4

FINIS.

When finis comes the book we close,
And, somewhat sadly, fancy goes,
With backward step, from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage. * * *
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!
There is so much that no one knows,
So much unreached that none suppose;
What flaws! what faults! on every page,
When finis comes.

—Austin Dobson.

JENIFER'S INHERITANCE.

The Rev. Clement Jenifer had inherited a property! The lawyer's letter announcing the fact lay before him, beside the breakfast which he had forgotten in the thought of this unexpected good fortune. It was not a meager breakfast, although Mr. Jenifer, at 45, was still only a curate on a stipend of £150 per annum, for through the greater part of his twenty years in holy orders he had acted on the principle that if he gave his time to the poor it was as much as they could expect; and so if they called Parson Jenifer "hard" and "close," and preferred going to the vicar—why, that was not his fault.

His inheritance consisted of a good house and several hundreds a year, and he sat and thought over the difference this would make in his future. No more for him the daily service, read as a part of the day's work—no more visiting of thriftless, complaining, muddling poor, with whom he was completely out of tune—in a word, no more drudgery!

Twenty years of drudgery! That was what his life amounted to. Not for him the spirit of love that softens, and the high thoughts that sanctify, daily tasks; only the grudging gift of obligatory toil. It was written on his face, in lines marked by twenty years—no, not quite twenty—he had thought differently at first—but by more than a dozen years of discontent and repining. It was a pity too, for the face was one of great possibilities, clouded over by the dullness of heart that fails to see through the service the Master who is served.

Meanwhile Clement Jenifer was speeding on to London to see his lawyer. He found there was one condition which he must fulfill before he could call himself master of house and income. Mr. Dacre had only willed Waterdell hall to him under the proviso that he should pass one night in the house entirely alone.

Mr. Jenifer laughed when this clause was read to him.

"That's not a very hard thing to do," said he. "But was Mr. Dacre's brain softening when he made his will?"

"Not at all," answered the lawyer shortly. "Any one who saw Mr. Dacre in his last hours will tell you that the clear old man's mind was as clear to the end as in his best days. When you go to Waterdell, you will not please your poor neighbors there if you suggest to them that the man who was so universally beloved and revered was crazy.

Clement Jenifer never liked being made ridiculous, and he thought that this will went very near that possibility. Yet he could not lose his inheritance for fear of being absurd, so after certain business instructions from the lawyer he went to his hotel for that night, and next morning started for Waterdell. He put up at a little inn in the nearest market town before proceeding to his destination, where, the lawyer had informed him, he would find all things in readiness to receive him for his lonely vigil, if vigil it was to be. The inn was full of farmers of the neighborhood, come in to market; and after much discourse on grain and turnips the conversation, Mr. Jenifer found—he being, of course, unknown—turned on the death of Mr. Dacre.

"They do say," said one red faced, gray whiskered man of substantial appearance—"they do say that the ghost has begun to walk again since the 'squire's death."

"What ghost?" asked a younger man with an incredulous laugh: "I never heard of a ghost at Waterdell."

"No, you mayn't," said the first man; "but I've heard tell from my father, times upon times, that before 'Squire Dacre came here, there were a power of queer things seen and heard at Waterdell; and they say that, since he's dead, they be come back."

"They say; who says?" asked a thin, weasel faced farmer.

"Well, my man Marvel for one; he went across by the spinney last night, where he has been almost every evening these thirty year, and he swears that he saw some one walking up and down the long path, and heard some awful noises."

"Ah!" said the thin man, with a grunt, "Marvel always were a liar."

"Liar or no liar," said the fat farmer rather angrily, "my father saw the ghost himself sixty years ago; often and often he has told me of it; and I believe the old 'squire knew of it too, for he never laughed or scoffed as some fools do" (with a significant sniff) "when folk talked of ghosts."

