POINTERS ON THE RACES.

A Fine Quartet in a Long Hurdle Race.

Indications of a Good Track and a Fair Day's Sport.

Race-goers will find much to interest them in to-day's card at Guttenburg. The various events look attractive, and the sport will be first-class. A hurdle race at a mile and a quarter is an interesting feature. There are only four entries, but the quartet will make a pretty contest. The mile event, in which Lord Harry, King Crab, Copyright, Shellbark, Rambler, Badge and Lester are entered, should be a horse race from flag to finish. The five-furlong dash has Dalsyrian, Toano, Lord Motley, Blitzen, Charley Wilson, Estelle and Krikina entered. This also should be a hot race. The two-year-olds will make a grand finish, and a pretty struggle for victory should ensue between My Fellow, Fenelon, Prince Howard, Mulatto, Indigo and others in the fifth race. The track will be in good shape. The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race—Purse $400; for three-year-olds; four and a half furlongs.

	Lb.
W. B. Dodd's April Fool	112
W. E. Cotton's Irregular	106
R. Bradley's Even Weight	106
London Stable's Charley B	104
A. Ogilvie's Aftermath	104
Crescent Stable's Capulin	101
M. T. Donovan's Florimor	101
W. H. Thorpe's Moonstone	101
T. Barrett's Midget	98
M. J. Carrigan's H. Spent	98
W. Lovell's Josie Wells	98
M. J. Daly's Mabel H. Pomeroy	95
Camden Stable's Lord Auckland	88
J. Smith's Kindness Lily	86
— Surprise	83

Aftermath, April Fool and Capulin look the best of the lot in the opening event, and they may finish as named.

Second Race.—Purse $400, for two-year-olds; four furlongs.

W. L. Hammersley's Neuralgia	115
W. H. Roller's Hymn	105
C. F. Sanders's Jennie W	105
— Kanawha gelding	105
W. H. Roller's Faloe	105
J. Wilson's Unfaithful	105
M. T. Donovan's Brenda gelding	95
Phenix Stock Farm's Minnie Brown filly	90

Hymn should have no difficulty in capturing this race, and Jennie W. should get second money. Neuralgia may beat the others.

Third Race—Purse $500, one mile.

R. F. Cash's Lord Harry	108
King Crab Stable's King Crab	104
Baden Stable's Copyright	104
J. Claiss's Shellbark	103
F. Lewis's Rambler	102
J. Mullins's Badge	97
W. R. Miller's Lester	86

Copyright looks a good thing in this event and should win handily. Shellbark, if he gets the injection, should be a dangerous element, and Badge ought to be third.

Fourth Race—Purse $400; five furlongs.

W. H. Roller's Dalsyrian	105
M. J. Daly's Lord Motley	105
London Stable's Toano	105
R. Bradley's Blitzen	105
Kalamazoo Stable's Charley Wilson	105
C. J. Kelly's Estelle	100
J. H. M Avoy's Krikina	100

Estelle is as speedy as anything at the track for five furlongs, and she should be an easy winner. Dalsyrian may get second money, and Toano ought to beat the others.

Fifth Race.—Purse $400, selling allowance; six and a half furlongs.

Ridgewood's My Fellow	118
A. Maguire's Prince Howard	114
W. Smythe's Fenelon	114
W. Carroll's Mulatto	113
Auburn Stable's Double Cross	111
— Elfin	111
W. Gallagher's Dago	111
P. Hogan's Tammany Hall	111
F. Ellis's Reporter	109
Retreat Stable's Vocalite	106
J. H. McCormick's Indigo	100

Indigo looks the likely winner of this race. My Fellow and Fenelon are next best, and they are preferred in the order named.

Sixth Race.—Purse $400, selling allowances; one mile and a quarter, over five hurdles.

P. Lorillard's Rockaway	150
A. Shields's St. John	146
S. Lewis's St. Luke	142
— Landseer	138

The hurdle race may be won by St. Luke, with St. John second and Rockaway third.

Gloucester Selections.

First Race—Zingari, Barrentos, Great Guns.
Second Race—Robin Hood, Queen Enid, Princess Rhelda.
Third Race—Houri, Iceberg, Vulpina.
Fourth Race—Rhono, Smuggler, Poet.
Fifth Race—Benjamin, Logan, Belesarius.
Sixth Race—Jim Wassen, Glen Sprey, Bezarro.

Morning Papers' Selections

AT GUTTENBURG.

First Race—April Fool, Florimor.
Second Race—Hymn, Neuralgia.
Third Race—Badge, Copyright.
Fourth Race—Blitzen, Estelle.
Fifth Race—Fenelon, Mulatto.
Sixth Race—Rockaway, St. John.

