A STUDY OF HORSE VALUES.

THE MARKET WAS FOR MANY YEARS ON A FALSE BASIS.

L. J. Rose of California Was the First to Foresee the Impending Panic, and He Fed Trotters to the Madmen of the East—The Craze for Thoroughbred Yearlings Carried Away the Senses of the Smartest Business Men—Boom Days for Trotter and Thoroughbred Have Passed.

The condition of the horse market, that is, that portion of the great industry which has to do with racing, whether on the running or the trotting turf, opens up to the student a wide field for research. Horses that a few years ago brought big prices in the auction marts of New York or of Kentucky will not now command as many hundreds as they did thousands then, and the breeders of both thoroughbred and trotter are beginning to realize that the old values were fictitious, and that common sense is beginning to play an active part in the great horse business, just as it does in other fields of operation in this up-to-date age.

Those who are familiar with the subject will never forget the madness which seized upon the entire country six or seven years ago, and caused men of the keenest business instincts to pay fabulous prices for horses that were of such a tender age that they had no opportunity to show whether they would be successful on the turf, or mere weeds fit for nothing but drudgery. The sale of the trotting stock from the Rosemeade Farm of L. G. Rose of Los Angeles, Cal., in New York a few years ago will never be equalled in this or any other country. There were few animals in the community which had records in standard time or below the limit of 2:30, and a great majority of the offerings were yearlings and two-year-olds, but despite this fact millionaires stood about Peter C. Kellogg's rostrum in the old American Institute building ten deep, and bid with all the fever of the gambler. It was a passion, a craze, and everybody seemed to be possessed with the contagion. Yearlings brought upward of $5,000 each, and men shouldered each other in order to get a look at a colt that could show probably a three-minute gait when led by the side of a saddle horse. There was one of the two-year-olds, of a strain of blood that was particularly fashionable, that brought $26,000, and all the time the saturnine face of L. J. Rose glowed with exultation as he sat and looked on and gave hints to the clever auctioneer. Here was a harvest richer than his wildest dream, and he hurried homeward to get another lot of horses ready for the following year, with more than $200,000 of our currency in his pocket.

Rose was the smartest of all the horsemen of that day. He alone saw that this delirium could not last; that there would be an awakening when the horsemen of the country realized the terrible pace at which they had been traveling. It did not take two years to show the world that there was an overproduction of trotters that would not and could not trot, for they cannot be produced like chickens, perfect in every detail, and when the crash came, it came with a vengeance. Many of the colts and fillies bought at the memorable sales of five and six years ago have passed into oblivion; in fact, there were few of them that made names for themselves, either in the stud or upon the turf, and not one of the high-priced brood became a trotter of the first class. Those that cost the most money have since changed hands for a few hundred dollars, and are in the stud to-day with nothing to favor them but a pedigree that at one time was considered the premier requisite an animal should possess when sent to the auction market.

But with the awakening of the horsemen of the United States to the fact that there were too many weeds in the trotting horse garden something more than a pedigree was necessary, and the sales held in New York the past two years have furnished an object lesson to all who are willing to be taught, and, being taught, to let the lesson strike home deeply. Breed for color, form, and speed. A man cannot expect to get a racy-looking colt or filly from a top-eared, swan-necked mare when a stallion that has numerous defects is selected as her mate. In the old days they bred for pedigree; in the future they must strive for individuality. Get the pedigree, too, if you can, but individuality is the prime requisite and should be striven for at all times.

While speaking of the trotting horse, and before passing on to the thoroughbred, it would perhaps, by way of illustration, be a good idea to show some of the figures paid for trotters within the last few years. J. Malcolm Forbes gave $125,000 cash for Arion, a son of Electioneer and Manette, by Nutwood. This horse was a famous two-year-old, holding the record of 2:10¾ at that time and still the championship mark for those of his age and gait. He has since reduced his record to 2:07¾ and is considered capable of materially lowering this mark. A syndicate of Chicago and Terre Haute business men and horsemen gave C. W. Williams of Independence, Ia., $105,000 for Axtell, 2:12, the champion three-year-old of his day. Williams had another colt called Allerton that afterward was the king of trotting stallions, and in an evil moment he said "No" to an offer of $150,000, made by the agent of Marcus Daly of Anaconda, Mon. Edward H. Harriman of New York city bought the stallion Stamboul, 2:07¾, at public auction for $41,000, and there is no doubt that had there been no slur on his record at Stockton the figure would have been much higher, many persons having placed as great a valuation as $75,000 on the splendid son of Sultan.

