HORSES IN THE BACK AGES.

WHAT HAS BEEN LEARNED FROM FOSSIL EQUINES FOUND.

Beginning when they were No Larger than Foxes, and Showing by the Changes in the Feet How the Trotter was Produced.

"I made a big investment in horses last week," a jollylooking member of the Gentlemen's Driving Association said to a party of friends in a road house a few days ago, "and according to the conditions of the sale it won't cost me a cent to keep them."

"Bought or stolen?" asked one.

"I believe people have done it to me," he replied.

"What haven't you seen them?"

"Some of them. I am a partowner."

"Well," a very red-faced man said with a laugh, "all I have to say is that when a man of your experience buys a share in three horses at 'longtaw,' to use a medical term, he ought to retire from the turf. There won't be one in the lot that'll work in this, I'll warrant."

"You've got me there," the investor replied, with a laugh, "but I didn't buy them for speed. It was their endurance and age that caught me. Why," he continued to the astonished lovers of horseflesh, "the animals are seven million years old, and no joke. My share is confined to hoofs and legs."

"He's been investing in Greenpoint Horse Railroad stock," suggested some one.

"No, he hasn't," replied the owner. "I bought them of a curiosity dealer in Kansas City, and they are nothing more nor less than the hoofs and legs of fossil horses—pacers that lived in America so long ago that it makes one gasp to think of it. You see, I have everything that appertains to horseflesh——"

"And bone too," put in one of the party.

"Yes, that's just it. I'm posted on horse history as far back as the history of the turf goes, but when I saw the photographs of these bones I saw that my education was still neglected, so I bought the hoofs—here's the photo—and I have read up on fossil horses so that I can give you the sire, dam, or pedigree of anything from the *Orohippus* of the eocene strata down to Maud S."

"Are there any more bones to be had?" interrupted one of the listeners, "and what do they cost?"

"Twenty-five dollars," was the reply, "for three horses or the hoofs of three horses 7,000,000 years old. I don't believe you can get any now. It's too late in the season. You see they dig for them the same as you do a well. But joking aside, the subject has interested me a good deal. You know it is a general belief that we got our horses from Europe originally. I remember of reading how the first horses were introduced into America by the Spaniards, but these horses of mine were millions of years old before Columbus was heard of."

"Those were fancy names you gave them," remarked an elderly member.

"Yes, they are the scientific ones. You see over twelve different genera of fossil horses have been found in what the geologists call the quaternary period, and about thirty related to them in the tertiary formation. This latter is divided into periods that represent great eras of time—first the eocene, then the miocene, then pliocene, and finally the quaternary. The eocene is the oldest, and the horse found there is called the *Orohippus*. It was about the size of a fox and had four toes, and what they call the diastema or place for the bit can be seen as plain as in any horse to-day. In the next period—miocene—the horse called the *Mesohippus*, too, passes away in time and another is found, and so on until we have our present horse walking on the tip end of the old middle toe, while any veterinary surgeon will show you the two splint bones covered up in the flesh that are the definite digits of the foot, forefathers of the existing horses. Of course, there were intermediate forms that filled up these immense gaps, and a thousand things may have happened to have influenced different growth. Every horseman knows the difference between the hoofs of a city horse and one that walks on grass all the time. You can see the same thing in other animals. Take a thin-shelled or river oyster and transplant it to the ocean, and you will find that the descendants of that oyster will have shells five times as thick, simply because they need it in rough water.

"As to where these horses can be found, you can unearth the *Orohippus*, the oldest one, as big as a dog or fox, at Vicksburg, Brownsville, Miss., Washington County, Ala., and in many of the Western Territories. The *Mesohippus* bones from Cumberland Gap, Virginia, Cumberland, N. J.; Astoria, Oregon, and on the White River, upper Mississippi; and the *Hipparion* has been found in great numbers around the Santee and Astoe Rivers, South Carolina, and the Platte and Niobrara Rivers, upper Missouri. But these curious animals are all gone, and in what country our horses of to-day lived 5,000 or 10,000 years ago no one knows. The great herds of wild horses in North and South America were all introduced by the first Spanish invaders, so it is evident that the horses of the American tertiary period were all destroyed or died out, while those of the European tertiary or African were preserved, hence our horse of the present day. They are found wild in Asia, and they were there first domesticated, and remains of them are found with the bones of the stone age, and some are found near the Swiss lake dwellings. In the bronze age they were extremely numerous. They are not found represented on Egyptian monuments earlier than the eighteenth dynasty, but later were familiar objects. In the early history of the Bible there is no mention of them until after the children of Israel went into Egypt. One fact is evident, that America can boast the oldest as well as the fastest horses."

