ST. LANDRY CLARION.

"Here shall the press the people's rights maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."

VOL. III, NO. 45. OPELOUSAS, LA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1893. SUBSCRIPTION, $1:50 A YEAR.

WOMEN SHED TEARS.

ANOTHER TURBULENT MEETING OF THE LADY MANAGERS.

Mrs. Ball Preferred Charges Against Mrs. Meredith Which Caused a Sensation—No Indictments For the Cold Storage Fire—Louisiana Day.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—The board of lady managers indulged in another decidedly unpleasant wrangle at their meeting. It lasted about two hours and during that time many unpleasant and disagreeable things were said, tears were shed and many of the ladies gave vent to their feelings by hissing and uttering strange noises.

The trouble was over charges preferred by Mrs. Ball of Delaware against Mrs. Meredith. Mrs. Meredith is chair-

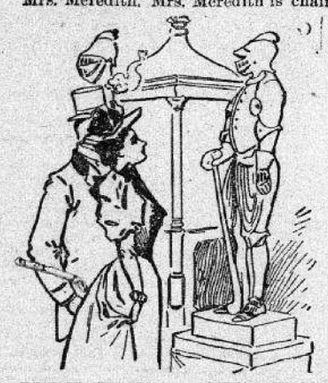

EXHIBIT OF ARMOR, AUSTRIA SECTION LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

man of the committee of awards, and Mrs. Ball said whenever Mrs. Meredith could not attend the committee meetings she would send her sister, who had no connection whatever with the World's fair. Mrs. Meredith denied the charge. The meeting adjourned without taking any action.

British Day.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—Extensive preparations are being made by the executive committee to make British day, Aug. 19, a success. The programme, as at present arranged, is a parade and procession down town, in which every country of the British empire now represented in the city will take part.

Captain Gordon, the commanding officer of the British troops now stationed at the Stock pavilion, will be chief marshal of the day.

No Indictments For the Fire.

CHICAGO, Aug. 8.—No true bills resulted from the investigation of the Cold Storage warehouse fire and the grand jury was discharged by Judge

SKETCH IN JAVENESE VILLAGE.

Clifford. Thus exoneration comes to the four men held over at the inquest, D. H. Burnham, Fire Marshal Murphy, John B. Skinner and Charles A. McDonald.

Louisiana Day at the Fair.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 8.—Governor Foster left here for Chicago escorted by his entire staff and the battallion of the Washington artilery of this city. A number of citizens accompanied the party, including the more prominent officers in the militia and some ladies. The party goes to the exposition to celebrate "Louisiana day," Aug. 10, when Governor Foster will be the orator of the day.

Out of the Pen but Into Jail.

TOPEKA, Aug. 8.—John P. Greer, formerly of the Cherokee nation, was sent to the penitentiary four years ago from southern Kansas for forgery. His time was up and he was released, but no sooner did his feet touch free soil than he was collered by a United States deputy marshal of this city and brought to the county jail here. He was arrested on a warrant from the United States district court at Fort Smith, Ark., charging him with attempted wife murder in the Cherokee nation. He will be removed to Fort Smith.

A Jewelry Store Robbed.

MORRIS, Ills., Aug. 8.—Ever since the opening of the World's fair this section of the country has been overrun with thieves and tramps driven out of Chicago by the police and many robberies have occurred. The jewelry store of D. A. Meagher at Kinsman, three miles south of here was entered and completely looted. Cases of jewelry were removed and it is supposed they were taken away in wagons and secreted in the woods near here. The people are aroused and have employed special officers to watch their stores.

A Building Collapses.

CLINTON, Ia., Aug. 8.—A 3-story brick building occupied by Ballar & Seeber, agricultural implements, and on the second and third floors of the Bijou opera house, fell with a tremendous crash. Workmen were busy about the building but all escaped save one man, who was slightly injured by falling brick. The loss is $10,000.

Closed by Executions.

HUDSON, Wis., Aug. 8.—Executions of a judgment for $100,000 closed the Hudson Furniture company.

TWENTY-TWO PEOPLE DROWNED.