Most of these men relied upon getting their money back through the medium of stud fees, and Arion stood at $2,000, and at that figure received considerable patronage. Axtell's fee was $1,000, and it was said last year that he had more than paid for himself, so crazy were breeders in different parts of the country to have some of his progeny in their studs. A score of horses stood at $500 and scores at $200, while $100 was the ordinary fee of the trotting stallion on most farms, no matter whether he had ever shown speed himself or had progenitors that were capable of going out and getting the money at the races.

But with the dawning of reason the stud fees came tumbling downward until to-day the best horses in the country do not command more than $200 or $300. And it is enough. Enormous fortunes have been amassed by the owners of stallions, and it is high time that the owner of the mare has had an opportunity. He has had an uphill fight for some time, and there are too many blanks and too few prizes in the game at the best. The owner of the stallion has comparatively none of the risk.

The market for the thoroughbred horse, in much the same fashion as the trotter, has been false to a great degree. Untried yearlings and two-year-olds have, because of the brilliancy of the performances of their relatives, caused men to forget themselves and bid beyond all bounds of reason. Philip J. Dwyer once told the writer that he and his brother Michael one year bought over $100,000 worth of yearlings in Kentucky. They were all brothers and sisters to tried and true race horses, but of the lot, but one won a race, and that was a selling affair at Brighton Beach for a purse of a few hundred dollars. It was a common occurrence a few years ago for any of the great yearling sales at McGrathian, Fairview, Belle Meade, or any of the other great breeding farms to average in the thousands, and frequently some youngter with breeding and individuality combined would bring $10,000 or more. Fred Gebhard gave $21,000 for the colt by Mr. Pickwick, out of Alice Bruce, now known as Canvass, when Senator George Hearst's thoroughbred stock was sold at Sheepshead Bay. The same gentleman gave $13,000 for the filly Experiment, by Uncas, bred by David D. Withers, and neither ever won a tenth of what they cost him. Richard Croker paid $21,000 for Dobbins, but he drew a prize, and Dobbins's winnings now exceed $100,000, and had he not gone lame he would have shown the way to the best of the English thoroughbreds this season. The late August Belmont gave upward of $20,000 for Raceland when the Billet gelding was a two-year-old, and the Dwyers paid Green B. Morris $20,000 for Sir Dixon at the same age. James R. and F. P. Keene paid $30,000 for Hyderabad, the giant son of Hyder Ali, and $15,000 for the filly by Darebin out of Guenn that has not as yet faced the starter. Marcus Daly gave $9,000 for Tenacious, by Iroquois, as a yearling, and he never won a race for him. George Hearst paid $30,000 for the yearling by King Ban, out of Maude Hampton, and he won but one or two races and was the most unwieldy thoroughbred seen in the East in years. M. F. Dwyer gave $25,000 for Potomac and won a great many good races with the Futurity winner. G. R. Morris paid $16,000 for a yearling colt by Lisbon out of Ultimate, chiefly because he was a brother to that sterling performer Troubadour. He never won a dollar to repay his owner. Jacob Ruppert paid $30,000 for a two-year-old colt, St. Dominigo, by St. Blanc, out of Lady Primrose, and he was at first considered as a failure, but afterward ran some races that stamped him as being almost first class. He went wrong, however, and is now in partial retirement. Philip J. Dwyer gave $35,000 for Bolero, a son of Rayon d'Or and All Hands Round, and was glad to sell him with a year for $2,500 to W. C. Daly. J. A., A. H. & D. H. Morris gave $10,000 for the yearling by Longfellow out of Ballet, and got nothing in return. Pierre Lorillard paid nearly $10,000 for a yearling brother to Huron, and got him cut down in a trial and was glad a year afterward to take $1,000 for him, and Bookmaker Robert L. Tait paid $25,000 for Clifford, a horse that has immense speed but is slightly touched in the wind.

Many of the gigantic prices that have been paid for thoroughbreds in this country have been given for horses for stud purposes. Charles Reed of Fairview Farm, Tennessee, and of New York, philosopher and most of those world, secured the Derby winner St. Blaise for a single bid of $100,000, paralyzing an audience of 5,000 persons by his startling nerve and consummate boldness; W. O'B. Macdonough of California sent an agent to Buenos Ayres to pay $150,000 for Ormonde, "the horse of the century," and W. H. Forbes of Massachusetts gave $75,000 for the English horse Meddler. James R. Keene refused $100,000 for Domino as a two-year old. The Duke of Portland has recently paid $65,000 for Carbine, the best horse that was ever bred in Australia. Iroquois cost Gen. W. H. Jackson of Belle Meade $30,000 at the Lorillard sale, eight or nine years ago, and the Dwyer Brothers have sold a dozen horses for stud purposes from prices ranging from $10,000 to $25,000.