First Race—Irregular, Capulin.
Second Race—Neuralgia, Hymn.
Third Race—Copyright, Badge.
Fourth Race—Toano, Blitzen.
Fifth Race—Fenelon, Mulatto.
Sixth Race—St. John, St. Luke.

First Race—Capulin, April Fool.
Second Race—Neuralgia, Hymn.
Third Race—Copyright, Badge.
Fourth Race—Estelle, Charlie Wilson.
Fifth Race—Fenelon, Mulatto.
Sixth Race—St. Luke, Rockaway.

First Race—April Fool, Capulin.
Second Race—Hymn, Neuralgia.
Third Race—Copyright, Rambler.
Fourth Race—Estelle, Charlie Wilson.
Fifth Race—Prince Howard, Fenelon.
Sixth Race—St. John, St. Luke.

OLDEST KING DEAD.

George, of Tonga, Succumbs To Influenza.

King George, of Tonga, who had the distinction of being the oldest monarch in the world, has fallen a victim to influenza. His exact age was not known, but he was certainly over ninety.

Some sixty years ago he was baptized by the Wesleyan missionaries, and changed his more picturesque native name of Taufaahau for George.

In 1851 he broke away from the Wesleyans and established the Free Church of Tonga. At the same time he made one of the missionaries his Prime Minister; but that gentleman was ten years later forcibly deported by the High Commissioner of the Western Pacific, and the king has since ruled with the aid of a purely native Government.

FIRST TO GET THE MITTEN.

New England Girls Withdraw Their Hands from the Covering.

The Boston Transcript thus explains the phrase "getting the mitten": One hundred years ago gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families.

If a young man, going home from singing school with the girl of his choice, was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable, the hand would remain.

If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would "get the mitten," but would not get the hand. The use of the word "muff," meaning a foolish, blundering person, also has an easy explanation.

A stupid youth was said to be a "muff" because, like the article of feminine wear called by that name, he held a woman's hand without squeezing it. The sedate old times were not without their gallantries.

NEURALGIC HEADACHES promptly cured by BROMO-SELTZER. Trial bottle 10c. *,*

QUEENSTOWN IN 82 HOURS.

A Massachusetts Man's Wonderful New Motive Power.

Two Flour Barrels to Hold All the Fuel for a Voyage.

The members of the Maritime Exchange had a subject of lively discussion this morning when business was quiet. A group of old sea captains listened with amazement and incredulity to a description of a new marine engine that is to enable a Paris or a Teutonic to make the trip from New York to Queenstown in three days and ten hours.

A gray-haired man who said he was George Sheffield, a Massachusetts Yankee, explained the wonderful propelling power.

He said the engine was an accomplished fact, and that it could propel a vessel of 5,000 tons at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. The record breakers, Paris and Teutonic, have an average speed of less than twenty-one miles.

No coal is to be used in this ocean flyer, he said, consequently there will be no furnaces or boilers or funnels, and just so much more cargo and passenger space.

The machinery will be much smaller than at present. The screw system will be used. The chief thing will be the motive power. Enough of this can be put in a couple of flour barrels, he said, to drive the big ship from Liverpool to New York. One part of the motive power is sugar—just ordinary sugar. Another barrel will contain chlorate of potash.

The machinery is somewhat complicated, as he explained it. The steel chamber into which the piston-head enters has a small tube entering at opposite sides. Through one the sugar and through the other the chlorate of potash is injected by air pressure. They mingle as a red-hot liquid in sulphuric acid, comes in contact with them, and causes an explosion which drives the piston.

A series of explosions is kept up by the feeding of the ingredients, and so the piston is kept working by the gases, instead of by steam. No explosion can occur until the different materials are brought together in the chamber.

Sheffield said a small boat was being built in which the wonderful engine will be placed and a trial made on the East River in the latter part of May. He said the completed engine was at 21 Pitt street.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HUMOR.

Comfort for an Official Who Was Found for an Unhealthy Country.

Frank Pierson, of Mansfield, related the following to an acquaintance a few days ago, says the Cleveland Leader: "A story was once told to me by Senator Sherman concerning the first meeting which 'Dick' Parsons, of Cleveland, had with President Lincoln. Mr. Parsons and Senator Sherman were great friends, and Mr. Sherman had secured for Mr. Parsons the appointment of Minister to Argentina, I believe.

"Mr. Parsons always took great pride in his personal appearance, and it was with extra care perhaps that he prepared for his meeting with the President. Knowing Lincoln's utter disregard for form and ceremony, Mr. Sherman was greatly amused, wondering how his friend would appear in the presence of the chief Executive of the nation.

