the pest by some mistake of the quartermaster's department.

But this doubt never lasted very long. The genuine "bronco" can always be known from the spurious one by the fact that when he makes up his mind to "buck" he sets out upon his work without delay and with a vim that means business.

If there were many horses arriving in a "bunch" there would be lots of fun. The men would mount, and amid the encouraging comments of the lookers-on would begin the task of subjugation.

The bronco nearly always looked around and up at his rider with an expression that was benignant; then he would reach his back, get his four feet bunched together and await developments.

If the rider foolishly listened to the suggestions of his critics he would always mistake this temporary paroxysm of docility for fear or lack of spirit. "Arrah, thim, shtick yer sphurs int' him, Moriarty," some foolish bystander would call out.

No sooner did the rider heed this evil advice and strike the bronco's flanks with his rowels than the air would be filled with a revolving mass of mane and tail and flying hoofs, while the man would shoot like a meteor into the sand and plow it up with his chin.

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

The Affable Clerk Didn't Think the Stranger Wanted His.

A good story is told on Charles E. Adams, assistant superintendent of the document-room, says the Washington *Post*.

He was sitting in his office when a Western stranger entered and inquired if there was such a thing as a printed list of the House employees.

"Looking for an office, eh?" asked Mr. Adams, as he handed over the documents.

"Yes, seems as like I'm entitled to somethin'," remarked the applicant as he took the proffered official roll and started off.

"Well, select what you want and come back and let me know, and I'll see what I can do for you" replied Adams, as the stranger departed.

Half an hour later, after Adams had forgotten all about the incident, he was tapped on the shoulder, and, turning around, saw his office-seeking friend standing in front of him pointing to the place he had selected.

"There's the place I want," said the gentleman, "and now tell me how I can get it."

What followed is not told. The man had, without knowing it, selected the place that Mr. Adams is holding.

The Practical View of It.

[From the Jewellers' Weekly.]

De Girling—Now, if I should tell you I have been engaged to nine girls before you what would you say?

Miss De Witt—That a diamond ring will go far towards depriving the information of its poignancy.

PRANKS OF A PET SPIDER.

Paid Nightly Visits to a Gathering at the Study Table.

Fell Repeatedly Into the Ink and Delighted In His Tracings.

We named him Belshazzar on the occasion of his first visit to us, though I have forgotten what suggested the name, says a writer in the Philadelphia *Times*. He was a big black spider, with a shiny, fat body, suggestive of an abundance of flies, but for all this appreciation of the good things of life he was of a scholarly turn of mind.

We were all seated around the study table preparing next day's lessons and tasks, when Minnie gave a scream that made me jump, and even the boys looked up startled. There was a big black spider calmly seated on a Latin dictionary regarding us intently. I flapped a paper at him, but he only drew in his legs with a slightly contemptuous air and did not stir.

"Let him alone, sister," said Tom, "I've been studying about spiders, and here is a good opportunity for observing their habits."

As if encouraged by this championship, Belshazzar descended from the dictionary and crawled slowly over the open page of an algebra, as if trying to make out what it was. From this he went over all the books, inspecting them all with the same critical air, and at last settled on a physical geography as most worthy of his attention. Every now and then he would refresh himself with a drink out of Aleck's ink bottle.

All at once we missed him, and as he had last been seen drinking from the edge of the bottle suspicion immediately arose that he had fallen in. He had, and was floundering helplessly about in the black pool.

He was rescued and placed on a scrap of waste paper, with injunctions to remain there until dry, but this he had no intention of doing. On the contrary, he showed a fixed determination to walk over Tom's neatly written Latin exercise.

"You sha'n't, sir," said Tom, gently hoisting him with the feathered end of a quill pen on to his scrap of paper.

And then for the next few minutes, we forget all about him, till Tom's cry of dismay called attention to his exercise. It was lined and relined and lined again with Balshazzar's tracks. He had not left an inch unmarked, and was even looking very complacent over his nice black tracings when our exclamation of sorrow and anger seemed to arouse him to a sense of shame, and he scrambled down the table and was gone in the twinkling of an eye.

We thought we had seen the last of him, but the next night he came again and the next, until we looked for him as a regular visitor, and placed the physical geography open for him, for his fancy for it seemed to last.

The accident of his fall into the ink bottle was repeated several times, for he would drink the ink, and once, for some minutes, we feared that he was drowned, but he gradually revived, and appearing rather subdued, was little the worse for the adventure.

But whenever he had been in the ink after that first night nothing could induce him to stir off the paper on which he was placed to dry, though he would run over that and seemed to take pride in the designs with which he ornamented it.

What became of our queer pet we never knew, but one night he failed to make his appearance, and we were surprised to find how much we missed him. We hoped, however, that he would come the next evening, but he never did, and somehow the study hour after that seemed longer and duller, and not to be looked forward to.

ADVENTURE WITH RATS.

John Clarkson tells an interesting story of how he came near being devoured by a large army of rats in the Baker coal bank, says the New Lisbon *Patriot*.

It was his custom to cook his meal in the coal bank at dinner time. One day as he was sitting before a fire boiling his meat he was startled to hear the noise made by running rats.

The odor of the cooking meat permeated the bank, attracted the attention of the hideous rats and they came tripping along to the fire at a lively rate.

John says he thought the "old bob" was after him. In a little while there must have been fully 500 rats gathered about him and his heart was in his mouth. He threw them a piece of the meat, and while they fought for it he stole away.