And so the talk drifted on to other matters, and Mr. Jenifer was left to contemplate another element of absurdity introduced into his well arranged, commonplace existence, and felt quite angry at the thought that he of all men should, by the irony of fate, be brought into a ghost story. But as he never had believed in ghosts, he did not mean to begin now; and after inquiring his way to Waterdell hall, he found that he must start at once if he wished to reach there before nightfall. It was a somewhat dull walk, which led him at last along a narrow road ending in an abrupt descent. The high hedges on either side had lost their summer beauty without yet [illegible] the glory of autumn; the few ros[illegible] were sickly looking and withered, and [illegible] with a whitish blight, and their leaves [illegible] shivering on the twigs, while in the field beyond the evening mists were already rising. The road turned sharply to the right, and then Waterdell hall lay before its future owner.

To a cheerful eye it might have seemed nestling in a bower of greenery; but Jenifer, out of tune with things in general, and tired with his walk, saw in its withdrawal from the high road a guilty seclusion from observation. Four tall Wellingtonias rose dark and solemn above the little wicket gate, and cast a gloom over the garden patch, in which some late geraniums and petunias only served by their touches of brilliant color to accentuate the general melancholy. The house itself, instead of boldly looking forth on the passers by, turned its face away from the road, and had no prospect but the little bit of garden and the four sentinel trees.

The door stood open, and Mr. Jenifer entered a narrow passage where no welcoming footsteps came to meet his own; only a Virginian creeper torn by the wind tapped on the porch; otherwise all was still. Mr. Jenifer looked round him for a moment, and then went through the silent house to the chief sitting room. It was neither large nor high, but it had that individual charm which only age and years of occupation can give. The old fashioned mantel reached, with its dark, rich carvings, to the ceiling, across which was a massive oaken beam, nearly black with age; the fireplace, with its glaring logs, gave out a cheerful glimmer, reflected in the small quarries of the window opposite, over which hung a carven scroll, whose inscription there was not light enough to read. Mr. Jenifer breathed a sigh of relief at the comfortable appearance, in contrast to the depressing aspect of the rest of the house; but instead of sitting down, as he had intended to do by the fire, he again went out to look over the surrounding property. Behind, the ground rose abruptly and was bounded by a closely growing coppice, through which a narrow path seemed to strike in the direction of the village. The parson climbed the hill, leaving the coppice on his left, and standing on the highest portion of the meadow looked across the low hedge at the last pageant of the sunset. Some elm trees were silhouetted against the sky, athward which lay bars of rosy flame, tender and evanescent. One moment the dying light leaped up brighter and throbbed through all the burning heaven, and then suddenly it died away, and the day was not.

Jenifer turned and looked at the hall. Already it seemed to be losing itself in the darkness which gathered round it, hiding in the recesses of the gables, drawing curtains of mist over the twisted chimneys. The silence, entire and absolute, struck almost with oppression on the mind of this man accustomed to city noises; but, even as he thought to himself, "How still it all is," there sounded in the coppice close behind him a long, sobbing, moaning cry, which rose and fell, and rose again, and then ceased.

Clement Jenifer was not a particularly tender hearted or compassionate man, but that sudden cry filled him with a vague fear of some cruel deed just perpetrated—some awful mystery to be brought to light; and after a moment's hesitation he turned in the direction whence it had seemed to come, and found himself on a long path, with a thick yew hedge on either side. Far ahead, in the dim twilight, he could descry a figure walking slowly away from him; he could hear a moaning sound, as of some one in pain. Mr. Jenifer hastened his pace in order to come up with the sufferer, and as he gained on him and could see him more distinctly, it seemed to him that there was something familiar in the gait and bearing of the unknown. And as he so thought, the figure turned, and, facing him, advanced with slow, uncertain footsteps, wringing his hands as he came. What was it that struck Mr. Jenifer as so well known to him? What was it that filled him with sudden horror and sent the blood back to his heart? All the tales of ghosts and haunting noises at which he had scoffed so lately recurred to his mind, and yet there was nothing unearthly in the aspect of the man who was approaching him. And now they two stood face to face, and Clement Jenifer saw that this—he knew not what to call it—bore the face which he himself had borne twenty years ago, and he knew—though how he could not tell—that he was standing face to face with the ghost of his own dead past.

Then ensued a conversation—strange, unnatural—between these two, who still were one; but whether the words were uttered on the evening air or whether the knowledge of what was in the mind of each was mutual to both, it were hard to say.