An Aged Widow and Her Son in Want.

Mrs. John Barron, an aged widow, is living with her only son in the third floor rear of the house at 506 Third avenue. He is a compositor, but has been unable to work for three months because of consumption. He was for a short period of his sickness, whose whole attention is now devoted to his mother, a boy, who, had which will be lost if he relinquishes it in his absence. They are in a wretchedly destitute condition.

BASE BALL TALK.

Some of the Questions to be Considered by Next Year's Players.

In the talk about new leagues in the professional arena, one important fact seems to be lost sight of by managers of outside clubs, and that is the impossibility of keeping their teams intact, when organized for the season, unless they can induce the existing League to recognize their pickings as a rival organization. Hitherto this has been something apparently impossible of accomplishment. The League has ignored all other organizations than its own and its branch, the League Alliance. To clubs belonging to the latter it says: "We will give you all the protection we give to our regular clubs, and place you on an equality with them in regard to our rules, regulations, and laws, in all respects save two, namely, that you cannot have a voice in our meetings, while the other prevents you from competing in the championship games. But we will not engage your players, nor in any way infringe upon your rights as club members of our league. You must, however, join our other organization; if you do, you cease to be a member of the League Alliance." Now the League claim that the League Alliance class of their organization is one sufficient to answer the purposes of any professional club association outside of the League championship clubs, and that with the League Alliance privileges at command of any professional club, and able to enter the championship arena, there is no need of any other new organization or League, inasmuch as League Alliance clubs can charge any rates of admission they please, and compete in any special championship matches, just as the Metropolitan club has done this season, they playing in the Eastern championship matches and charging but twenty-five cents admission to their grounds. While enjoying this independence, they have been the equals of the regular clubs of the League in having all the protection to their players accorded them.

Suppose the new American Base Ball Association, recently organized at Cincinnati, manage to get together six strong teams and open the season next April simultaneously, and by the middle of May have six good teams in active and successful operation in the field. By June some of the League nines, especially those who enter upon the experimental business, as Detroit did in the late season, will have discovered several weak places in their nines, and, finding out the fact that the new League has just the players in its teams that they want, they will get them, as they always have done, gratuitous in a professional ball player, as a rule, being unknown. The question is, What are the new League clubs going to do about it? They may have sue to punish such contract breaking, but these are dead-letter laws in face of the fact that the existing League does not recognize any association laws but its own. The result might be the breaking up of the new teams and the failure of both associations in interest.

But there is still another thing to be considered which past experience has shown to be an important factor, and that is that at the very first opening the League proper has for an outside club to enter, away goes the crack club of the new League without an hour's hesitation, leaving their companions of the new association in the lurch just as the players do the non-League clubs when a chance to get into a League nine. The conclusion in the matter of organizing new associations is, that the best thing for outside professional clubs to do is to become members of the League Alliance. Then they can have their Western series and their Eastern series, with their respective championship contests, ending at the closing month with a series of paying matches between the champion teams of the two sections, or even between the League Alliance champion and the regular champions.

An erroneous impression seems to prevail in the professional fraternity in regard to the employment of black-listed players by outside clubs, judging from the report of an engagement of Crowley by the Athletics. No such power will be claimed for employment in any outside club's ability to compel either to play matches with League teams or with outside nines which play with League teams. Except in such cases as that of Clapp, who is specially allowed to play with outside clubs, black-listed players are shut out for the season from all club engagements until reinstated by the League. The League means business in this matter, and it is going to be hard lines for the class of dissipated and insubordinate players hereafter.

SAILORS' YARNS OF ARCTIC LIFE.

A Bear Hunt from the Alliance—Talon Colors in Icebergs.

Six blue jackets from the United States man-of-war Alliance, which arrived here yesterday from the Arctic regions, were seen at the foot of West Twenty-second street by a reporter. They were all young and bright-looking fellows, talkative and merry.

"We had a rough time," said one of them, "and have got enough of Arctic expeditions. We'll never go up there again unless we're forced to it. It was nothing but fog, hail, rain, and snow all the time. I tell you we were mighty glad when we reached New York. Our four months' voyage has done us little good. We had to pay $45 for our outfits, which are always as cheap as we now, and we never got more than a few days' shore leave at a time. We were on there among the ice and snow. I seen a statement that we cooked eggs in the hot springs in Iceland. That is not so. Whenever we landed we stuck to the hot springs. There's not a sailor aboard who wants any more service like that above or below with no extra pay."

