NEW YORK HORSE SHOW

Its Eleventh Birthday to Be a National Event for Sportsmen.

TO HAVE FOREIGN ATHLETS.

Society Ladies to Ride Saddle Horses Around the Ring and Children to Drive Carts.

The New York Horse Show will be eleven years old on November 11, and, as if to do respect to this union of units, there will be an entry of eleven times eleven more varieties and kinds of horses than ever seen before! The New York Horse Show grows year after year in importance. It is now second to no other event in this country and is of national importance like the inauguration, the expositions and the great musical fetes, not to mention its position in the elite sporting world.

It was decided last winter that the boxes constituted the real attraction of the horse show and the ring with the high steppers was the side show. This year even doctors may disagree upon the point of relative merit, for the steppers that are entered are of marvelous attractiveness, rivaling in grace, intelligence and breeding anything that may be exhibited in the tiers of private boxes around the promenade.

TALENTED PROJECTORS.

There is a set of gentlemen, resident—like true cosmopolitans—everywhere, who stand sponsor every year for the horse show. They advance the money to hire the Madison Square Garden and put it in shape. They stand the expense of fitting up stalls for the boarders of the week. They good-naturedly loan their grooms, twenty grooms apiece, for the six days of the show, and they set the pace to box bidders by paying the highest sums themselves. Their social position is unquestionably high and they look neither to "get their money back" nor enjoy other emolument than seeing honest and sportsmanlike competition among the horse owners.

To conduct a show like the New York Horse Show year after year and have each year more successful than the last requires the three things that some old genius said was genius itself—patience, tact, industry, ability. The conflicting sides are so powerful, the different elements so diversified, and the things to be taken into consideration are so diversified that, without "the three things of genius" the horse show would go down in a year, a hopeless victim to squabbles and dissension.

The initial step that the public sees of the horse show is the auctioning off of the boxes of Madison Square Garden. There are only about forty of these to be sold, and there is no restriction, except the price of the box. It is always run up to such a figure that none who are not fond of horses would want to pay it. Thus, idlers, curiosity mongers and society's borderland is kept away. To pay $800 in cold cash for a small wooden pen set with cane chairs for six nights is a sacrifice few would make if they did not expect to get $800 worth of horseflesh, as the eyes can enjoy it, on those nights.

FORTUNE FOR A BOX.

The auctioning off of the seats is now nearly ready to begin. It will be done some afternoon soon within the portals of Madison Square Garden. Then elderly ladies with their lorgnettes, spry young chrysanthemums, and their lords in fashionable autumnal array, will saunter into the garden to consult the box-sheet and, in spite of their debonair ways, anxiously await the result of the bidding.

Two years ago John Jacob Astor paid $700 and over for his pick of the boxes; last year it was given to Mr. George Gould. This year it is to go to a lady—so reports declare—who will take the Duke of Marlborough into her box and console him by pointing out her own blue-ribbon horses, for the fact that his fiancee cannot be present, so unconventionally near will it be to her wedding. Twenty foreign friends of the Duke will accompany him on different nights. Another box is to be bought by a wealthy young athlete of Harvard, for offering the courtesy of the Horse Show to visiting athletes.

The projectors of the greatest show on earth, as this horse show is now entitled to be called, since the lamented Barnum no longer monopolizes the name, have been the same from the beginning. The first year it was little more than their own horses that were shown, next year there were others, now hundreds are turned away.

So many applications for entries have been made this year that the standard of perfection has been much raised. It was necessary to keep out two thousand who wanted to show their horses. To do this justly very strict lines have been drawn this fall. The pedigree, markings, style, gait and records of previous prizes have all had to count. None but the very finest are entered. When Greek meets Greek, as in this case, great will be the tug of merit in warfare.

The most enthusiastic exhibitors, though not the most judicious ones, are women. Every woman who has a pretty pet pony wants to enter the little fellow, hoping to have him carry off a ribbon. Result, if it were allowed, a tiresome lot of mediocre ponies interesting to none but the owners thereof. It is complained that all are barred from exhibiting except millionaires. But to this the horse show committee laughingly explained to a friend that, if such were the case, it was because none but millionaires had the money to purchase the thoroughbreds.

YOUNG LADIES RIDE.

The lady exhibitors this year will be numerous. One of the pleasant features will be the saddle horse class, of young ladies, riding their own ponies around the ring. Those who are too timid to ride in the glare and the music hire professional women riders, and watch from the box the success of the pony in winning trophies.