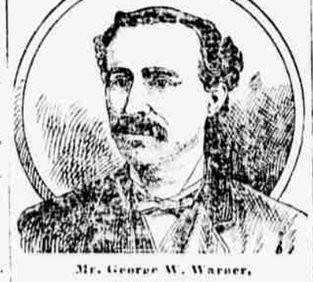
"After the first words of greeting President Lincoln turned to Mr. Sherman and began talking to him on current topics, while Mr. Parsons was collecting his thoughts and nerves. His attire was faultless, and was the object of many glances from the President, who, while not pretending to do so, was watching him closely.

"When the opportunity offered Mr. Parsons, in his elegant and polished way, expressed his thanks to Mr. Lincoln for the honor which had been conferred upon him by his being selected to represent America in a foreign country. In conclusion he said something about the climate over there being much warmer than that in which he resided, and that he had been told that the change would very likely affect his health.

"'Well, Mr. Parsons,' replied Mr. Lincoln, when he had finished, 'if you should die over there you would leave a mighty good suit of clothes.'"

Tidal Wave Swepts Over a Bark.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10.—The Italian bark Filippo, Capt. Fabiani, has arrived almost a complete wreck, having been struck by a tidal wave at midnight on March 29, when in latitude 36.53, longitude 76.34, Capt. Fabiano, who was on the quarter-deck, was carried overboard and washed back again in an unconscious condition. The vessel was sailing northward at the time and the sea swept over her stern.



Mr. George W. Warner,
Austerlitz, Mich.

A Physical Wreck

HEART FAILURE, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Plays Well Its Part and Restores Health.

"Austerlitz, Mich., Jan. 30, 1893.
"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Gentlemen: I have been troubled with heart trouble, rheumatism and general nervous debility for many years. I could not eat heartily and even light food distressed me and I suffered from indigestion. I became constipated and my whole system was broken down. I could not sleep nights, and my only relief from my pains seemed to be in walking the floor. I was discouraged, when I happened to read an advertisement of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I bought a bottle, and it was not long before my system underwent a change. My nervous system became regulated, and I could sleep at night. My appetite improved and my food was properly digested. The palpitation of the heart became regular and all rheumatic pains left my body. I improved in every way, by degrees more noticeable the longer I continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have taken nine bottles and I am now a well man. I gladly recommend such a valuable and health-giving preparation as Hood's Sarsaparilla. GEORGE W. WARNER, dealer in grocories, provisions, etc.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA CURES

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation.

RAPID TRANSIT IN A SNARL.

Commissioners Talk and Manhattan Stock Goes Up.

The Law and the Constitution in the Way of the Wilson Plan.

As evidence of the interest taken by stock speculators in rapid transit matters, Mayor Gilroy's opposition to the proposal of Banker Wilson for building the underground road had a very perceptible effect on the market this morning.

Manhattan stock at the opening quickly jumped to 164 1-2 on a flood of buying orders, an advance of 2 1-2 points from Saturday evening's closing quotations. Wall street seems to think the Wilson plan has very little show.

At least two of the members of the Rapid Transit Commission are strongly in favor of employing every means to carry out the plans for an underground route, as proposed by Banker R. T. Wilson and his syndicate.

They are President Steinway and Commissioner Starin. Mr. Bushe, although he is somewhat reticent in regard to the matter, is believed to favor the scheme, while Mr. Inman is, so to speak, on the fence.

Commissioner Spencer's absence from the city made it impossible to obtain any expression of opinion from him, but he is known to favor strongly the proposed "L" extensions as the only solution of the problem of immediate rapid transit.

Both Mr. Steinway and Mr. Starin declare that the proposition from Banker Wilson is bona fide, and the only hitch seems to be the question as to the constitutionality of the proposition.

Mayor Gilroy and Comptroller Myers say that the city is absolutely prohibited by the Constitution from lending its credit to any private corporation, and the Mayor declares that he is unalterably opposed to the city's building the underground road, which is the alternative suggested by Banker Wilson, on the condition that the city shall sell the road to a private corporation when it is completed.

There is also a question as to the legality of this mode of procedure, for it is suggested that it would only be a method of evading the statute. At any rate, it is conceded on both sides that further legislation will be necessary before either of the plans suggested could be carried out.

These and other knotty questions of law which have arisen evolved since the new proposition was made at last Saturday afternoon's meeting at Mr. Steinway's house will be discussed by the lawyers representing the Commission and the syndicate during the present week. John M. Bowers, the counsel of the Commission, will make a report at the next meeting, to be held to-morrow, and to-day he will consult with Evarts, Choate & Beaman, who represent Mr. Wilson and his friends.

Mr. Steinway is confident that the underground road, as laid out by the Commission, can not be built for $50,000,000, but he says that he does not believe that it can ever be built by private enterprise. At least, it would not probably be undertaken in many years on account of the high rate of interest that would be demanded.

