AMONG THE HORSES.

Youngsters That Made Their Mark on the Turf Last Season.

Ten High-Bred Yearlings Established Records of Three Minutes or Better.

Regal Wilkes, Axtell and Sunol Looked Upon as World Beaters.

Sunol's Wonderful Conformation--Stanford's Challenge --Whips and Tips.

The following table, prepared by the turf editor of the Turf, Field and Farm, and comprises for the past season the yearlings who trotted or paced in 3 minutes or better; two-year-olds in 2:50 or better; three-year-olds in 2:40 or better, and four-year-olds in 2:30 or better. It is a very difficult compilation to make, and, in the nature of things, cannot be absolutely correct. Emendations will be received and credit given. There are only ten of the yearlings, and those who deprecate requiring such infants to go a full mile at speed will not regret this. It is too severe a task, except in the case of a few phenomenal ones, and should be prohibited by public opinion, if not by law. The fastest mile by a yearling was 2:35, by Faustino, bay colt, by Sidney, owned by Count Valensin, of California. The two-year-olds that did the 2:40 trick are much more numerous, yet fifty failed where one succeeded. The honors for the age belong to Regal Wilkes, bay colt, by Guy Wilkes, in 2:20¾. This is the second two-year-old to beat the famous 2:21 of Wild Flower, which was so long deemed unsurpassable, but in this year of wonders the feat has excited scarcely a ripple of comment. It seems to me, if I were a millionaire looking for a world-beater, this fellow, whose dam is Margaret, by Sultan, would not escape my attention. The three-year-olds with 2:40 records are plenty, with Queen Sunol, 2:10¾, at their head, and King Axtell, 2:12, only yielding place aux dames, while the four-year-olds, in 2:30 or better, form a goodly list, with Edgemark, 2:16, at the head of the trotters, and Gold Leaf, 2:11¾, commanding the pacers. The table follows:

TEARLINGS WITH RECORDS OF 3:00 OR BETTER.

Name and description.	Rec.
Annie Stevens, b f	2:52¼
Faustino, b c	2:35
Gusto, blk c	2:51¼
Judge Keeler, blk c	2:51¼
Light Hall, b c	2:48
Mattie W, b f	2:39¼
Moonstone, b c	2:41½
Patsoy Curtis, b c	2:59½
Prince Mack, b c	2:47
Stamina, br f	2:44¼

TWO-YEAR-OLDS WITH RECORDS OF 2:50 OR BETTER.

Albrazia	2:39¾
Albina, b f	2:42¾
Ada, blk m	2:3[illegible]
Allie C, b c	2:34¼
Bellie Archer, b f	2:39½
Ben Harrison	2:49¼
Boone Wilson, gr c	2:38
Brightmark, b c	2:48½
Brown Cedar, br c	2:35¾
Burns McGregor, b c	2:29
Conemah, b f	2:43¼
Captain, br c	2:48¾
Captor, gr c	2:34
Clarence Wilkes, b c	
Colonel Strader, b c	2:44½
Cromwood, ch c	2:49
Directa, b f	2:34½
Doctor Sparks, br c	2:25¼
Effie Rene, b f	2:48½
Elkhorn, b c	2:22¾
Elyrna, b f	2:43¾
Esiollina, b f	2:45½
Fleet, b f	2:24
Florida, blk f	2:44
Frank H, b c	2:44¼
Frenzy, gr f	2:27¼
Gambrel, b c	2:35½
Gambryon, b c	2:48¾
Georgia, b f	2:47
Gertrude, ch f	2:46½
Glen Mary, ch f	2:49½
Go West, b f	2:49¾
Green Jennie, b f	2:49
Gus Voltz, b c	2:46
Hagar, b f	2:49¾
Hallie, ch f	2:47
Happy B, b f	2:29¾
Helen M, gr f	2:28
Ida S, b f	2:44¼
Jim Riddle, ch c	2:48¾
John L, br c	2:50
Jo Jo, ch c	2:46½
Kate Caffrey, blk f	2:49
Knox, 15	2:32½
Lady Ledo, blk f	2:47¾
Lady Washington, b f	2:49¼
Lalla Rookh, b f	2:38
Lassie, b f	2:46¾
Laura Belle, ch f	2:48
Le Roy, blk c	2:37
Linnett, b f	2:49
Lisetta, b f	2:45½
Lorena, b f	2:28½
Louisa B, b f	2:43¼
Lulu Hontas, blk f	2:49½
Luna, b f	2:48½
Mary Van, b f	2:40½
Maud Dee, b f	2:46½
McGregor, b c	2:36½
McGregor Wilkes, b c	2:13
Minnie Wilkes, b f	2:47½
Mirus, ch c	2:50
Miss Cleveland, b f	2:50
Mista, b f	2:26
Mollie Russell, b f	2:45
Nix, br f	2:42
Nominator, b c	2:45½
Nox, b f	2:41½
Oak Leaf, ch c	2:3[illegible]¾
Oksters, b f	2:47¾
Olga Cossack, b f	2:37½
Oxide, blk c	2:50
Pactolus, b c	2:45
Palm, b g	2:36
Pandora, br f	2:50
Paul Pinkham, b c	2:42¾
Peck's Bad Boy, b g	2:48
Pedlar, ch c	2:27¾
Presto, b c	2:25½
Prince Dudley, b c	2:21¼
Proctor, b c	2:50
Regal Wilkes, b c	2:20¾
Reno's Baby, br c	2:31½
Robert L, b c	2:29½
Sabin's Counsellor, blk c	2:48
Sappho, ch f	2:48½
Senator Rose, br c	2:31
Silver Bow, b c	2:37½
Vatican, b c	2:2[illegible]¾
Warren Park, b c	2:50
The Turk, b c	2:43

