

# HORSES AND HORSES.

TYPES OF EVERY DEGREE CAN BE FOUND AMONG THEM.

Beauty and Brains on Hoofs—Character in Equines Illustrated and Described—The Racing Season—Scenes on the Track—The Gentleman Horse, the Terrier Horse, and Other Prominent Types—Racing Scenes Depicted from Life.

THE season is "on." By the season I mean that period of the year that condenses within its limits the hours and days prized by horsemen; and by "horsemen" I do not mean "horse" men, turf-gamblers, "book-makers," and fellows of that ilk, but honest men who love horses as honest horses love true men and women.

Of course, as there are men and

care for a true horse, I want the reader to visit, on paper, the home of the "Queen of the Turf," Maud S., and the daily life of the beauty, and the reader never has and never will come into more honest companionship. Her ladyship lives on West Fifty-



fifth street, in New York City, in a stately brick building with white stone trimmings, a mansard roof and a frontage of fifty feet. The interior of her dwelling is perfection. She is "sweet sixteen" and a Kentucky high-born



men, so there are horses and horses, and types of every degree of meanness can be found among both the two and the four legged beasts, as well as those perfect creatures, human and animal, endowed with every mental and physical grace and virtue constituting perfection.

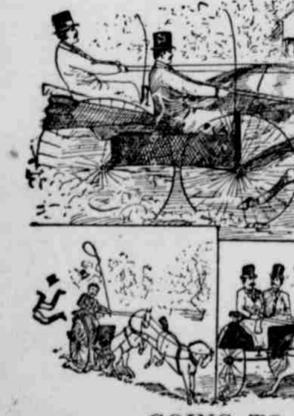
The head and face of a horse are as indicative of the character and disposition of the animal as are the skull formation and physiognomy of a man, and the skilled can as easily read both, can trace a resemblance between the two, and quickly note similarity of expression.



all vicious and dangerous, without a redeeming feature; No. 2 is of almost equally vile disposition; No. 3, a sly, tricky beast; No. 4, a dull, plodding, lazy animal; No. 5, a lively, intelligent nag, requiring steady control; and No. 6, an honest, knowing, earnest horse.

But of horses, as of men, one cares only to think or write of the best, and of the best only will I write. I would sing the praises of the war horse, so dear to the trooper. Hear how the old cavalryman puts it in homely verse to the love of his heart, "Black Bess:"

Old girl, that's had carried me far and fast,  
On paving hoofs that were never lost,  
Our gallop to-day may be our last.  
For me, or for thee, or perchance for both,  
As I lighten your girl, do you nothing demur?  
When you catch a glimpse of the fronting line,  
And now the artillery move to the front,  
Hast thou never a quain, Black Bess of mine?  
It is duty to see you side and start.  
As we move to the battle's cloudy verge,  
And to feel the swell of your wakening heart,  
When our sonorous bugles sound the charge,  
At the scream of shells and roll of drums,  
You feign to be frightened, with roguish glance,  
But up the green slopes, where the bright luns,  
Coquetishly, darling, I know you'll dance.  
Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,  
But up the green slopes, where the bright luns,  
And, from delicate fetlock to knowing head,  
A throbbing vein-cordage about you curls.



Oh! joy of my heart! If you they say,  
It's little for triumph or rout I care,  
For there isn't in all the world to-day,  
Such a dear little little-wise love of a mare.  
But war, let us be thankful, is over  
for us, and it is to "the turf" we go  
to-day for beauty and brains on hoofs.  
Washington Park Track and the  
West Side Course are now attracting  
the thousands who love noble horses.  
The season is open, and weeks of pure  
enjoyment are before humans and animals  
alike. Our illustrations tell their  
own story; no need to write a line in  
explanation.  
To explain, however, how a real man

Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Bryant," in which we are indebted for the story of the poem's origin, also tells an anecdote illustrative of the admiration it excited in England.

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Her front shoes weigh twelve and one-half ounces, the hind ones seven ounces, of steel, fastened with four nails on the outside and three on the inside, instead of the nine or ten nails generally used. She is driven with the "sharp-bar" bit—the "snaffle" sets her wild to go.

Lady Maud hasn't a trick or the first trace of viciousness in her whole make-up. She has her whims, will not be neglected or slighted, is as imperial as imperious, and wants all the attentions and luxuries of life; she kicks if

No bells of the fashionable world receives more or better attention. Fancy hand massage for a horse! That's what Miss Maud gets every morning after her bath to quicken the circulation, and just before going to bed to make her sleep. It is not an all-round-rub-any-way movement, but a careful circuitous motion along her legs and down her tapering ankles. Across her body it is "with the grain," stroke after stroke of the palm of the hand, until every pore of her beautiful skin is excited to action and her nut-brown coat shines with nature's lubricating polish.