"Why do I haunt you?" said this double of himself, gazing on him with reproachful eyes. "Do not murdered victims haunt their slayers, and have not you murdered that which was the best part of me? Where are the promises of your young days? Where are the aspirations, the desires after a higher life, the noble purposes with which my soul was filled? Dead—dead, and buried beneath a crust of selfishness!"

"Youthful follies," answered Jenifer; "gone the way of all such early fancies. Why do you persecute me? Have I stolen, or murdered, or lived uncleanly? Have I not kept to my work and done it thoroughly, distasteful as it is?"

"It is true," said the other; "the commandments you have not broken; but where are the hearts you have helped to bind up? How many have you helped by your example? Rather, have you not by daily carelessness, by dryness of spirit, by perfunctory performance of your duty, quenched the light that was—ay, God knows it was—in me? And in doing so you have wounded many another. There are sinners who slay the body, but you have slain your own soul; and woe be to him of whom this can be said."

Jenifer laughed in scorn.

"When I was what you are all this would have had its terrors for me; now I am not to be 'frightened with false fire.' I know what you are, who think to scare me thus—an illusion of the brain, a disturbance in the nervous system. Come daylight, and this will be as if it had never been."

But the other with the sad and youthful eyes looked at him in sorrow and said:

"Even in your blindness you speak the truth; for when you were as I am, ere the world had dimmed your sight, you would have seen the precipice on which you stand. Oh, brother of me, though low, degraded! give up your dreams of a selfish future; turn back while yet you may; use the wealth that has come to you, not for yourself only, but for others. Redeem the time that is left to you and bring to a happier second life the promises, the aspirations of your youth."

"Begone!" said Jenifer. "If not an illusion, then you are an accomplice in some conspiracy to betray me into a rash vow. Did you and the old man who is in his grave plan it between you and laugh to think how you would scare your foolish dupe? Away from me! and do not hope to work your will. I have inherited, and I will enjoy!"

"Nay, then," said his double, "see to what an end your enjoyment shall bring you. I, whom you have destroyed, am what you were; see now what you shall be."

Then for one awful moment the parson knew that not only he himself stood there, with the spirit of his once pure and earnest hearted youth beside him; but a third and dreadful shape—himself as he should be if no hand of grace stayed his downward course. The lightning flash of awakened perception showed him his own old age, where that which he had called economy had grown to avarice, where callousness had become cruelty—discontent, envy—carelessness, impiety. He saw himself, degraded, mean, despicable, bad, without affections, without tenderness, without hope; and as the horror of it swept over him with resistless force, Clement Jenifer—the icy crust of years of life for self broken at last—fell upon his face, with the agonized cry of the apostle of old, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

When he came to himself, he was in the quaint old sitting room in his new home. The fire had burnt low, and only dimly illumined the room; but as he gazed into the glowing embers, a hitherto unkindled log broke into flame, and as it leaped and flickered, the scroll which he had before remarked and failed to decipher caught and threw back the yellow light, and Mr. Jenifer read in letters of gold the poet's words:

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

He sank on his knees, and there in contrition of spirit and anguish of soul dedicated anew to his Maker the years that should be granted to him, the wealth that he had inherited—himself, body, soul and spirit, for evermore.

People said afterward that prosperity had been good for Mr. Jenifer, that it had made him softer, more compassionate, more tender. He alone knew that the vision he had seen had come only just in time to save him from that utter ruin of soul to which he was tending; and when he thought, as many a time he did, of that awful night, he bowed his head in contrite humility, and gave thanks for the warning that had been sent him.—Amy Layard in Temple Bar.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co. 106 Wall Street, New York

THE THOROUGHBRED

HOLSTEIN FRIESIAN BULL

MARQUIS OF ADELINE.

This fine Bull will stand the season now commenced at my stable on the Lancaster Pike one half mile from Stanford Court House at $5 the season, with the privilege of breeding the cow until the cow proves in calf. Money due when cow is first served.

Marquis of Adeline's sire, Herbert, his sire Imported Apollo and Dam Imported Southern Beauty.