THREE-YEAR-OLDS WITH RECORD OF 2:40 OR BETTER.

Abble V, gr f	2:32¾
Alabaster, gr c	2:30
Albani, ch f	2:[illegible]9½
Allerton, b c	2:18¾
Altao, b c	2:23¾
Angelina, b f	2:23
Anna Dickinson, br f	2:19½
Annie E, b f	2:40
Astoria, b f	2:30¼
Axtell, b c	2:12
Barney, b g	2:25¼
Baroness, g b	2:30
Belle Wilson, gr f	2:30½
Black Storm, blk c	2:27¾
Blazeberry, br f	2:35½
Blondie, ch c	2:27½
Blon Mot, b f	2:29¼
Bonny Wilmore, b c	2:27¼
Budinger, ch c	2:40
Bumble B, b c	2:40
Campbell's Electioneer, b c	2:26¼
Canadian Girl, blk f	2:38½
Catharine Leyburn, ch f	2:27½
Clara Wilks, b f	2:39¼
Corulleid, blk c	2:29½
Dick Dimple	2:40
Directa, blk f	2:31¼
Don Pizarro, b c	2:14¾
Doc, b g	2:34½
Don Pedro, b g	2:36
Dora Cossack, b f	2:30¾
Earl's Laddy, b g	2:29½
Em-En See, b f	2:28½
Fargo, blk c	2:39¼
Faust b g	2:18¼
Fleetmont, b f	2:38¼
Forest Queen b f	2:40
Fortuna, b f	2:23
Frantic	2:40
Genesee, br f	2:26¾
Genoa Belle, b f	2:39½
George Washington, b c	2:30¼
Gillett blk g	2:25
Glenview Belle, b f	2:20½
Glendine, ch c	2:30
Greenleaf, br g	2:28¾
Hattie D, b f	2:26¾
Hillery, ch f	2:3[illegible]½
Hindy B, ch f	2:35¾
Io, ch f	2:28
James Ordway, ch c	2:26
Joe, ch c	2:33¾
Johnny Bull gr g	2:36½
J R, br d	2:24½
Keller Thomas, gr c	2:29½
Latitude, b c	2:30
Lilian Wilkes, b f	2:17¾
Luley, ch c	2:[illegible]8
Lobasco, b c	2:38½
Lucy R, b m	2:30
Majilla, b f	2:39
Margaret S, b f	2:29¼
Master, b c	2:37¼
Mattie H, b f	2:24½
Merle Moore, b f	2:32½
Minnie Wilkes b f	2:28½
Nancy Hanks, b f	2:21½
Nehushta, b f	2:30
Neva Seeley, b f	2:[illegible]3¼
New York Central, br g	2:29½
Nuthurst, ch c	2:26
Optimist, br c	2:28¾
Orphan Lass, br f	2:[illegible]6¾
Otis Shaw, b c	2:31¼
Palo Alto Belle, b f	2:22½
Pilot H, gr g	2:29½
Pisgah, b f	2:36
Prince Medium, b c	2:40
Queen Wilkes, rn f	2:29½
Res Athletic, ch c	2:3[illegible]½
Robbie P, b c	2:39½
Roderick Dhu, blk c	2:27¾
Rastock Cossack, b c	2:3[illegible]¾
San Malo, b c	2:29¼
Sir Thornton, br c	2:29¾
Sunlight, ch c	2:34¼
Sunol, b f	2:10½
Susetta, b f	2:26½
Tiny B, b f	2:34¼
Tribute, br c	2:33¾
Twist, rn f	2:29¼
Una Wilkes, b f	2:30
Virginius, b c	2:3[illegible]½
Walulla, blk f	2:29¼
Winterset, b c	2:37¾
West Wilkes, blk c	2:31
Yeser Boy, blk c	2:29¼