There are several of these professional lady riders in New York.

Mrs. Rollin Squire, who rode for the Czarina, or one of her dowager majesty's sisters, is one. Others are the celebrated Mrs. Emily Beach and daughter. So intrepid is Mrs. Beach that when a pony is too startled to stand upon his legs and can only plunge backward and forward, she asks the privilege of sitting upon his back. Two grooms to hold the pony and one to toss her into the saddle are enough to bespeak a change of behavior on the pony's part. But for the most part the horses are well behaved, and seem to have inherited the thoroughbred sense of fit behavior in fine surroundings.

The children's class is a very interesting one this year. For several years the small son of a noble New York house has taken the prize with cart and toy pony. But this year there came from the West a millionaire and his small grandson to contest laurels. Another Western millionaire brings his adopted daughter, who will also drive a tiny cart. No notice is paid by the judges to the driving, as it is a horse show. But every driver knows how much reins well held can help a thoroughbred's appearance.

That crack coach and coaching writer, T. Suffern Tailor, has a rival in his wife, who may drive her tandem around the ring. She is considering it. But the danger of getting a tandem in trouble in such small space is very great, and even crack drivers dread it.

Polo ponies will be shown, not by the dozen, but by the hundred this year. Poor little brutes. Their sides are torn by their enthusiastic young riders, and the little fellows are scarred as few race horses are. They are the widest awake of all the horses on exhibit, as they are trained to think for themselves. The most guidance they ever have is a push from the knee, not always the correct knee, either.

The beauty part of the horse show will be more dazzling than ever fancied. The horse show marks the opening of the society season in New York. It is followed by the grand opera and the balls of the winter. Thanksgiving, always spent at home, follows it, and for the horse show people who do not live in New York and who would not live in New York, take long journeys to see that imposing event, the inauguration of the season. Gowns are new, coats smart! Ruddy complexions and bright eyes abound!

None so happy as the projectors. For six nights they have seen the beauty of the world in proud array smiling and applauding from the boxes, and in front of them have pranced for public admiration the proud horses for which they have bargained with kings, and which they have taken from the stables of emperors by sausiop. love and money. No more are they like the horses of the street than a high-born beauty is like a scullion, and no more is the horse show to be compared to any other event of the year than are the projectors to be compared to those who see in horseflesh naught but barter and gain.

PROJECTORS OF THE NEW YORK HORSE SHOW.

August Belmont, John Jacob Astor, Seward Webb, Col. William Jay and Hermann Oelrichs.

Clever Feats Of Women Riders

THEY DO WONDERFUL THINGS FROM A SIDE SADDLE.

Tilt at Rings, Drive Pegs and Spear Paper by Way of Amusement.

That fascinating old pastime, "tilting at a ring," suggestive of tournaments gay and cavaliers brave of the middle ages, has been monopolized quite long enough by the men.

We have changed all this now, and at the riding schools and clubs, women as well as men will tilt at rings and become initiated into the deep mysteries of tent pegging and other athletic equestrian games this winter.

To become a skillful performer at any of these sports requires a good eye, a light hand, a dexterous balance, and no mean equestrianship—all very good things, in their way, for every rider to acquire.

The games usually form part of the entertainment at musical rides which take place once a week at the various riding schools.

For tilting at the ring, a pole, much resembling the ancient gallows on which our old friend Punch is wont to hang the beadle in his edifying street drama, is placed in the arena; from it depends an India rubber ring on a hook.

RING AND LANCE.

The riders, each provided with a light wooden lance, from which a gay pennon flutters, are drawn up in line. One by one they gallop swiftly past the pole. Scoring depends on the pace at which the ring is taken.

The practiced hand rarely misses the ring. It is then flung off the lance to the ground, to be picked up and replaced by the attendant grooms. Each rider has three trials, and many clever ones score each time.

Another similar sport is to try to pick up with the lance pieces of white paper placed on the ground as the rider flies past at full speed. At this exercise of skill the women, at a recent performance, displayed greater prowess than the men, many frequently picking up three out of four bits of paper.

DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS.

Tent pegging, another equestrian pastime, is rather a more difficult game, and yet women riders do not find it beyond their skill.

An India rubber ring is fastened to a peg which is driven into the ground. The rider must detach it as she passes quickly by and toss it off the lance as high as she can fling it. This performance demands a good eye and a strong wrist, but it is one at which ladies soon acquire considerable dexterity.