Another sailor said: "The only real sport I remember was when we signted a bear on the beach of Dane's Island. He was a big white fellow, and must have been very hungry to venture so close to our ship. Somebody fired and struck the bear, and he leaped into the water. Then a whole broadside was poured into it. The firing was kept up so long that I think some of the men must have shot in the same hole two or three times. Well, finally we brought the carcass on board. It was full of lead. I don't know what they the Captain is going to use the skin as a sieve."

An imaginative tar, with poetry in his soul, spoke in glowing terms of the beauty of the icebergs they encountered. They were all colors—green, blue, purple, red, and pink. The sun, when it came out at night, made 'em purtier than a picture. It was a sight to watch the mountains of ice pass between us and the sun. Most of 'em had big and little peaks all mixed together, and capped with pure white ice. The Captain noticed an iceberg one day that had a color in it of nearly all colors. It must have been his fancy, for he ordered out a boat and had the men tow it to the ship. He said he wanted to put it in his ice box to preserve the meat. I guess he must have brought red, white, and blue beef—sort of United States ice—would preserve better'n ordinary ice. The meat that we got there was very good, and we had a fair time. We saw a few whales, but they were too far off for a shot. Sometimes the sun shone all night as bright as it did at midday. As we moved toward home we began to get a little night. First the sun would dip down a little and come up again, like a big red ball bouncing on the ground. As we got further south it would go down and stay a few minutes. Finally it gave us a good old-fashioned, homelike night."

High-priced Dogs.

From the Wilmington News.

Within the past half dozen years there has grown up among sporting men and gentlemen in leisure an extraordinary fancy for English setter dogs. There is a mania for the imported dogs, and breeds of Winnott's excellence. The majority of imported dogs come from the extensive kennels of Mr. Price Llewellin, a member of the British nobility, who has acquired fame and fortune by devoting his attention exclusively to the improvement in the breed of setter dogs. The animals are brought directly to this country, ready to NEW YORK, or some cases to Philadelphia, and there purchased through agents by sportsmen. The prices paid for these dogs are almost fabulous, ranging in a few instances as high as $2,000 for a single setter. One thousand dollars, however, is considered a high figure for a setter pup, it is said, having been paid by a Boston gentleman for a noble specimen of the purest blood. The imported dogs have many points of superiority over the native animals, ruffing and fetching game much better as the trained racer from the country road horse. But be had recently sold for a high price, has long, fine hair, with a tendency to curl at the ends, well ribbed, deep chested, and is warranted to watch his game, point or setter, twice as fast as the native specimen. There are only a few such imported setters in the possession of parties in this city, one of whom is Mr. Charles Lee, best known man in the United States in this line is "Rene" Martin, the dog trainer. Martin was formerly a huntsman for the Duke of Norfolk, which title was too strong and he quickly dirted into his natural sphere. As trainer of setter dogs his charges vary in from $100 to $200, are always well exercised, and in fine condition and it is asserted that when he graduates from Martin's control and painstaking hands he is accomplished in the highest degree. Martin's plan is simple. As soon as the training season begins he takes his dogs to a secluded hunting ground in the South. There he establishes himself and his supply. Every day he hunts along out with the dogs and returning only at nightfall. At the end of the season his dogs have completed their education.

Stories of Birds and Beasts.

A white robin was recently captured in Clay sport, Pa.

Whole armies of squirrels are crossing the Mississippi River, coming from the interior of Arkansas. They are caught in great numbers by men in skiffs.

The long dry spell caused bees to tap the grape. They extracted the juice so thoroughly in some vineyards about Thomaston, Md., that nothing was left but the skin and seeds.

Over 2,000 robins were killed by one man in a Kentucky road recently. Every branch of a cedar thicket was filled with them, and he killed them as they flew out although the slaughter by hunters, who use a lantern and gun, is terrible, their numbers do not seem to decrease.

In Japan sailors are so troublesome to the telegraph lines that men are employed to keep the lines clear by throwing stones with which they climb up and shake heavy wires from the wires to the trees and earth, which in wet weather, become good conductors, and carry off the electric fluid.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were sailing on the Potomac near Fiver Point, when one of the ladies felt her hat snatched from her head, and turning round saw it in the mouth of a bear. The bear swam ashore, the ribbon hanging over the side of the boat, and leisurely took the hat out and ate the head.