FOUR-YEAR-OLDS WITH RECORDS OF 2:30 OR BETTER.

Adonis, b g	2:14
Alfred G, b c	2:23
Alvin, ch c	2:26¼
Bald Wilkes, b g	2:30
Baywood, b c	2:30
Benton, b c	2:27¾
Clonmore, b c	2:29¼
Coast Boy, blk c	2:30
Creole, blk c	2:20
Dido, b f	2:30
Diplomacy, b f	2:27
Direct, b c	2:18½
Edgar, o b c	2:29
Edgemark, b c	2:16
Elmbrook, rn c	2:26¼
Egotist, b c	2:29
Elsie Sprague, ch f	2:30
Embassy, b f	2:29½
Empress U-Gen-e, blk f	2:19
Gillig, br c	2:23½
Gold Leaf, ch f	2:11¼
Governor Stanford, b c	2:23¼
Harry Noble, b c	2:17½
Hazel Wilkes, ch f	2:20
Lady Maxim, b f	2:30
Lady Guy, ch f	2:[illegible]7¼
Lady Mac, ch f	2:30
Laurabel, ch f	2:27¾
Longworth, b g	2:19
Lord Byron, b c	2:18
Lucretia, b f	2:29¾
Lulu B, b f	2:18¼
Lunette, b f	2:25¾
Mary Lou, ch f	2:25½
Mattie Wilkes, b f	2:28½
McAllister, b c	2:23¾
McEwen, ch c	2:18¼
Miss Egbert, b f	2:2[illegible]¾
Nightingale, ch f	2:26½
Oakhurst, b c	2:29¾
Pamlico, b c	2:28½
Phoebe Wilkes, b f	2:28¾
Prince Regent, ch c	2:21½
Raymore, br c	2:28¼
Red Belle, ch c	2:17
Redwood, b c	2:24½
Reina, blk f	2:29¼
Repetition, br c	2:19¼
Resolute, rn c	2:[illegible]9¼
Senator Conkling, b c	2:30
Semicolon, ch c	2:29½
Sir Gay, ch c	2:26½
Stanford, b c	2:3[illegible]
Tayleron, gr c	2:[illegible]9½
Thalia, b f	2:26
The Seer, b c	2:23¾
Tornado, b g	2:30
Vinco, b c	2:29½
Virginia Evans, br f	2:24
Wanita, rn f	2:[illegible]½
Wawona, b f	2:28½
Yolo Maid, b f	1:12½

CONFORMATION OF SUNOL.

Robert Bonner Speaks With Enthusiasm of His New Purchase.

The owner of Maud S can afford to speak with enthusiasm of her young rival, Sunol. He has tried the queen—she has twice lowered her record in his hands—and he knows her greatness. He believes that the daughter of Harold and Miss Russell can do better than she has yet done, and yet he cannot close his eyes to the fact that a three-year-old which trots in 2:10¾, and which has been timed a quarter in thirty seconds, may rate, with age, to a lower mark than 2:08¾. The best way is to test the question in public. The queen, and the princely daughter of the house of Electioneer, should be brought together on a good track some time next year, and each be driven for all that is in her. Bonner says: "The more I see of Sunol the more I am impressed with her wonderful conformation. Hickok tells me that she has more speed than even his great pacer, Adonis, and Marvin says she is the only trotter he has ever driven a quarter in 30 seconds. As she is only a baby, it remains to be seen whether she can, when she matures, lower Maud S's record; but as Gov. Stanford puts it, I think she can if any horse can do it. Still, as you are aware, the public do not know all that Maud S is capable of doing."