An Excursion Boat Goes Down Off the Coast of Wales.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—News of a sad accident to a party of excursionists was received from Port Talbot, Wales. Twenty-eight pleasure seekers from Ystrad took a boat at Port Talbot and in spite of repeated warnings of danger the boat being overloaded, put into Swansea bay. The rowers being inexperienced, the boat became unmanageable and was carried into the breakers. A heavy sea struck the boat, causing the occupants to rush to one side, when she capsized and all were thrown into the water. Twenty-two, including several women and children, were drowned, and others were picked up by the pilot boat. The man who had charge of the boat and two assistants swam ashore. The accident was witnessed by hundreds on the shore, who were powerless to render assistance.

Must Pay the Taxes.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 8.—All doubt as to the extension of time in which the tax on whisky of May, 1890, will have to be paid was removed by a telegram received by Collector Johnson from Commissioner Miller. The message was brief, but it contained all the information necessary. It stated that the application for an extension or a withdrawal of the whisky for export had been made too late and instructed the collector to proceed to collect the tax.

Mysteriously Disappeared.

WABASH, Ind., Aug. 8.—Robert Smith, living near Rich Valley, this county, has disappeared mysteriously. Smith owned a piece of property in Peru, which he sold for $600. Of this amount he gave $35 to his wife and paid a small grocery bill, and without notifying Mrs. Smith of his intentions left the country. His wife fears he has been foully dealt with. She is left in destitute circumstances.

King-Allen Killing.

TEXARKANA, Ark., Aug. 8.—County Judge John J. King, who shot and fatally wounded Editor Allen of the Interstate News Friday night, had a preliminary hearing before Justice Haywood and was admitted to bail in the sum of $5000, which was furnished. The killing is still the topic on the streets, sentiment being divided. The funeral of Captain Allen was one of the most largely attended ever witnessed here.

Two Men Killed by an Explosion.

VANDALIA, Ills., Aug. 8.—Isaac Howell and his son, William, run a small store and grist mill near Pittsburg, eight miles southwest of here. They had fired up to do some grinding when suddenly the boiler exploded with terrific force, tearing the building to pieces, killing Isaac, the father, and scalding William so badly that he cannot recover.

Shot While Trying to Escape.

HARTSHORNE, I. T., Aug. 8.—Deputy United States Marshal William Ellis with a posse started from here in pursuit of horse thieves. They captured Mart Harper and one of the force was detailed to guard him. Harper attempted to escape and was shot through the groin by the guard. The wound is not mortal. Harper was taken to Fort Smith.

Town on Fire.

HARRINGTON, Del., Aug. 8.—The town of Snowhill, Md., is on fire. Every indication is that it will be totally destroyed. The fire department from Salisbury, Md., was called on and is all ready to leave Salisbury, but there is no locomotive there to haul the train. The origin of the fire is unknown. Two engines have been sent from Wilmington.

The Rapid Current Caught Him.

GREAT FALLS, Mont., Aug. 8.—City Treasurer J. P. Elliott was drowned at the Great Falls of the Missouri, 12 miles down the river. He had gone there with a pleasure party for a day's outing, and with a companion was bathing in rapid water below the falls, when he was seized by an undercurrent and was lost before help could reach him.

Assault and Double Murder.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., Aug. 8.—At El Arroyo de las Utas, in the extreme eastern part of the county, an old woman, name unknown, was murdered, together with an 11-year-old child which was living with her. The child was ravished before being killed. The murderer also robbed the place. There is no clew.

Governor Costa Flees.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—A dispatch from Buenos Ayres states that Governor Costa of the province of Buenos Ayres has resigned and fled in disguise from La Plata. In a farewell message to the legislature he charges the national government with abetting the revolution and conniving at supplying the rebels with arms.

A Farmer Drowned In a Pool.

GREENVILLE, Tex., Aug. 8.—W. H. Lewis, a farmer living about one mile east of Caddo Mills, was drownd. He had started out hunting, and in passing a pool went in bathing. He was a very good swimmer, but when about the center of the pool he was seized with cramps and drowned.

A Five-Thousand-Dollar Shortage.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 8.—An investigation by the assignees into the condition of the Kansas City Safe Deposit and Savings bank has developed the fact that James F. Strahan, for many years discount clerk of the institution, is short in his accounts $5000.

Grasshoppers Stripping Fruit.

RAMSEY, Ills., Aug. 8.—The grasshoppers are making sad havoc among the young fruit trees in this section, stripping them entirely of leaves. Many will die.

Emperor William Departs.

LONDON, Aug. 8.—Emperor William left Cowes for Germany on the Hohenzollern.

BOWSER'S TROUSERS.