Marquis of Adeline's dam, Adeline, her sire Imported Uncle Tom—dam Imported Lady Fisher. For further particulars as to pedigree see H. F. H. B.

This is a very fine young Bull from a celebrated family of milkers including the cow Echo, the greatest of her day; her owner having refused $25,000 for her.

The Holstein-Friesian cattle have taken the lead as the best for the family, and a cross with the Shorthorn produces a very fine animal. I will buy all the male calves begotten by this Bull at good prices delivered at weaning time.

W. H. MILLER, Stanford, Ky.

180-tf

SILVER KING

Will make the present season at my stable one mile from Stanford on the Stanford and Hustonville Turnpike

At $10 to Insure a Living Colt.

He is 4 years old, 16 hands high, a beautiful mahogony bay, with fine mane and tail and a perfect model and a natural saddle horse.

Sired by Hubble's Denmark, known as On Time. First dam, Mollie Mounts, by Cabble's Lexington; second dam by Young America, he by Taylor's Messenger; third dam by Miller's Denmark which gives him a double cross of the best saddle stock in the world; fourth dam by John Blunt, one of the best race horses of his day; fifth dam by Waxy.

Will also stand at the same place my fine Jack.

STEVE WALKER.

At $10 to Insure a Living Colt. Money due at weaning time or when mare is parted with. He is a brown jack with white points, 5 years old in June, full 15 hands high. He was sired by Aikin's King William and he by King Phillip; first dam Black Satin Jennet, she is sired by King Phillip; second dam by Morrecastle and he by Jim Porter. This jack has proved himself to be a fine breeder. Several of his colts last season at weaning time brought one hundred dollars.

J. E. & J. R. FARRIS, Stanford, Ky

ERICSSON, JR.,

Is by Ericsson (6 in 2:30 list,) by Membrino Chief, by Membrino Paymaster, dam the dam of Goliah, 2:30. His sons sired 22 and his daughters are the dams of 18 in the 2:30 list.

Ericsson is half brother to Eric, record of 2:28¼ at a four-year old and sold to Robert Bonner at that age for $10,000.

1st dam by Rodoc, by old Pilot, sire of Pilot, Jr., (12 in 2:30 list.) Pilot sired the dams of Jay Eye See, 2:10; Maud S. 2:08¾, Nutwood 2:18¾ and 21 in the 2:30 list. Membrino Chief sired Lady Thorn 2:18¾, Woodford Membrino 2:21¾, Brignoli 2:29¾, Fisk's Membrino Chief 2:29½, Bay Henry 2:29½, Membrino Star 2:28¼, Membrino Pilot 2:27, North Star 2:26½.

Ericsson, Jr., is a solid black, 16 hands high, and weighs 1,200 lbs. He is a horse that recommends himself even if he had no pedigree. But possessing the blood that he does should make him one of the grandest stallions in Kentucky. Service fee will be

$15 TO INSURE A MARE IN FOAL

Parting with or moving mare out of the neighborhood renders money due.

Will also stand

MY FINE JACK, McELROY,

At $10 on the same conditions as above. He has proven himself to be a superior breeder, having produced some of the best mules in this and adjoining counties and is also a good Jennet Jack. He is 15½ hands high, nearly black, with mealy points and general make up 1st class.

E. S. POWELL,

2½ miles from Hustonville, on the Hustonville & Liberty Turnpike road, Lincoln county, Ky.

ARTHUR SIMS,

No. 3041, Standard Under Rule 7, (A. T. R., Vol V.) will stand

AT MAPLES

Two miles from Lancaster, on the Stanford pike at

TWENTY DOLLARS THE SEASON

With privilege of return in 1888, or $30 insurance.

Arthur Sims is by Gen. Knox, 140, he by Vermont Hero, &c. His dam was Lady Arthur, by Bourbon Chief, by Membrino Chief, by Membrino Paymaster, &c. Arthur Sims is a bay, 15¾ hands, small blaze, right hind foot white, foaled in 1882. He is a handsomely finished colt and bred to stay. He has been handled a little and promises well. He combines the strains of the handsome Black Hawk and stout Membrino Chief families, and is a desirable stock horse, and on his sire's side traces twice to Imp. Messenger and twice on his dam's side.