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

Senator Stanford's Unaccepted Challenge to Breeders of Trotters.

It was several weeks ago that we announced, on the authority of Senator Leland Stanford, that ten or twenty half-breeds, sons and daughters of Electioneer, out of thoroughbred mares, would be matched by Palo Alto against an equal number of foals of the same age by one stallion out of trotting mares untried in the stud. The object of the proposition is to submit theory to a practical test, to settle, by actual trial, the question as to whether colts out of mares possessed of what are generally recognized as trotting strains can perform better in harness than foals of the same age by a trotting stallion out of carefully selected thoroughbred mares. We should have thought that some of the blind followers of the wordy advocates of no-thoroughbred-blood-in-the-trotter would have snapped up this challenge before now. If they really believe in the dogmas of their windy preachers, they should step to the front with their money. Thus far there has been no acceptance of the liberal proposition, and the silence of Senator Stanford's critics is suggestive. It means that the faith of the radicals has been undermined by the cold logic of recent events. Dame Winnie, a thoroughbreds, is one of the greatest trot-producing brood mares at Palo Alto, and Esther, dam of Express, 2:21, is steadily growing in reputation as a mother of trotters. The price put upon the yearling sister of Express by Senator Stanford was $7,500, and Marvin did not want her sold even at this figure. He said if such yearlings were allowed to pass from Palo Alto, he would find it hard work to win stake engagements when he crossed the mountains with a string of trotters, and his manner plainly indicated that he meant just what he said.

WHIPS AND TIPS.

Gossip About Horses, Horsemen and Their Doings.

Everybody seems anxious to find out how much Mr. Bonner paid for the great Sunol, but as yet all remain in ignorance. A great many stories and surmises have been set afloat, the latest one squeezed out of the New Yorker by a California reporter being as follows: "I am bound on honor not to divulge the exact figure. However, I'll say more to you than I have yet said to any one. I gave more than $40,000 and less than $50,000; strike your own average." Without counting on his figures, the reporter asked: "Well, did you throw in your blood mare Lucy Cuyler with $45,000?" "I didn't say $45,000, did I?" Without waiting for an answer Mr. Bonner added: "Lucy Cuyler did not go with the bargain. She still belongs to me, and is at present with my stud."

There is a possibility that Budd Doble will handle the lines over Maud S next year. To a reporter for a San Francisco paper Mr. Bonner said recently "that one of his sons had asked him to let Maud S go into the hands of Budd Doble, who desired to bring her to this coast, where he fully expected she would materially lower her record. There is great probability of my acceding to my son's request," he said. "You see," he added, "Murphy, my trainer for over twenty years, died a few months ago, and during his lingering sickness I refrained from appointing any one to his place for fear he would think I, too, had given up all hope of his recovery. I may, when I get back, let Doble have charge, and then he can do as he wishes."

Martin Bergen, the jockey, said recently that he had earned $9,000 this year. This is a large amount for him, as he has only come to the front within twelve months. He is likely to soon again sign with Capt. Sam Brown for 1890. Garrison earned closed to $20,000 this year. The colored boy Barnes pocketed $12,000, while Isaac Murphy, Taylor, Hayward, McLaughlin and Littlefield, exclusive of gifts, earned from $7,000 to $10,000 each. These are neat sums of money for work in the saddle, but when the danger and the labor and skill are considered, the pay is not too large.

Many rich American owners have shown much liberality to their trainers, jockeys and stable employes on occasions when they have won valuable stakes, but the way they do things in Australia makes their gifts appear small. The cable announces that W. T. Jones, the owner of Bravo, winner of the Melbourne Cup, immediately upon learning of the victory, directed that his trainer be presented with $10,000. To his jockey he gave $3,500, and to the stable boys $2,000.

J. I. Case, Hickory Grove farm, Racine, Wis., has purchased of Edward Bain, of Kenosha, Wis., for $10,000, the nine-year-old stallion Lexington Wilkes 4878, by George Wilkes, dam Jenny Anderson, by American Clay; second dam thoroughbred, by Uncle Vic.

