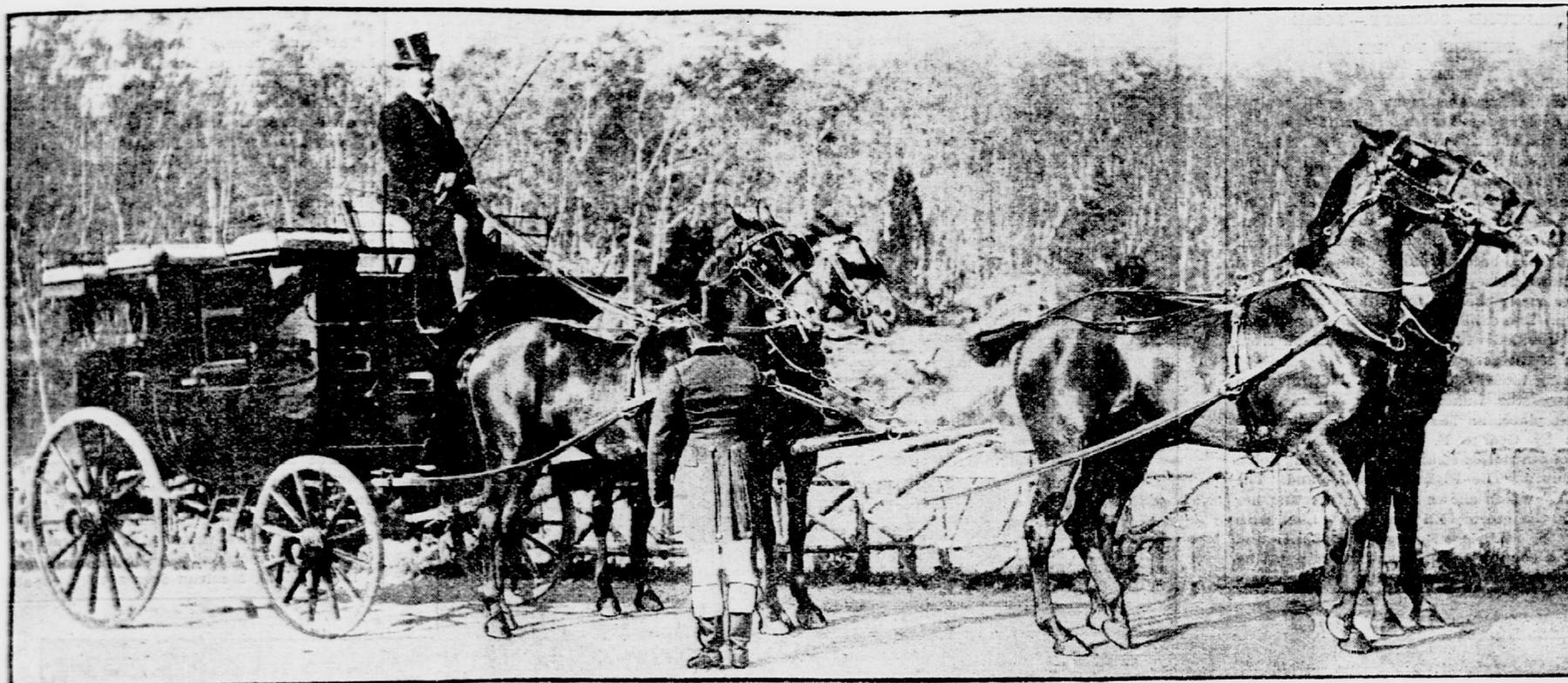


SOME ENTRIES AT THE BOSTON HORSE SHOW THIS WEEK, WHICH IS PREDICTED TO BE A RECORD BREAKER.



T. W. LAWSON'S FAMOUS FOUR-IN-HAND, GLORIOUS SPEARMAN, GLORIOUS SPEARMAID, GLORIOUS ARROWMAN AND GLORIOUS ARROWMAID.

THE BOSTON HORSE SHOW.

PROMISES TO BREAK RECORDS—RIVALRY BETWEEN THOMAS W. LAWSON AND ALBERT C. BURRAGE.

Boston, April 12.—This year's exhibition of horses at the Boston Horse Show, which opens on April 14 for a week, will be a record breaker, to judge from the number and quality of the entries. There were never so many new exhibitors at former Boston shows, and the number from other cities is particularly gratifying to the directors. The total number of entries is 1,018, a 25 per cent increase over last year. Thomas W. Lawson is the largest individual exhibitor, with 128 entries, the largest number of entries by one individual ever entered at a horse show in this country.

Among the exhibitors are Eben D. Jordan, John Shepard, R. S. Bradley, C. B. Appleton, Captain Larz Anderson, George C. Amory, the Dorchester Gentleman's Driving Club, the Norfolk Hunt, C. E. Perkins, Troop D, 1st United States Cavalry; Samuel D. Warren, and many others equally well known in Boston.