Mares kept in any manner desired, at owner's risk.

T. A. ELKIN, Lancaster, Ky.

Gen. Knox, 140, Standard Under Rule 3, the sire of arthur Sims, was bred by Daniel Heustis, Bridgport, Vt., and was foaled in 1855. He was by Vermont Hero, 141, 1st dam by Searcher, son of Barney Henry, 2nd Hunsden Mare by Hill's Sir Charles, son of Diroc. Record 2:31½, public trial at 16 years old 2:24.

Among the get of Gen. Knox with records in 2:30 or better, are the following: Lady Maud 2:18¼; Camera 2:19¼; Independence 2:21¼; Gilbert Knox 2:26¾; Emperor Knox 2:27½; Knox 2:29¼; Victor 2:28; Knox Boy 2:23½; Peaceful 2:26; Harry Spanker 2:30; Messenger Knox 2:30. His sons, Col. Ellsworth, Coupon, Cromwell, Eclaire, Emperor William, Gen. Knox, Jr., Gen. Lightfoot, Gilbreth, Knox, Jules Jurgensen, Knox Boy, Lon Morris, Phil Sheridan, St. Elmo, Whalebone Knox, and Woodford Knox have sired the following, with records of 2:30 or better: Iron Age 2:19¼; Capitola 2:22¼; Frank F. 2:26¼; Nellie Walton 2:26½; Charles H. 2:27; Fanny M. 2:29¼; Wallace 2:29¼; Lothair 2:29½; Maud Muller 2:29¼; Kitty Morris 2:30; Chub 2:27; John S. Beals 2:27¼; Gilbreth Boy 2:27½; Shadow 2:28; Hamb'n Knox 2:30; Cleveland 2:30; Black Bess 2:30; Arthur T. 2:30, [illegible] 2:24¼; Gen. Knox, Jr., 2:23¼; Geo. [illegible]

THE FANCY SADDLE STALLION,

Wallace Denmark!!

foaled May 1, 1879. Is a rich mahogony bay 15½ hands high, heavy mane and tale, is strictly fine and fancy, is both a natural and pleasant saddler, breeds fancy, and a more uniform breeder of saddlers can not be found. He is high-tail style on both sides to the third generation, is backed up by thorough-breds on both sides, making him very active and sprightly in gait, in form and finish a perfect model. He was sired by the noble Sumpter Denmark, he by Goddard's Denmark, he by Gaines & Cromwell's Denmark, he by the race horse Denmark, he by Imported Hedgeford. His 1st dam was sired by Sir Wallace, he by Todhunter's Sir Wallace, he by Sir Albert (thorough-bred) second dam by Virginius (dam of Virginius by Tranby, thorough-bred) he by the celebrated Mason's Whip; 3 dam a Whip mare.

Will make the season of 1887 at my farm, 3½ miles from Hustonville, near Carpenter's station, and will be permitted to serve mares at

$10 the Season or $12.50 to Insure a Living Colt.

Mares committed to my care and breeding will receive my personal attention. Grass furnished at reasonable rates, to be paid for before the removal of mares. No responsibility for accidents or escapes. Parting with mares forfeits the insurance.

J. STEELE CARPENTER.

THE COMBINED STALLION,

SECOND JEWEL.

This fine, combined stallion will make the season of 1887 at my stable near, Shelby City, in Lincoln county, on the Shelby City & Knob Lick Turnpike road, at

$15 the Season, or $20 to Insure.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.—Second Jewel is a blood bay, with black mane and tail, 15 hands 2 inches high, with fine style and action. He is 8 years old this spring, was sired by Lewis Cunningham's Jewel, he by the famous old Washington Denmark. First dam, Minnie, by McDonald's Halcorn; second dam by Wells' Crusader; third dam by a son of Davy Crockett; fourth dam a valuable old saddle mare, pedigree unknown. Mr. H. C. Farvin's Old Minnie, dam of Second Jewel, was a premium animal from a colt up to an aged mare. Second Jewel has been shown 34 times and wore the slick the 31 times—defeated only three times.