Maud S. is up at 6 a. m. every day, and asleep at 9 p. m. every night in the year. So soon as she wakes up she must have her drink of fresh water. If it is not coming instanter there is trouble, for she will not be neglected. Next she is rubbed down with a soft cotton cloth, a dry wash; then comes her breakfast—two quarts of oats, sifted and weighed to a grain. Forty minutes is given to dispose of this. At seven o'clock her grooming begins, and for an hour she is rubbed and bathed, her mouth and legs sponged with warm water, her feet washed out, her mane and tail carefully combed, and after being brushed she is soft-clothed and massaged. Her toilet completed, a clean linen coat is buttoned on her, and over this a fine blanket, the weather regulating its weight. Then follows half an hour's rest, and, if sunny and dry outside, she is taken around the ring surrounding the stable. This she does not enjoy; it is too "slow-going" for her. Next she goes back to her newly cleaned stable, to stand in two feet of fresh straw; the blanket is removed, she is rubbed off again, her ankles bandaged, a muzzle put on to keep her

drink water another horse had left. She has never, so far as known, felt the lash of a whip. The day she broke the record and beat the world her driver lashed the shafts of the sulky to urge her, but her flesh or hair was never touched. She would break her heart if struck in anger, and probably break the bones and life of the man who struck her—and serve him right.

When Maud S. travels it is in a special car, coupled to a passenger train, and two men go to attend her. A trip that costs a human passenger 40 cents is \$25 for her ladyship's transportation. Maud S. cost Mr. Robert Bonner \$40,000. He has been offered \$100,000 for her; he would as soon think of selling one of his sons. No money can buy her.

This is an exceptional case, of an exceptional horse, with an exceptional



man, but it serves to illustrate the love that can exist and the care that can be lavished by the true horseman upon

the true horse.—Alex. Duke Bailie, in Chicago Ledger.

How a Poem Was Written.

At the age of twenty-one years William Cullen Bryant was licensed to practice law in the courts of Massachusetts. It was not the calling for which he was fitted; his nature was too shy and sensitive for the life of conflict by which lawyers win fame and fortune; but law seemed to him the readiest means of earning his bread, while literature, to which he would gladly have devoted himself, offered him the scantiest support.

While he and his father and the other members of the family were discussing where he should nail up the sign of "William C. Bryant, Attorney at Law," he walked over the hills to Plainfield, a small village four or five miles distant from Cummington, where his father resided. The motive for the journey was to see what inducements the village offered for the practice of his profession.

He felt "very forlorn and desolate," for the world seemed dark and his future uncertain. The sun had set in a sea of chrysolite and opal, and he stopped to contemplate the brilliant sky. Suddenly he saw a solitary waterfowl winging its way along the horizon, and watched it until it was lost in the distance.

The contemplation gave him such a stimulus that he went on with new strength and courage, and when he reached the house where he was to stay for the night, he sat down and wrote the lines, "To a Waterfowl," the concluding verse of which expresses the hope imparted to him by the flight of the lone wanderer:

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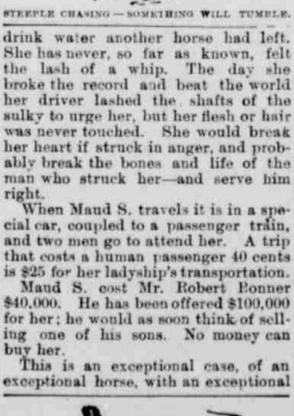
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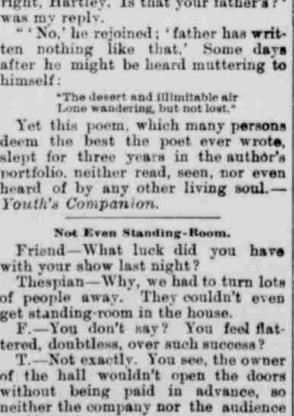
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# MARY'S WEDDING DAY.

LED TO THE ALTAR BY ANTONIO NAVARRO.

A Quiet Wedding at the Chapel of St. Mary, Hampstead, London—Decorations of the Chapel—The Bride's Costume—Plans of the Newly Wedded Couple.

London cable: The wedding of Antonio Navarro, of New York city, and Miss Mary Anderson took place Tuesday noon (17th inst.) at the chapel of St. Mary, Hampstead, Canon Pursell of Brompton oratory officiating.

The ceremony was strictly private. Three clerical carriages contained all the guests who were permitted to witness the nuptials. These favored individuals numbered only ten and included only the members of the two families immediately interested in the ceremony.

