

THE PILGRIM MOTHERS.

From the land of the Dakotas, Send me greetings—travels afar Listen, while we tell the story Of the far-famed land, Dakota.

Tell you of her fertile prairie, Rich with fields of waving grain, Glimmering in the sunshine Over the wide, extended plain.

Tell you of her sons and daughters, Men of nerve and brawn and brain, Grappling with the mighty forces, Heat and cold, and wind and rain.

How the stubborn soil upturning, Planting fields of wheat and maize, Looking for a golden harvest In the coming autumn days.

Tell you of her brave young daughters, Daring to invade the haunts Of the coyote of the prairie, To escape the wolf of want.

Heart and brain and soul aware, With unequal strife, In the world's broad field of battle, To this newer life.

From the land toward the sunrise To the Golden West, Many pilgrim feet are hastening To a home of rest.

We have read of Pilgrim Fathers And their deeds of valor, But of brave, strong Pilgrim Mothers Who has heard before?

—M. A. Robinson.

TRICKS OF HORSERACING.

My companion was beginning to get very excited. "Easy," I said, "I have not finished. Just when the conversation between the two came to the point at which I stopped, the elder man turned round and saw me. He started, and then his companion turned round and stared at me. The younger man, after studying me all over, said, in a tone certainly not meant for my ears, 'pshaw! It is all Greek to him. Look at his rig. He doesn't know the difference between a monkey and a pony.' They both laughed and seeing that they did not regard my presence favorably, I moved away.

"You heard all you tell me, and from these two men?" queried Brown, a slight tone of incredulity in his voice; and then hastily correcting himself, he added, "do not blame me. You do not understand the importance of this. Why, it is worth 10,000 of any man's money. Have you any cash about you?" he added.

"Yes," I said. "I have nearly all that was saved from the wreck of my business—about 150."

"Under the circumstances," said my friend, "the loss of every penny of that would not make much difference to you now. Will you take my advice?"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Put a century on the mare, Queen Bess, for the steepchase."

"A what?"

"Oh, excuse me," he said "I forgot that you do not well understand these terms. What I intend to do myself, and what I would certainly do in your circumstances, after what you have told me, is to back Queen Bess to win the steepchase. If I can invest it, I shall put 100 on her, and I hope you will do the same."

"But what about this steepchase?" I asked. "You speak of it as something out of common."

"O yes," he exclaimed. "It is the favorite race down here. The horses are all superior animals, far above the average, and the prize is valuable. It is, in fact, the rack of the day."

"Well," I said, "you know more about it than I do," and, taking 150 from my purse, I continued, "if this cent with its rest will not grove me, do what you like with it."

"Mind," said he, "you may never see a single cent of this again. It may be all swept into another man's pocket in the flash of an eye. But, at the same time, during your life, you will never have such a chance of converting every sovereign of that sum into 150."

Brown looked anxiously around. "Where is this sequestrator of a son of mine?" he asked himself. "If I did not want him he would be sticking to me like birdlime. There he is, by jove. Jack! Jack!"

Jack heard him and joined us. He was a fine looking young fellow, about 20 years of age.

"Jack," said his father, "mann's the word."

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"There never was such a chance, Jack," said his father, and he drew the young man to him and whispered a few words.

"It cannot be, sir," said Jack. "They are putting all the money they have on Blue-skin."

"Not a word more now, Jack, until all is over, and then we'll see. I'm going to put a century on the mare. I have advised my friend here to back her for the same money. Now, Jack, here is my friend's money, and you must put it on quietly after the next race. Put it on in pence—a penny means 25."

He explained to me—with Cowes and Mull and Sprat and Pinner, they are all good for any money. When you have finished, come to me here; but mind—dead silence. I am putting a hundred on for myself and a few for you."

"All right, sir," said Jack, and he left us.

