

## HORSES IN HISTORY.

SOME OF THE NOBLE STEEDS THAT HAVE ACHIEVED FAME.

The Four Footed Friend For Whom a City Was Named—Roman Horses That Lived Like Princes—Chargers Who Won Renown Amid the Carnage of War.

It is hard to say with any near approach to accuracy how long the horse has been a domesticated animal. We can only say that he has been so from time immemorial—that is, from the earliest times of which we have any records. The Assyrian sculptures—and they are about the most ancient of which we know anything, for some of them are estimated to date from 4200 B. C.—contain more representations of caparisoned horses than even men. Still, we do not get any examples of favorite horses until a long time after this.

Even the first examples, indeed, are only legendary, for, though there is no doubt that Hector of Troy existed, it is not improbable that Homer invented the names of his three favorite horses, Podarge, the cream colored Galathea and the fiery Ethon. But the horse of Alexander the Great, Bucephalus, is an individual as historically real as his master. This famous horse was, says Plutarch, offered to Philip for 13 talents, (about \$3,518), but he displayed so much viciousness that Alexander's father was about to send him away when the young prince offered to tame him. He agreed, in the event of failure, to forfeit the price of the horse and began by turning his head to the sun, as he observed that the horse was frightened at his own shadow. In the end he completely tamed him—so completely, indeed, that Bucephalus, though he would permit nobody except Alexander to mount him, always knelt down for that purpose to his master. He died at the age of 30, and his master built as his mausoleum the city of Bucephala.

Readers of Macaulay will remember the famous black Auster, the horse of Merminius, and the dark gray charger of Mamilius, whose sudden appearance in the city of Tusculum without his master brought the news of the defeat of the allies at Lake Regillus. Connected with that battle, too, were the horses of the great "twin brethren," Castor and Pollux, coal black, with white legs and tails. But those are legendary. Not so, however, the well known horse of Caligula, Incitatus. This animal had a stable of marble; his stall was of ivory, his clothing of purple and his halters stiff with gems. He had a set of golden plates and was presented with a palace, furniture and slaves complete, in order that guests invited in his name should be properly entertained. His diet was the most costly that could be imagined, the finest grapes that Asia could provide being reserved for him. Verus, another Roman emperor about a century later, treated his horse almost as extravagantly. He fed him with raisins and almonds with his own hands, and when he died erected a statue of gold to him, while all the dignitaries of the empire attended the funeral.

As we come to later times, so we get more examples of favorite horses. William the Conqueror had one which he rode at the battle of Hastings, about which almost everything seems to be known except his name. He was of huge size and was a present from King Alfonso of Spain—"such a gift as a prince might give and a prince receive." This gallant horse, however, did not survive the battle, for Gyrrh, Harold's butcher, "clove him with a bill, and he died." Richard I's horse was called Malek, and was jet black. He bore his master through the holy war and arrived in England before him. In fact, he survived the king several years. The second Richard, too, had a favorite horse, called Roan Barbary, which was supposed to be the finest horse in Europe at that time, and it was on Roan Barbary that the young king was mounted when the incident wherein Wat Tyler was stabbed by the mayor of Watworth took place.

About a century later we get the Wars of the Roses, and in the many battles of that civil disturbance a couple of horses played important parts. These belonged to the great Earl of Warwick, the kingmaker. His first was Malek, a beautiful gray, which he rode at the battle of Towton. It was this horse whose death turned the fortunes of the battle, for Warwick, seeing that his men were giving ground, deliberately sprang from his favorite horse and killed him. Then his men knew that the kingmaker was prepared to conquer, but not to fly. They rallied and finally won the battle.

There were two horses belonging to highwaymen which were famous in their time. One of them belonged to the celebrated knight of the road, Paul Clifford. He was called Robin and was Irish. In color iron gray, he was reputed by judges of horseflesh—and there were some who were quite as competent to give an opinion, if not more so, as any of the present day—to be absolutely without blemish and to be second to none. Another famous horse, or rather mare, was Black Bess. Her owner, Dick Turpin, or, to give him his correct name, Nicks, committed a robbery in London at 4 o'clock in the morning, and, fearing discovery, made for Gravesend, ferried across the river and appeared at the bowling green in York the same evening, having accomplished his ride of 300 miles in 16 hours on one horse. At least so says the legend, and this is certain—that on his trial he was acquitted, the jury considering it impossible that he could have got to York in the time.—London Standard.