George Adkins, an attendant farmer of Genoa prairie, near Battle Creek, Mich., has been accustomed to set his cattle free every Sunday morning at the barnyard during the hot weather and although their pasture is a long distance away, they never miss Sunday, and come to the gate below. The cattle have receive the call and blue beef—sort of United States ice—would preserve better'n ordinary ice. The meat that we got there was very good, and we had a fair time. We saw a few whales, but they were too far off for a shot. Sometimes the sun shone all night as bright as it did at midday. As we moved toward home we began to get a little night. First the sun would dip down a little and come up again, like a big red ball bouncing on the ground. As we got further south it would go down and stay a few minutes. Finally it gave us a good old-fashioned, homelike night."

ANIMAL SAGACITY IN PIKE.

Incidents that Prove the Superior Intelligence of the Blooming Grove Steer.

MILFORD, PA., Oct. 26.—It was a little chilly this morning. A farmer from the hoopole fields of Chucktown stopped his yoke of steers in front of the Crissman House, and went in the barroom to get a ten-cent piece changed. The dog Cesar occupied the only bit of sunshine that had as yet found a place on the front stoop. Uncle Ira came out with his chair. He kicked Cesar into the street.

"Blast a lazy dog," said he, "that's always a loppin' around in the sun."

Then he set his chair on the patch of sunshine, set himself on the chair, and gazed tensively at the yoke of steers. The Sheriff came up from a late breakfast of buckwheat cakes and sausage, and remarked to Uncle Ira that there was frost in the air this morning.

"You'd hardly think," said Uncle Ira, still taking in the points of the Chucktown cattle—"You'd hardly think, to look at one, that a five-year-old steer, especially a brindle one, know'd any more than enough to chaw its cud, and kick with its off hind leg at any fool of a dog that got within ten foot of it."

Cesar, a steer's hind foot and a howl suggested the concluding sentence of the old gentleman's remark.

"But don't you make any mistake," he continued. "Take a steer that's got enough to eat, and whose agricultural training has been something more than hauling hoop poles to market, and he'll be as cute as a coon, if he's a mind to, and have a heap o' fun in him bigger'n a haystack. But you'd hardly believe it, to look at them steers yonder."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Sheriff. "I remember——"

"You remember!" interrupted Uncle Ira. "Yes, of course you remember. You remember too darned much. If one-quarter of the wonderful things you remember had ever happened, you'd be older than Methuselah, and the history o' Pike County couldn't be got into twenty-eight volumes bigger'n dictionaries."

Uncle Ira likes his meals on time. He had been up since 4 o'clock, and his breakfast wasn't ready yet.

"Now, you take Bloomin' Grove steers," he continued, "and you won't find many lunkheads among 'em. I'll never forget one that Moses used to have. It's a funny thing, but that steer was too smart to die, and at the same time he was too smart to live. I'll explain that to you by one or two little things that I remember about him."

Some of the boys had gathered at the hotel by this time.

"Was he a muley steer, Uncle Ira?" one of them ventured to ask.

"No, he wasn't a muley steer," said he. "He had two horns; and if you believe never had any more horns than he did, neither you nor the Crissman House slate would be quite so full when night come.

"Moses bought this steer to fat and kill. He was as large as a two-year, and in good condition to start with, but Moses wanted him a leetle fatter. Moses was always wantin' things a leetle fatter than they was. If he went to a hoss trot and seen a hoss go in two-forty, he'd say it was purty good, but he thought it ought a gone in two-thirty. Well, he fed that steer corn till he—he—he went to stuffin' him sleep to make him fatter, but we wah't long in notin' that the more victuals we turned in to him the thinner he got. Of course, we had taked right before the steer what we intended to do with him. About the time that there was some sporting men from New York puttin' up at Moses, and they was talkin' most of the time about the exercise some feelers was takin' to keep down their flesh to be in condition for fightin', or rowin', or walkin', and so on, and about the effect of Graham bread and other things becoming they indulged in. The steer didn't eat half as much after Moses started feedin' him, and kept getting thinner and thinner. I noticed that every day he would walk down the road, and in about two hours came back foamin' with sweat, and tired almost to death. So one day I made up my mind to see what in Bloomin' Grove the matter was, and followed him keepin' back so as he couldn't see me. He stopped about two miles down the road. I hid in the woods, in a place where I could see him. After lookin' up and down the road for a spell, as if he wanted to see whether he was being observed, he started on a right smart run for a ways. He ran along for half a mile, and then turned and tore back again. He seemed complety beat out, and then started back home as wet as a log sweller, and as tired as a livery horse in "jet-black" time. This strange conduct puzzled me. I thought the steer was crazy, but I seed it to myself, waiting to see how it would turn out.