Among the New-York entries are Miss Ethel Money, Miss Marion Murchison, Ralph Pulitzer, C. S. Bailey, Strauss & Hexter, J. Roosevelt Shanley, Howard Willetts, White Plains; James S. Watson, Rochester; J. Stewart Barney, George Clark, F. Ambrose Clark, W. H. Collier, H. V. Colt, Genesee; Mrs. Richard Donnelly, Stuart Duncan, W. M. V. Mann, W. S. Elliott and Mrs. Edward C. Kirkland. Besides these there are many from Pennsylvania, Canada and some from the West and the South, as well as one from Havana, Cuba—Miss Lily Hidalgo.

One of the notable features of the show will be the contest for honors between the horses of Thomas W. Lawson and those of Albert C. Burrage, the rival gas and copper magnates. They have transferred their rivalry temporarily from State Street, from yachting and the building of mansions to the tanbark ring, and that the rivalry will be keen goes without saying. Mr. Lawson has been making a larger showing every year, while Mr. Burrage will be a newcomer in the Boston arena, although he made his debut at Madison Square Garden last season. He has made preparations for a good showing,

and it would not be at all surprising if he carried off a number of ribbons.

That many of the handsome women in Boston will figure prominently at the Horse Show is shown by the result of the auction sale of boxes the other day. Mrs. Bryce J. Allen will be at the front of the stage in much the same position as last year, and Mrs. Robert J. Hooper will be in the adjoining box. Mrs. Oliver Ames, jr., will be at the front of the stage, where during the judging of the children's classes her children will attract admiring attention. Miss Catharine Thayer will be a centre of attraction in front of the stage. With her, her mother, Mrs. E. Van Rensselaer Thayer, and her brother, E. V. R. Thayer, jr., will entertain friends. Mrs. Gordon Prince is to occupy the same box as last year. With her much of the time will be Miss Helen Prince and probably Mrs. Edward Sturgis Grew. Mrs. Madeleine Boardman will do the honors in her father's box, and Mrs. J. De Forest Danielson will have the box directly behind Mrs. Prince. Miss Mabel Walker brought her Southern tour to a close in order to attend the Horse Show, and she will be with her mother, Mrs. J. Albert Walker. Miss Walker rides well and possesses some valuable saddle horses. Miss Florence Blair is another young woman devoted to horses, who will give some box parties. Mrs. Gerald Bement, formerly Miss Pfaff; Mrs. Lester Leland, Mrs. Harry Russell, Mrs. Charles H. Taylor, Mrs. J. Murray Forbes, Mrs. Harry W. Smith, of Worcester, and Mrs. John Shepard, with Mrs. William B. Rogers, are other matrons who will figure prominently at the show, and who will entertain in their boxes.

FUN WITH AUTOGRAPH FIENDS.

The Lotos Club, of New-York, has long had the custom of giving dinners in honor of distinguished men. At such gatherings the menu card is always elaborate and characteristic. It usually contains drawings illustrative of the career of the guest of the evening, and forms a souvenir which most of the company treasure. To enhance their value, many of the members ask the man whom the club is entertaining to write his name on their cards. Such requests are naturally granted.

It chanced that after the siege of Peking the Lotos Club gave a dinner for Wu-Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister at Washington. Of course

the autograph seekers kept him busy between courses. They were unanimous in asking him to write in Chinese. Several of them, later in the evening, were comparing his signatures as they appeared on their menu cards. Unfamiliar as they were with the Chinese script, they could see that the characters were not the same. Just then Chow Tsz Chi, the Chinese Consul, came up, and he was at once asked what the writing meant.

Mr. Chow hesitated a moment, and then gravely read these "autographs" as follows:

"What a funny, red nosed man!"
"How short and fat you are!"
"An amusing, bald headed fellow!"

HE LEARNED HER NAME.

An instructor in English in the Sheffield Scientific School tells the following story at the expense of a professor in Yale. The incident happened at a faculty tea, where Professor Blank was adorning the occasion in his usual irresistible way. The professor, it is claimed, does not realize just how effective his charming talk and romantic eyes are. In the course of the afternoon he was introduced to an especially attractive young woman, whose name, being mumbled in the presentation, he did not catch. The two repaired to a sofa, where Professor Blank was so thoroughly pleased with his new acquaintance that he determined to find out to whom he was talking.

"You must forgive me," he began tactfully, "but I am going to ask you a personal question. Please do tell me what your name is."

The young woman looked at him with large, timid eyes a moment, and then whispered sweetly, "Ethel."

SAW THE JOB HE WANTED.

The immigrant agent, with Clancy in tow, proceeded to Harlem in search of work for him. The prospective employer was a building contractor. They found him on an eminence over-

looking a wide vacant lot, newly become a scene of bustling activity. The immigrant gazed at the unwonted spectacle with curious eyes.

"What can the man do?" demanded the contractor.

"Anything in the line of unskilled labor," replied the agent, "and he is quick to learn."

The contractor turned to the applicant and half jokingly inquired, "Which one of those jobs would you like to have?"