### He Listened to All.

Fontenelle listened to everything and he offended no one by disputing anything. At the close of his life he was asked the secret of his success, and he replied that it was by observing two maxims, "Everybody may be right" and "Everything may be so."

## LEFT ON TRAINS.

All Sorts of Articles Are Forgotten by Absentminded Passengers.

Recently a Chicago railroad displayed in its unclaimed parcel room five barrels of rubber overshoes and a box full of false teeth. All this property and more during a period of six months had been left on the suburban and through trains by absent minded passengers. The general baggage agent, upon being asked what was the oddest occurrence of this kind, said that a woman once left on a train a 6-months-old baby, and she did not miss it until a trainman overtook her with the little bundle of humanity before she got outside of the train shed. It was not a case of abandonment. She had forgotten to take up her own offspring.

Only one-half of the articles left on trains are claimed and returned to owners. At all the railroad offices in Chicago there are to be found motley collections of about all the articles which man or woman ever owned. It would be impossible to list them in a whole page of a newspaper.

The article which figures most extensively among the lost and found of the big railroads is the umbrella. An official of the Illinois Central says he received in the baggage department 1,500 umbrellas a year. General Agent Sudd of the Burlington says his records show about 600 a year, and the other lines report large collections of this serviceable article, which are left on trains in all kinds of weather. On a recent fine, sunshiny day the Burlington railroad showed on its record a whole page of abandoned umbrellas.

Next come the overshoes, which are daily found, singly and in pairs and oftentimes odd in size and kind. At all the offices they are accumulated to the extent of barrels and barrels. It is a common occurrence to find upper, lower and partial sets of false teeth. Some give evidence of long service, others have been too new and have been "laid out" to give relief. But they come in all shapes and sizes.

Wearing apparel in large quantities is to be found in the lost parcel rooms. The clerks in the Alton's quarters at the Union station fitted out a dummy figure with every single article that a man is likely to wear from head to foot. The articles were all left piece by piece on the train and gathered up by the employees until the figure was togged out in newest fashion.

The young woman stenographer in Baggage Agent Sudd's office has a pet kitten which was found in an envelope box on a train, and, there being no claimant, young Tom is being taught to earn his board by mousing in the baggage room.

Cripples frequently leave their crutches on trains. There is a collection of them at all the offices. Hanging up in the parcel room of the Illinois Central is a big anchor made of moss gathered from trees in the far south. The maker had taken care of it until Chicago was reached, only to abandon it to the care of the parcel man.—Chicago Tribune.

### Free In Spite of Himself.

Under the first French empire the administration of the prison of Sainte-Pelagie was so loose that it was not rare for accused persons to lie there six months without knowing the cause of their incarceration. The following adventure, narrated in "The Dungeons of Old Paris," discloses the fact that release under similar conditions of ignorance was not impossible: The doctor had given to a prisoner who was slightly ill an order for the baths. Not knowing in what part of the prison the infirmary was situated, he presented his order to a tipsy turnkey, who opened the outer door of the prison.

M. Guillon, a free man without being aware of it, took the narrow street to be a sentry's walk and went a few paces without finding any one to direct him. Returning to the sentry at the door, he inquired where were the baths.

"The baths?" said the sentry.

"The prison baths," said the sentry.

"Are probably in the prison, but you can't get in there."

"What—I can't get into the prison? Am I outside it, then?"

"Why, yes, you're in the street. You ought to know that, I should think."

"I did not know it, I assure you," said M. Guillon, "and this won't suit me at all."

He rang the prison bell and was readmitted, and his recital of his adventure restored to sobriety the turnkey who had given him his freedom.

### Sheridan and the Joke.

Sheridan, himself a brilliant orator as well as a shrewd observer, was one day asked how it was he got on so well in the house of commons. "Well," he said, "I soon found out that the majority were fools, but all loved a joke, and I determined to give them what they liked." The great advantage of a joke is that it puts the speaker at once on good terms with his audience. Hence Cicero recommends it for an orator. A common way of winning the good will of an audience is flattery. When the Jews brought down the orator Tertullus to accuse Paul, Tertullus began his speech with flattery of King Agrippa. "Since by these we enjoy," and so on. Another way, a subtle form of flattery, is to describe yourself as a native of the same place or county as those you are addressing. The forensic formula, the fustian apostrophe to the "intelligent and patriotic and high minded men" whom the rhetorical Buzfux sees before him, is played out, but it has its modern equivalents.—Westminster Review.

