"Here, now, trader, aisy, aisy. Quicksands I've seen along the sayshore, and up to me halfways I've been in wan, wid a double and twist in the rope to pull me out; but a suckin' sand in the open plain-aw, trader, aw, the like o' that, no, niver a bit, aw!" So said Macavoy, the giant, when the thing was discussed in his presence.

"Well, I tell you it's true, and they're not three miles from Fort o'Glory. The company's men don't talk about it—what's the use? Travellers are few that way, and you can't get the Indians within miles of them. Pretty Pierre knows all about them, better than any one else, almost. He'll stand by me in it—eh, Pierre?" Pierre took no notice, and was silent for a time, intent on his cigarette, and in the pause Mowley, the trapper, said: "Pierre's gone back on you, trader. Perhaps you haven't paid him for the last lie. I go one better, you stand by me—my treat—that's the game!"

"Aw, the like o' that," added Macavoy, reproachfully, "aw, yer tongue to the roof o' yer mouth, Mowley! Liars all men may be, but that's wid wimmin or landlords. But, Pierre, off another man's bat like that!—aw, Mowley, fill your mouth wid the bowl o' yer pipe!"

ALL FOUR HORSEMEN WERE IN THE SAND.

Pierre now looked up at the three men, rolling another cigarette as he did so, but he seemed to bethinking of a distant matter. Meeting the three pairs of eyes fixed on him, his own held them for a moment musingly; then he lit his cigarette, and, half inclining on the bench where he sat, he began to speak, talking into the fire, as it were:

"I was at Guidon Hill, at the company's post there. It was the fall of the year, when you feel that there is nothing so good as life and the air drinks like wine. You think that sounds like a woman or a priest? Mais, no. The seasons are strange. In spring I am lazy and sad, in the fall I am gay. I am for the big things to do. This matter was in the fall. I felt that I must move. Yet, what to do? There was the thing. Cards? of course. But that's only for times, not for all seasons. So, I was like a wild dog on a chain. I had a good horse, Tophet, black as a coal, all raw bones and joint, and a reach like a moose. His legs worked like piston rods. But, as I said, I did not know where to go or what to do. So we used to sit at the post loafing; in the daytime watching the plains, all panting for travellers, like a young bride waiting her husband for the first time."

Macavoy regarded Pierre with rich delight. He had an unctuous spirit and his heart was soft for women, so soft that he never had one on his conscience, though he had brushed gay smiles off the lips of many with his own. But that was an amiable weakness in a strong man. "Aw, Pierre," he said coaxingly, "kape it down, aisy, aisy, me heart's goin' like a trip-hammer at thought av it. Aw yis, aw yis, Pierre."

"Well, it was like that to me—all sun and a sweet sting in the air. At night, to sit and tell tales and such things—and perhaps a little brown brandy, a look at the stars, a half-hour with the cattle—the same old game. Of course, there was the wife of Hilton, the factor—fine, always fine to see, but dead and dumb. We were good friends, Ida and me. I had a hand in her wedding. Holy, I knew her when she was a little girl. We could talk together by signs. She was a good woman—she had never guessed at evil. She was quick, too, like a flash, to read and understand without words. A face was a book to her.

"Very good. One afternoon we were all standing outside the post, when we saw some one ride over the Long Divide. It was good for the eyes. I cannot tell quite how. But horse and rider were so sharp and clear-cut against the sky that they looked very large and peculiar—there was something in the air to magnify. They paused for a moment on the top of the Divide, and it seemed like a messenger, out of the Strange Country at the farthest North, the place of legends. But, of course, it was only a traveler like ourselves, for in a half-hour she was with us.

"Yes, it was a girl dressed as a man. She did not try to hide it. She had dressed so for ease. She would make a man's heart leap in his mouth—if he was like Macavoy, or the pious Mowley there."

Pierre's last three words had a touch of irony, for he knew that the trapper had a precious tongue for Scripture when a missionary passed that way, and a bad name with women to give it point. Mowley smiled sourly, but Macavoy laughed outright, and smacked his lips on his pipe-stem luxuriously.

