

NOT WHEN HE HASN'T BET ON HIS OWN LONG SHOT.

But When the Next Morning He Reads in the Newspapers That He Has Cleared Up a Fortune on the Race—Owners of Racehorses Who Missed Their Chance.

"If ever you experience a banking to listen to horrible language, all you've got to do is to have alongside of a horse owner whose name has just been cleared up."

"For about fourteen previous races Banker hadn't been able to run fast enough to shake the mud clinkers out of his plates."

"The trainer brought Merces down to one of those tracks. When he got the horse into some kind of shape he stuffed him into a maiden job, bet on him at the long chalk and Merces lashed home last, with not enough speed to beat a fat man in a potato race at an Elks' picnic."

"The trainer was laid up with malaria at the time and when on the morning of the race he read with astonishment the name of Merces carded to start with the swift bunch of winners he wired from his New York flat to the track, explaining the mistake and directing that Merces be snugged out of that thing."

"He not only started, but he came home all alone, on the steel, mouth wide open, tail twitching, never extended, boy grinning like a Hallowe'en pumpkin."

"When Banker did that thing to Stokes, Stokes refused to trust himself in the neighborhood of folks. He just walked over to the Bladensburg woods, on the edge of a swamp, and had it out with himself in private."

"Four or five truck farmers who passed in their wagons on the road near the place where Al was talking to himself in the clump of woods turned pale and gee-eyed their horses, for they wanted to get immediately away from there."

"It was the same way with that big pipe traxer Captain Gaston who at the Bay five or six years ago. The Captain Gaston folks were said to have copped enough on their own to build a grand mansion to pay the national debt of Mexico and still have gum and cigarette money left over, and yet that race was the greatest disappointment of their lives."

"The pair of partners in the Captain Gaston mob knew that their trick was going to be good that day, and they really meant to bet on him for a kind of a clean-up."

"The horse hadn't started for nearly a year, but in his last race he had run clear of St. Louis and under Frank Bell to a tooth, and that made him look like something better than a piker in a poke."

"On the day of the race, by some odd chance, one of the New York newspaper handicappers picked Captain Gaston as the one best bet of the day, although the New York racing crowd had never even heard of the fiddler. Anyhow, the lot opposed to Gaston was a pretty shifty bunch of maidens, and the New York booksellers got their noses under the covers."

"Breathless Mr. Morrell faced him as he entered, the picture pressed to her throbbing breast."

"A few words, a tragedy in a sentence, Arthur was dead. His body, still warm, had been found in the alley, stabbed, and the blood through the heart that had led her, the heart that she had so truly and devotedly loved."

"What was in that valuable package your partner had with him?" he demanded suddenly, smiling wilyly.

"Not from our shop," he declared. "We've been down on bedrock for the last year, and this morning when our creditors demanded an assignment, I just had to tell them there was nothing to assign."

"He had a package with him, notwithstanding; a package valuable enough to cost him his life."

"The simplest thing in the world, answered the official duty. A blood-stained handkerchief was found in the alley this morning with his name on it. He must have dropped it when he ran; that's why he scuffed himself. The rest was easy."

"Drop the case, Abe," he said. "Mrs. Orville has returned home. A mere attack of the nerves."

"Yes, as he reviewed his laborious and orderly premises, recalling that no handkerchief was in the alley when he had minutely searched it the night before, and that no trace of the sealed package or the agreed price for it had been discovered in Zahn's office, he wondered in his silent way who was the real victim of that attack."

"HE'S A JAIL ROBBER. Accomplishments of a Negro Lawyer in West Virginia."

"RIPLEY, Ohio, Jan. 11.—Down in the mountains of the State, in the heart of the coal and negro valleys, lives James Knox Smith, a negro lawyer. His professional card reads as follows:

"Compliments of James Knox Smith, Lawyer and Jail Robber. Practice in all the Courts of Virginia. Keystone, McDowell County, West Virginia. I delight in defending the poor and those whom I believe to be innocent when my fees are secured. My motto is Quick Collections Upon All Claims and Prompt Remittance Made in Cold Blood. The Bible to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good. Therefore, Brethren, seek me early as your counselor, for know ye that even the righteous cannot be saved without an advocate."

"The reverse side of this appeal for clients contains a cut showing the genuinely African features of the jail robber, together with a copy of a eulogistic article about the venerable lawyer, which calls him a 'born orator, a marvel in style and a genial, courteous gentleman.'"

"He calls himself a jail robber because of his success in defending his clients. In pleading to juries in behalf of his colored brothers he refers to them only as 'poor niggers,' and prays for their leniency mainly on the ground of their ignorance and poverty. He has a practice among both blacks and whites, and carries himself with great dignity."

"He has a class eye, which comes in very handy as a type producer in his eloquent pleadings of appeal for some unfortunate defendant. He is a very good lawyer, and his abilities are constantly in demand, and it is related that on one occasion, while making speeches in Old Virginia, his remarks were so offensive to the white people that they sent out a searching party to capture him."