HE BUYS A NEW PAIR, AND THEY DON'T SUIT HIM.

First the Pattern Isn't Right, Then They Are Out of Proportion, and Mrs. Bowser Has to Stand the Brunt of It All.

[Copyright, 1893, by Charles B. Lewis.]

When Mrs. Bowser opened the package and discovered a new pair of summer trousers for Mr. Bowser, she straightway began to brace herself for the inevitable, and to also rejoice and be thankful that he had not ordered a whole suit at the same time. It was not until after dinner that evening, and after she had observed that he was in an unusually pleasant mood, that she casually observed:

"By the way, the tailor sent home a new pair of trousers for you this afternoon—that is, I suppose they are for you."

"Did, eh? Let's see how they look. I happened to see the pattern in his window, and I took a fancy to it. How do you like it?"

"It's a very handsome pattern, and the material seems to be excellent. What's the matter?"

"By the great horn spoon and General Jackson!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he held the garment at arm's length, "but that human hyena has changed patterns on me!"

"That's hardly possible. When did you select them?"

"Four or five nights ago."

"By electric light, then. Of course they wouldn't look quite the same by daylight, but I certainly admire your taste. You never selected a more"——

"If he has changed on me, I'll hunt him to his grave!" interrupted Mr. Bowser. "I never selected that pattern—never! Why, woman, I'd be ashamed to be found dead with those things on! The coroner's jury would take me for a bunko man or a horse jockey! Tomorrow there will be a dead tailor in this town, and don't you forget it!"

"He may have sent the wrong bundle, you know," pleaded Mrs. Bowser. "My dressmaker did that last week, you remember. You'd better run up stairs and try them on anyway. Why, they are yours, of course. Here's your name written on the waistband."

"I'll try them on," replied Mr. Bowser as he held them in different positions, "but woe unto that son of the goose if he has tried any gum game on me!"

He disappeared up stairs, and during the next five minutes Mrs. Bowser got the baby out of the room, set the chairs back against the wall and made other preparations for the coming hurricane. She was trying to still her bounding heart when Mr. Bowser softly entered the room. He had his coat and vest off and was in his stocking feet. He was as pale as a dead man, and his eyes had a 16 candle power blaze in them. Only once before had she ever seen him look that way, and that was after trying for half an hour to button a No. 15 collar around a No. 17 neck.

"WHY, THEY FIT YOU BEAUTIFULLY."

"Why, they fit you beautifully," she said as he came to a halt before her.

No answer, but the candle power increased to 18.

"That tailor is a real artist, and if I were you I'd give him all my orders."

No answer, but a nervous working of Mr. Bowser's ears.

"The pattern is a beautiful one for spring and summer, and the goods are surely imported."

Candle power increased to 20, while a deep red flush suddenly showed on Mr. Bowser's neck.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Bowser, "you've got an elegant piece of goods and a perfect fit, and I congrat"——

"Do you take me for a three story idiot?" howled Mr. Bowser, suddenly breaking loose like a weak spot in a reservoir. "Perfect fit! Look at 'em! I told that Borneo pirate not to go above 17½ on the knee, and what has he done? There's room there to stable a mule!"

"They don't look to me to be over 17½. You must have room to bend your knee!"

"Don't look to you? Are you blind? Have you had 40 years' experience in trousers? It's a mile and a half around that knee if it's an inch! I told him to spring the bottoms. Did he do it? I might as well stick my legs into a pair of coffee sacks. Look at the length! By the pipe of the piper, but if I had that tailor here I'd send him to atoms! He's made the legs for a man 19 feet high!"

"The bottoms scarcely touch the floor," ventured Mrs. Bowser, "and when you have your shoes on they"——

"Shoes on! What has that cold blooded villain of a tailor got to do with my shoes on or off! Scarcely touch, eh? Why, they drag on the floor four feet behind me! Mrs. Bowser, where's my revolver?"

"On the shelf in your clothes closet, but please don't do anything rash!"

"It will be nothing rash. It will simply be an act of justice. I will take these monstrosities up stairs and shoot 24 bullets into them. Then I will hunt for that tailor and fire 48 balls into his deceiving heart! If I am not home by midnight, you needn't sit up any longer."

