

**SILVER AND PROSPERITY.**

(Continued from page two.)

try should lead off in this matter. While there can be no objections to an international monetary conference, can we afford to await the tardy action of the old world? While there is a very strong sentiment in Europe in favor of restoring silver, it is not likely that any definite results can be obtained by an international conference until this country remonetizes the white metal.—N. B. Thistlewood in New York Herald.

**A Double Dealing Bimetallist.**

The most notable thing in Mr. Horr's opening statement (in the Horr-Harvey debate) was the demonstration that he had entered the debate under false pretenses. After saying that he understood that the question in dispute between him and his opponent was as to the wisdom of restoring free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 by independent action, Mr. Horr asserted that he was not an opponent of bimetallism. By that assertion he implied and meant to imply that he is a bimetallist and not a gold monometallist. He wished it to be understood that he would be in favor of the restoration of silver coinage under an international agreement.

But he then proceeded to show, unwittingly, of course, that he is not a bimetallist at all; that he is totally ignorant of the scientific principles of bimetallism, and that he is nothing more or less than an extreme gold monometallist, sailing under false colors.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Competition With India.**

The greatest loss this country sustains by the suspension of silver coinage is the depreciation in the price of silver, which places it cheaply in the hands of British speculators for use in the development of India. A restoration of silver, which is sure to come, will bring immediate prosperity to the silver producing states, but wheat producing regions will find a competition in the markets of the world that will continue to compete long after the restoration of the white metal, and that competition has been built up by the infamy of our own congress and the negligence of our own people.—Chicago Express.

**A MILLIONAIRE RACING CYCLIST.**

**George Ruppert Rides For Glory and Has Done a Mile Under Two Minutes.**

Young George Ruppert, the son of New York's millionaire brewer, Jacob Ruppert, is probably a simon pure amateur. Most cyclists pose as amateurs, but ride for money indirectly, but Ruppert has all the money he cares for and only races for glory. This year, in the early spring, he was filled with the desire to emulate the examples of Zimmerman, Sanger and Johnson, and, with that object in view,



GEORGE E. RUPPERT.

secured the services of Trainer Billy Young, who so successfully handled Fred Titus last year, and went to Savannah last spring to fit himself for the task. That his man had speed and plenty of it Young soon found.

After getting into condition and able to ride miles in 2 minutes 15 seconds, Ruppert went north and entered the intercollegiate races, where he displayed speed, but was invariably outgeneraled. From then through several competitions it was the same story, until the national meet of the L. A. W. at Asbury Park, when Ruppert was beaten in every race and in slow time, which made the wise ones shake their heads and accuse him of having no heart. Realizing that something must be done or his charge would become disgusted, Young determined to have him try for a record paced. Ruppert outrode his pacemakers and was very much surprised when told that the mile was ridden in 2 minutes 3-5 seconds. This so satisfied Ruppert that he determined to close up his racing year with a grand coup, so he invited a few friends down to Manhattan Beach track to witness his trial against the New York state record of 2 minutes 2 seconds, held by C. M. Murphy.

He rode a truly great mile, and his time of 1 minute 55 2-5 seconds is not only the New York state record, but is next to the swiftest class A mile ever ridden, the fastest being A. W. Porter's famous 1 minute 52 8-8 seconds at Waltham, Mass.

The time satisfied Ruppert, and he determined to ride no more this year. Ruppert will attend Columbia college next fall, but promises to ride again next year if his time is beaten. He has no desire to race for prizes, and in future will merely endeavor to hold the class A records. Personally he is a modest, retiring young fellow with a slight hesitation in his speech, handsome and well liked by his friends for his open handedness, and no opponent can

say that he ever took an unfair advantage in a race.

**HORSES AND HORSEMEN.**

It is reported that an offer of \$25,000 has been made for William Penn, 2:11 1/4.

Lucky Baldwin has offered P. J. Dwyer \$75,000 for Handspring, but Dwyer says he will not sell the colt at any price.

Byron McClelland recently bought a picture of Henry of Navarre for \$200 and made Soup Perkins, his jockey, a present of it.

Allerton and Axtell were foaled but six days apart. Allerton was the elder, but Axtell was the first to achieve national fame, and was sold for \$105,000.

Rubinstein, the great Ohio pacing stallion by Baron Wilkes, starts out the season with remarkable performances that stamp him one of the best of the free for all candidates.

That Azote escaped a life of ignoble obscurity was almost an accident. He was bred and owned at famous Palo Alto, but in his younger days was so little thought of that he was put to the drudgery of work on the farm.