The horses for the second race came out; the usual excitement followed; the race was a fine, the winner declared, and all set for the third. A hush came over the occupants of the stand and ring. There was a great deal of excitement but it was all suppressed. Men's faces were flushed, and there were groups talking in whispers all about, and cards of the race were constantly referred to for the purpose of getting some disputed point or to give additional information. The betting men in their outlandish and ridiculous garments, were for the most part contemptuously sur-

veying the scene. The bell-rings, and the whole crowd started as if it had received an electric shock. The numbers and names were just now run up by the board, and the horses and their jockeys were publicly proclaimed. The crowd runs away with it, said a man in a group near me, "Who rides him?" asked another. "Cloney," was the answer. "Oh, then he should not be out of sight of," said a sharp-looking little fellow, with a card of the races in one hand and a pencil in the other. "But is Cloney's name up as his rider?" "By jove, no!" was the reply. "Galgey rides Blue-skin; and let me see—yes, Cloney has the leg up on Queen Bess. That is strange. Cloney is the best steepchase rider in the kingdom, and should be on Blue-skin against the mare." "The thing is over," remarked another. "If any of you want to win money, go and put it on now. Captain Black, the stable commissioner, I know, is piling on every farthing he can get on Blue-skin." "You know?" inquired a keen-looking individual in the group. "How do you know?" "Well, I was present when he put on a pony with Waita at two to one, and he said that it was the last farthing he could invest for the stable." The keen individual turned aside. "That is good enough for me," he muttered. "I know Black, and if Blue-skin was to win, he would not be going round the ring taking duffers into his confidence. Whatever wins, Blue-skin won't win." And then after deliberating seriously, he audibly continued: "I put a five on the mare, Queen Bess. Cloney ride her, and I am not able to remember him. I am not meant to find a heap of coin for the captain of his cronies." I saw him go to a man in a suit of farming red, hand him a 25 note, and get a card in return, and then he lit a cigar and appeared satisfied.

The horses were now being stripped and saddled and the jockeys weighed. My brother Harry on one of the horses, were twelve starters, he said, but there was only one horse with a chance—Blue-skin. Blackie, his owner, had told him so. He had a mare, Queen Bess, in it; but she was merely on trial, to see what could be made out of her for a few hundred pounds more. And as we found ourselves in the paddock. Horses are numerous proclaimed. There was Blue-skin, a splendid animal, liver-colored, with an eye all light, and a shining coat—the admired of the ring. Queen Bess, a grand looking steel-gray mare, trained to the hilt, with the clean-cut ears and delicate nostrils which show breeding, had her circle of admirers. A gray horse called Rupert was much spoken of, and many believed that nothing could beat him. There were three others on whose chances a great deal of money was understood, was risked. There was a magnificent four-year old, a bay colt, named Stream; a great, powerful, snorting mare, called Calypso; and to my eyes a most looking animal, whose name was Steelrib. The last was the horse at which the two gentlemen, Captain Black and his friend Colonel Blackie, were looking when I met John Brown. His coat was uneven; his bones appeared to be sticking in an awkward way against his skin, and he had a shabby trick of looking at his back. I did not like his appearance, but he was backed to win an enormous stake. It was strange that, though at a little distance he looked rough and unkempt, when you examined him closely his skin was smooth and glossy. The unevenness was under the skin. The jockeys were now going out for the preliminary caucuses.

"There goes your money," said Brown. "You can't mistake him—white jacket and scarlet cap. No other white jacket in the race. When the white jacket disappears your money is gone."

"It is gone already," said I. "Since the day I was born I never had one bit of luck. I will not be a whit the worse without it."

"It has not gone yet," said Brown. "And taking my hand he continued: 'It would be one of the sweetest days of my life if I could say that I was instrumental in restoring the freedom of my horse to the position of which he was robbed.' The first animal to leave the paddock was Steelrib. He went out like a cart-horse—no excitement, no prancing, but with his head raised somewhat—not as if he stood in the paddock, with a quiet look around and a firm foot under him. When his rider called on him, he went like a piece of machinery. The ground seemed to disappear before him, and he did not look as if it cost him any exertion to move."

"The would win," whispered Brown up to me. "But, there is a country boy up. If Cloney were on Steelrib, from what I have just heard, he would run away from the lot."

The starter now took them in hand, and they went to the starting post. Some of the steeds were fractious and wanted to start before the flag fell, but the good and well-trained animals waited without much impatience. The length of the race was three miles, and the course was almost circular. Blue-skin started from the elevated ground opposite, but about a quarter of a mile distant from the stand house. This structure was just on the edge of the circle. A long straight led up to it from the right, and the race was to be won on the third round, the winning post being opposite the grand stand. The twelve runners were now unscathed, and, in their bright colors, were making about twenty-five paces in front of the starter, when, suddenly, down went the flag, and away they all rushed. The first to show in front was a horse called Ripper, he went away from the crowd, and the other one down, animal followed him, and, passing the start for the first time, Steelrib was well up. Stream and Calypso behind him. Very far back was Blue-skin, and last of all came Queen Bess.