In marked contrast with the prices for yearlings that ruled a few years ago are those announced by telegraph recently from Lexington, where M. F. Dwyer bought at private sale more than a dozen of the best yearlings in the McGrathiana stud for an average of about $1,000. Of course the racing situation has had something to do with the falling off in prices of thoroughbreds, but the figures will not, and never should, approach the inflated period mentioned in the early portion of this article. The passage of the Percy-Gray bill would give the business a legitimate boom, and there would be money for everybody on a substantial and sensible basis.

EAST MORICHES'S EAGLES.

Two Aged Birds that Have Reappeared at Their Old Home.

EAST MORICHES, L. I., March 30.—When the oldest residents of this place were barelegged, sunbrowned urchins, equipped with flint lock muskets, they hunted a pair of bald eagles that made their nest in the forks of a tall, scarred pine tree. Since that time flint locks have become heirlooms, and many of their former owners have passed away, but their youthful descendants, armed with breech-loading rifles and shotguns, still wait every spring for a shot at those self same eagles.

For many years the pair have continued to come and go with the changing seasons, despite the wiles of the pot hunter and the hardships of life. They are regarded as being among the old inhabitants of the place, so that when a few

THE EAGLE TREE.

days ago they slowly winged their way back from their unknown winter quarters to their old home in the eagle tree there was general rejoicing hereabouts. Almost everybody was on the lookout for them. They were a little overdue, and many persons had begun to fear the pair had at last succumbed to old age. But the eagles returned apparently as youthful and spry as when they dodged shot from old flintlocks.

The old tree in which the eagles find a nesting place is the sole survivor of a forest of great pines that once covered this part of Long Island. It escaped the woodman's axe probably owing to its gnarled and twisted trunk. It is visible for miles. It is about seventy feet high and towers above the scrub pine and jack oaks that have replaced the forest. J. Buell Terry owns the land where the tree stands, and the eagles made their nest there when he was a boy. He says no one shall molest the tree while he lives.

After the construction of the Sag Harbor branch of the Long Island Railroad, which passes within two miles of the tree, the eagles abandoned their nest for about seven years. But they were seen every season hovering over their old feeding ground, and they finally returned to their former home in the old tree.

Some adventurous young men undertook to examine the nest once after the pair had flown. They found the nest to be about 4 feet high and 4 feet in diameter. It was built of dead branches, some of which were 3 inches thick and 5 feet long. The ground under the tree is strewn with the bleaching bones which had been carried to the tree by the pair.

Of all the young eaglets raised in the old tree only one spent any time, as far as is known, around the place of its birth. This one was captured by Capt. Norton Raynor when it was a fledgling. The Captain was out gunning for ducks when the eaglet showed his inexperience by attacking and attempting to carry off one of the Captain's decoys. The Captain winged and captured the bird and for twenty-seven years it remained in his household. The eagle finally choked itself to death by attempting to swallow a chicken, feathers and all.

COUNT BILL AND COUNT HERBERT.

Count Bill Is the Son of His Father, and a Three-bottle Man with a Record.

Count William Bismarck has ridden on the top wave of the great Bismarck revival in Germany, and has landed in the Koenigsberg Castle, from which hereafter he will administer the affairs of East Prussia as President-in-Chief with a salary of $5,250 a year. Nobody in the whole empire, excepting the Socialists, begrudges him his good fortune. Even the Radicals are wishing him luck and more honors, for he is one of those universal good fellows who have endeared themselves to the national German heart.

As the second son, Count Bill, as his father calls him, never had an equal chance with Count Herbert. The embassies, the foreign Ministry, the high political honors at receptions and conferences, were for his elder brother, and he was put off with second-class offices and provincial obscurity. He took all this as a matter of course, drank his two gallons of beer and wine daily, smoked his four-foot pipe, did his work, and said nothing.

His hair dropped from his crown, his moustache became sprinkled with gray, and his eyebrows grew shaggy, until one day, a few years ago, his subordinates discovered that their chief was the exact reproduction of the old Chancellor as he appeared at the opening of his struggle with the Prussian Parliament in 1862.

Then his old college chums searched the records of his duelling corps and announced that in twenty-three meetings he had not suffered a single defeat. They found that when put on his mettle he had been not only a two-bottle man, like his father, but even a three-bottle man.

The next discovery was more important, although it appealed less to German sentiment: Count Bill had kept his official house in such order that while socialism flourished like a green bay tree in other parts, his own district was swept clean of Social Democratic associations and meetings—was in fact the model district of the empire. Thus he got the reputation of a "Socialist-killer," which helps a German official more nowadays than fine examinations or noble birth.