"Aw now, Pierre—all me little fallins'—aw!" he said. Pierre swung 'round on the bench, leaning upon the other elbow, and cherishing his cigarette, presently continued:

"She had come far, and was tired to death, so stiff that she could hardly get from her horse; and the horse, too, was ready to drop. Handsome enough she looked for all that, in man's clothes and a peaked cap, with a pistol in her belt. She wasn't big built—just a feathery kind of sapling—but she was set fair on her legs like a man, and a hand that was as good as I have seen, so strong and fine, and like silk and iron with a horse. Well, what was the trouble? for I saw that there was trouble. Her eyes had a hunted look and her nose breathed like a deer's in the chase. All at once when she saw Hilton's wife, a cry came from her, and she reached out her hands. What would women of that sort do? They were both of a kind. They got into each other's arms. After that there was nothing for us men but to wait. All women are the same, and Hilton's wife was like the rest. She must get the secret first, then the men should know. We had to wait an hour. Then Hilton's wife beckoned to us. We went inside. The girl was asleep. There was something in the touch of Hilton's wife like sleep itself—like music. It was her voice—that touch. She could not speak with her tongue, but her hands and face were language and music. Bien, there was the girl asleep, all clear of dust and stain, and that fine hand, it lay loose on her breast, so quiet—so quiet. Enfin, the real story, for how she icy there does not matter; but still it was good to see, when we knew the story."

The trapper was laughing silently to himself, to hear Pierre in this romantic mood. A woman's hand—it was the game for a boy, not an adventurer, for the trapper's only creed was that women were like deer—spoils for the hunter. Pierre saw it, but he was above petty anger. He merely said:

"If a man have an eye to see behind the face, he understands the foolish laugh of a man, or the hand of a good woman, that is much. So Hilton's wife told us all. She had ridden 200 miles from the southwest, and was making for Port Micah, sixty miles further north. For what? She had loved a man against the will of her people. There had been a feud, and Garrison—that was the lover's name—was the last on his own side. There was trouble at a Hudson's Bay Company's post, and Garrison shot a half-bred. Men say he was right to shoot him, for a woman's name must be safe up here—besides the half-breed drew first. Well, Garrison was tried, and must go to jail for a year. At the end of that time he would be free. The girl, Janie, knew the day. Word had come to her. She made everything ready. She knew her brothers were watching—her three brothers and two other men who had tried to get her love. She knew also that the five would carry on the feud against the one man. So, one night she took the best horse on the ranch, and started away towards Fort Micah. Alors, you know how she got there, after two days hard riding, enough to kill a man, and over fifty yet to do. She was sure, her brothers were on her track. But if she could get to Fort Micah, and be married to Garrisan before they came, she wanted no more. There were only two horses of use at Hilton's post then—all the rest were away or not fit for hard travel. There was my Tophet, and a lean chestnut with a long propelling gait, and not an ounce of loose skin on him. There was but one way, the girl must get there. Allons, what is the good! What is life without these things? The girl loves the man, she must have him in spite of all. There was only Hilton and his wife and me at the post, and Hilton was lame from a fall, and one arm in a sling. If the brothers followed, well, Hilton could not interfere, he was a company's man, but for myself, as I said, I was hungry for adventure. I had an ache in my blood for something. I was tingling to my toes, my heart was thumping in my throat. All the cords of my legs were straitening, like I was in the saddle."

Pierre sat up. It seemed absurd for him to speak as one who could be hot and shivering with excitement, for his movements were always quiet and precise as a hammer. But in his eyes there was a furnace burning, and his small iron hand caught the air with a snap. Macavoy had seen Pierre when dangers crowded round them both, and he knew that the little man was worth three of himself, in spite of his own great height. For the others, they did not know, and if they had lived with Pierre all their lives they would never have understood him.

"Aw, Pierre," said Macavoy, admiringly; "aw, the ache in yer blood—that's it. Aw, yis, yis, an' yer thighs all bendin' like wire, and the prarie beyant, an' the lady, there asleep wid the hand fallin' soft where the heart beats up like the swell of a tide. Aw, yis, the like o' that—swate, swate; an' you wid the ache in yer blood, an' the long chestnut pawin' the ground—aw, yis-"

HILTON'S WIFE BECKONED TO ME.

Pierre nodded at Macavoy pleasantly, for after his fashion he cared for the giant as he had once cared for Shon McGann, and a little man loves the admiration of a large man, as Pierre himself had said more than once—he knew man's vanity and his own weaknesses. But he turned his looks on the trapper now, for it was his way to conquer at the points of great disadvantage; not by many wonders showing, but by a deep persistence and a singular personal force.

"She slept for three hours. I got the two horses saddled. Who could tell but she might need help? I had nothing to do, I knew the shortest way to Fort Micah, every foot, and then it is good to be ready for all things. I told Hilton's wife what I had done. She was glad. She made a gesture at me as to a brother, and then began to put things in a bag for us to carry. She had settled all how it was to be. She had told the girl. You see, a man may be—what is it they call me?—a plunderer—and yet, a woman will trust him, comme ca!"