Every possible precaution had been taken to keep the time and place of the wedding a profound secret, and no cards were sent out. Large crowds assembled in the streets and about the chapel, and about Brompton oratory where the newspapers had announced the ceremony was to take place, and waited patiently until long past noon.

The wedding party left the cottage at Hampstead, the rest of the family of Miss Anderson's step-father, Dr. MARY ANDERSON, Hamilton Griffin, at 11:45 o'clock and proceeded to the church, only a short distance away. A large crowd, residents of Hampstead, who had gathered in front of the cottage from early in the morning, cheered the bride again and again as she left the house.

The organ was pealing Mendelssohn's wedding march as the party entered the little church. Miss Anderson led the procession to the altar, leaning on the arm of Dr. Griffin, and Mr. Navarro followed, escorting the bride's mother.

Miss Anderson wore an elaborate gown of rich, white satin, covered with embroidered lisse. Her flowing bridal veil was of tulle, trimmed with a profusion of orange blossoms. Superb diamond ornaments sparkled from every possible place.

The chapel was a veritable flower garden. The three altars were beds of white roses entwined with imperial and white lilies. Above them towered massive palms, while the walls, columns, and pews were festooned with lily evergreens and white flowers.

The guests included the bride's two sisters, who acted as bride's maids; her mother and step-father; her brother, Joseph Anderson, and his wife, the daughter of Lawrence Barrett, and the brother of Mr. Navarro, who acted as groomsmen.

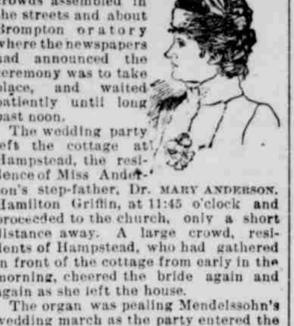
At the conclusion of the ceremony the party returned to the cottage, where a wedding breakfast was spread at which the usual toasts and congratulations were offered.

Here a correspondent had an opportunity for a brief interview with the happy bride. Mrs. Navarro said she and her husband expected to pass their honeymoon in Switzerland, and she had decided to retire from the stage in accordance with the wishes of Mr. Navarro, unless she loses the suit brought against her by Mr. Abbey. In that event she will act one season to fill the contract which he claims.

"You see I am not strong," she said, "and it was purely my ill-health which compelled me to forego my engagements. Even now my health is not sufficiently restored to justify my undertaking the strain of appearing on the stage."

"Why did you resort to such absolute secrecy in regard to the wedding?" was asked.

"That is easily explained," replied Mrs. Navarro. "The truth is that Mr. Navarro is in deep mourning for a relative and desired the utmost privacy. I willingly respected his wishes for the quiet ceremony and ignored all my friends. No person outside of our families was invited. I am sure my friends will appreciate the circumstances and be as generous as they have always been in excusing 'our Mary.'"



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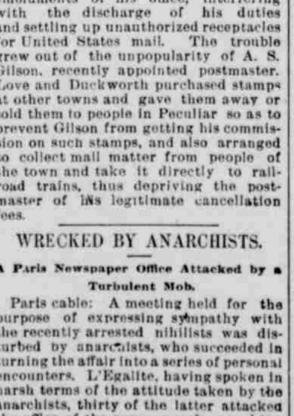
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# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON CONSIDERED.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lessons Intelligently and Profitably.

INTRODUCTORY.

Along with the quarterly review we give a few notes, for such as desire them, on the optional temperance and missionary lessons. For daily reading, the quarterly lessons themselves, in part at least, may be referred to.

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Lesson 1. Christ's law of love. Luke 6: 27-38.

Memory Verses. 35-37.

Golden Text. "As ye would that men should do to you, ye even so to them likewise." Luke 6: 31.

Lesson 2. The widow of Nain. Luke 7: 11-18.

Memory Verses. 14-16.

Golden Text. "They glorified God, saying, that a great prophet is risen up among us." Luke 7: 16.

Lesson 3. Forgiveness and love. Luke 7: 36-50.

Memory Verses. 47-50.

Golden Text. "We love him because he first loved us." 1 John 4: 19.

Lesson 4. The Parable of the Sower. Luke 8: 4-15.

Memory Verses. 12-15.

Golden Text. "Take heed therefore how ye hear." Luke 8: 18.

Lesson 5. The Ruler's Daughter. Luke 8: 41, 42, 49-56.

Memory Verses. 54-56.

Golden Text. "Fear not; believe only and she shall be made whole." Luke 8: 55.

Lesson 6. Feeding the Multitude. Luke 9: 10-17.