W. A. Stevens, Bentonport, Io., writes: "Please mark it down that I make the prediction that C. W. Williams will next year give Patronage a record below 2:20.

John Leys, of Toronto, Ont., has sold to W. I. Wilson, of Spokane Falls, Wash., for $1,500, the fast trotting mare Polly Barber, by Forest Mambrino.

Elizabeth Entries.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Dec. 15.—Following are the weight and entries for Monday's races:

First race, six furlongs—Bradford, 110; Oregon, 110; Young Duke, 110; Tipstaff, 115; Glenmound, 110; G W Cook, 110; Clay Stockton, 107.

Second race, seven furlongs—Ralph Black, 110; Autumn Leaf, 110; Puzzle, 95; Martin Russell, 1 5; Gray Cloud, 105; Flitaway, 1 2; Reecho, 102; Rapine, 96; Not Guilty, 100; Sunshine, 97; Lilly Kinney, 82.

Third race, six furlongs—Chapman, 90; Louise, 90; Fred B, 92; Landseer, 92; Cheeney, 107, Souvenir, 83; Shotover, 98; Lotion, 93; Freedom, 110; Harry Faustus, 91; Redstone, 93.

Fourth race, six furlongs—Anomaly, 104; Stanley Sharpe, 103; Alva, 104; Letretia, 95; Little Barefoot, 93; Buckstone, 92; King Idle, 107; Don't Know, 78; Zulu, 90; Amos Ninety, 98; Mary B Filly, 75.

Fifth race, five furlongs—Barrientos, 81; Blue Rock, 107; Red Elm, 107; Trestle, 89; Mamie B, 86; Rainbow, 85; Belle Kennedy, 87; Helena Filly, 81; Village Maid, 104; Meriden, 104; Capulin, 112

Sixth race, one mile—Sayre, 122; Barrister, 142; Bracebar, 142; Carrie G, 138; Gloster, 136; Cortland, 112; Winona, 134. Fourth race did not fill and they sailed the third.

Bet on these: First race, Young Duke and Clay Stockton; second race, Martin Russell and Rapine; third race, Freedom and Harry Faustus; Fourth race, King Idle and Little Barefoot; fifth race, Capulin and Red Elm; sixth race, Gloster and Barrister.

Horses Wintered at Oak Lawn.

Box stalls if desired. Best of care and attention guaranteed. For particulars inquire John Mather, 386 Robert street.

STILLWATER SIFTINGS.

The Sawyer House Insurance Is All Canceled.

Affidavits were prepared Saturday night at the instance of the plaintiff's attorneys in the case of Lowell against Doe, setting up as additional evidence of the necessity for the appointment of a receiver for the Sawyer house property, the fact that all the $16,000 insurance on the hotel had that day been canceled, thereby making it more than ever apparent that a receiver should be placed in charge and the house reopened, it being alleged that policies would be reissued as soon as such a solution of the difficulty was reached. The amount of the premium not yet absorbed was tendered to the defendant by the local insurance agents, but was refused.

It is reported that the Northern Pacific Railroad company has bought the buildings and plant of the old Northwestern Manufacturing and Car company here, and will manufacture cars at this point. A corps of surveyors has for the past few weeks been prospecting with a view to a feasible route through the city of the Wisconsin Central through line.

A fellow just from a two months' confinement in the Hudson jail, and giving his name as Charles Smith, attacked Jim Kelley, also of Hudson, at Long John's saloon Saturday night, and was locked up by Officer Reardon. Smith first seized a billiard cue, and was also prepared with an open knife, which fell to the floor when he was seized by the officer.

Ex-Teacher Morris has not only begun an action to recover $1,500 from Supt. Mackintosh on account of the latter's revocation of Morris' certificate, but announces that he will tackle the Oak Park school board in court.

Postmaster McCarthy said yesterday that he was now in daily expectation of a decision from Washington as to the bids made for furnishing a new post-office building.

E. D. Allen, secretary and treasurer of the street railway company, left yesterday for Muscatine to officiate as groomsman at a swell wedding.

Lake St. Croix swarmed yesterday with skaters of every degree, many of the more adventurous including the city of Hudson in their sport.

A milkmaids' and cowboys' drill, in anticipation of the forthcoming milkmaids' social at Music hall, will be held this evening.