The immigrant swept the field with a contemplative eye. "What's that man doing?" he demanded, pointing with one hand. "I mean the man sitting down—not the other wid the sledge."

"He is holding the drill."

"Is that all he does?"

"Yes."

"Is he on the payroll?"

"Yes."

Clancy drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Give me the job."

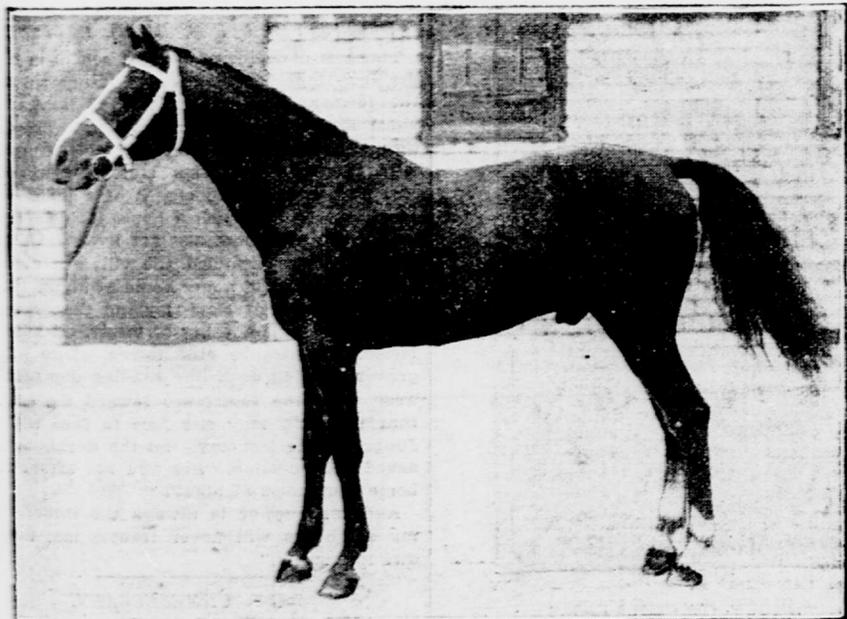
A TOO LITERAL TRANSLATION.

A missionary lately returned from India, now in this city, complains of the slow progress made out there in converting the natives, on account of the difficulty in explaining the teachings of Christianity so that the ignorant people will fully understand them. Some of the most beautiful passages in the Bible are destroyed by translation. He attempted once to have the hymn,

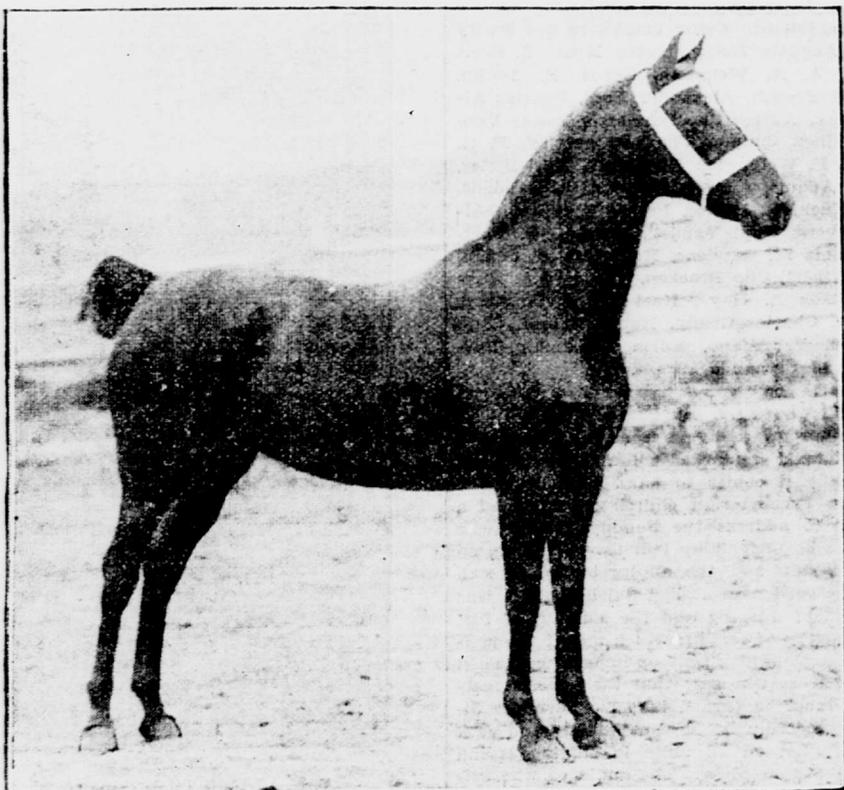
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

translated into the native dialect so that the natives might appreciate its beauty. The work was done by a young Hindoo Bible student. The next day he brought his translation to the missionary for approval, and his rendering, as translated back in English, read like this:

"Very old stone, split for my benefit.
Let me absent myself under one of your fragments."



EBEN D. JORDAN'S ROCK SALT.



EBEN D. JORDAN'S ELEGANCE.