"Then it was that the slipping out of the jailer's hands had been in good stead. His captors were positive that the man they had been pursuing had two eyes and was not nearly so pompous as this colored gentleman, and they released him."

AN ATTACK OF NERVES.

Detective Cronkite Abandons the Search for a Woman and Her Missing Letters.

Mrs. Arthur Morrell viewed life in a humorous way; that was a result of her blisful marriage. Otherwise she might have resented rather than enjoyed the scornful glances of the ladies at the Aura, who had a set of their own and disdained her husband and herself as rank outsiders. In that case it is likely she would have rejected Mrs. General Rudolph's suggestion, instead of taking to it good naturedly."

"Mrs. General, with her stately military attachment, occupied the main and extensive apartment which adjoined the Morrells' modest suite. It was Mrs. General's annual custom to receive the elect at a tea, and it was her suggestion, offered as if from behind a cloud on a mountain, that Mrs. Morrell permit the use of her apartment as a dressing room."

"It was presuming, no doubt; but then, why not be obliging? No harm could be done which the cleaners would not obviate the next morning. The hall maid, who liked her, would be in attendance. And so Mrs. Morrell went to a matinee and left her pretty apartment to its doom."

"At first glance on her return the ravages did not seem as great as she had feared. Of course, the soap was gone, and the pins; and what a shame the ivory elephant that had stood on the mantel."

"But still there was absolute relief in Mrs. Morrell's soft eyes as she made a second inspection, until they scanned the dresser, and then they snapped Mrs. 'Where was Arthur's picture in the silver frame or the one she cared for most, the picture of her boy lover? Oh, the wretches!'"

"She found it at length, but to no assuaging of her wrath, threw it as if with contempt into an obscure corner. She picked it up tenderly; the heavy glass was splintered and broken from a violent blow."

"Mrs. Morrell walked over to the window; she threw up the sash, seeking relief in the darkness and the cool night air. The maternal instinct within her was lacerated and she fondled the poor, despoiled picture as if it were a babe. How had they dared! That's what she got, and perhaps deserved, for casting her pearls before—"

"The Aura covered half of a square, which was bisected by an alley. This alley, dark and narrow, was little used after the morning deliveries were over except as some guest, hurrying home, might make a short cut through it from the trolley line."

"Mrs. Morrell's window opened over this alley, and now as she stood there a sudden fear checked her bitter thoughts even as it turned back the blood from her heart. There were waving lights below, coming, going, on a run. There were shouts, acute with alarm; something was wrong. Could anything have happened to Arthur? He was so late, so late!"

"The telephone rang insistently. It was the voice of the proprietor asking whether she was in her room, saying he would be up directly. Why should he want to know; why should he want to come?"

"Breathless Mr. Morrell faced him as he entered, the picture pressed to her throbbing breast."

"A few words, a tragedy in a sentence, Arthur was dead. His body, still warm, had been found in the alley, stabbed, and the blood through the heart that had led her, the heart that she had so truly and devotedly loved."

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PROSPECT FERRY, MS., Jan. 11.—"When I was a boy," said Wildcat Perkins, "society along Poverty Shore ever heard of this new disease they call race fever. Instead of having to wait and let a girl chase him down and get him in a corner and compel him to marry, every young man used to go hunting for the girls as much as the girls hunted the men, and the result was that almost everybody got married right away and went courting or raised farms to help in making a living."

COVERTY SHORE COURTSIPS.

Course of True Love and Expenses Down to a Minimum.

"The reason why so many young men got married when I was young was that it did not cost more than a chap was worth to go courting. If he had a good pair of boots, a white shirt and a clean worsted coat, a young man could court a nice girl all winter at a cost of not more than 25 cents a week."

"I'll tell you how 'twas done—that is, how I used to do, and I've been married three times, and ought to know."

"The old man, for that is what we called the girl's father, used to provide most everything needed in the courting line in those old days. He furnished the front parlor and the kerosene lamp and the open fireplace and he sawed and split the wood that was burned in the fireplace all through the courting. And he furnished the girl."

"The fellow used to drop around after milking on Sunday evenings, and after he had taken supper with the family and talked for a time with the old man about the price of cordwood and the prospects for a heavy run of salmon the next spring, the girl would light the parlor fire and call him in to help her eat apples and look over the family photograph album, inside of which were the pictures of all the fellows she had entertained since she was 14."

"Naturally Sunday evening was the regular time set aside for courting purposes, but after the young man had become acquainted and got the run of the house these used to be meetings called for special purposes two or three times a week. As a rule the young couple did not set up a table in the house, as they did at the Sunday sessions, though some of them held until after midnight."