On the other hand, if the city will go into the scheme, the syndicate offers to supply $15,000,000 of this capital, besides giving the city a first mortgage lien on the whole property, which would amply protect the interests of the city if it invested $35,000,000 in the work.

For immediate relief, Mr. Steinway concedes that the Manhattan Railway Company might be allowed to make some extensions, but he says:

"I am most in favor of giving them permission to invade any part of the Boulevard. Before the Manhattan Elevated road I place the underground road. I am against giving the Elevated road a right through that thoroughfare. If they are given that privilege, New York's cry for genuine rapid transit is not responded to. The underground road is the only means of giving this great city real rapid transit."

At to-morrow's meeting there will in all probability be a lively discussion between the conflicting interests in the Commission, and the decision at which the lawyers arrive regarding the legality of the schemes proposed by the capitalists who compose Mr. Wilson's syndicate, will be the all important feature.

Neither Mr. Steinway nor Mr. Starin will yet disclose the names of the capitalists interested. It is rumored that John Jacob Astor and George G. Haven are two of the men behind the underground scheme.

According to Mayor Gilroy, the cost of constructing the underground road would be nearer $100,000,000 than $50,000,000, in which case the city could not contribute 70 per cent. of the amount without coming perilously near the constitutional limit of its indebtedness.

Commissioner Inman quotes as saying that although he knows Banker Wilson to be a great financier and perfectly able to do anything he undertakes, he has a great respect for Mayor Gilroy's opinion, and is aware that the city could not undertake the construction of the underground road without special legislation.

CLEARED UP A MYSTERY.

Charles Reuter Confessed the Shooting of Zimmerman.

NEWARK, N. J., April 10.—By the confession of Charles Reuter, a young German, who died on March 30, last, at 251 Belmont avenue, the mysterious shooting and death of Joseph Zimmerman, of 687 Springfield avenue, in July, 1888, has been cleared up.

Reuter, before his death, told his mother, Mrs. Caroline Wurster, that while practising at a target he accidentally shot and killed Zimmerman.

The dead man left all his money, $1,200, to Ferdinand Hem and Valentine Held, who were with him when Zimmerman was shot, presumably to insure their secrecy.

A Mother's Duty.

"Watch your daughter's physical development.

"Nature has provided a time for purification, and if the channels are obstructed, the entire system is poisoned, and misery comes.

"Irregularities from any cause, at any age, are sure indications of organic trouble.

"With irregularities come disturbances of the stomach and kidneys, violent headaches, shooting pains, extreme lassitude, and irritability.

"Remove the trouble at once, or a whole life will be sacrificed.

"*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* will accomplish the work speedily.

"It is the most effective remedy for irregular or suspended action known to the world."—*Mrs. Chas. Hines, Box 212, Duncannon, Pa.*

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's Desperate Fight with an Indian.

By a Wrestling Trick He Threw the Savage and Killed Him.

One of the best stories heard in the hotel corridors for a long time was told by Capt. Jack Hayes, the Indian fighter and friend of Col. Bill Cody, says the Washington Star. Capt. Hayes is from Cleveland, O. He is the bosom and lifelong friend of Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, and in the inauguration parade he occupied the honorary position of chief of Gov Lee's staff.

"It was in the Winter of 1860, at Camp Colorado, Tex.," said Capt. Hayes. "Our scouts reported a body of Indians that had massacred settlers and driven off their stock. Gen. Van Dorn—then major—was in command. Gov. Lee was a lieutenant and I was a bugler. It was night and snowing hard. We started after them, made eighteen miles that night, fifty miles next day and camped. It happened that the Indians we were pursuing had camped out three miles ahead of us.

"As I said, it was very cold and the Indians had their blankets up over their heads, so they did not hear us, as the next day we came upon them suddenly, and they would not have discovered us until we would have been right on top of them had not one of our men accidentally discharged his revolver.

"We charged. The Indians scattered. There was a ridge of timber a few miles away. Two of the braves made for the timber. Gen. Lee and I pursued them. We killed one. We pursued the other further through the timber for several miles, his trail being visible in the snow. When we reached the open plain he had disappeared. We knew that he was hiding in one of the gulches.

"In a few moments we discovered his pony. Turning we saw him on the other side of an undulation in the prairie. As he reached the top of the divide he waved his shield in defiance at us. We put after him, but could not find him in the ledges of rock. Lee then proposed that we separate, which we did.

"It seems that the Indian was but about thirty feet from Gen. Lee at the time, hiding behind a ledge of rocks. As Lee came upon him he fired an arrow at him. Lee saw him in time to dodge.

