RUSK IS DISHONEST.

He Asserts That Silver Legislation Put Up the Price of Wheat,

When He Knows That the Rise Resulted From a Short Crop.

Uncle Jerry Finds Fault With a Section of the New Tariff Law.

Because, Forsooth, It Abridges the Power of the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—The secretary of agriculture has presented his annual report to the president. By comparing prices at Chicago for Oct 16, 1890, and of 1889 he shows a marked increase in the values of agricultural products, especially of cereals. A tabular statement of agricultural imports of the last fiscal year, including live animals, barley, hay, potatoes, hops, cheese, eggs, flax, wool, tobacco, wines, etc., the old and new tariff rates being given for each, indicates a material increase in the import duty on those articles and shows each to have been imported in considerable quantities. The secretary asserts that, without ignoring the effects of natural causes in enhancing values, it is evident that the economic legislation of the last session of congress has directly benefited the farmers; the improved value of cereals, as he believes, being largely due to the silver legislation, which, moreover, has lessened the influence of Russia and India, our wheat competitors in British markets. Our increased export trade in cattle and animal products, another cause of congratulation, he traces to the energetic and effective measures adopted for the eradication of pleuro-pneumonia, and to the growing appreciation at home and abroad of the department's ability to suppress or effectually control contagious animal diseases. He declares that not a single case of contagious

Pleuro-Pneumonia

has been alleged to exist among American cattle shipped to British ports since March last. In the line of further precaution, the department is now prepared to carry out the inspection of export cattle before shipment, provided for by the act of Aug. 30. Similar energy has been directed to our pork interests, the department having already undertaken the inspection called for by the same act. The secretary strongly recommends an inspection law still more comprehensive of all animals slaughtered for interstate or foreign trade. The present immunity of Northern cattle from Texas fever he believes to be due to a general compliance with the regulations of the department issued last spring, assurances to this effect having been received from large dealers in cattle, who report a consequent facilitation of their business and a saving effected by reduced insurance rates, which for the season will aggregate over $1,000,000. The outlook for a home sugar industry is considered favorable. A good article of sugar is shown to have been produced profitably from sorghum, varieties of which have been developed through the efforts of the department of agriculture. Analysis by the department chemist of beets grown in various states from seed distributed last spring indicate a high per cent of sugar and afford what is regarded as conclusive proof that large sections of the country are adapted to the successful culture of the sugar beet. Practical results obtained in Nebraska and Kansas, he says, demonstrate the feasibility of

Home-Grown Sugar

manufacture. The secretary announces the establishment of three national sugar experiment stations, devoted one each to cane, sorghum and beet sugar. In the provisions of the tariff bill Secretary Rusk finds what he regards as some glaring inconsistencies in that it gives entire control of sugar manufacturing and bounty payments to a subordinate officer of the treasury department, in spite of the fact that heretofore the department of agriculture has been charged with the general supervision of the sugar industry, both in its cultural and manufacturing phases. It makes it the duty of the secretary of the treasury, furthermore, to furnish regulations as to the importation of animals, the inspection of which devolves upon officers of the department of agriculture, and to decide upon questions involving familiarity with the subject of animal diseases at home and abroad; whereas the secretary of agriculture is the only officer required by law to be informed as to the existence of animal diseases in foreign countries, and as to the possibility or probability of such disease being communicated to our domestic animals. In the bureau of animal industry arrangements have been perfected for a

Dairy Division,

the establishment of which has been delayed somewhat by the lack of necessary legislation. Co-operation with the experiment stations has been undertaken on important lines, including experiments with grasses in the arid regions, and the trial of new economic plants; the collection of agricultural statistics, of reports of the growing crops and of the probable supply of staple products in the markets of the world. The production of raw silk as an indigenous industry is referred to in not very encouraging terms, though its importance is emphasized by reference to the imports of raw silk, which have largely increased during the year and are valued for the year at upwards of $24,000,000 but the necessity for favorable legislation, as well as for improvements in machinery, is insisted upon. Encouraging words are spoken with references to flax culture, Secretary Rusk believing that the recent changes in the tariff on linens will serve to encourage manufacturers to provide a market for home-grown flax. Irrigation and the artesian supply of water are made the subject of special reference, a report of the commission acting under the orders of the department having been presented at the last session of congress, and a provision having been made to continue this work during the current fiscal year. The secretary lays special stress upon the necessity for a frequent and wide publication of the results of their work. He says that when practical results have been obtained to withhold the means of promptly making them public seems to reach the heights of unwisdom. Reference is made to the forthcoming transfer of