The remains of Walter Bloomer arrived yesterday from Washington, and were taken to the family residence near the city.

Will Moffatt, with Ozmun, Farwell, Kirke & Co., spent Sunday with his parents in Stillwater.

COURTSHIP IN TURKEY.

It Is Conducted With the Utmost Decorum Through a Broker.

The most unsatisfactory courtships of all must be the Turkish, where the candidate for matrimony is forbidden to see the bride, and must act through a broker, generally an old woman, who interests herself for a consideration, and who can usually be bought by the one who pays the most.

When the knot is tied then for the first time the bridegroom sees the bride's face. Often the result is a disappointment, and the promised nymph or houri turns out to be plain, ignorant and uncompanionable. No wonder, with such possibilities, the path of divorce is made very easy in the land of the Turk.

Cool Presumption.

Albany Express.

One of the leading Pearl street merchants was an eye-witness yesterday to the utter demolition of all previous records in the way of cold nerve. He was busy at one of his counters and did not look up at the quick step of a women was heard in the front of the store, nor as its owner passed him, going toward the rear of the place. He even thought it might be his wife, who is a frequent visitor at her husband's place of business.

A minute later he went back himself to his little private office in the rear, and reached the door just as a well dressed and eminently respectable woman, whose name is in the recently-published list of Albany "society," and whom he knew slightly, but only slightly, closed his cash drawer with a bang and, and looking up as he stopped, thunderstruck, on the threshold, said coolly: "Well, you haven't got change enough to change my $5 bill, so I won't bother you." Then she swept out of the store, leaving the merchant in a state of mental and physical collapse, from which he has not yet recovered.

A VOICE FROM ABOVE.

Sweet spring, with fragrant breath of buds
and flowers
In garlands green, and gorgeous hues arrayed,
Comes to beguile my sad and weary hours,
And tell of vernal beauties, ne'er to fade.

When the first golden tinted beams of morning
Peep thro' my lattice, and dispel the night,
My vision toward a little couch is turning,
Its tenant—passed into a world of light.

I list, to hear, in gentle accents calling,
Or pattering footfalls on my chamber floor,
Of one, whose light was like a sunbeam, falling
In my glad home, now darkened evermore.

I've wet with tears thy tiny shoes, once threading
Earth's devious pathways, guided by my hand;
The little foot, which pressed it, now is treading
The pearly pavement of the "better land."

At even, from my cars and toils retreating,
To find that brief forgetfulness is bliss:
I miss one sunlit face—one joyous greeting,
One little evening prayer—one good-night kiss.

When the "pale angel's" shade is o'er me falling,
To loose my spirit from these bonds of clay,
In heavenly accents I shall hear one calling,
"This way, my mother dear; oh, come this way."

—Lucius E. Waite.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

BY J. B.

The Grey Eagle went on her course, parting the waves of the Indian ocean. She was a packet steamer in the employ of a great English company, and carried many passengers. Among these, standing on the promenade deck, forward, and looking out across the broad expanse of water before her, was a beautiful girl in the flush of her youth and beauty.

In the wheel-house stood a young man, second mate of the ship, looking at Mabel Vane. He was young, with a bold, manly face, curling brown hair and beard and speaking gray eyes, a man, in grace of person, manly beauty and pure heart—a man worthy of the name. He was only a sailor, and had risen to his present rank from cabin boy, but yet he dared to love the daughter of the East Indian millionaire, Arthur Vane.

He loved her and he had no hope—loved her as we worship a star which is far beyond our reach. Nothing was further from his thought than to insult her by telling her that he loved her; but to be near her, to see her often, perhaps to do some service which would win a smile from her—that was reward enough for Will Clay.

She never dreamed of his adoration, and he had heard her say among her friends that she liked him better than any other officer on board the Grey Eagle. She said it in the careless way of girlhood, and yet he treasured it in his heart. Standing there, watching the course of the ship, and ready to give a word of warning to the wheelman if it were needed, he never took his eyes from her long.

"Mr. Clay," said the man at the wheel, as he gave it a half turn and rested there, "don't you smell smoke?"

"It comes from the galley."

"Perhaps so, but what are they burning rosin in the galley for?"

"Rosin," cried Will, raising his head quickly and snuffing the air. He caught the peculiar smell himself, and leaped down from the wheel-house. "Keep steady," he whispered to the man at the wheel. "There may be danger, but if there is, for God's sake, keep it quiet."