"The Indian was a chief—a big, tall, powerful, muscular fellow, over six feet in height. Gen. Lee was a small man, but he is the bravest and pluckiest man in the city to-day. In a moment more they were locked in each other's arms in a death struggle. The General was carrying his revolver in his right hand. The Indian grasped the barrel and the weapon was discharged, but he was not hit. Lee knew that his only salvation was to bag the Indian, for the latter had his knife in his hand, and as they swayed to and fro, packing the snow beneath their feet, he was unable to plunge his knife in his adversary's body. I started to his rescue, but did not dare to shoot as I advanced, as they were twisting and writhing so that I was afraid of killing my comrade.

"In another minute they were on the ground and Lee on top. As luck had it they fell near the revolver. In the second of time allowed Lee seized the pistol and discharged it, the ball going through the cheeks and mouth of the savage without even knocking out a tooth, for his mouth was open in a yell. In another second, however, the next ball crashed in his brain. As the General disengaged himself from the tight embrace of the savage and rose to his feet he shook himself and felt of his body to see whether he was wounded, for the knife had cut his coat. I was fearful lest he had been injured, and asked him how he felt. He replied: 'Oh, I am all right; just getting my muscle up,' raising his arm as if he were tightening a bicep. 'When I went to college,' he continued, 'I used to be very fond of wrestling, and it came in very good service to-day. At the last moment I thought of the Virginia backneck' trip, and down the redskin went."

ASTORS FIGHT A FIRE.

John Jacob's Cool Head Saves His Beautiful Home at Rhinebeck.

John Jacob Astor, who, with his wife, just returned to town from Ferncliff, their country house at Rhinebeck, has won an enviable record as a fire fighter.

A fire broke out about 4 o'clock Friday morning in Mrs. Astor's bedroom, at Ferncliff, and had made considerable progress in the floor timbers near the fireplace before it was discovered.

When Mrs. Astor was roused from sleep, she was considerably dazed and overcome by breathing the smoke.

The household was astir in less than no time, and Mr. Astor organized a fire brigade. Buckets of water were passed into the room. Mr. Astor himself superintending his corps of amateur firemen, and showing himself an expert in the handling of the buckets.

They kept the flames in check until the volunteer fire company of Rhinebeck had been summoned, and then the fire was quickly extinguished.

It was a narrow escape from a big conflagration, for the flames had already eaten their way under the flooring for sixteen feet around the fireplace, and the ceiling of the handsome dining-room below was entirely destroyed.

Mrs. Astor seem recovered from the fright which her sudden awaking to danger had occasioned, and Mr. Astor gave an early breakfast to the village firemen, and in addition made a present of $100 to the foreman and $50 to each of the members of the Hose Company.

NEWARK'S SHREWD SWINDLER.

He Passes Checks Certified by a Fictitious Cashier.

NEWARK, N. J., April 10.—The police of this city are trying to discover the identity of a shrewd swindler, who has been victimizing New York business men to the extent of several thousand dollars by means of fraudulent checks.

More than forty of these fraudulent checks, each for $20, have been issued. The blanks used are those of the German National Bank, of this city, and are signed with a mimeographing machine and purporting to be certified by "W. S. Simmons," cashier, although there is no person of that name connected with the bank.

Most of the checks are signed by T. B. Fuller, and their fraudulent character has never been discovered until they turned up at the bank for collection.

Four of them came in Saturday from the Park National Bank, of New York, and it is feared that they have been scattered broadcast.

PULLED JACKSON'S NOSE.

A Baltimorean Who Remembers That Famous Historical Incident.

Mr. James Carrigan is a venerable Baltimorean whose mind is as clear and active as it he were in his prime instead of in his eighty-ninth year, says the Baltimore Sun. He lives at 615 North Calvert street with his family. He was born in Philadelphia Sept. 3, 1804, and he was in that city the fifth President of the United States, James Monroe, when Mr. Monroe visited Philadelphia after his inauguration. Mr. Carrigan came to Baltimore in 1835. In talking of the pulling of President Jackson's nose by Lieut. Randolph Mr. Carrigan said:

"A strange accident occurred while I was living in Alexandria. Lieut. Randolph, of Virginia, who was at sea in the service of the Government, was, at the death of the purser of the vessel, appointed purser, and he was charged with appropriating $10,000 from the funds. He was tried and found guilty, and President Jackson said to him: 'You are not fit to associate with the chivalry of America,' at the time at which it had been said that the President had a number of other jobs in his Washington to attend the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to Martha Washington. Their boat stopped at Alexandria, and Lieut. Randolph boarded her and walked up to the President and began to take off his gloves.