"Aw, yis; aw, yis, Pierre; but she knew yer hand and yer tongue niver wint ag'in a woman, Pierre. Naw, niver a wan—aw, swate, swate she was, wid a heart—a hert, Hilton's wife; aw, yis-"

Pierre waved Macavoy into silence. "The girl waked after three hours, with a start. Her hand caught at her heart. 'Oh-' she said, still staring at us. 'I thought that they had come.' A little after she and Hilton's wife went into another room. All at once there was a sound of horses without, and then a knock at the door, and four men entered. They were the girl's hunters. It was hard to tell what to do all in a minute, but I saw at once the best thing was to act for all and to get all the men inside the house. So I whispered to Hilton, and then pretended that I was a great man in the company. I ordered Hilton to have the horses cared for, and not giving the men time to speak, I fetched out the old brown brandy, wondering what could be done. There was no sound from the other room, though I thought I heard a door open once. Hilton played the game well, and showed nothing when I ordered him about, and lied with me when I said no girl had come, laughing when they told why they were after her. More than one did not believe at first, but pshaw! what have I been doing all my life to let such fellows doubt me? So the end of it was that I got them all inside the house. There was one thing, their horses were all fresh, as Hilton whispered to me. They had only ridden them a few miles—they had stolen or bought them at a ranch to the west of us. I could not make up my mind what to do. But it was clear I must keep them quiet till something shaped.

"They were all drinking brandy when Hilton's wife entered the room. Her face was, mon dieu! so innocent, so childlike! She stared at the men and then I told them she was deaf and dumb and I told her why they had come. Voila, it was beautiful! like nothing you ever saw. She shook her head so innocently and then told them like a child that they were wicked to chase a girl. I could have kissed her feet. Tonnere, how she fooled them! She said, would they not search the house? She said all through me, on her fingers and by signs. And I told them at once. But she told me something else—that the girl had slipped out as the last man came in, had mounted the chestnut and would wait for me by the spring, a quarter of a mile away. There was the danger that some one of the men knew the finger-language, so she told me this thing in signs mixed up with other other sentences.

"Good! There was now but one thing to do—for me to get away. So I said, laughing, to one of the men: 'Come, and we will look after the horses and the others can search the place with Hilton.' So we went out to where the horses were tied to the railing and led them away to the corral.

"Of course you will understand how I did it. I clapped a hand on his mouth, put a pistol at his head, gagged and tied him. Then I got my Tophet and away I went to the spring. The girl was waiting. There were few words. I gripped her hand, gave her another pistol and then we got away on a fine moonlit trail. We had not gone a mile when I heard a faint yell far behind. My game had been found out. There was nothing to do but to ride for it now and to fight if necessary. But fighting was not good, for I might be killed and then the girl would be caught just the same. We rode on—such a ride—the horses neck and neck, their feet pounding the prarie like piston-rods, rawbone to rawbone, a ding-dong gait, I knew they were after us, though I saw them but once on the crest of a divide, about three miles behind. Hour after hour like that, with ten minutes' rest now and then at a spring, or to stretch our legs. We hardly spoke to each other; but God of Love, my heart was warm to this girl who had ridden one hundred and fifty miles in twenty-four hours. Just before dawn, when I was beginning to think that we should easily win the race if the girl could but hold out, if it did not kill her, the chestnut stuck a leg into the crack of the prarie and horse and girl were on the ground together. She could scarcely move, she was so weak, and her face was like death. I put a pistol to the chestnut's head and ended it. At that the girl stooped and kissed the poor beast's neck, but spoke nothing. As I helped her on my Tophet, I put my lips to the sleeve of her dress. Mother of God! What could a man do, she was so noble?

"Dawn was just breaking oozy and gray at the swell of the prarie, over the Jumping Sandhills. They lay quiet and shining in the green-brown plain but I knew that beneath there was a churn which could set those swells of sand in motion and make deadly sport of an army. Who can tell what it is? A flood under the surface, a tidal river—what? No man knows. But they are sea monsters on the land. Every morning at sunrise they begin to eddy and roll, and no man ever saw a stranger sight. Bien, I looked back. There were four horsemen coming on, about three miles away. What was there to do? The girl and myself on my tired horse were too much. They saw also, and hurried on. There came to me a great idea. I must reach and cross the Jumping Sandhills before sunrise. It was all a deadly chance. they were almost a mile behind. I was

"When we got to the edge of the sand all sick to my teeth as my poor Tophet stepped into the sand. God, how I watched the dawn! Slow, slow we toiled over that velvet powder. As we reached the further side I felt that it was beginning to move. The sun was showing like the lid of an eye along the plain. I looked back. All four horsemen were in the sand, plunging on towards us. By the time we touched the brown-green prairie on the further side the sand was rolling behind us. The girl had not looked back. She seemed too dazed. I jumped from the horse and told her that she must push on alone to the fort; that Tophet could not carry both; that I should be in no danger. She looked at me I cannot tell how, the stopped and kissed me between the eyes. I have never forgotten. I struck Tophet, and she was gone to her happiness, for she reached the fort and her lover's arms.