The practice of tent pegging gives a deftness in the management of the rein in one hand and an accurate balance in the saddle, which stands one in good stead in cross-country riding, besides the valuable training of the muscular powers and of the eye and wrist, which are only less important for women than for men.

These games or sports are done to inspiriting strains of music, and as a grand finale the riders, following a leader, proceed to carry out intricate evolutions at varying rates of speed, according to the word of command; the lances in their hands and the flying pennants giving a gay appearance to the scene.

When the band strikes up "Sir Roger de Coverly," the riders draw up in two lines facing each other; the top couple lead off in the usual way, and go through all the figures of this time-honored dance. Beneath two lances crossed the mounted crowd rush headlong to the further end; then the grand round follows, either in slow time or quick time.

It is a charming sight—these features of daring and the quickness and cleverness of horse and rider—indeed, one of the prettiest sights that one can imagine, and women may congratulate themselves that at last they are to be allowed to take part in these delightful games instead of being doomed to ride stupidly around the ring to slow music, making heroic efforts, womanlike, to look cheerful.

A Clever Horsewoman.

Tilting at a Ring.

SWELL WINDOW GARDENING

A Mirror Effect in Vines After a Design by Alma Tadema.

ROSA BONHEUR'S ARCHWAY

"Jerusalem Window" of a King's Daughter Leader—Terry's "Juliet Window."

It is a hard thing to bring plants indoors and cheat them into thinking it is summer time. Steam may supply moist soft heat, sun may shine through curving windows, and water fall regularly. Yet the plants know it is not summer. They resent such attempts to deceive them by dropping off their leaves and growing into tall, unsightly, spindling stalks.

People who love plants most deceive them least. They say to a root: "It is not summer time. It is the season of cold and bleak. I will take your roots and transport them bodily. Make the best of the situation."

TADEMA'S MIRROR.

A number of vases are concealed behind a mirror. They are filled with sand and water, a moist, happy mass. The plant sinks its rootlets into the wet sand and flourishes for a long season, sometimes as long as a winter, sending down its green leaves over the grass meanwhile. At the base two small palms have been started upward. They uphold the vines in their spreading green hands. The mirror is a twice lovely spot. Every leaf is pictured over and over again, and it is the sweetest bit of imprisoned summer in the house, like the leaves of a plant shining in a lake's edge. This is said to have originated in a design for a house decoration by Alma Tadema, who placed it in the boudoir of a wealthy patron.

There are people who can do without soap for dinner, but plants they must have.

One pot of roses will take the place of terrapin, and a few hanging vines suffice for coffee after dinner.

There is such a host in New York. He has the liking for flowers upon the dining table that is supposed to be peculiar to woman. Manlike, he manages to gratify it according to his own conception.

At one side of the dining table—not in the center, for he does not want his small vis-a-vis hidden—he has a round piece of very heavy French plate glass. It is so thick that, on holding your finger to it you seem to be looking into space to find the finger again. In the middle of this round piece of glass he orders a jardiniere placed daily. The jardiniere is to match the table linen. To-day yellow, to-morrow green. Next day limoges to match the fringed cloths that are left over from old-fashioned days.

The jardiniere of many sections is set upon the glass. A pot of flowers is placed in the middle section. In each of the three side pieces there is set a pot of trailing vines, and around the tall middle flower go "thumb" pots of maidenhair fern.

ARTISTIC MAN.

The peculiarity of the arrangement is seen upon inspection. The flower must match the jardiniere. For the yellow jardiniere there is the yellow chrysanthemum, with tawny trailers for side pieces. For the green jardiniere a giant palm with smaller palms stand in a green receptacle. The ensemble is extremely good, and the gentleman, who is a very famous host, does not mind about being occasionally chaffed about matching pink daisies to pink limoges china. "It looks right," he insists.

"If I were going to make a window garden," chatted one of the national leaders of the King's Daughters, "I should buy twenty yards of vines and buy and beg many jardinieres. With vines and jardinieres all is accomplished."

Leading the way through a broad archway, this leader of the King's Daughters pointed to a broad window seat that looked very luxurious in spite of the fact that it was cheaply furnished. "That window box is covered with 3-cent tilings glued on by myself. In it stand four pots of trailers. At one side are two pots of vines, and the only pretentious plants are the palm at one side of the window and the pot of artemesia at the other side."