"Well, one day the steer started up the road to Kleinhans's. Thinks says I, this is a new move, and I'll see what it means. I followed him, and he never stopped till he got to Kleinhans's store. He squared himself around in the road, lacin' the store, and began to moler as if his heart would break. We couldn't drive him away, and couldn't make out what ailed him. All of a sudden I noticed a sign on the side of the store. In big letters it said:

GRAHAM BRAN
SOLD HERE.

"Then the bull blame thing was as plain as day. That steer had took in all we'd said about fatin' up Moses, and all the sports had said about keepin' flesh down and Graham feed. He had been takin' violent exercise every day by runnin' up and down the road, and, to cap it all, had concluded to try the Graham business. That was what he wanted at the store, and, seein' we wouldn't give him a dime, he stole it. Moses bought a bushel of that bran quicker than Vic Quick could skin an eel and let him tell it. When I shouldered the bran and started for home, that steer come very near exploderin' himself by dyin' with joy. When I told Moses afterwards the sweetness o' the steer, it knocked him all in a heap.

"'That steer,' said he, 'is too smart to die, and I'll tell him so.'

"From that time the steer began to get fat, and he was in condition to kill in two weeks.

"Well, it was a funny thing that the steer got to be a big favorite. About that time Dutch Frans got it in his head that there never was a better scheme than to stock Moses's trout pond with pickerel. Frans was workin' there then, and he must well, but he didn't know. So one day he caught a lot of pickerel over in Bloomin' Grove Pond, and put them in a tub to take to the trout pond. The first we knew'd the only trout we could get out o' the dam was whoppin' big pickerel. The only thing that can live where there's pickerel is snappin' turtles, and if they wa'n't as humly the pickerel'd soon gobble them. The fellers used to come and have lots o' fun trollin' for pickerel in the dam. One day I seen the steer waddlin' along a couple o' fishermen trollin'. The next day I was walkin' over that way, and what should I see but the steer standin' in the water up to his flank. He had his face to'rds shore, and was switchin' his tail slowly back and fore over the surface. There was a pleased expression on his face. I stopped to see what the dance he was into. Subjectly I see him give his tail a quick jerk, and kerplunk! dropped a big pickerel down by my feet. 'For I got over my surprise out come another pickerel. There was the fact right fore my eyes. I have could have believed it. That steer was standin' there trollin' for pickerel with his tail, and in less than twenty minutes he had yanked out thirty-two of the biggest ones there was in the dam. Then he come out, and scrubed and rubbed on the bank, and laid down till the tears rolled down his cheeks, the fun tickled him so.

"Well, he kept that up for several days. One Sunday we missed him. We didn't think much of that, but when he didn't come home at night we got uneasy. We hunted the woods for nearly a week, but never found him, and made up our minds he was stole. A month or so afterward I was fishin' for pickerel in the pond. I caught an old sucker, and when I went to take him off my hook I see he had a spurs—regular spur, about two inches long, and curved like a Bantam rooster's, sticking out o' his knee, about eight inches from the tail.

"'Here's a curiosity, certain,' says I.

"I took him home and put him in a hogshead o' water. It got noised around the country, and so many people flocked to the house to see it that Moses got that one day and took the pickerel out and chopped its head off. I was mad, of course, but couldn't help myself. I took the fish and went to cleanin' it. When I cut it open what should I find but a horn that belonged to our lost steer. Then the mystery was solved. The pickerel in the pond had tackled the steer on one of his fishin' excursions, surrounded him, run him out into the pond and drowned him, and then eat him up. The pickerel I had caught had swallered one o' the horns, and the end of the horn had pushed its way out of the fish's back, and that was what I thought was a spur.

"So you see," concluded Uncle Ira, "that steer was too smart to die and too smart to live."

The breakfast bell rang, and Uncle Ira went in.

Remedied Before the Ink was Dry.

From the Cortlandville Commercial.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Oct. 28.—A very unusual sight was witnessed in the court room this afternoon. A suit for divorce, the plaintiff a young Shelbyville lady, was on trial. The defendant made no defence, save for the custody of a child. The divorce was granted. Almost immediately after the decree was signed the parties went and stood before the altar in the court room, where they engaged in earnest conversation for a few minutes, when they turned and announced that the divorce had greatly moved by what had happened, for they had kissed each other twice. So the parties embraced, kissed each other, then separated to their sad and sorrowful homes, the former to her home in Shelbyville, the latter to Indianapolis. Hardly had the ink dried on the decree of divorce when it was torn to pieces and the fragments scattered to the winds. The court room was crowded with people, who were all in tears. The Judge was moved to tears, and all the officers of the court were moved to tears. The Judge was moved to tears, and all the officers of the court were moved to tears. The Judge was moved to tears, and all the officers of the court were moved to