But Mr. Bowser didn't do any shooting. After about a quarter of an hour he came down stairs and sat down to read his paper, and next morning when he got up he got into his new trousers and wore them off down town without a complaint. It was simply his way—most every man's way. He just wanted to vindicate himself, as it were, and having done that to his own satisfaction everything was all right. It was only two days later that he said:

"Here is another proof that it pays a man to do the square thing. Three different men have asked me who made these trousers, and I've sent each one of them to my tailor to give him an order."

AFTER GAME.

She Was Only a Lone Widder, but She Plainly Meant Business.

We had dinner at the Roaring Creek hotel and were waiting for the stage horses to be brought out when a woman galloped up on a raw boned horse. She was a female who had seen 50 winters, and each succeeding one had made her homelier than the one before. Even the stage driver, who valued women at $1,000,000 a ton, turned his head after one look.

"Gentlemen," she began as she sized the five of us up, "I'm a lone widder from Wild Cat ranch, 10 miles up Roaring creek. Are any of you single?"

"Mrs. Scott, you go on!" called the landlord as he came to the door.

"What fur?" she asked as she looked at him.

"This is about the tenth time you've rid over here lookin fur a man. It don't look right."

"Yes, it's about 10 times, I guess," she slowly replied, "and it don't look as if I was goin to hev any luck today. Does any one of you want a widder with 600 acres of land and an orange grove behind her?"

"YOU GO ON!"

Each man solemnly shook his head, being already provided for.

"You see," explained the landlord, "this ere hain't no way to ketch a man, and you might as well quit. A traveler don't wan't to stop off and marry anybody. Why don't you git arter some newcomer?"

"Don't hear of anybody," she replied.

"But I know of one. He's bought land three miles down the road and is puttin up a cabin. He's only got one eye, and he's lop shouldered and drags his leg, but mebbe"——

"He'll do!" interrupted the widow. "How fur down the road?"

"'Bout three miles. Kin your hoss make it without a feed?"

"He's got to or die!" she grimly replied. "I'm out huntin today and am bound to find game! Three miles down the road—lop shouldered—newcomer—one eyed—drags his leg? I'll be thar in half an hour and captur him dead or alive! Goodby!"

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

The Onward March of Civilization Is Plainly Shown.

SOME EVIDENCES.—Evidences that the wave of civilization is rolling up and down the valleys of the west and sending its spray high in the air as it bucks up against the grim old mountains can be gathered in every day of the week. Last Tuesday a corn doctor reached this town and hung out a sign of "Chiropodist." The boys gathered to the number of 50 and shot the "——opodist" half of the sign away, but offered the man no violence. A year ago he would have been given two minutes in which to say his prayers. Three or four days ago the Bald Eagle saloon introduced the straw as a means of conveying liquids from a glass to the stomach. When our opinion was asked regarding this innovation, we unhesitatingly declared our belief that the field was ripe for the reaper, and so it proved. When old Ben Tompkins came in for his morning nip and saw the straws and had their use explained to him, he pulled his gun and shot the stoppers out of four or five decanters, but this was the only outbreak. Before noon the straw was a go, and thus were we linked closer, still closer, to Chicago and St. Louis.

We have believed for some time that the solid portion of this community would support the critter who dared introduce the $2 russet shoe. Many people differed with us, but on Saturday when the pair we had ordered from the east arrived we put the question to a test. Leaving our last will and testament where it could readily be found in case of need, we put on the shoes, rolled up the bottoms of our trousers, and taking a gun in each hand we walked forth to introduce a good sized chunk of the twentieth century to this neck of the wilderness. We dropped right onto a crowd of 40 men in front of the postoffice, and for about 60 seconds it was touch and go. The twentieth century turned pale, and her ears worked back and forth. Then a

WE WALKED FORTH.

sudden and mighty yell rent the air, and 39 of that crowd surrounded us and howled for russet shoes. In one brief moment this town and New York joined hands across the 2,000 miles of lake and plain and mountain, and the nineteenth century fled howling into the past. We are trying to hold ourself down, being naturally of an enthusiastic and impulsive nature, but at this writing the chances are 49 to 1 that within the next 10 days we shall walk the length of this town carrying a cane and wearing a linen collar with the real Fifth avenue polish on it.