"But I stood looking back upon the Jumping Sandhills. So, was there ever a sight like that?—those hills gone like a smelting floor, the sunrise spotting it with rose and yellow and three horses and their riders fighting what cannot be fought. What could I do? They would have got the girl if I had not led them across, and they would have killed me if they could. Only one cried out, and then but once, in a long shriek. But after all three were quiet as they fought, until they were gone where no man could see, where none cries out so we can hear."

There was a long pause, painful to bear. The trader sat with eyes fixed humbly as a dog's on Pierre. At last Macavoy said: "She kissed ye, Pierre—aw, yis, she did that! Jist betune the eyes. Do yees iver see her now, Pierre?"

But Pierre, though looking at him, made no answer.

She Was a Smart Girl.

There was a young man who had a girl friend. He went to see her at regular intervals. He made his last call one day last week. She had some wedding cake from the nuptials of a friend of her's, and she was telling him of a new way she had discovered of finding out whether you were going to get married within a year. "I will take some of this cake," she said, "and put it in this envelope, and I will take seven slips of paper, and write on six of them the names of six girls you know, any one of whom you are likely to marry. The seventh I will leave blank. Then I will put the slips in an envelope with the wedding cake, and give the whole thing to you. Now you must take it and put it under your pillow when you go home. In the morning the very first thing after you open your eyes you must take out one slip. Do this for seven mornings in succession, and on the last slip will be the name of the girl you are sure to marry. If the blank comes last you will never marry."

The young man was quite impressed with the scheme. He took the envelope and promised faithfully to fulfill all the conditions, and to come back and report at the end of seven days. He went home and put the envelope under his pillow. Next morning he drew out a slip, and on it was the name of the girl who had given the charm to him. He thought that that was pretty tough luck, for he really liked the girl very much. He was out rather late next night, and when he awoke he was in a hurry, and forgot all about the charm. When he got home that night he began thinking the matter over, and wondering who the other girls were.

He got the envelope, and peered into it. The slips were all carefully folded, and he could not see a name. Then his curiosity got the upper hand. He took out all the slips and unfolded them. All the remaining six had names on them, and in each instance the name was that of the girl who had prepared the charm. He sat down and thought long and earnestly. Then he put on his evening clothes, and went straight up to that girl's house. He stayed a long time, and when he came away he was smiling and happy, and there is going to be a wedding on the West Side one of these days.

There is a girl who has a long head.—Buffalo Express.

"Good-Like You."

When I reproved my little girl
Her clear gray eyes were grieved and wet.
She owned her fault, for pardon plead,
And spoke some words I can't forget—
"If you were little, just like me,
Would ever you be naughty, too?
If I were only grown-up
I could be always good—like you."

She meant it! Her sweet innocence,
Which sent so sharp and sure a dart,
Knows nothing of the wicked moods
That sometimes sway her mother's heart.
Wrath, envy, folly, discontent,
The selfish purpose—not withstood—
These things accuse me; but my child
Believes that I am always good.

On Sabbath days the man of God
Reproves me often unaware.
Ashamed, I hear his earnest voice
My own unworthy deeds declare.
And nobler lives rebuke my own,
But none had ever shaft so true
As she whose loving faith declared,
"I could be always good—like you."
—Mrs. George Archibald, in Babyhood.

BASE RUNNING SCIENCE.

TOM DALY, OF BROOKLYN, TELLS THE SECRETS OF HIS SPECIALTY.

Some Great Player's Ways—Why Speed is Not the Main Thing and Wherein a Great Physique is Superfluous.

(Copyright, for the Times, 1894.)

The evolution of baseball has shown that its scientific possibilities are greater with reference to base running, probably, than with reference to any other feature of the entire game. I can remember when scientific base running was a thing unheard of. In the days when batting and fielding were deemed the only real qualifications of a superior all round player, the running of bases seemed to have no generally ascertainable rules at all.