"I wasn't there at that moment, but I was told that the President made some remark about there being no need to remove his gloves. Lieut. Randolph suddenly stretched out his hand and pulled the President's nose. I saw Randolph running from the wharf as I was about to go on the boat to learn the cause of the commotion. I climbed up above the crowd to get a look at the President's nose, for every one of us felt that the whole country had had its nose pulled. Just then a man named Thomas said to Jackson, 'Mr. President of the United States, give me permission and I will kill the villain, to which I heard Jackson say, 'Thank you, I can fight my own battles.'"

HELPING THEIR FELLOW-MAN.

A Southern Custom Which Is the Essence of Charity.

Neighbors in Distress Cared for By the More Fortunate.

A gentleman who has travelled extensively through the South, says the Philadelphia Times, was one evening seated in one of those proverbial corner grocery stores in a small village talking to the people and commenting upon the unstinted hospitality of the people. A tall, cadaverous-looking chap, who had listened to him intently, interrupted:

"That's so, stranger; when a man comes among we 'uns an' does what's right we 'uns an't the people to see him suffer when he's down on his back an' can't help himself. We're just going to raise him up."

And they do "raise him up." If he is sick they till his ground, feed his cattle, cut his wood, and in various ways render him assistance. On the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia this custom is universal, and many a sick man has silently made his grateful prayers for blessings on his neighbors for the great stacks of chips and split wood that have been gathered about his yard, and for the hams and flour and other necessaries that have been placed in his smoke-house.

Almost in the heart of one of the dense forests in Accomack County, Va., Jim Gorman lay on a sick-bed in his cabin, surrounded by his wife and four children, all suffering from that disease so prevalent on the eastern shore, the "chills."

Luck had been against Jim for some time, and now he was prone upon his back, suffering with a fever with no one to attend to his wants but his daughter Sallie, a girl of sixteen, and she barely able to perform that duty. He was in dire distress.

Up at the Four Corners, four miles away, gathered about the stove in the general store, was a group of typical farm hands, discussing the weather. When "Judge" Watson—the "Judge" was the wealthiest landowner in the neighborhood—came in he smilingly greeted them, and, making his purchases, started to go out. He paused and looked about him. "Say, boys, where's Jim Gorman? I've not seen him for some time." No one knew; he hadn't been up to the store for a week.

Just then Mose Hansen drove up in his ox-cart and, all covered with snow, stood on the steps stamping his feet and brushing his coat.

"Good day, gentlemen; good ebening, Massa Watson. I've jest been ober to see Massa Jim Gorman. He's been mighty sick for ober a week. I fetch him some water an' cut him a stick or two o' wood an' sent de ole woman ober to kind o' cheer him up."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the "Judge." "Boys, do you hear what Mose says about Jim Gorman?"

They did.

When Moses started for home it was with a light heart that he jumped into his ox cart, for he carried a much larger amount of provisions than he was wont to purchase for his own family, and on the way down Dr. Harrison, with the sleigh bells jingling on his horse, passed old Moses on his way to Jim Gorman's. The next night the old farmers and their men, black and white, rich and poor, came with gleaming axes, followed by a two-horse wagon.

Lights flashed through the woods, the cord wood, piled in ranks here and there, was vigorously attacked, and the chips flew right and left and the axe blows kept time to the merry songs of the choppers. Here was a young student fresh from a Baltimore medical college, here a farm-hand, here a farmer, with plenty and to spare; here a black man, with brawny arms and willing hands, all working in unison for the relief of their fellow-man.

When daylight came the wood was cut, the smokehouse looked like a veritable grocery store and the medicine administered to Jim had broken the fever and he was much better.

"Bill Allen, you chopped that thar wood mighty fast," said Sallie, with a blush.

"Did I?" said Bill. "An' I seed you makin' of corn cakes, Sallie; you know how to do it."

The neighbors dispersed as quickly as they came. Jim was up and about in a few days and Bill Allen and Sallie—well, sometimes the mantle of charity covers a great deal and unlooked-for things emerge from beneath it.

DANCE OF THE COOPERS.

A Quaint Munich Custom That Is Six Centuries Old.

The coopers of Munich have had their dance, and will not dance again this century, says the Chicago Times.

The dance of the coopers is one of the quaintest customs of Europe. It has been held every seventh Winter for six centuries, and promises to go on as long as Munich and coopers last.

A band of forty 'prentices, attended by two fools, travel through the streets, pausing to dance before the houses of prominent personages. The dancers are dressed in bright red jackets, black velvet breeches, white stockings and green caps, and each carries a large open hoop entwined with green garlands. These they swing and cross in rhythmic measure to the same old tune which has been played for several hundred years.

The crowd that surges around them sings the same uncouth ditty in the same old dialect, and the steps of the dancers are the same as 600 years ago. As the dance is finished the master cooper mounts a cask, and the dancers, forming a ring around him, place the ends of their open hoops on the cask, and he swings his hoop in all directions, twisting it behind his back and over his head, but taking care that not a drop of wine be spilled. Finally he makes a little speech and drains one glass after another, pledging the health of the German Emperor, the Regent of Bavaria and the man before whose house the dancing is.