REGRETS.—Thursday evening last we were to attend a reception at the adobe of Judge Pender and wife and lead the german. We were just dressing for the affair, which of course no such galoot as our esteemed contemporary was invited to mix up with, when a boy brought us word that old Jim Hewson of Hiko, Ida., had struck the town. It was reported to us over a week ago that the old reptile was headed this way with his right eye cocked up, but we were in hopes he had been snake bitten or lost the route. Old Jim indulges in annual pilgrimages to different localities, and whenever he strikes a town the splinters have to fly. Under the circumstances we had to pull off our white shirt, rub the b'ar's oil off our hair and go forth with our guns and 40 extra cartridges to wrestle with the invader. He had had half an hour to work in, and during this time he had galloped his old mule through four saloons, driven the city marshal into his hole and nearly wrecked the city hall, where some one told him we were in hiding. We struck old Jim on the public square, but as we had been running and were out of breath our first three or four shots went wild. When the old sinner pulled down on us, we thought we were being fusilladed by about six men, but the man behind a tree always has the bulge on the man on a mule. As soon as we got the distance and the range the man from Hiko began to feel homesick, and a couple of minutes later he lay down and said he had plenty. He raked our scalp, ticked our ear and grazed our shoulder, but we planted five bullets in his carcass and killed the old mule he has owned for 22 years. Mr. Hewson of Hiko will not die of his wounds. He's been shot about 40 times, but he always comes up smiling about four weeks after an affair of this sort. We didn't want to kill him, and yet we felt provoked and put out at his selfishness in busting into town as he did. Colonel Pender and wife will please accept our regrets that we could not be present at their very recherche affair. By the time we had washed off the blood and dirt and got a doctor at work on old Jim it was midnight.

He Had a Panacea.

I was talking with a colored hack driver about getting over to Drayton when along came a young woman, who stopped short to exclaim:

"Oh, heah yo' ar, eh? I was jest lookin fur yo'."

"Mawnin, Miss Julia," replied the man as he scraped and bowed.

"Doan do no mo' bowin an scrapin to me, Sam Johnson!" she said as she waved her right arm through the air. "When I has dun found a pusson out, dat eands it wid me!"

"What's de matter, Miss Julia?"

"What's de matter? Didn't I dun see yo' last nite wid dat Evangeline Jackson hangin on yo'r arm?"

"Reckon yo' might, but yo' see"——

"Nuffin yo' kin say will change my mind! From dis minit yo'am free! Sam Johnson, I tear yo' from my heart!"

"Shoo! Does dat mean we am disengaged?"

"It do, sah!"

"And hain't we gwine to git married next fall?"

"No, sah!"

"Shoo! Yo' see, Miss Julia, I"——

"Call me Miss Henderson, sah!" she haughtily replied.

"Yo' see, Miss Henderson, I jest happened to meet up wid Evangeline Jackson on de street, an bein"——

"Was yo' spokin to me, sah?" she interrupted.

"Of co'se I was. You see, Miss Julia, I was jest"——

"False hearted man, farewell!" she exclaimed as she swept down the street with erect carriage and haughty step.

"Well, you've lost that girl for sure," I said to the hackman as we both stared after her.

"Haw, haw, haw! But yo' doan' dun understand cull'd women!" he laughed as he picked up his lines. "What yo' reckon she kicked up all dat row 'bout?"

"About Evangeline Jackson."

"No, sah. It war about Evangeline Jackson's bangle, which cost 15 cents. I'll take a 20-cent bangle up to Miss Julia dis eavenin, an widin 10 minits arter I hit de cabin her angelic head will be reposin on my manly breast, an I'll dun drive yo' ober to Drayton for $2." M. QUAD.

He Hated Children.

"I hate children," he said.

"Why?"

"I think they ought to be locked up in asylums till they're old enough to take care of themselves. If it hadn't been for a child—well, it might have been"——

"What?"

"I loved the child's mother. She was a rich and beautiful widow, and I was madly in love with her. I was actually contemplating—in fact, I had just got to the point of putting the delicate question. We were in the drawing room. The child was playing in the corner. Forgetting all about that, I put my arm fervently round the widow's waist and implanted a passionate kiss upon her lips, when the child started up and rushed at me, saying, 'Don't you kill my mamma!' and ran screaming into the kitchen, calling for the servants."

"That didn't have"——

"What, marry a widow with a child like that! But the worst came a few nights after. I called at the house. There were several ladies there, and the child was being petted all round. Of course the widow was all right, but that confounded child deliberately turned her back upon me. I didn't mind that, but the mother to be nice said, 'My darling child, don't you know Mr. X.?' 'Oh, yes,' said the imp very pertly, 'oh, yes, I know you! You are the man that bited my mamma!' I need not—could not—describe the effect."—Yankee Blade.