Will also stand at the same stable, the fine young jack.

BLACK HAWK.

At $8 to Insure a Live Colt. He is coal black, 14 hands 2 inches high. He was sired by Caldwell's Young Black Hawk, he by Velocipede, he by Robertson's Sampson, he by Imp. Mammoth. His dam was by Stigall's Black Hawk; second dam was raised by Silas Maxwell and was an imported jack. Money due when the colt is foaled or mare parted with. Lien retained on all colts till season charges are paid.

Pasturage will be furnished at reasonable rates. Parting with mares forfeits the insurance.

C. T. SANDIDGE, Shelby City, Ky.

MESSENGER CHIEF, JR

Bay Stallion foaled in 1884, 16 hands high, is by Messenger Chief, 1st dam by Vermont, Jr., 2 dam by Imp. Scythian, 3 dam by Bonner's Gray Eagle, 4 dam by Chatott's Telegraph.

His sire Messenger Chief, 2 in 2:30 list, by Abdallah Pilot, dam by Mambrino Messenger, 2 dam by Mambrino Chief, 3 dam by Imp. Napoleon; 4 dam by Tempest; Messenger Chief sired Maud Messenger 2:16¼; Marvel 2:28; Gus 2:28 and many others destined to win fame on the turf.

Abdallah Pilot, by Alexander's Abdal'ah; dam Blandina, by Mambrino Chief; second dam (Rosalind's dam, 2:21¾,) by Parker's Brown Pilot. Abdallah Pilot sired Pickard 2:18¼, Red Jim 3 year-old record 2:28; Messenger Chief sired Maud Messenger 2:16¼.

Alexander's Abdallah, by Bradyk's Hambletonian, dam Kattie Darling. Alexander's Abdallah sired Goldsmith Maid 2:14, Rosalind 2:21¾, Thoradale 2:22½, Major Edsall 2:29, St. Elmore 2:30. He also sired Almont, Belmont, Belsora, Shelby Chief, together with the dams of Jerome Eddy 2:16¾, Katie Middleton 2:23, Bill Thunder 2:25¾, etc.

Messenger Chief, Jr., will make the present season at my place 1½ miles from Hustonville on the Bradfordsville pike, at

$10 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT

Money due when colt is foaled or mare parted with. Mares will be pastured at $2 per month, but I will not be responsible for accidents.

J. K. BAUGHMAN, Hustonville.

My Stallion,

JO ABDALLAH,

Will make the present season at M. SMITH BAUGHMAN'S, 2 miles from Stanford, on the Somerset pike at $10 to insure a living colt, same conditions as above. He is a fine combined horse, 16 hands high, of good style and action and has proven himself a splendid breeder.

J. K. BAUGHMAN Hustonville.

Vermont Hambletonian.

This fine stallion will make the season of 1887 at my farm, 3 miles from Stanford, on the Stanford and Danville pike

AT $15 TO INSURE A COLT.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.—Vermont Hambletonian is a black horse, foaled in 1882, sixteen hands high, two white feet behind, sired by William Welch, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, 1st dam Katie Grimes, by Gill's Vermont, 2nd dam Black Swan, by Helm's Yorkshire, by Imp. Yorkshire, 3rd dam Little Emily, by Wagner, by Sir Charles, by Sir Archy, 4th dam Emily Speed, by Imp. Leviathan, 5th dam by Packolet, 6th dam by Greendriver, 7th dam by Maryland Phoenix, 8th dam by Hannibal, 9 dam by Slim, by Bowel, (see Emily; Speed in Bruce's Stud Book Vol 1, page 302.) Vermont Hambletonian is a fine big horse, with fine style and good bone, and a sure breeder, sired by William Welch, the sire of Prince Imperial, 2:22¼, Jeremiah 2:29½. Beside T can trot in 2:30 or better. William Welch was sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, private record 29, 1st dam the dam of Roden's Prince, 2:27, and by Imp. Trustee (son of Cotton) and sire of twenty miles trotter, Trustee, 2 dam by a son of Mambrino, by Imp. Messenger, Vermont being a grand son of the great Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the grandest sire living, and Gill's Vermont combined, backed by thoroughbred, will make a fine stock horse. Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by Abdallah, son of Mambrino, dam by Imp. Bellounder, 2 dam by Bishop's Hambletonian, 3 dam by Imp. Messenger.