Meantime Count Herbert had made himself the most cordially disliked young statesman in the empire. He had ridden roughshod over every man unlucky enough to serve under him, had got three Ambassadors by the ears, had been snubbed by little Switzerland, and had been outdone in Samoan affairs by the Americans. He had offended half the women of the high nobility in Berlin, and had become such an insufferable bore and prig in society that young men and women fled before him at every reception that he attended.

So, although the elder son and the rightful heir of the Bismarck dynasty, Count Herbert cut a poor figure beside Count Bill when the Emperor decided to please the old Chancellor's family with the gift of a large official plum during the birthday rejoicing. The East Prussian Presidency is now the most important one in Prussia, and it was given to Count Bill, who, for a man in his 42d year, has now climbed high on the Prussian official ladder.

A few persons in Germany have asked why a Bismarck, who is East Prussia's President at 42, may not be Germany's Chancellor at 45 or 50, especially when he has shown the grit of the head of the house. Their hopes are not likely to be realized, but, if they should be, visitors in the Wilhelmstrasse would feel that the calendar had been turned back twenty-five years, for in the iron man's workroom they would see again the giant stature in the king's coat, the bald head, the overhanging eyebrows, and the wrinkled, determined face that was peculiar to Count Otto von Bismarck.

Count Bill's friends say he does not worry his head about such remote chances. As soon as the birthday celebration shall be past he will go to the chief Presidents' castle in Koenigsberg, but a stone's throw from the famous "German House," where, in the days just preceding his civil service examination, he left a drinking record which the landlord still preserves in white chalk on his tavern blackboard.

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MAINE'S FIGHTING SCHOOLMASTER

A Case Where He Might Have Saved Himself Trouble by Naming Himself.

"It was not my privilege to be a pupil of the famous Chris Page, the fighting schoolmaster, told about it last Sunday's SUN," said a State of Maine man, "but I saw him display his qualities once under circumstances that caused me to remember him gratefully. It happened several years after the war that my business took me into northern Maine, and I was stopping for the night at a country hotel situated on a leading route to the lumber woods. It was in the autumn, and after supper I sat down in the office to enjoy the blazing open fire. The Prohibition law seemed not to have reached that remote district, for there was a bar in full operation in a side room. A half dozen rough men, who appeared to be lumbermen on their way into the woods, were in the office, and their frequent visits to the bar had made them boisterous. They had considerable horseplay among themselves, but, for the most part, were civil enough to other guests of the house. There was one exception, a big, muscular fellow wearing a red shirt, who was out for trouble and meant to be bad. Seated quietly in a corner by the fire was a tall, lanky man, dressed in ministerial black, with a quizzical, smooth-shaven face, who occasionally exchanged a remark with the landlord.

"A dapper little drummer travelling for a Boston house arrived late with his wife, and after supper the two went into the parlor, which opened upon the office, to wait while the landlady got their room ready for them. The red-shirted man was talking profanely and so loud that his voice reached the parlor, and the husband closed the door between them. Immediately the big fellow kicked the door open and threatened to annihilate the small drummer if he ventured to close it again. At this point I noticed that the tall man in the chimney corner was looking glum, but he said nothing. As soon as possible the little drummer got his wife out of the room into the hallway, and they were passing up stairs, when the big fellow, catching sight of them, made a remark insulting to both and started toward the husband. He had made but a step when up got the tall man.

"'Stop there, my friend,' he said in a tone drawling but full of business. 'Don't go any further or say another word in that lady's hearing.'

"The big fellow turned in astonishment, then doubled his fists and ground his teeth.

"'Who in hell are you?' he asked. 'Do you want anything of me?'

"He took a step toward the tall man, and in an instant he caught a straight right-hander in his neck that sent him down to the floor. But he was hard, and meant fight. He got upon his feet, made a rush for his antagonist, and for a few minutes there was the fastest and most lively that the two men seemed to fill the office. I climbed upon the wood box, and the other spectators got behind the counter or dodged about. But it was soon evident that the man in the red shirt was getting all the punishment. As the two fought round and round the table, the tall man was so lithe and clever that his heaviest opponent could not land a blow on him or force him to a clinch, but was hammered all over the room. Three were some attempts made to separate them, but one peacemaker went down in a heap, owing to a tap on the jaw from the tall man's elbow, and the landlord, crying that he would have no more of it, brought the door into his own parlor, and brought up on the floor in the middle of the room, where he sat still and waited.