### Disconcerting.

Mrs. Manycooks (severely)—Didn't I hear a man talking loudly with you in the kitchen just now, Mary? Mary (coquettishly)—Oh, hope so, mam, for thin Oi can call ye as a witness in a case av brach av promise suit, ma'am.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## MONKEYS AT FOOTBALL.

They Likewise Play Cricket, but Not According to Rule.

Travelers in South Africa have noted the fact that where monkeys congregate in large numbers they also indulge in games of a certain kind. Two of these games seem to resemble cricket and football.

The cricket is of a primitive order. About a dozen monkeys stand in a circle or whatever is akin to the simian idea of a circle. Two of them advance from different extremities of the circle and stop about 15 yards apart, facing each other. The monkey at the southern end of the circle has a coconut in his hand. He is the bowler.

The monkey at the other end does not, as you might suppose, wield a full cane bat. His business is to dodge the coconut which the bowler aims at his head. The delivery of the ball is tremendously fast, full pitched and fraught with dire results if it "touches the spot." When it does happen to touch the spot—that is, any part of the monkey's body—that monkey is very much out and doesn't even stop to dispute the question.

Another monkey takes his place until he, too, receives his dismissal. It was presumed by the travelers that the game was finished when a majority of monkeys lay nursing their wounds under the friendly shade of a neighboring palm.

The football is of a more advanced type. It is also played with a coconut. The game, if anything, is undoubtedly the "softer" game and is played with the feet. Of course there is no goal nor any tactics to speak of, the object of each animal being to keep the ball to himself as much as possible.

Still the competition to get the ball makes it resemble a real game of "football," and the dexterity exhibited by these peculiar amateurs is surprising and wonderful.

In an evil moment some ambitious monkey may elect to play the Rugby game by snatching up the ball and making off, but the game then develops into war, in which life is sometimes the prize.

No mention is made of a referee, but if there is one about, like a wise and provident monkey, he is probably up a tree.—Brooklyn Times.

## SHE BETRAYED HERSELF.

Dipped Her Spoon in the Milk Before the Misch.

The woman mentioned in this little story will be called Mrs. Haughty, but she is known in almost every community by other names. She is inclined to do all she can to make other people believe she is somebody and that she is fitted for a higher sphere than the one she is forced by adverse circumstances to live in.

A short time ago Mrs. Haughty called on a neighbor and accepted an invitation to stay to supper. Mush and milk was the principal supper dish, and Mrs. Haughty declared with sundry ejaculations that she had never eaten the delightful compound. The steaming platter of mush was set in the center of the table and a bowl of milk placed before Mrs. Haughty.

"Just help yourself, Mrs. Haughty," remarked the hostess.

"Really, I do not know how to begin," said Mrs. Haughty as she picked up her spoon.

Mrs. Haughty made a move, and one of the children at the table leaned over to her mother and whispered:

"She said she never ate mush and milk, but she dipped her spoon in the milk before she dipped it into the mush."

That little movement gave Mrs. Haughty away, for every lover of mush and milk knows that if the spoon is first dipped into the milk the mush will not stick to it.—Omaha World-Herald.

### A Talking Sheep's Head.

John Leitch of Rothesay once when on a visit to Dunoon dropped into the shop of Archie Mains and asked if he had any good sheep's heads.

"Oh, yes," said Mains, "there's as fine a one as ye ever saw," pointing to a black face lying on the floor.

"Are you sure that it is fresh?" said Mr. Leitch.

"Quite sure, sir," replied the butcher.

"It's perfectly fresh."

Thereupon Mr. Leitch, who was an admirable ventriloquist, brought from the sheep's head the rather confounding ejaculation: "Oh, what a lee! I'm stinkin'."

"Oot o' my shop, ye leein deevil," exclaimed the butcher. "Didn't I kill ye wi' my ain hauns this very mornin'?"

And, suiting the action to the words, he kicked the offending sheep's head into the street.

### Freddie's Suggestion.

Freddie's father had just been struggling with an old fashioned bureau, and, retiring disheartened from an unsuccessful effort to open one of its compartments, he moved to the window, and looking out upon the lowering sky he exclaimed: "It's mighty strange that the weather bureau can't give us a change of weather."

"Maybe," shyly interposed Freddie, "they can't open the bureau drawers."

—Boston Courier.

In a case before a London magistrate the question was as to the ownership of some antique ornamental articles, and two workmen, who stoutly claimed the articles, said that they "made" them. To prove their assertion, they set to work in court and showed how ornamental was made "antique" with pumice powder.

The Spartans had an iron coinage, no other being allowed.

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