"Look at that!" cried a voice behind me. "He wants the mare to make the running for Blue-skin, and she is notable she is losing ground already."

They were now approaching a nasty jump—a big fence at one side, water on the other. Blue-skin and Queen Bess were eased. Three horses and their jockeys went crashing into the water, and with a rush the two animals took the fence as if it were not there, and the race now was hot and the ground

slippery, and soon three more of the twelve colors dropped back from an exhaustion, and feeling the big double on the top of the hill, my eye caught that there were only six in it even for the next round. Stream was leading, going at a tremendous rate, pulling his jockey out of the saddle and getting quite unmanageable. With a wild rush he made at the great double and cleared the whole obstacle safely. But the effort spoiled him forever and soon his bolt was shot. Then following Rupert and Calypso, Steelrib came next and went over it like a goat, and then came Blue-skin and Queen Bess, leaving the difficulty behind them as if it had been only so much ordinary amusement. And so they went down hill to the water-jump pool, Stream showing that he had hurt himself, and his rider easing him off. Over the water-jump they went, and turned again for the bend of the circle leading to the stand. There were a few small obstacles before them, of no account, but they were all cleared with a good deal, bounding along as fresh as when they started; Steelrib was third, and then came Queen Bess and Queen Bess, and so they cleared the hurdle into the straight. My friend suddenly gripped my arm.

"Watch," he said. "Now it comes."

Blue-skin and Queen Bess seemed locked together, so close did they run for an instant. The riders were talking. The horses were now nearing the stand for the second time, and Steelrib drew out for the lead, and was taking it from Rupert, when, like a shot, Blue-skin's nose showed at his quarter, then at his shoulder and then ahead of him. In this way they passed the stand. Galgey raising his whip in answer to the cheers which greeted him. It seemed as if a whirlwind were blowing the maddest of them all—Queen Bess still last. Up the hill Steelrib and Blue-skin went as if the race rested between them. There was a low fence for Queen Bess to get over, which I did not mind in my excitement, and suddenly, with a single pace, Brown turned to me. "It is all over," he said; Queen Bess can't win. Cloney lost his iron at that beggary little obstacle. Look at him now going up the hill and fishing with his toe for it, and unless he has his foot in the stirrup, he cannot get over that awful double."

It was the first time I felt any real interest in the race, my money, notwithstanding. I perceived that was gone with the rest. I looked at the mare, the stirrup leather and iron band were curiously about, and evidently telling on the temper of the mare. Cloney was working with his foot to catch it every time it descended, but the pace he was going at was so terrific that it would be impossible unless by a chance approaching a miracle, for him to get hold of it. The accident was now seen from the stand, and a roar of excitement arose spreading to the very top of the hill. The horses were flying up hill to the double, when within one hundred yards of it Cloney shifted his position in the saddle, boldly caught the iron, stooped down—going like a rocket that he was—and placed the stirrup on his foot. The next instant Queen Bess landed on the top of the hill, and with a great obstacle. Calypso bungled on the fence, threw her rider, and now there were four in it—Steelrib leading with Rupert second, and Blue-skin falling back to Queen Bess.

"Steelrib runs away with it! A cheer for the countryman!" shouted a voice near me.

"Look out for another bit of nice riding now," said Brown. Mark how Blue-skin will keep the rails next the winning post for Queen Bess."

They were now approaching the water-jump, after which the terrific struggle known as the run-home would commence. The rails in the straight for the winning post lay on the right, and apparently without an effort, up came Blue-skin and cleared the water in a line with the other two, and on the right. Queen Bess came straight after him. Horses and men went bent to their work. There were no whips or cuttings, they got over the water-jump like a hurricane. Queen Bess flying two lengths to the bad as they came to the straight after him. The stand and ring were like a thunderstorm. "Blue-skin runs away with it!" Rupert has it as he liked! The cries were deafening. As they approached the hurdle leading to the straight, Queen Bess, in some unaccountable way, drew level with the three others. She was on the rails, Blue-skin lying next. In the same unaccountable way, and on the off-side, Steelrib landed as in the straight, fully two lengths ahead of his three companions. The excitement was terrific, and the air was with the name of Steelrib. Friend and foe shouted it. The straight was about 300 yards long. For 100 yards the three horses came along about two lengths behind Steelrib. Then Rupert, in some way, drew level with the other two, and a length separated the two others from Steelrib. Then Blue-skin gave way.