**CHANDLER WROTE IT**

**THE OLD DOCTOR WANTED AN ORDER RELEASING HIS SON.**

**The Secretary of the Navy and President Arthur Were Going Fishing and Didn't Want to Be Bothered, but Changed Their Minds When They Heard the Argument.**

In the southern part of Orleans county lives a doctor who is known far and wide among the country folk, and whose fame extends likewise into cities far from his home.

The doctor is a gentleman of the old school, courteous, with a southern accent when he becomes excited, for he was born in Virginia. The worst thing that can be said about this doctor is that he is an extremely hard swearer. He swears a little when he is calm, but when he is excited his vocabulary of invectives is almost without a rival. Many stories are told about this famous old doctor, and this is one of them:

The doctor had a son, and all his affections seemed centered in him. He resolved that this son should become a doctor, and that the father's mantle should fall upon the son's shoulders. But the boy disappointed him. When he grew up, he didn't wish to study medicine. He said he had no taste that way. No plane of life seemed to fit his ideals exactly. He tried this, and he tried that, and nothing satisfied him.

At last he decided he would go to West Point. The doctor yielded, and the son tried the preliminary examinations, passed them and was appointed a cadet. He tried the entrance examinations, passed them and at last became a real cadet at West Point. Even the old doctor was proud and happy now.

But the son did not do as well as he had expected at West Point. He found that things military in reality were not as things military in ideality. He tried the January examinations and failed. His heart was broken. Like many another youth before him, he could never bear the disgrace by going home. So he made as large a fool of himself as he could and enlisted in the navy, at the Brooklyn navy yard. His father received notice of his son's rash act and said nothing. His heart was too full. But he threw a few necessities into his grip and that very night started for Brooklyn. There he found the admiral. He told him the story. He begged him to do something for him, but the admiral could do nothing. His heart seemed broken. Was there no hope? The admiral told him he could go to the secretary of the navy, state his case, and perhaps something might be done. He could promise nothing, but at least it might be tried. The old doctor clutched at this slight hope, and without waiting to eat anything he took the very first train for Washington.

All these things happened during the first year of Arthur's administration, and, as every one knows, William E. Chandler was secretary of the navy. Arthur and Chandler were sportsmen, and whenever they had the chance they would set out on little fishing excursions of their own. Now, it happened that they were just ready to go forth upon one of these little jaunts when the old doctor arrived in Washington. He drove straight to the home of the secretary of the navy and found he was at the White House, so to the White House went the doctor post haste. He inquired for Chandler and was told that he and the president were just starting for a fishing trip and could not be seen.

"But I must see him, suh! It is very important, suh!" exclaimed the doctor. He was using his soft southern accent now, for he was very excited.

"But you can't, sir," said the servant.

"I can, suh, and I will, suh!" and with no more words he pushed the astonished servant out of his way and strode through the hall. "Where is the secretary of the navy, suh?" he asked the first person he met.

"In that room, sir," said the man, pointing.

The doctor rapped and walked in. There stood the president and the secretary, getting their things together.

"I am Dr. —, and I've come to get my son back, suh!" said the doctor, and then he told the story of his son's mis-

take. The secretary looked at him and then at the president. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but you have come at the wrong time. We can't bother with such things now. We are going on a trip, President Arthur and I, and we do not like to be interrupted." Here he bowed and stopped.

The old doctor drew himself up, looked down at him, for Mr. Chandler is not a large man. His old eyes fairly blazed. He seemed choking. Suddenly he burst forth in a voice of passion: "Do you think that I am going to let my son stay in that ship, suh, to give you the chance to kill a few measly no account fish? Do you think I am going to break my heart so that you can have yoh pleasure? Look at me, suh! I have not eaten a thing since last night, suh! See the dust of travel upon my clo'e! Do you think that I have traveled night and day, and now I am going to be put off because you are going fishing? Who are you, suh? You are my servant, suh! Who pays yoh salary? I do, suh! Who beats yoh rent? I do, suh! Who owns the boat you go off fishing in? I do, and now, when I come to ask you to get my son out of my navy, you have not time because you are going fishing! By —, suh, if you don't get my son off that ship, old as I am, I'll thrash yoh — haid right off yoh body!"

The old doctor stopped, breathless. His two hearers looked at him aghast. For a minute no word was spoken. At last President Arthur said, "Chandler, I guess you'd better write that order." Chandler wrote it, and a little later three men might have been seen engaged in discussing three bottles of claret. They were all smiling, but one of them had a look of great happiness on his grand old face. It was the old doctor.—Rochester Post-Express.

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