When this is done, the band dances around once more, while the fools call forth merriment by attempting to kiss a pretty maid or by besmirching some schoolboy's face. Then the coopers march off to the sound of pipes and a drum. The processions and dances fart through much of the Winter, and when every prominent man has been honored by a visit the coopers can be hired for private entertainments. This and the frequent feasting make the dancer's lot a pleasant one, and so the competition is sharp and the boys who are learning the cooper's trade take lessons years in advance.

A writer in The Post recites a legend as accounting for the custom. It is said that 500 or 600 years ago a pestilence raged through Munich. It was believed to be due to the poisonous breath of a dragon near the centre of the city. At last the dragon died, apparently frightened to death by his own image in a mirror, but the people were still afraid to venture from their houses.

The guild of coopers was public-spirited, and determined to put an end to this by luring the people out. Accordingly they dressed themselves up, and paraded and danced, and the townspeople flocked out to see them. In their gratitude the burghers voted the funds for a commemoration of the dance on every seventh year for all time to come.

It is only fair to add that the coopers of Frankfort-on-the-Main and of Salzburg had similar dances every seven years, and even in England until the time of Elizabeth, and the legend does not account for these.

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WANT HORNTHAL REMOVED.

Garment-Cutters Say He Is Obnoxious as a School Trustee.

Manufacturers May Be Arrested on Conspiracy Charges To-Day.

The end of the war between the locked-out garment cutters and the Manufacturers' Association seems further removed to-day than ever before. Lawyers Fromme say they will undoubtedly procure warrants to-day for the arrest of ten manufacturers of the Association on the ground of conspiracy.

"Such a thing is preposterous," said President Hornthal this morning. "No Police Justice would grant a warrant of arrest in such a matter. The utmost that the cutters may do is to get summonses to compel us to appear in Court. What ultimate object they can hope to accomplish by even such a course is quite incomprehensible to me."

"It is not a matter of discretion with a Police Justice to grant or withhold a warrant in conspiracy proceedings," said Lawyer Fromme in reply to Mr. Hornthal's statement. "The Penal Code defines what conspiracy is, and the Code of Criminal Procedure prescribes what action must be taken in reference to it. The law is entirely mandatory. If we can show that the Manufacturers' Association was guilty of conspiracy in locking out the cutters—and I am sure we can—the justice is bound to grant a warrant. Should he refuse to do so, we can obtain a writ of mandamus from a Supreme Court justice compelling him to do so."

Secretary Harry White, of the Garment Cutters, said that it had been resolved at the secret meeting of the locked-out men early this morning in Beethoven Hall, 216 Fifth street, to appoint a committee to wait on Mayor Gilroy with a petition to remove President Louis Hornthal, of the Manufacturers' Association, from his position as Trustee of the Nineteenth Ward schools.

"We have good cause to urge such a step upon the Mayor," said White, "but do not at present wish to say what that cause is. I may say, however, that most of the children of the One Hundred and Thirteenth street school, which is under Mr. Hornthal's trusteeship, are the children of working people, who strongly protest against allowing a conspirator against labor to occupy so responsible a position."

"I cannot quite clearly see how my school-trusteeship has anything to do with the present labor troubles," said Mr. Hornthal; "I am not conscious of having in any way offended against my duties as trustee or against any other duties which it is my part in life to perform. I do not even bear as much as ill-will against those who are trying to raise havoc with the Association's best interests. Regardless of my sympathies towards workingmen I will insist that our firm has just granted a pension of $20 a month to one of its old employees."

At a meeting of the United Brotherhood of Tailors yesterday a resolution was adopted that all tailors should go out on strike not only as a sympathetic measure to aid the locked-out cutters but also to take this opportunity of demanding ten hours' work and the abolition of the sweating system.

The attitude of the tailors at present is an anomalous one. They themselves decline to tell whether the fact that thousands of them are said to be idle is an indication that their strike has begun. The interpretation placed upon this circumstance by the manufacturers is that the slack season is responsible for so many tailors being out of work, while the locked out cutters are emphatic in their reiteration that the tailors are actually on strike.

Considerable light will be thrown upon this debated subject at the conference of the Brotherhood of Tailors with Tailors' Contractors Assembly 3,037, K. of L., this week, concerning the practicability of the latter's joining issue with the Brotherhood against the manufacturers. It is said to be more than likely that the result of this conference will be a general strike.

In addition to the two firms that were served with summonses and complaints last week in the civil suits brought by the locked-out men for $25,000 damages each, H. Stern has also been served. Charles Heidebrand and James Roxby are plaintiffs in this case as well as in the other two.