"Splendidly done," said Brown pressing my arm.

Gradually, imperceptibly, on came Queen Bess, until her nose was at the shoulder of Steelrib, and then, when the name like a lightning flash to the winning post, out went her head just in the nick of time to save the race.

There was dead silence over the victory. Every eye was taken by surprise. Blackie went around saying it was the most inexplicable thing in the world that Blue-skin should not have won, and that he and his friends had the best of money by backing the worthless brute.

For my part, I have only to say that I was faithfully paid my winnings, that I went home rejoicing, and at once commenced business again in such a frame of mind that it would not be easy for Cloney or any other superlatively conscientious character to catch me signing a blank acceptance.—Timely Magazine

Simultaneously with the opening of the Electrical exhibition, Vienna, was visited by a succession of severe thunder storms. The celestial exhibition was far superior to the terrestrial.

AN HISTORIC SEA BATTLE.

The Encounter between the Enterprise and Boxer on the Maine Coast.

The Lincoln County (Me.) News publishes this account of the famous fight, given by an old resident of Pemaquid: "All along the coast the people were seized about the British vessels coming and landing their men to burn the houses, and some of 'em really took to the woods and hid. There were two British vessels cruising off the coast, the Tenebris and Boxer. Well do I remember seeing their boats filled with men pulling past Pemaquid Point, and some one, I don't know who it was, fired three guns at 'em. I was running about the hill here playing, and on hearing the report and saw the flash, and the smoke drifting away before the wind, the boxer fired a canister into the bushes, and an awful rattling it made. Many a time have I heard old Sam McIntyre swear, when he was in liquor, that he fired nineteen shots at the boats, although some said he was scared on hearing the firing that ran off and hid under a bridge. One Saturday afternoon, just after I had driven the cows home, I saw the Boxer coming into John's Bay and another just back of the island, between it and Pemaquid Point; and the folks were pretty well scared about it, and some of 'em was nigh going to the woods. But the revolution who had seen the last of the revolution was not a mite uneasy about the Britisher. On Sunday morning she laid there to an anchor, her black hull shining in the sun. One of her boats with an officer had pulled over to Monhegan. Our folks were so unsettled on account of the vessel that none of 'em went to meeting. It was nigh eight o'clock, and boy-like, I was mighty hungry and thinking about my dinner, when all of a sudden I saw they appeared to be in a great hurry aboard the Boxer getting her under weigh, and presently she was standing out under all sail.

"Climb upon the smoke-house and tell us what you see," said my father. Our house was built on rising ground, and the smoke-house was about fifteen feet high and built of poles. From the top of it I could see all around. Away to the west I saw a vessel coming down under all sail, with the stars and stripes flying. It commenced to feel pretty safe then. It was not long before they neared the other, and I could see the masts and rigging, and the smoke from their funnels, and I could see the water turn up in spray by the shot. The American vessel was a good deal the best sailer, and she out-maneuvered the Boxer. The firing was rapid that they were soon hid in smoke. Once in a while, through a rift in the cloud, I could catch glimpses of their tactics, sails and rigging. They drifted out toward Monhegan, looking like a cloud of thick vapor, from which burst incessant spouts of flame. I guess the folks all forgot dinner and everything else when the deep boom of the guns woke the echoes among the rocks, and the windows in the houses. Watching the fight it seemed to be an age, although it lasted only forty-five minutes. I tell you, sir, I have never forgotten that night, though sixty years have passed," and the old man's withered cheek flushed and his eyes kindled as he spoke.

"By and by the firing slackened and the smoke rolled away to leeward; one of 'em had lost its mainmast head, and sails of both hung in ribbons on the yards. I almost strained my eyes out of my head to get a glimpse of the colors, but they were too far off to make them out. By seeing 'em drift away to the west'd the folks thought the Enterprise was beat. The suspense among us was awful, even the women folk, catching their breath with a sob, and many prayed aloud. Presently I saw them set their courses, tack, and stand to the west'd; then we felt the Britisher was whipped. I tell you I was a tired boy when I came off that smoke-house just as if I had worked hard all day chopping kindling-wood. I remember Henry T. Berry and his brother pulled out in a boat from Christmas Cove to see how the fight had gone, but they could get no satisfaction in answer to their hail. It was said that when the Boxer was boarded her decks were slippery with blood, and lumbered up with splinters, coils of rigging, and bodies of men. Many of the men had been tossed overboard, just before her colors were hauled down, to conceal their losses.