Seeing a questioning look directed towards the window she continued: "Yes, I know you see a chaste peculiarity of that window. It is my 'Jerusalem Window.' Here the King's Daughters, tired, worn and discouraged, can come and look out across the hills. We are on an elevation. Below us lies the bustling town. It is my 'Confession Window' also. Girls sit here and tell me when and how they have fallen into grief. There is no shade upon the window, but a lovely circular arch of vines."

THEATRICAL WINDOW.

Ellen Terry can never learn a part except seated in her own vine-clad window in her English cottage. She looks out and pictures the scenes and gets the words in her mind. In the foreground of the window there is a small stool. Upon this Miss Terry falls when she would clasp her Romeo to lick the poison from his lips. Upon the stool she kneels for her stage prayer and from its dizzy height she hurls herself when planning a tremendous stage effect. The trimming of the entire window is accomplished by two Jardinieres of English ivy, trained over an open network.

Rosa Bonheur has painted lions and horses so many years that she is not supposed to have ever painted subjects as light as flowers, yet a French woman tells a pretty story of her early acquaintance with Rosa Bonheur and the great animal painter's home talent.

The lady owned a cottage in the suburbs, a box-like cottage, very square and uninviting, with an L at one side. "I wish I could connect the parlor with that L in an artistic way," she said to Rosa Bonheur, then a young lady, who was her guest. "There is a square dark hallway there now, lighted with two windows at right angles with each other."

"Will you give me plenty of sash and a carpenter three days?" asked Miss Bonheur.

Three days afterwards there was a door cut the whole width of the little square hall. Sash windows at right angles to each other went from floor to ceiling; a window box stood at the base, and over the wide doorway hung a bentwood arch, the work of Rosa Bonheur's nimble fingers. For a week she stood upon a step ladder touching up the borders of the walls until they were as artistic as the window garden. That arch and the window box are still preserved by these friends of Miss Bonheur, though they could be sold for a small fortune if the owners would part with them.

ST. GAUDENS' ORCHIDS.

"Middy" Morgan, the woman who judged New York's horse market for years, was an admirable designer and house painter.

Great artists have never despised the decoration of houses. In the olden days great painters were proud to place their works upon the walls of a hallway or dining-room. Nor have they ever despised to consider the union of plants and paintings. The two go together in a very united way. A knowing hostess will place a jardiniere, a vase of flowers or vine, or even a group of autumn leaves near the finest painting to show it off the better.

There is a lady in New York who proudly shows a window garden every autumn with the remark: "St. Gaudens planned it for me." Whether St. Gaudens ever saw it or not, it is artistic, and the great artist need not be ashamed of it. It is a tile window garden. There are boxes of tiles at the four corners of the window, two above and two below. Out of the upper ones grow orchids fastening themselves to the side of the window, and to the woodwork of the panes all the way down to the lower ones. Here spring up tall water flowers growing in moisture below. The boxes are water tight and are designed to show this bit of tropical growth in a very Oriental niche in the center of the house.

The finest effects are obtained with glass. A bunch of wax water lilies were tied with an immense knot of green ribbon and hung from a curtain pole that projected over a mirror. The lilies were hung to the pole with the aid of an alpenstock which stood near by. Twenty callers at the "afternoon-at-home" admired the lilies, thinking them just gathered from the pond of someone's greenhouse. To keep up the deception, new ones have to be arranged very often and the old ones thrown away.

Conservatories are scattering themselves over the whole house this winter. This is in deference to the lord of the manor, who likes to puff his afternoon Havana in the fragrance of the growing plants, but dislikes the moisture of the conservatory.

A very great political leader has this trick of smoking in the "plantiest" spot in the house, and after his puff he will rise and pluck the dead leaves off the plants, throw a glass of water over the leaves, and smoke a few puffs upon the unhappy plant moths.

Terry's "Juliet" Window.

DESIGNS BY GREAT ARTISTS.

Alma Tadema's Boudoir Mirror.
Jardiniere Arrangement of a Celebrated Entertainer.
The "Jerusalem Window."
Rosa Bonheur's Alcove.

A New Use For Old Clothes

STOCKING HEIRLOOM TRUNKS OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES.

Miss Chiffon's Clever Uses for Cast-off Garments—An Economy Box.

It was Miss Frou Frou Chiffon, who, enthroned amid a small archipelago of trunks in all shapes and sizes, was spending her morning busily directing and assisting the housemaid, in a most complicated system of packing. This unusual demonstration did not imply a proposed tour about the world, Miss Chiffon assured her girl friend. "These are my old things, you know," she indicated with a brisk nod.