"The fight ended by Red Shirt getting jammed in a corner, where he held his head down and devoted all his efforts to saving his face. The tall man hit him two or three times where he pleased, and then asked:

"'Do you think you'll insult the next lady and gentleman that happen to come to a hotel where you are disgracing yourself?'

"The fellow made no answer, and the tall man gave him a thumping blow in the face.

"'You think you will, then?' he said. Thump, thump, came two more blows.

"'I'll be damned if I ever do,' roared the fellow, with a suddenness and sincerity that were funny.

"'These are sentiments I approve,' said the tall man. 'How do you think you'd like a drink after your exercise? Come up, all hands, to the bar and drink with Chris Page to the future well doing of a reformed sinner.'

"The devil!' muttered the big man, as he mopped his nose and blinked ruefully out of a pair of swollen eyes. 'I wish I licked my brother once. Why didn't you say who you were in the first place and save us two all this trouble?'"

HE SMOKED 628,713 CIGARS.

The Record of a Frenchman Who Just Died in His Seventy-third Year.

The Paris newspapers tell of a peculiar old man who died at Vienna early in March in his seventy-third year. They call him the most exact man of whom there is record. From his twenty-seventh year he kept accurate account of all he bought and what he paid for it. A few days before his death he made up his books to show just what eating, drinking, and wearing clothes had cost him during his last 56 years. The totals show that in this period he wore out eighty-five pairs of trousers and seventy-four coats and vests, for which he paid $8,000. He had bought 208 shirts and 306 collars, valued at $300. His omnibus fare was $208. In the twenty-six years of his convivial life he consumed 28,750 glasses of beer. He gave up drinking in his fifty-fourth year, but he continued to smoke constantly even during his last sickness, raising the number of his cigars to 628,713 or an average of 11,217 a year. Of the whole number some 43,500 were given him; he bought the rest for $12,500, or two cents each.

This exact old man took most pride in his socks, which were of the best silk and most expensive make, costing usually $4.50 a pair. He wore out but sixty-two pairs between his twenty-seventh and seventy-third years, or hardly more than a pair a year.

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" " " " 3 " " " $18.00; " $32.00
150 Rolls Best Grade Moquette Carpets, 75c. per yard; worth $1.50
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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS.

A New Yorker Found Them Very Polite in Toronto, and Full of Neighborly Kindness.

Judging from the friendliness with which the visitor from the United States is greeted in Toronto, it is likely that the subject of annexation is considered without temper there. A New Yorker recently returned from a visit to Toronto gives this description of his experience:

"I wanted to see the city and applied for information to a policeman. He was stationed at a corner where three lines of trolley cars crossed each other, and he had to look lively to keep passers-by out of danger, so I did not expect very extended remarks from him. Just imagine how much a stranger would get out of a member of the Broadway squad under similar circumstances. This man answered my first question by asking another. It was this:

"'Are you from the States, sir?'

"'I am,' said I.

"'Well, sir,' said he, 'if you look sharp you can ride all over this city for two fares. Start on the car running this way, and ask the conductor for a transfer when he gets to the end of the line. Then get a transfer from the conductor on that car and so on.' He went on to tell me where I would find the most interesting parts of the city, and talked for at least five minutes, all the time keeping at his duties.

"The first car I got on happened, unfortunately, to be controlled by a green conductor. He had just come to the city himself. But I did not suffer for lack of information. A young man who sat in the seat ahead of me asked me if I was a stranger.

"'I am,' said I.

"'From the States?' asked he.

"'New York,' said I.

"'Ah, that's a wonderful city,' he replied. 'I've been there. With your permission, sir, I'll point out some of the objects of interest along the route, for this is a very fine city, too, I assure you. That's the house of General —, and so he went on. Every resident of a prominent citizen, every public building, every park and square he told me something interesting about. He was a young man of unusual intelligence, and after he left the car another passenger volunteered the information that he was a rising young physician and related to the Chief Judge of the province.

"I travelled all day in the cars, and on every one of them I found at least one willing and intelligent guide. The conductor on one car even went so far as to advise me to get off at the office of his company to secure a pamphlet which contained an illustrated description of the city and its leading points of interest. He held the car for me while I did this.

"The final evidence of friendliness for the visitor from the States I received at the Capitol. It was Saturday afternoon when I reached there, and to my disgust I learned that the building was closed at noon. Some visitors were being turned away as I applied for admission. The janitor noted my disappointment and asked:

"'Do you happen to be from the States, sir?'

"'Yes,' said I. 'I'm from New York.'

"'Won't you be here on Monday?' he asked.

"'No, I leave to-morrow,' I replied.