Now these things are all changed and when the manager makes up his team one of the first things he inquires into is the base running ability of the man he proposes to engage. Fleetness of foot is naturally an important characteristic, although not the most important one in spite of some general notions to the contrary. It is curious that this matter of base running is not well understood by devotees of the game. Perhaps it is due

HIGH FROM THE BAT.

to the fact that it is not possible to lay down exact rules, as is more or less possible with other departments of the sport. I mean that one cannot say do this or that, because base running is a matter of general science rather than of special rule. To understand it one must master generalities and study the methods of great players, and such rules as I mean to lay down will not be in the nature of universal guides, but rather incidental directions.

To begin with, I do not agree with those who declare that base running has not kept up with the progress of the game in other respects. On the contrary, I think that this department was never so ably followed by its expert as now, and as for batting and fielding, there is not a bit more science in them than in base running. We occasionally hear of an old-time fielder who could field better than any man of to-day; for instance, a man like Wright. We also hear of old-time batsmen who could outbat Duffy and Van Haltren of to-day, but you never hear anybody say that in base running ten or twenty years ago there were men who could surpass Burk, Ewing, Murphy, Hamilton, or Duffy. These men are unquestionably great base runners. I don't think that at any time during the past periods we have seen such base running as will be done this year by the men above named.

In the olden time speed was considered the only necessary attribute to make a first-class base runner. This idea is all wrong. Of course a really first-cass base runner must have plenty of speed, but to be a scientific base stealer he must also possess rare judgment and the ability characteristic of every first-class sprinter. He must be able to start quickly. There is a great deal in beating the pitcher, or

OUT AT THIRD.

rather in getting a good start just as a pitcher delivers a ball. Now, Mike Kelly was always considered a great base runner, and yet there have been many baseball players who could give Kelly a several yards start in a hundred yards dash and beat him out easily. It wasn't speed that made Kelly the base prolonging fiend that he was, but his rare good judgment and tact. In this respect, inexperienced players should never lose their heads and be tempted into stealing impossible bases. In fact, the great pitfall is the tendency of young men, who have experience yet to acquire, to yield to temptation when the pitcher seems to be slow and the players generally lacking in speed. The great thing is to study the whole field, not merely the two bases between which you run.

There is a little player who makes his professional debut this year who is likely to make a record second to none. I refer to Mouse Murphy, ex-Yale champion. Murphy is a wee bit of a fellow, but those who want to make a study of base running could not do better than observe him. His case is a standing answer to the repeated query: "Is a powerful physique essential to success in base running?" Murphy is a wee bit of a fellow, unquestionably the smallest man paying professional ball in either the national or an of the minor leagues. He is only about five feet, three inches high, and he weighs, in playing condition, 125 pounds. Yet, Murphy seems destined to be one of the shining stars in the baseball firmament for several years to come. He knocks out the old idea that it takes a giant to be a first-class player. He is a scientific batsman, a clever fielder, and

A THREE BAGGER.

thrower, but as a base runner he is really phenomenal. He is not only speedy, but he is daring in running between the bases, using excellent judgment, running low and very close to the ground. He will dive into a base head first, feet first, or chin first, with the same unconcern that a professianol swimmer would exhibit in diving into the water. He occasonally comes down on the ground hard enough to kill an ordinary man. Collision with the earth does not seem to phase him. And this brings me to a point which some youthful players do not quite understand. It is never to waste strength in hard knocks. Do not fall like a log to the ground when necessary to touch the base, but slide into it feet first or head first.

Of course, Murphy is an exception, for he is one of the phenomenons of the diamond, as I have said, and he could accomplish what many amateurs deem impossible. Murphy has jumped from a practically unknown amateur to the front of professional ranks. While his physique may detract somewhat in batting and in fielding high batted balls, it probably helps him in base running, for the little fellow can dart between the giant' legs and slip by them where a bulkier man would get caught. Brooklyn has a mighty good base runner in Tommy Corcoran, who is a clear-headed, speedy fellow. Another good man at base running in spite of his bulk, is Tom Burns. Pfoutz is also a good man on the bases.

My advice to the young men learning to play baseball, especially if they mean to excel in running the bases, is to develop their speed by practice and then to endeavor to quickly size up the weakness of the batteries. Watch every preliminary move made by the pitcher and get away the very instant the pitcher starts to deliver the ball. In olden times the base runners seldom thought of sliding as they do to-day. This question of sliding depends largely on circumstances, and it is only possible to understand it from experience. I do not think it possible to lay down any code of rules with reference to it.

In my opinion league club owners can increase base running, which is unquestionably one of the most interesting features of baseball, by adopting rules which will remove discouragements to base running. I think that the rules should be so changed that a runner be allowed to overrun second and third bases, as he now does first. This would eliminate many dangerous features and I believe prove a material benefit all around.

THOMAS DALY.

A Broom With Each Drink.