Gill's Vermont, by Downing's Vermont, sire of the dam of Enigma 2:16. 1st dam by Columbus (Barkley's) son of Columbus, sire of Confidence 2:28; 2nd dam by Bertrand, sire of the dams of Nellie Gray 2:24; 3d dam by Matchless, sire of the dam of Climax 2:31. Gill's Vermont is the sire of Bonner Boy 2:23, Black Maria 2:26¾, Lady Oak 2:36, and Logan 2:40½; also sire of the dams of Gambetta Wilkes 2:26, The King 2:29¼, Nellie L. 2:28¼, Outlaw 2:28¾, Pearl 2:30, Lady Davis 2:31½, Beatrice 2:34¼, Lady Patchen 2:36¼, and Kentucky Gentleman 2:47½, and sire of the second dam of Phil Thompson 2:16½.

Rysdyk's Hambletonian, by Abdallah, sire of Sir Walter 2:27. 1st dam by Chas. Kent mare by Imp. Bellounder; 2nd dam One Eye, by Bishop Hambletonian; 3rd dam Silvertail by Imp. Messenger. Rysdyk's Hambletonian is the sire of Nettie 2:18, and 37 others with records of 2:30 or better; also of the dams of Trinket 2:14, and 35 others with records of 2:30 or better.

Vermont (Downing's) by Hill's Black Hawk, sire of Ethan Allen 2:25½. Vermont (Downing's) is a sire of the dams of Enigma 2:26, and also sire of the dam of Mambrino Bruce, the sire of Belle Wilson 2:28½.

Hill's Black Hawk, by Sherman Morgan. Dam, a fast trotting mare. Hill's Black Hawk is the sire of Belle of Saratoga 2:20, Lancet 2:27½, Ethan Allen 2:25½, and Young America 2:23 and is sire of the dams of Blancne 2:28½, Gen. Tweed 2:26½, Tennessee 2:27, and also the founder of the great Black Hawk family, that has in the male and and female line 400 of 2:30 or better representatives.

Columbus (Barkley's), by Old Columbus, sire of Confidence 2:28. Dam, a Messenger Mare.

Old Columbus, 2:44½, converted pacer, brought from Canada, sire of Confidence 2:28, Columbus Navigator 2:34, Rose 2:30¾ and Young Columbus 2:35¾, and also sire of the dams of Ben Morlii 2:27, Louise N. 2:30¼, Samieres 2:40, Puritt 2:37½ (Young Columbus is the sire of 11 2:30 or better performers, and he has 4 sons that have sired 14 2:30 or better performers.) Old Columbus is the founder of the Columbus family, which blood was to the East what the Pilot, Jr., blood was to Kentucky. THOS. C. ROBINSON, Stanford, Ky

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S

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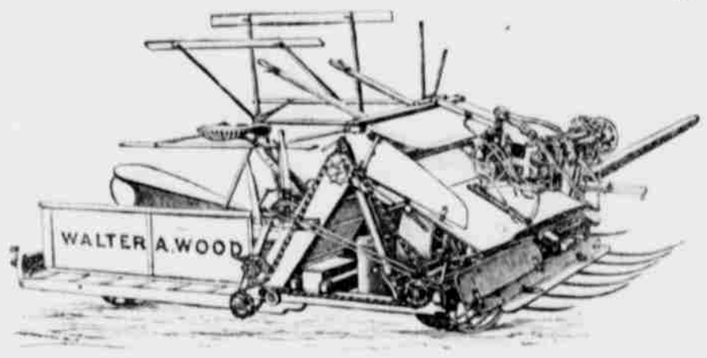
Centaur Liniment is the most wonderful Pain-Curer the world has ever known.

I. M. BRUCE,



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Ever brought to this market. Prices Lower than the Lowest. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired on short notice and Warranted

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Furniture,

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Full and Complete Stock of the above and prices as low as the lowest.

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