"'Well, we'll have to make an exception in your case,' said he. 'I've just turned away a lot of my own countrymen, but they can come again. We're always glad to see our cousins from the States.' He was an intelligent man, and spent fully an hour conducting me about the building. He even showed me the block and knife provided for the country legislators who want to cut their pig chewing tobacco. Of course it was tedious for him, and he would have enjoyed something else much better, but he was as cheerful and polite as though I were doing him a favor, and he actually refused my tip."

This New Yorker is now enthusiastically in favor of the union of Canada with this country.

Why They Didn't Want Young Hanged.

From the Park City Daily Times.

A Bowling Green lawyer, who has been attending Circuit Court at Brownsville, states that a great many people in Edmonson county did not want the negro, John Young, who escaped jail, to suffer death on the scaffold. The attorney said:

"The sentiment against it was practically unanimous. At least, if there were very many who wanted to see the sentence carried into effect they were talking the matter to themselves and doing little talking. I do not know why the sentiment is this way, and nobody attempted to give anything like a reason for it. In fact, the only reason I heard advanced was that, if the negro was hanged in Brownsville, the town would ever afterward be 'haunted.' There are a great many people in Edmonson who seem to have a perfect horror of 'hants,' and they do not intend that their county seat shall be infested with a six-foot negro 'hant' if they can prevent it. And they will prevent it if there is any possible way of doing it. If Young had been recaptured in time to have been hanged on the 15th, I do not believe the execution could have been carried out without the military. If the negro had been captured while I was there, I fully intended to at once notify the Governor that it would be dangerous to attempt to hang him in Brownsville without the soldiery. I think I never saw a people more determined on anything than they are on preventing the hanging of Young in Brownsville."

Can it be that the fear of "hants" is what constrains so many juries against the evidence? Can it be possible that the fear of spectral visitants unnerves even our higher courts and lends excessive weight to technicalities?

The Utility of the Hairpin.

From the Rosebud.

Instead of a hook, it buttons boots, gloves, and such like.

Instead of a needle and thread, it will fasten together a ripped seam.

Instead of mucilage, it fastens together the woman reporter's sheets of copy paper.

Instead of a corkscrew, it will open a bottle; instead of a paper knife, it will cut open magazine leaves.

Instead of a candlestick, it does good service straightened out, with one end jabbed into a candle, the other into the mantel.

It is so useful, the wonder is how men get along without 'em. And they don't, very well.

TACKLED A FIGHTING BEAR.

A Wyoming Ranchman's Story of a Narrow Escape from Death.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., March 22.—Capt. John T. Reynolds, a stockman of northern Wyoming, is in this place on business matters. He has a ranch in Big Horn Basin and is one of the noted hunters of that section. Last Monday week he killed a silver-tip bear in Tensleep Cañon after a fight in which he escaped almost by miracle.

"I came up from Paint Rock," said he, "and struck the cañon at its mouth, a little above the old W.-P. ranch. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning, and the weather was pretty cold. There was a heavy snow on the ground; and presently I found where a bear had come down from the Big Horn Mountains through a gorge in the side of the rock, and entered the cañon. I followed the trail rapidly, expecting every minute to come upon the animal, yet it was nearly two hours before I caught sight of it. I hastened my steps, fearing it might get into the underbrush and escape; but when I came up I found it standing near a small pine tree, growling savagely. I knew then that I had no child's play ahead of me. Some years ago Phil Vidal, one of the best hunters in our Western country, and myself were partners in the hunting and trapping business, and we deliberately turned our heels on a bear that we had tracked to a pile of rocks on Big Horn Mountains because we realized that in a fight with it one of us would be killed. My experience is that few of the bears inhabiting the Rocky Mountain ranges will show fight unless wounded, and when they exhibit a tendency to engage in a fray it is best for the hunter to retreat. In my case I could not do this, for I had been walking fast and came suddenly upon the animal. I had a Winchester rifle and carried a knife in my hip pocket. I raised my rifle and fired at the bear.

"The charge struck the animal in the shoulder, but did nothing more than enrage it, and it sprang upon me. I stepped back a few paces and fired a second time, the ball entering the head of the bear, but not checking its advance. It rushed at me with distended jaw. I struck it with all my strength over the head with the butt of my gun, which was shivered to pieces, and apparently had no effect on the bear.

"I drew my knife while I held the barrel of the gun in my right hand, and as the bear with a growl of rage sprang on me, I thrust the gun barrel into its mouth and plunged the knife into its right side. Then followed a desperate tussle, for the bear knocked the gun barrel out of my hand, and fastening his paws upon my shoulders threw me backward on the snow. Twice we turned over, my desperate struggles overcoming even the strength of the pain-maddened animal. I managed to escape from the grip of the bear and scrambled to my feet, but I had lost my knife in the scuffle, and my face and hands were lacerated and my clothes torn into ribbons and blood covered, for the bear was bleeding from the wound in the side. The snow for some paces was splashed with blood.