The man nodded quietly and took a firmer hold on the wheel. Will Clay crossed the deck without apparent haste and yet with a terrible fear tugging at his heart. He caught sight of the captain coming out of the gentleman's cabin, and hurried up to him.

"There is something wrong," he whispered. "Don't you smell burning rosin, captain?"

The old sea captain suppressed a cry of horror. With fifty passengers on board, in the midst of the Indian ocean, far from land, a fire was one of the most horrible things which could come upon a ship.

"Go forward and investigate," he said in a low tone. "If you find that it is a fire, you will know what to do. How are the boats?"

"All right, sir; you may trust to them."

They had good cause for fear. The entire forehold was filled with rosin, in boxes and casks, and if a fire started there it might as well be in a nest of fat pine. Will ran down to the lower deck, where he was met by a crowd of excited firemen and coal-passers, who were rushing madly on deck. Quick as thought he seized the foremost and hurried him back.

"Get back, you fools!" he cried. "Where are you running to?"

"Fire!" whispered the man, hoarsely. "Fire in the forehold!"

"Suppose there is. Is it your duty to rush on deck and alarm the passengers, or get buckets and try to put out the fire? Back, there, all of you, for I will brain the man who dares to flinch now. Stand back, I say!"

The men cowed before his superior will and saw that they might yet do something to save the steamer.

A guard was placed at the hatch, so that no one could come down, and the scuttle which led into the forehold was opened. No sooner was this done than a dense volume of black smoke rolled out, and the scuttle was closed again, for Will saw that nothing could be done in that way. The men ran forward with axes, but had scarcely gone a dozen steps when they felt the deck tremble under their feet and saw small jets of flame shooting up through the planks. A moment more and there was a sort of explosion, and the red flames leaped up suddenly and caught the planks above.

There was no hope of concealing the danger from the passengers now, for the steamer was full of smoke, and wild cries from the deck announced that the danger was known. They must face the most terrible danger known to the sea, the danger of all others the most feared—the danger of fire! Women shrieked and fainted, strong men trembled and could not move hand or foot, and others ran wildly about the decks, rendering no assistance. Mabel Vane, utterly bewildered by the sudden horror, felt a strong hand clutch her arm, and saw Will Clay, blackened by smoke and singed by flame.

"Go aft," he said, hoarsely. "Stand on the port quarter and wait for me, and I will save you or die trying. Obey me girl. I am your master now."

She looked at him in mute wonder and obeyed him in silence. He sprang away and began to fight the fire as he could, aided by the officers and crew, and some few of the passengers who kept their heads. Among these was Arthur Vane, a handsome old gentleman with an engaging face.

"You are a man, William Clay," he said, as the two hurled the contents of a great water cask down the open hatch. "If we ever escape, the company shall know that they have got a man in their employment. If we don't it is all the same. Have you seen my daughter?"

"I sent her aft just now, and told her that I would save her or lose my life. And I'll do it, too, because I love her."

"Love her, you."

"Just now you said I was a man," said Will, quietly. "Lay hold on that cask, you. What are you shirking for; can't we talk and work, too?"

A strange smile came over the face of the old merchant, and they hurled the cask into the water, and assisted the men working at the fall in raising it.

"Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Vane," said Will. "If I lived 1,000 years and saw her every day, I wouldn't tell her as much as I've told you. And what's more, you wouldn't have heard me say it if it had not come out before I thought."

Mr. Vane said not one word, and Will Clay was silent. They worked hard to save the steamer, but the flames gained upon them inch by inch, and drove them aft.

"Give it up, captain," whispered Will. "Get out the boats and provision them. Take time for all you want, and we will fight the fire."

The sailors worked with a will until they saw the boats drawing up to the gangway and the passengers taking places, when they left their work and sprang for the boats. The passengers made a rush at the same moment, but as they neared the gangway they met Will Clay, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes flashing fire.

"Stand back there!" he cried. "Do you call yourselves men? Do you want to swamp the boats and spoil our only chance?"

"Get out of the way," hissed a gigantic Swede, raising his heavy hand. "Out of the way or I will crush you with a single blow!"

A pistol cracked and the man fell back, shot through the shoulder. The crowd recoiled before this determined young man, for even in an hour like this men fear sudden death.