"Meant for the servants, I suppose," suggested the pretty girl. "I always distribute my cast-offs amongst the housemaids. It's such an easy way of ridding oneself of them."

SENSIBLE SCHEMES.

"A bad plan," replied Miss Chiffon, severely. "I always have regarded my old clothes very seriously, to be used with taste, economy and charity. I really never throw away any of them, a good many I keep for various reasons, some I sell and the rest I give away, with all the discretion I can exert. Most girls I know order their maids to tumble the useless togs helter-skelter into trunks and help themselves to the leavings, but I rarely give my maids any of the old finery. I had rather buy them neat, new gowns out and out, for the old toggery encourages in them false notions of dress. But one day in October I have a regular carnival of clothes, pack away, clean but unstarched, the cotton and muslin gowns I want to save over for the next summer, using plenty of lavender to keep them sweet and fresh. From that growing pile over there I will make three exhaustive pickings. The first choice from it goes into my heirloom trunk, of course you have one, for it is one of the newest notions going about?

FOR THE NEXT GENERATION.

"No, I haven't," insisted the pretty girl, popping a chocolate into her pretty mouth and inspecting a yawning linen-lined chasm of a leather trunk near by, "what is it?"

"Why, it's a trunk in which in tissue-paper and violet sachets you lay away every season, one specimen gown from your wardrobe, to be bequeathed to a succession of granddaughters. I'm just beginning mine by salting down this lovely yellow satin, in which I danced with the Duke of Marlborough last summer at Newport. Along with it goes the stockings, gloves, slippers, and handkerchief to complete the set and a bit of paper saying where I wore it, etc., etc. It will be out of style next season, but will serve admirably to show my granddaughters what the style was in this year of grace and following it I will put away here special gowns, my coming out frock, later on the costume in which I receive the proposals of my future husband, and then my wedding toilet. Every dress must have some special event or sentiment connected with it to guarantee its handing down to future generations."

"The next selections from that pile will be for my economy trunks, without which no woman ought to pretend to anything like thoughtful thrift," continued the packer. "It used to be Mrs. Pierre Lorillard's plan every season to reserve a few of her handsomest toilets and lay them carefully away, saying that riches often took to themselves wings, and in that event, by turning to her economy boxes, she could at any time bring forth a pile of richest silks, satins, furs, clothes, laces, and ribbons, that by ripping and manipulation would be converted into a valuable wardrobe. Like a sensible lady, she never gave them away in inappropriate charity, or wasted them on servants or maids, but often enough when some humble clerk in her husband's employ was going to have a daughter married, or some distant relation fell for awhile out of Luck's good books, one of those big round top trunks disappeared from Mrs. Lorillard's garret, and some girl was made especially happy with just the handsome finery her clever fingers could convert into admirable uses."

THE CHARITY BASKET.

"A third picking over will effectually sift the good from the worthless in my collection of cast-offs, and this time I will only choose the solid articles. Into a basket I will pack the stout old coats, mufflers, leggins, elderly muffs and tippets, rubbed old gloves, shoes, well-worn golf capes, stiff gowns that have done their duty, flannels I will want no more, felt frames of hats, bits of good ribbon and respectable flowers and send the lot to one of those nice shops where old clothes are cleaned and put in order, sold at a nominal price to poor people and the money spent in maintaining a free hospital bed."

TRASH FOR SALE.

"After the third sifting you see there is really nothing left but the hopelessly dechfire ball dresses, long soiled evening gloves, fancy fans, crushed flowers, broken plumes, dowdy parasols and odds and ends of ornaments, ribbons and laces. Now there is a woman who comes and makes an estimate on all these furbelows and falalls and will give me a price for the lot, which I usually expend in tipping the maids generously. This woman reinfuses remarkable life into the old rubbish and resells or lets it again to working girls, who want ball and wedding gowns."

Do you want boarders? Put a "Want" ad in The Times and want no more.

BILL CODY'S PARD.

He Was Acquitted of Murder Committed Years Ago.

James D. Sherman was recently acquitted of the charge of the murder of Mike Meigher, mayor of Caldwell, Kas., says the Denver News. It was a signal victory for which W. J. L. Crank, of this city, who conducted the defense, has reason to feel justly proud.