"My first thought now was to escape, and I backed away from the bear, who slowly advanced toward me with its mouth distended and its eyes glowing like live coals. As the animal advanced I retreated, keeping my eyes fixed upon him and shouting loudly for help, hoping to attract the attention of any hunter who might chance to be in that portion of the cañon. Unfortunately in my retreat my heel came in contact with a rock and I fell backward into a bunch of sage brush.

"Before I could get up the bear rushed on me again, and as I felt its sharp claws enter my shoulder I began to feel that my time had come. The fall hurt me, and the weight of the bear nearly crushed the breath from my body. But as I fell I caught hold of a piece of sage brush, and with that for a weapon I made a desperate fight for my life, striking the bear repeatedly over the head, and thus preventing the animal from seizing either of my arms and crushing them in his jaws. The blows I dealt caused the bear to loosen his hold and rise upon his haunches with a howl of pain. I struggled to my feet and tried to get away, but the bear struck at me and one of his claws fastened itself in my coat, holding me to the spot. Again we had a tussle, the bear striving to fasten both its claws in my shoulders, and I making every effort to prevent him doing so.

"He was growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood, which was streaming from the wound I had made in his side, and it is to this fact that I attribute my escape. For some moments we struggled, the bear rising and falling each time with more difficulty. I felt myself growing faint, and by an effort I tore myself loose from the bear, staggered a few paces, and dropped unconscious on the snow.

"I suppose I remained insensible for half an hour. The snow falling in my face restored me. I tried to get up, but could not do so for some minutes. At length I rose and looked around and saw the bear lying dead only a few paces from me.

"A few minutes later I heard the voices of some hunters who were on the cliffs overlooking the cañon. I shouted to them. They proved to be Roe Avent and some other men in the W.-P. ranch. They gave me all the aid necessary, and in an hour or less time they had me at the ranch. I was suffering more from exhaustion than any serious injury, and by the following day I was able to be out.

"The bear was one of the largest that has been killed in the Big Horn Mountain regions for years. Two years ago a hunter named Slavin killed one nearly as large on Powder River. As a rule bears are scarce in northern Wyoming, and it is seldom that a hunter runs across one."

Important News from Hoosierdom.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

TIPTON, March 18.—Isaac Brennan of this city has just completed a mechanical device that solves the problem of perpetual motion. After thirty years of hard study and continued experiments, backed by capital, he has completed a machine that furnishes its own power. The principle is a system of compound levers, giving a reciprocal action, which propels a roller placed on tracks, from which he gets an oscillating motion. He claims that he can get one pound of power from one pound of the weight of the roller. He has secured letters patent, and will soon place the machine on exhibition. He has been offered a large sum for his invention.

DREAMERS OF THE TURF.

RACING MEN AS A RULE VERY PRONE TO SUPERSTITION.

Stories of Dreamers Who Knew Their Business and Won Money—The Very Latest Dreamer Saw M. F. Dwyer's American Sprinter Stonenell Win the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes in England.

Turfmen and those who follow the turf are full of superstitions. It does not matter how intelligent the man may be on other subjects, he is in the main a dreamer and a believer in luck, so far as the great sport of racing is concerned, and it would be time thrown away to undertake to convince him or one of his kind that there is nothing but a disordered stomach behind a dream, and that luck is something for the urchin who plays pitch and toss to talk about—to curse when he loses and to smile when he wins, and that it should have no place in the heart of the man who lives by the cleverness with which he places his horses and his wagers.

There are many reasons why turfmen are fraught with superstition. The very atmosphere of the race course is charged with it, opportunity and judgment frequently being confounded with luck in such a way that brains, the medium of success in this as in any other pursuit in life, are entirely forgotten. The jockey who blunders in a race; is not as quick as his fellows to take advantages during the contest; becomes mentally befogged in the face of some great crisis, would have won but for his "bad luck." The trainer who thinks his horse is not quite up to a race and lets him run unbacked the first time out in the spring, and is chagrined when he wins at long odds, is also in "bad luck" in his own opinion. So is the bettor who is always looking for a job in every race, and who lets suspicion of a jockey's honesty influence him from betting on the best horse; and so is the owner, oftentimes rich and influential, who should be above the petty jobbery of the lowest scum of the race track, when he runs a horse several times in order to influence the betting, and who finds his horse a cripple or unable to win when the money is down. The turf is full of such hard-luck stories. Common sense, honesty, and hard luck are never bedfellows, either on or off the turf. But the woof of superstition is firmly interwoven with the warp of the turf, and for the benefit of those who believe in dreams the following stories are told:

"I had a dream last night," said a well-known horseman sitting in the smoking room of the Shoreham Hotel at Washington one evening last week, "that Stonenell had won the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes in England; in fact, he won it easily, and there was no horse near him at the finish. There's a tip for you, for as a dreamer I am a success. You all remember Castaway II.'s Brooklyn Handicap, don't you? Four or five nights before the Brooklyn Handicap was run I saw the race in my dreams and had firmly made up my mind to bet a large sum on the four-year-old; but I had seen him run on a heavy track at Elizabeth only the week before, and he couldn't get out of his own way in the sticky footing. It rained the night before the big race at Gravesend, and when I saw the track I laughed at myself and my dreams. Ah me, the money I could have won! The mud was thin and flew like so much water from beneath the horses' feet, and the hard bottom gave a foothold as secure as any horse could desire. Castaway II. simply smothered that field, and I've not got over it since. But if I don't have a bet on Stonenell for the Kempton Park $15,000 stake, why, it will be because they won't change American dollars into British pounds."

This started a discussion of dreams in connection with horse races, and several good stories were told. A newspaper man told how the wife of a fellow writer had brought a twenty-dollar bill to his house long before he had risen, and confiding it to his wife left instructions to place the money on a colt called Harved for the Lawnview Handicap at Gravesend. The newspaper man, over his breakfast, scoffed at the chances of Harved beating such high-class horses as Richmond and Favor, and wanted to leave the money at home in trust for the wife of his friend. Yielding, however, to the earnest arguments advanced as to the condition of affairs there would be if this horse really won and there was a large sum of money to make good, the twenty-dollar bill was taken to Gravesend. When the time came for the Lawnview Handicap, the fourth race on the card, to be decided, a visit was made to the betting ring. The plungers were on Richmond to a man, and with McLaughlin in the saddle it seemed to be sheer madness to bet on any of the others that sported silk in the same race, for the Dwyer Brothers' champion was at that time in the zenith of his powers. Harved was a three-year-old owned by a Broadway merchant, and he had but shortly risen from obscurity, having run only one or two races in moderate company, and his chances were so poorly thought of that 60 to 1 was a common quotation in the betting ring. The newspaper man tapped the $20 bill irresolutely, being confident that it was like throwing so much good money into the fire to place it on the three-year-old. He was placing the money in his pocket again with the intention of returning it to its fair owner, and giving, at the same time, some good advice for government on other ventures in speculation, when Charles Reed, the veteran sportsman, came along.

"Hello, youngster! What are you on?" was his cheery salute.

"Nothing," was the reply, and then came the story of the commission of $20 on Harved.

Grasping the newspaper man by the arm, Mr. Reed said:

"When you're as old as old Reed you'll know better. Come on, and we'll bet that twenty at the longest odds. When you get a commission—don't take 'em if you can get out of it—but when you get a commission put the money down, if it's on a red ox to beat a railway train."

The money was placed at 60 to 1, and the ticket calling for $1,220 was carefully folded and placed in an inside pocket. At flag fall Harved, to the utter astonishment of the throng, shot to the front and opened up such a length that McLaughlin had to go to the whip on Richmond a half a mile from the finish. Young Ossler, at that time a white-haired midget, but a jockey of great promise for his years, had the mount on Harved, and so well did he stall off Richmond's rush in the homestretch that the three-year-old won by a head.

No man who has not been there can imagine the feelings of the commissioner as he watched the race, and realized how nearly he had been to making a grave mistake. The woman received her winnings, and as she tossed the heap of green backs about in her lap, smiled and said:

"I knew Harved would win, for I dreamed that he won, and that's why I bet on him."

It was known that the woman did not frequent the race track, and she was asked how she knew there was any such horse. She did not know, and had only known that there was such a thoroughbred by the shouts heard in dreamland of "Harved, Harved, the outsider wins." She had consulted the morning paper and, seeing the name, had rushed pell mell to her friend's to place the money. There are a few rings and some china in that house to-day that were bought with the money won on Harved. The horse was of high quality and had been well manipulated, but he died—was poisoned, some persons said, at Brighton Beach a month later.

"I can tell a tale quite as remarkable," said a young Westerner who had left the farm for the race track. "When I came to New York in the eighties I knew comparatively little about your horses. I had saved up some money, and, being fond of horses, naturally wanted to see some sport where there would be an opportunity to see the best horses that the country could boast of, and I laid my plans to visit the best race tracks in the East. The first three or four days of my stay in