"All the young man had to do was to sit back on the sofa and eat the old man's apples and warm himself by the old man's wood and let his money accumulate until he had enough to start housekeeping. There were no theatre parties or Welsh suppers or anything of the kind, and the boys of chocolates in those days to keep his mind away from the business in hand and send away all the change he could get. The old man would give the raw meat to be blown out from the time the girl asked her first beau into the house until they went to call on the minister, and the old man's favors were shown on account of kinship."

"I recall the events now I think the chief expense I went to in a winter's courting was any kind of a special occasion to carry to the girl. When I had greased my boots and combed my hair in a Boston twist with a long parting down the back of my head, I dressed in the green, blue, red and bought three ears of lady finger popcorn for five cents and put them in my coat pocket and went to call."

"And the result of the raw meat was that I had front door stamping the snow from my boots and carrying those three ears of popcorn in my pocket as the raw meat was. If I had arrived with two colored waters bringing hot birds and cold bottles. It was my opinion that the best of popping corn did not consist in bringing the ears to be eaten together than anything else which took place during the courting."

"The fireplace was filled up with the best hardwood, and this had to burn down to great glowing beds of coals before the shelled corn could be put in the popper. And the old man would agitate the wire popper over the coals, and the firelight was shining on one side of her face and into her eyes, and the young man would be blowing the raw meat into the popper, the corn would begin to pop—first a little snap here and another there, and then the discharge of a whole battery of popping corn takes the raw meat out of the popper, by which time the job was finished and the corn was ready for the first and last meal of the winter."

"No matter how dignified a young man may try to be, he can't keep it up if he is popping corn with a nice girl above a hat in a room where the old man is the spectator. I am not given to digging into the reason of things; but no natural young man could keep a girl with her new winter without popping the question."

"It is the cheapest as well as the simplicity of the custom which appeals strongly to me, and I have never seen it in any other form. In looking over my accounts I find that it cost me just 45 cents to court my first wife during the winter previous to our marriage at Eastport, Me., in 1885."

"My second wife cost more, but this was due to the fact that she had a younger sister who was unmarried, and who used to come in and see me, and I had to buy her new set, but I did not court my third wife with popcorn, because she had lost her teeth and could not bite the hard kernels while she was waiting for the minister. I had to buy her new set, but we got along very nicely by treating ourselves on roast apples and milk, which were not at all expensive, seeing that the milk was produced on the farm."

"I'll bet a gallon of hard cider to a new axe handle that if I were a widower now and should start courting in the same old-fashioned way I could marry the best girl in the neighborhood inside of six months."

Landed Monster Striker. Hamond correspondence Chicago Inter Ocean, Feb. 10, 1904. A monster fish was landed on the south shore of Lake Michigan, has a new fish story, and the fish itself is great and vivid of one of the most wonderful catches ever made in the world. It was a monster sturgeon, and it weighed 1,000 pounds. When they first saw the fish, they thought it was a shark. The news of the wonderful catch travelled up and down the lake shore and attracted many visitors to the landing wharf. Among them was Richard M. Clark, a fisherman who has been catching sturgeon for many years. He identified the bones as his own."

On June 14, 1904, much and his sons were fishing off the Hammond shore, three miles out, when they hooked an extraordinary monster fish. When they landed the boat a mile and a half from the shore, the fish was so large that it was necessary to use a derrick to haul it on shore. The fish was a pair of large sturgeon, and it weighed 1,000 pounds. The news of the wonderful catch travelled up and down the lake shore and attracted many visitors to the landing wharf. Among them was Richard M. Clark, a fisherman who has been catching sturgeon for many years. He identified the bones as his own."

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COLONY OF GREAT BLUE HERONS.

Have Returned to Same Tree 23 Years —13 Nests at One Time.

A place of rare interest to bird lovers in Michigan is a great blue heron's nesting place ten miles west of Battle Creek on the north bank of the Kalamazoo River."

It is notable, says a writer in St. Nicholas, because there are not only a number of places of this kind in the State, but it is still more notable from the fact that the few others are in inaccessible swamps, while this one is on dry ground, only a short distance from an urban electric line, and can be reached without difficulty."

Great blue herons are home lovers and become so attached to the places of their nesting that they always return to the same nesting place and even the same tree. They have been known to nest in one place for fifty years. When nesting the young, the Kalamazoo River for twenty-two years."

A symeom tree is always selected as first home tree, because the color of the bark harmonizes perfectly with the color of the nesting place and even the same tree. They have been known to nest in one place for fifty years. When nesting the young, the Kalamazoo River for twenty-two years."

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FOR WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL.

Archbishop of Canterbury to Give a Pulpit with a History.

It is expected that before the next Ascension Day the cathedral at Washington will receive the most interesting and valuable gift from the Archbishop of Canterbury."

This is an arched or pulpit made of stones removed from Canterbury Cathedral during the work now being carried on. According to the Church Electric, it is being sculptured under the direction of William D. Carroll, architect of the cathedral."

It is given by the Archbishop in memory of the venerable Archbishop Langton, and it will illustrate