"I heard that her boat's crew watched the fight from Monhegan, and when her mainmast was shot away one of them exclaimed, 'There it goes! and four of our boys trusted to me, but our only what folks talk about, but what I saw I know, and I've tried to tell you about the fight just as I saw it."

A Compassionate Politician.

A politician, when he wants a certain place for one of his benches, is no more reluctant to turn out its occupant than Cooley Khan, of Bengal, was to put a five cat in the brooches of a non-paying tenant. There are, however, exceptions to all rules, and the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed shows that he was an exceptional politician. In 1831, a number of New York merchants asked Mr. Weed to secure a consular appointment for a veteran clerk, who, being an Englishman, wanted to go home to end his days there. He says: "Mr. Seward requested his son Frederick, the assistant secretary, to find a place for a district agent in the department. Mr. Frederick, and in looking over his consular register carefully, his eye finally rested on Falmouth, where, upon examination, he found that the consul was an Englishman, and had held the office over twenty years. It was decided, therefore that one Englishman should give place to another, that other being an Americanized Englishman. I reported this determination to the secretary, who immediately sent my friend's name to the president, and when the message returned, Mr. Lincoln's approval, Mr. Hunter, the chief clerk, was directed to fill up the commission and obtain the president's signature in time for me to take it to New York that afternoon. Between four and five o'clock, p. m., I went to Mr. Hunter for the commission, which lay before him on his desk. It was somewhat deliberately (as was his manner),

took the commission in his hand, and

handed it to me without speaking.

"I said, 'Is it all right, Mr. Hunter?'

"I have obeyed orders,"

"But," I added, "you do not

pleased. Is there any thing wrong

with the appointment?'

"I have nothing to do with the

ment, but I have never in my

life come into the department

"The first commission that

when I came into this office, two

years ago, was for Mr. Fox, chief

Falmouth, who succeeded his

deceased father, who received his

commission from President Washin

he is the best consul to the service

government. You will judge, the

whether the removal of such a consular

event is a relief or a regret."

When he finished, while he was

standing at me with the pen in his

hand, I gratefully took the commission

and threw them into the waste-paper

basket. The department for the year

ended. I remained in New York

until the 1st of January, when I

occurred at Washington. It was

not only by the gentleman who had

me to interest myself, but by the

himself.

Thurlow Weed's Wife.

From his Autobiography.

On the 23d of April, 1818, I was

married at Cooperstown, Otsego county,

Miss Catherine Ostrander, of that

place. The engagement was entered

in 1814, when we were both, in the

ment of her relatives, too young to

comprehend the responsibilities of

step. In fact, they doubted, not

reason, the propriety of confiding

welfare and happiness of their

to a comparative stranger, with

and roving habits. We came

together on the subject, and

notably agreed to hold no inter-

either by word or letter for

three years, when, if her mind was

changed, she was to write to me.

Immediately left Cooperstown, and

saw her for the first time for more

than three years, when a letter came

informing me that she had made up

her affections, to which I replied in

similar terms.

We married without regard to

the prudential considerations which

strained many then, and which

strains many more now, from con-

ditions. I had, when the mar-

riage was over, just met my wife

take my young wife to Albany, with

with good health, strong hands,

hopeful hearts, we both went

to work to earn a living. The value

of our household goods did not exceed

to \$100. My fortunate marriage I am

glad to ascribe to the fact that I

fell in love with her, and very late

for whatever of personal success and

prosperity I have since

enjoyed. She more than divided

labors, cares and responsibilities,

for her industry, frugality and

management I must have been

wrecked during the first fifteen

years. When from our changed cir-

cumstances my condition it was no

longer necessary for her to pursue her

habits, she still insisted on per-

forming many duties ordinarily trans-

ferred to servants. Economy, order, an

well regulated system in house-

hold affairs were virtues which I did

not possess, and their presence in her

saved me from disaster.

After a severe illness of several

months, just as the sun was rising

morning, and I stood watching by

her bedside, she reminded me that it

was the fortieth anniversary of our

marriage, and taking from her finger

ring which I had placed on it forty

years before, she put it on mine, saying,

"I shall not live long the day."

She had already lost one eye, and