Memory Verses. 16, 17.

Golden Text. "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life." John 6: 33.

Lesson 7. The Transfiguration. Luke 9: 28-36.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

Daniel 1: 8-17. "But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, etc."

LESSON PARAGRAPHS.

Heart purpose—Behold here the genesis of all the great reforms of the world. Some one, first of all led of God, purposed it in his heart.

Daniel enrolls his name high among the world's reformers. It was by dint of labor and travail of soul that he won the large distinction. Would you be a reformer? Have a care. It is a glorious prerogative, but it costs, be assured it costs.

Daniel was a prophet also. Every reformer is a prophet, must be a prophet in order to be a reformer. He must behold with a seer's vision the better world he would bring about and then live in that new world of hope and glory ever after. That alone will nerve him for the toils and tests of his career. Our friend, the Hamular, is right about it. It is not pleasant to be a prophet, but it is pleasant to have been one, after the people have come around to your view.

The temperance that is here inculcated does not confine itself to drink. There are other forms of temptation to the appetite besides the terrible liquor damnation. We are not of those who unchance all appeals to the appetite together. There is no abomination of its sort to be mentioned in the same breath to-day with the liquor curse. But we believe that the principle of temperance is vastly wider and deeper, and it should begin at the domestic table, perhaps with things deemed but trifles and fancies.

But manifestly it is prohibitive temperance that we deal with in this case. No high license, or any sort of license, be it Dignight, upright, outright prohibition, nothing else, will do. There is no other. When it is that which will "dile," there is but one thing the Christian can do, and that is, be done with it. Touch not the unclean thing. There was when another attitude might conscientiously be taken, possibly so. But that was before the soundness of the thing had made itself fully manifest. The liquor traffic to-day is clearly of the devil; its stench is lower than high. No compromise, children of a holy God. Out with it!

The men brought especially into prominence by this lesson are those easy-going people, friends mainly of themselves, friends unwittingly of the dram-seller, enemies, let us believe unintentionally, of the truth and the right, who say in liquor is a good thing if taken with moderation. But that is impossible to-day. The blood of the age is too near fever-heat, the drink itself has come to be seven times hotter than of old, the system it attacks is lower dependence too intense—there can be no moderate drinking to-day. A mouthful is immoderate. In fact we are in war-times on this subject. We are in a war-time for a day for the utmost stringency, a stringency which will show itself blessed as with Daniel and his confederates, when the "ten days" have been proved to be the only way to a friend from a distance at the table in our God-blessed prohibition town. He was speaking of that atrocity of modern society, the saloon. "Papa," piped up a little voice at the end of the table in a saloon? Heaven grant that coming generations may never know, except as told in sad reminiscences.

MISSIONARY LESSON.

Isa. 55: 8-13. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, etc."

LESSON PARAGRAPHS.

It is the Lord who is speaking. Shall we learn to teach us something about world-wide evangelism?

There never was a greater missionary than our Lord. No favored spot held him. He went about doing good. He sent his disciples everywhere saying, Lo, I am with you. Wherever true missionary work is being done to-day, there is Christ.

Jesus has a distinct missionary policy. He has something to say about the world's redemption. He has "thoughts" thereon, he has "ways" of doing it. But what is more, these thoughts are quite different from earth's thoughts, these ways from earth's ways. Are we ready to compare our plan with God's? And are we ready then to learn of him? If so, happy we, happy world.

Well, certainly, his plan is more ample than ours. Higher? Yes; if the heavens are higher than the earth. Broader? Yes, as broad as His blessings of rain and snow. Sure? As sure as the summer harvest. "It shall not return unto me void." Nature is simply God showing us what He can do in physical things. Is it not well done? Suppose we let Him have His way in spiritual affairs.

Just take His word and go forth, that is all. His word planted in love is enough. There is heaven's power in the seed and in the planting. No, not schools, not singing stations, God may make them helpers and they will be needed in time. But O, for grace to trust Him and go forth as He has bidden with the simple word. Plant in His name and He will give the increase. Get your call for this work not from the dead dumb world, but from the living God. Get your joy from Him, not your sorrow from Him. After trust has put the Lord's song in your mouth and faith has sent you forth—after that comes the singing of the hills, the stamping of the trees, the for them, myths for briar and in due time—the Lord's ransomed.

Next Lesson: "Lawful work on the Sabbath." Luke 13: 10-17.

WHAT MRS. GRUNDY SAYS.

That the man "devoted to his family" is rarely a "prominent club man."

That young men are not smuggling clothing from England as much as they were.

That men of sense and refinement have no matrimonial use for the masculine girl.

That what makes invalids of many men is too much violent athletic exercise.

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