As three men were standing in front of the bar of a Smithfield street saloon yesterday, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, one picked up a glass of whiskey, that was placed before him and, tasting it, made a face that looked as if he had taken poison. "My, but that's rank stuff," said he, as he put down his glass and wiped off his mouth with his handkerchief. "That's almost as bad as the whiskey we got out west during the great gold and silver excitement. I remember in Leadville there was a wag kept a saloon who did not try to disguise the quality of the liquor that passed over his bar, but rather made careful preparations for the effects that he knew it would cause.

"It is said that a tenderfoot once came in and asked for a whiskey. He was passed a bottle and a glass. Then, to his surprise, the bartender placed a small whisk broom by the side of the bottle. Of course he was puzzled, but he poured out his drink and drank it slowly, unwilling to profess ignorance in the ways of the wild west, and thinking that some person might come to his rescue.

"The door opened, and he saw a man who saved him. A big, burly fellow, bristling with revolvers and bowie knives, stepped in the door and, going up to the bar, ordered whiskey in a voice that seemed to come from somewhere below the cellar. A bottle and a glass were passed to him, and, as before, a whisk broom was added to the layout. The tenderfoot watched the man carefully. He poured out a good-sized glassful, then, after gulping it down, quietly picked up the whisk broom, and going over to a corner of the room, brushed away the sand from a portion of the floor. He then lay down and had a fit.

"But, of course, all the whiskey we got out there was not as bad as that."

Not Altogethe Harmonious.

The choir was singing a new arrangement of beautiful anthem, "Consider the Lilies." The pure sweet voice of the soprano rose clearly and distinctly in the solo:

They toi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Ny-y-y-ther do they spin.

She paused and the tenor took up the strain:

Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin,
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nee-ee-ee-ther do they spin.

The tenor ceased, and the basso, a solemn, red-haired man, with a somewhat worldly looking eye and a voice like a fog-horn, broke in:

Nay-ay-ay-aither do they spin,
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toil not,
They toil not,
Nay-ay-ay-aither do they spin.

Then the voices of the three were lifted up in semi-chorus:

Ny-y-y-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther
do they spin.
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
They toi-oi-oi-oil not,
Ny-y-ther
Nee-ee-ee-ther
Nay-ay-ay-ther
do they spin.

"Brethren," said the gray-haired, old-fashioned pastor, when the choir had finished, "we will begin the service of the morning by singing the familiar hymn: 'And am I yet alive?' "

To Subdue Onions.

"Talk about the tobacco-scented breath of men," said a pretty girl, "I have suffered more at matinees from sitting next a woman who had eaten potato salad or Spanish omelet or some dish of which onions or garlic formed a part than I ever did from the fumes of tobacco in the presence of men. The odor of wine which women drink at table as often as men do is no more pleasant because it is wafted from between the pretty lips of a woman, who, perchance, would tip-tilt her nose at detecting it on a 'horrid man.' "

There is more truth than poetry in this criticism, but a little care will prevent any one from being offensive on account of the food or liquids they have taken. A cup of black coffee will destroy the fumes of the malodorous onion. The "fad" of having peppermints and wintergreen cream candies on the table has method in its madness, as one of these will destroy the odor left by wine. It would be quite safe to use as a mouth wash and gargle after each meal a glass of water, in which has been put a few drops each of camphor and myrrh. A bit of orris root might be carried in the masculine pocket for use when necessary, for it, as well as stick cinnamon or ginger, will disguise unpleasant odors. In some cases, however, the "ounce of prevention" would render resort to these disguises unnecessary. Henry Ward Beecher once characteristically said: "There is no smell so universally pleasing as no smell."—From the Phiadelphia Times.

Descendants of Queen Victoria.

Queen Victoria has provided the world with a stock of sovereigns and dignitaries of lower rank which will supply the world for a long time to come. She has now fifty-seven descendants. Her oldest child married the late Emperor Frederick, of Germany, whose son is now emperor. Her second son is Prince Saxe-Coburg Gotha, and Princess Alice married the Grand Duke of Hesse, whose son married his first cousin yesterday. Nine of her descendants are heirs apparent or consorts of heirs apparent. These include the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the German crown prince, Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Prince Georgius of Greece and several of minor importance. Her family is closely allied by marriage ties to Russia, so that by family ties or diplomacy she is closely allied with every power in Europe except republican France and decayed Spain. History records no equal successful sovereign in this respect. At seventy-five years she can survey the situation with great satisfaction. Though not in the best of health, there is no apparent reason why she should not reign ten years longer, by which time she can have secured some more eligible places for her descendants. As a matchmaker she is the best on record.—From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Thought Ahead.