"We are getting all the papers in the civil actions printed," said Lawyer Fromme," and expect to have every manufacturer whom we have singled out for the purpose served during this week."

MISSED THE LEADEN SHOWER.

An Ex-Confederate Tells How a Kiss in the Moonlight Saved Him.

"I was a lieutenant-colonel of a Kentucky regiment," said Col. John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, to a Boston Globe man. "Our command was in East Tennessee, and one bright moonlight night I concluded to ride away from camp and take a look about the vicinity.

"I rode several miles, and, coming to a farmhouse, hitched my horse and knocked at the door. A young woman, the most beautiful I had ever seen, it seemed to me, appeared after a while and invited me in.

"She and her aged mother were the only occupants of the house, the men of the family being in the Confederate army. We chatted pleasantly for a few minutes, when my fair hostess arose and said: 'Colonel, you ran a great risk in leaving your horse in such an exposed position. The Yankee pickets are all bout it. I will go and put him in the barn.'

"She left the room and after a few minutes returned, when we resumed our conversation. Suddenly she started up and listened. 'Colonel, you must go now,' she exclaimed. 'I hear the sound of horses' hoofs; the Federals are coming!' Rushing out of doors, she led my horse to the back of the house, and I, following her, jumped on his back.

"The most natural thing for me to have done would have been to set spurs to him and get away as soon as possible. But I could not. I was young and impressionable and the situation was entrancing. The moon shed a silver light upon the earth, a gentle breeze was stirring and the rustle of the leaves in the grand old trees was like music to my soul. And amid these enchanting surroundings a beautiful face with tearful eyes looked into mine, beseeching me to hasten.

"I could not resist the temptation, and stooping down from my horse put my arm around her, drew her closer to my side and kissed her. As I did so a shower of bullets passed over my head. One of them went through the rim of my hat. I was in full sight of a company of Federal horsemen. No other warning was necessary. My horse realized the danger as well as I, and a race for life followed. The enemy pressed hard upon me for a time, and more than once their bullets grazed my head, but fortune favored me and I at length reached the Confederate lines in safety. Do you wonder that I remember when a kiss saved my life?"

CAUGHT A GIANT BASS.

Mathias Ketchera, hostler of the Seal Rock House, on the ocean beach, has caught the largest sea bass that this coast has seen for many a long day, says the San Francisco Examiner.

It is Ketchera's business to rise early each morning, and hitching a horse to a wagon, patrol the sands for a couple of hours in search of driftwood. When he has collected his daily pile he returns to the hotel, unhitches his horse and awaits customers.

But Mathias, or Mike, as he is more familiarly termed, has other callings. He is the "lone fisherman" of the beach. Every one knows him, for he is famous. Each day as he scours the beach for wood he takes a line with him, which he throws out into the sea and awaits results. A few days ago he got more than he bargained for.

Mathias had scarcely thrown his line when, to his astonishment, it was pulled from his grasp. He had some to spare, however, and grasping anew endeavored to land his prize. Spin the dolphins and writhings of a large object came to his vision and Mathias concluded that he had hooked some sea monster.

Pull as he would he could not haul in his line. Then his inventive genius asserted itself. Hastily making fast the line to the axletree of the cart he yelled for his horse Pompey to "git!" Pompey got. The result was that the prize was landed and proved to be an enormous sea bass.

Mathias put his catch into his wagon and started for home. There his fish was weighed. It proved to be four feet seven inches in length and sixty-five pounds in weight, the largest fish of its kind that has been caught on that part of the coast.

WANT HORNTHAL REMOVED.

AN ATTRACTIVE CHILD.

The Unfortunate Occurrence of Her Life.

And How It Came Near Making Her Existence Unhappy.

Her Mother Tells a Story Which Will Greatly Interest All.

Stories of children are always interesting. Parents often vie with each other in seeing which can tell the best story or most interesting anecdote about their children.

But here is a story told by one mother which, while it may awake echoes of sadness in the minds and hearts of some parents, will be to others a message fraught with hope and joy.

The child whose short history of mingled sorrow and gladness is here given is the daughter of the well-known Mrs. J. Learmouth, who resides at 776 Broadway, South Boston, Mass.

"At ten years of age," said Mrs. Learmouth, "my daughter became affected with a nervous condition which soon developed into St. Vitus' dance. It was pronounced by the attending physician to be a very severe attack.

"The mouth would be drawn spasmodically far to one side, the hands and arms were restless and constantly twitching. Her limbs also were weak; her ankles bent under her so that it was almost impossible to walk.

CORA LFARMOUTH.

"She was so nervous that she would scream almost like a maniac and