Mike Meigher was mayor of Caldwell in 1881; he was a total stranger to cowardice; for ten years prior to his coming to Caldwell, in 1879, he had been the marshal of Wichita, and many a tough cowboy went to his premature grave the victim of Mike's true and deadly aim. Upon his going to Caldwell he opened a saloon and gambling house, and was soon elected to the office of mayor. His first marshal was Jim Brown, who was killed at Medicine Lodge soon after in an attempt to rob the bank. The citizens of Medicine Lodge sent this laconic message to Caldwell:

"Come and get your marshal; he is putrefying."

Brown was succeeded by John Wilson, who was also killed in a Wellington gambling house in 1883.

One week prior to December 17, 1881, several cowboys had come to Caldwell to spend their time and money. They were all from Millet's ranch. Bob Munson, Bob Bigtree, Jim Martin, Doug Hill and Tom Love were in the party. Jim Sherman had come to town several weeks prior. It was the custom of the gamblers to fleece the cowboys as soon as possible after they came to town, and then get them away. If the cowboys would not gamble or drink, then they were arrested for trivial offenses, and heavy fines were imposed.

On the 17th of December Jim Martin was arrested and taken before the police magistrate and fined $37 and costs for carrying his Winchester through the street. He did not have the money with which to pay his fine, but told the officers that if they would take him to a certain store he would get the money. This was about noon time.

After the fine had been imposed some one had gone and informed Doug Hill, Bob Munson, Tom Love and Jim Sherman what had occurred. They immediately came to their friend's rescue—met the officers at the intersection of the streets and inquired what was the trouble. They were told. Some said the fine was too heavy. Sherman then came up and told them to have no trouble. Quite a crowd had congregated in the street by this time.

Up stepped the marshal, John Wilson, in a beastly state of intoxication, pulled two six-shooters from his belt and threw down on Munson. Sherman took in the situation at once, jerked his six-shooter from his belt, ran back fifty feet from the crowd, fired two shots in the air, and cried: "Boys, get your Winchesters!" The battle was now open. The fight was on. A dozen shots were fired at him as he retreated down the street. The cowboys took positions to defend themselves. The roar of guns was heard in all directions—from every window, cellar and alleyway lead flew thickly.

The battle lasted for an hour, at least 1,000 shots were fired. Mike Meigher emerges from his saloon with a Winchester and two six-shooters. He takes what he considers a safe position, but in a few minutes he is reported killed. George Speers next falls, Doug Hill is shot through the foot, W. E. Campbell is shot through the head, and the battle gets so warm that the cowboys retreat to the barn for their horses. They get them saddled and mount for escape.

Sherman's horse is picketed out. He, too, throws the saddle on him, but before he is in the saddle a ball passes through his horse and it falls dead. He then leaps on behind Doug Hill and they ride for the territory. They are immediately followed by a posse, who run them into a canyon on Deer Creek, where they expect to hold them until morning. They exchange shots frequently. About 10 o'clock at night Sherman calls the boys together and they consult upon escape. He advises them to gather weeds and brush with which to build a camp fire. This is done; a large pile is collected together. He tells them to get out of reach of the light. He touches it off. As soon as the light is seen the posse begins shooting. While their attention is attracted to the fire They walk all night, hide next day, next the cowboys escape.

evening resume their journey, when late in the evening they come upon some freighters. They borrow their horses, ride eighty miles in the country to Sam Fling's ranch, and there hired a man to return the horses to the freighters. From that point the boys scattered. James Sherman went to California. The State of Kansas offered $500 for the arrest and conviction of each member of the cowboy gang who was in the fight.

Saved His Life and Married Him.

Squire Ware, of Jeffersonville, Ind., married William Bratton and Miss Lizzie Morgan, a handsome eloping couple from Covington Ky., whose courtship has been a decided romance. A short time ago Bratton fell under a moving train while standing on the streets of Covington. Miss Morgan happened to be standing near, and with great presence of mind seized him and drew him from under the wheels and saved his life. Bratton at once fell in love with his life preserver and proposed marriage, despite the fact that he was already engaged to another young woman. Miss Morgan accepted the proposal, considering that her claim should have the preference over that of his fiancee.

The Locomotive as a Deer Hunter.

The headlights of the B. & A. locomotives attract the deer from the long stretches of virgin forest through which the road runs, and frequently the animal ventures upon the track and is run down. Two were killed at the same time in this manner a few days ago.—Kennebec Journal.