"I don't see why you always let your children romp and shout so in the house," complained one sister to another, as she came in and found all her small nephews and nieces engaged in some jolly game.

The mother laughed. "I suppose I do spoil them," she said; "but whenever I hear them laugh and shout I think to myself, 'Poor things, they've got so much time to be old!' It is such a little while, Louise, before the livest of them will settle down into a sober, careworn man or woman. I don't want them to get rude, of course. I watch enough that it doesn't go too far. But sometimes it seems as if we had hardly finished complaining of the frivolity and high spirits of our children before the shadows of life began to close about them, and we sigh to remember the days when we might have laughed with them, instead of forcing them to be old with us.

Perhaps," she ended, "a woman with nerves couldn't be so philosophical, but I've trained mine to put up with it, until sometimes I think I haven't any nerves at all."—From Harper's Bazar.

The Downward Path.

Senior Partner—"Keep a close watch on De Ledger's accounts this summer."

Junior Partner—"Eh? Is he playing the races?"

Senior Partner—"Worse! He has moved to the suburbs and is going to raise his own vegetables."—Puck.

UNITED STATES FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

ANNUAL STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1893, OF THE CONDITION AND AFFAIRS OF THE UNITED STATES FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK, ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, MADE TO THE AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, IN PURSUANCE OF THE LAWS OF VIRGINIA.

President, W. W. Underhill.
Vice-President, Samuel M. Croft.
Secretary, W. H. Grimn.
Principal Office, 46 Pine street.
General Agent in Virginia, John W. Gordon.
Residence, Richmond, Va.
Organized or incorporated, April 1, 1824.
Commenced business, April 9, 1824.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock subscribed	$250,000 00
Amount of capital stock actually paid up in cash	250,000 00

ASSETS.

Loans on mortgage (duly recorded and being the first liens on the fee simple), upon which not more than one year's interest is due	$ 44,900 00
Interest due on all said mortgage loans, $1,300; interest accrued thereon, $1,921.24	3,221 24
Value of lands mortgaged, exclusive of buildings and perishable improvements	$303,000 00
Value of the buildings mortgaged (insured for $488,200 as collateral)	600,500 00
Total value of said mortgaged premises	$903,500 00
Account of Bonds of the United States, and of This State and of Other States, and also of Bonds of Incorporated Cities in This State, and of all Other Bonds and Stocks, Owned Absolutely by the company.	

	Par Value.	Market Value.
United States 4 per cent. registered bonds	$62,000 00	$70,060 00
Rensselaer and Saratoga railroad stock	17,800 00	31,150 00
	$79,800 00	$101,210 00

Total par and market value (carried out at market value)	$101,210 00
Cash in company's principal office	14,806 73
Cash belonging to the company deposited in bank (name bank) National Bank of Commerce	184 38
Interest due and accrued on bonds not included in "market value"	382 00
*Gross premiums (as written in the policies), in course of collection, not more than three months due	81,719 06
The gross amount of all the assets of the company	$851,023 36
Aggregate amount of all the assets of the company, stated at their actual value	$851,023 36

LIABILITIES.

Gross claims for adjusted and unpaid losses due and to become due	$40,158 73
Gross losses in process of adjustment, or in suspense, including all reported and supposed losses	13,323 00
Losses resisted, including interest, costs, and other expenses thereon	5,110 00
Total gross amount of claims for losses	58,656 73
Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 58,656 73
*Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks, running one year or less from date of policy, including interest premiums on perpetual fire risks, $164,564.28; unearned premiums (50 per cent.)	$ 82,282 14
*Gross premiums received and receivable upon all unexpired fire risks, running more than one year from date of policy, $186,335.-11; unearned premiums (pro rata)	101,329 98
*Gross premiums (including both cash and bills), received and receivable upon all unexpired inland navigation risks, $21,557.30; unearned premiums (50 per cent.)	10,778 65
Total unearned premiums as computed above (carried out)	$194,390 77
Due and accrued for salaries, rent, advertising, and for agency and other miscellaneous expenses	2,322 49
All other demands against the company, absolute and contingent, due and to become due, admitted and contested, viz: Commissions, brokerage, and other charges due and to become due to agents and brokers, on premiums paid and in course of collection, $16,732.17; return premiums, $13.-$34.51; reinsurance, $15,084.26	45,199 94
Total amount of all liabilities, except capital stock, and net surplus	$300,369 93
Joint-stock capital actually paid up in cash	250,000 00
Surplus beyond capital and all other liabilities	100,653 42
Aggregate amount of all liabilities, including paid up capital stock, and net surplus	$651,023 36

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR.