One Neighbor's Ignorance.

Mrs. Tightfist—Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week. Every woman contributed to the missionary cause $1, which she earned herself by hard work.

Mrs. Nextblock—How did you get yours?

Mrs. Tightfist—From my husband.

Mrs. Nextblock—I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work.

Mrs. Tightfist—You don't know my husband.—Troy Press.

A Good Simile.

"Why do you use such peculiar terms?" asked a lawyer's wife of her husband, who had returned worn out by his day's labors. "I don't see how you can have been working all day like a horse." "Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day, and if that isn't working like a horse what is it?"—Green Bag.

He Found It.

The Policeman—This is one of the smartest thieves known to the police, your honor.

The Judge—Indeed?

The Policeman—Yes, your honor. He actually found this woman's pocket and picked it.—New York Press.

Faith In George.

"gorge washington," said Tommy, in the course of his regular Friday "composition," "was a man who, if he pointed a gun at a man and told the man it wasn't loaded, the man would not get a bit scared."—New York Evening Post.

ALPHONSE LEVY, President. ANT DIETLEIN, Vice-President. J. T. SKIPPER, Cashier.

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mch1

"CRADOCK."

CRADOCK will make the season of 1893 at Sunset Stock Farm, on the following conditions: Standard-bred mares will be served free of charge; mares with records of 2:40 and better will be served for 50 per cent; mares with records of 2:50 and better will be served for 75 per cent. I will give to the owner of the first yearling by Cradock that gets a record of 2:30 or better, $750; the first two-year-old $500; the first three-year-old $300; the first four-year-old $200; the first five-year-old $100; the first six-year-old a free return privilege. I will match one of Cradock's colts with any horse colt in the "four parishes," to be trotted in September, 1894, as yearlings, on track mutually agreed upon.

Service fee $15 with usual return privilege, or money returned, at my option.

R. L. HARVEY,
Sunset, St. Landry Parish, La.

feb25 tf

PEDIGREE:

CRADOCK.

—SUNSHINE— (Imp. Surplus, Thoroughbred, (See American Stud Book.)
- TOM HAL, No. 1 in Pacing Reg. — Sire of
  - Hal Pointer 2.09¾
  - Little Brown Jug 2.11¾
  - Brown Hal 2.12¾
  - The three fastest animals ever sired by one horse.
- TOM HAL, bred in Kentucky. — Sire of
  - JULIA JOHNSON — Sire of Dam of 2.19
  - JULIA, by Whip Horse.

—HYPERIAN (1916)—
- ALMONT 33. — Sire of
  - Westmont P. 2.13¾
  - Purian P. 2.16
  - Fanny Witherspoon 2.16¼
  - Piedmont 2.17¼
  - Aldine 2.19¼
  - Early Rose 2.20¼
  - and 32 others in 2.30.
  - His daughters have produced Winslow Wilkes, (4) P. 2.14¼; Allestor (4) 2.15; J. B. Richardson 2.16¾; and 45 others in 2.30.
- SCOTTISH GIRL
  - ABDALLAH (15) — Sire of
    - Dexter 2.17¼; 40 others in 2.30.
    - Goldsmith Maid 2.14; Rosalind 2.21¾; and 4 others in 2.30.
  - SALLY ANDERSON, Almont, her only colt.
- ROURBON CHIEF, 383. — Sire of
  - Calmer — Dams of 2.22
    - Richard 2.18¼
    - Fullerton 2.19¾
    - Alta 2.25¾; and 2 others in 2.30.
  - Lady Thorne — 5 others in 2.30. 2.18¼
  - PUSS by Gray Eagle.
- LADY SCOTT.
  - HAMBLETONIAN 10. — Sire of
    - Dexter 2.17¼; 40 others in 2.30.
    - KATE DARLING, Tr 2.43
  - MAMBRINO CHIEF, 11 — Sire of
    - Lady Thorne 2.18¼; 5 others in 2.30.
    - KATE by Pilot Jr. 12.
  - MAMBRINO CHIEF, 11 — Sire of
    - Lady Thorne 2.18¼; 5 others in 2.30.
    - PUSS by Gray Eagle.
- DAM OF RAY MESSENGER, (Downings.) — Sire of Dam of 2.19
  - WOODFORD. — Sire of the dams of
    - Wedgewood 2.19
    - Woodford Mambrino 2.21½

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