"Keep back, I say!" repeated the young mate. "Pass along those ladies first, for they go in the first boat."

The order was promptly obeyed, and then six of the crew, called out by name, went into the boats and pulled away from the gangway, under command of the first mate. Boat after boat pulled up to the gangway, received its load and pulled away. There was no more rushing, for there was death in the eyes of the young mate and the captain, who had taken his place by his side.

"My daughter is not in the boats young man," said Arthur Vane, hoarsely.

"Miss Vane," cried Will, "you can come now."

"Mabel, who had been standing apart, hurried forward. Mr. Vane stepped into the boat and the last of the crew followed. Then a panic seemed to seize them and they pushed off, leaving the captain and mate upon the doomed steamer, as long tongues of flame leaped out toward the boat. Through this fiery barrier the two men dashed and were seen striking out for the boat.

"Stop!" cried Mr. Vane. "You have left the captain and Mr. Clay."

The men looked at him fiercely, but the steady eye of the old man awed them and the two were helped into the boat, the captain supported by the strong arm of his gallant mate. The boats pulled away together, while the column of flame which shot into the air announced the fate of the Grey Eagle. They reached the islands safely after a week had passed.

. . . . . .

There is a young man who sails a steamer from London to Alexandria whose name is Will Clay, and he is married. The name of his wife is Mabel, for Arthur Vane, having "found a man," knew how to make him all his own.

Excursion Rates

Are in effect via the popular Soo Line to Canadian and New England points. Ticket Offices—St. Paul, 197 East Third street; Minneapolis, 10 Nicollet House block and union depots.

TO SHARPEN A KNIFE.

A Butcher Drops a Hint Which Wives May Profit By.

New York Star.

"Do you know how to sharpen a carving knife?" The question was asked by a big butcher in Fulton market. "Very few people do," said he. "The carver ought to be held at an angle of twenty to twenty-five degrees on the steel. When the other side of the blade is turned, you must be careful to preserve the same angle. Then drew the steel from heel to point against the edge, using only a slight pressure."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

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Go to Adam Fetsch's, Third and Jackson, for your fine Cigars.

Adam Fetsch's Headquarters.
Smokers always find it the best place for Cigars and Smokers' Goods about Holiday time.

DIED.

FANDEL—In St. Paul, at his residence, 98 Chicago avenue, J. B. Fandel, aged seventy-two. Funeral services at St. Matthew's church, Tuesday, at 9 a. m.

CASEY—In St. Paul, on Dec. 14, 5:30 p. m., at her late home, No. 345 Minnesota street, Mrs. Mary Casey, aged sixty-seven years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

FOR FUNERALS.

Fine five-glass carriages for funerals, $2. John Grace's Livery, 370 East Ninth street. Telephone 1248-2.

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And washerwoman's itch, and every species of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, are instantly relieved, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other methods and the best physicians fail. These are strong words, but true.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Beware of a silent dog and a wet rat.

The sting of reproach is the truth of it.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

Youth and white paper soon make an impression.

Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light.

A goosequill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

What we call time enough always proves little enough.

History is not fable agreed upon, but truth disagreed upon.

Remember, impertinence isn't wit any more than insolence is brilliancy.

A little seeing saves much looking; a little speaking saves much talking.

He who wants to do a great good at once will seldom do anything at all.

Gratitude is the music of the heart when its chords are moved by kindness.

Fortunes are made by taking opportunities; character is made by making them.

Don't indulge in the luxury of strong opinions in the presence of your elders.

If young men will not believe in themselves no man or woman can believe in them.

A Fling at Noah.

New York Sun.

"The ark contained two of every kind of beast," said Mr. Hardrinker.

"No," returned his unhappy spouse; "there was only one hard drinker in the ark."

AMUSEMENTS.

NEWMARKET THEATER.
L. N. SCOTT, LESSEE AND MANAGER.
Three nights and Wednesday matinee, commencing to-night, the latest Eastern craze,
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Three nights commencing Thursday, Dec. 19, matinee Saturday, engagement of the charming comedienne,
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Theater No. 1—Edwards' Comedy company. Theater No. 2—Salone & Sanson's Specialty company.
Admission to Everything, 10 Cents.

Notice to Contractors!

Sealed bids will be received up to 2 o'clock p. m. December 23, 1889