	Fire.	Marine Inland.
*Gross premiums and bills unpaid at close of last year	$ 58,588 70	$ 1,080 00
Deduct amount of same not collected	984 29	154 68
Net collected	$ 57,574 41	$ 925 32
*Gross premiums on risks written and renewed during the year	455,939 71	25,733 86
Total	$513,514 12	$26,659 18
*Deduct gross premiums and bills in course of collection at this date	77,779 00	3,940 00
Entire premiums collected during the year	$435,735 12	$22,719 18
Deduct reinsurance, rebate, abatement, and return premiums	106,217 15	2,077 26
	$329,517 97	$20,641 92
Net cash actually received for premiums (carried out)		$350,159 89
Received for interest on mortgages		27,318 38
Received for interest and dividends on stocks and bonds, collateral loans, and from all other sources		900 79
Income received from all other sources, viz: Rents, $125; satisfaction pieces, $10		135 00
Aggregate amount of receipts actually received during the year in cash		$378,513 06

*By gross premiums in these items is meant the aggregate of all premiums written in the policies on risks in force. Are they so returned in this statement? Answer—Yes.

DISBURSEMENTS DURING THE YEAR.

	Fire.	Marine and Inland
Gross amount actually paid for losses (including $37,136.-00 losses occurring in previous years)	$241,156 21	$13,323 52
Deduct all amounts actually received for salvage (whether on losses of the last or of previous years), $7,001.50, and all amounts actually received for reinsurance on other companies, $18,809.33—Total deduction	19,495 38	6,315 45
	$221,660 83	$ 7,008 07
Net amount paid during the year for losses		$228,668 90
Cash dividends actually paid stockholders (amount of stockholder's dividends declared during the year, $25,000)		25,000 00
Paid for commission or brokerage		83,047 91
Paid for salaries, fees, and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents, and all other employees		24,053 59
Paid for state and local taxes in this and other States		8,490 70
All other payments and expenditures, viz: Rent, $4,800; fire patrol, $433.51; stationery, $6,673.71; sundries, $30,927.56		42,834 78
Aggregate amount of actual disbursements during the year, in cash		$410,095 88

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Fire Risks.	Risks and premiums. Premiums thereon.	Marine and inland risks.	Premiums thereon.
In force on the 31st day of December of the preceding year	$49,733,748 00	$440,701 05	$ 273,566 00	$ 9,065 75
Written or renewed during the year	43,070,723 00	455,939 71	892,765 00	25,733 86
Total	$92,804,471 00	$896,640 76	$1,076,331 00	$34,799 11
Deduct those expired and marked off as terminated	43,906,547 00	397,537 12	424,444 00	13,240 81
In force at the end of the year	$48,897,924 00	$499,103 64	$ 651,887 00	$21,557 30
Deduct amount reinsured	13,881,113 00	148,204 25		
Net amount in force	$35,016,811 00	$350,899 39	$ 651,887 00	$21,557 30

BUSINESS IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA DURING THE YEAR.

	Fire Risks.	Aggregate.
Fire, marine, and inland risks written	$614,368 00	$614,368 00
Premiums received (gross)	7,946 89	7,946 89
Losses paid	2,703 51	2,703 51
Losses incurred	4,298 11	4,298 11

Place in Virginia where principal business of company is transacted, Richmond

W. W. UNDERHILL, President.
W. H. GRIFFIN, Secretary.

State of New York, city of New York—ss:

Be it remembered, that on the 25th day of January, 1894, at the city aforesaid, before me, George H. Nolen, a Notary Public, a resident in said city, duly commissioned and qualified under the laws of the State of New York, to take acknowledgments to instruments under seal, etc., personally appeared W. W. Underhill, president, and W. H. Griffin, secretary of the United States Fire Insurance Company of New York, who, being sworn, depose and say, and each for himself says, that they are the above-described officers of the said company, and that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the actual condition of said corporation on the last day of its fiscal year, to-wit: the 31st day of December, 1893, according to the best of their information, knowledge, and belief, respectively, and that the seal attached is the seal of said corporation.

Seal. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of my office, on the 25th day of January, 1894.

GEORGE H. NOLEN, Notary Public, 44, New York county.

JOHN W. GORDON, General Agent,
No. 5 North Tenth Street, Richmond, Va.

Z. J. BOSHER. C. G. BOSHER.

R. H. BOSHER'S SONS,
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURERS.

Call and see our large stock of VICTORIAS, PHAETONS, BUGGIES and CARTS. The Best and Cheapest in the city, considering the quality of the work.

Repairing and Repainting done in the best manner.

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