The Weather Bureau

to the department of agriculture, with a declaration of the secretary's desire to widen the present scope of the bureau, so as to increase its benefits to agriculture. He also insists strongly upon the necessity for more frequent representation of the department meetings of agricultural and kindred societies. The possibility of serving the corn growers throughout the country by extending the market for Indian corn in foreign countries has engaged the secretary's attention, with the result that he has appointed a special agent abroad having special qualifications for this duty, to investigate and report upon the possibilities of promoting the consumption of Indian corn in European countries. The secretary declares that some means should be provided by which on occasions of great importance, such as the international congress at Vienna last year, this country could be officially represented through this department. In concluding his report, he says: "A careful review of the events of the past year and a general survey of the agricultural field to-day, betoken marked improvement in the condition of our agriculturists and promise well for their future well being." He ends by declaring that he looks forward with confidence "to the time when, in the high quality of its work, as well as in the magnitude of its enterprise, agriculture in the United States shall not only lead all other industries in this country, but shall be the leader, in this great industry, of all other countries."

EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

The Ideal of Devotion Consistent With Conditions of Culture.

Mary Lowe Dickinson in Harper's Bazar.

Said a brilliant woman of our day: "To be a wife and mother is not the end of my existence; the end is to be a woman. I am only a wife and mother in passing." But even if wifehood and motherhood were the end and aim, the higher the development of the woman the better the wife and mother. Conjugal affection, maternal instinct, are none the less powerful when under the control of enlightened intelligence. Indeed, the highest ideal of devotion is consistent with the highest conditions of culture, and she who knows most of what man knows is certainly better fitted to be his companion than is she who meets his nature only on the side of his physical comfort.

For a woman to know how to look pretty, to dress tastefully, to preside graciously, to make her house charming and her home delightful to all who feel its social atmosphere; for her to be interested in her church and her charities, to like good books, to appreciate good music—all this is involved in the highest, if not in the so-called "higher" education. We mean that all this keeps in exercise and consequent development the highest part of her nature. But to know how to look pretty does not demand that a woman should know nothing else, and many a woman graduate has discovered and is ready to testify that in all things that enter into the glory of the true home life she is able to do better and to be more because of that widening of judgment and development of mental powers that came as the result of college work.

A TRAMP POSTAL CARD.

Its Record in Globe-Trotting From England East to California.

San Francisco Call.

Via the steamship China, which arrived Tuesday, came addressed to the postoffice of this city a postal card en route around the world. It was started at South Kensington, England, on July 2, last, and reached the several ports as follows: Gibraltar, July 8; Port Said, July 16; Suez, on the following day; Alden, July 24; Calcutta, Aug. 6; Hong Kong, Aug. 28; Shanghai, Sept. 5; Yokohama, Sept. 11, and San Francisco, Sept. 30.

Assistant Postmaster John C. Quinn stated to a representative that the postal card had lost about twelve days by being addressed to Shanghai. It should, he said, have been sent from Hong Kong to Yokohama direct. This would have made the entire trip around the world possible in about ninety days.

About one month ago the local office received a postal card from O. L. Schmidt, the sender asking as a special favor that this postal be forwarded across the United States. Perhaps he knew from the postmaster at South Kensington that some such communication is necessary, for the laws of the United States do not permit of the forwarding of such "tramp" letters without an American stamp on it.

This is only meant on the part of the government to curb a useless and often foolish desire on the part of the senders to have something that had passed around the globe. Besides, as a business proposition, the custom of sending such missives is to be deprecated. The card in question was sent from South Kensington during the Jubilee Converzazione, and is for scientific purposes. It will be received next at Montreal, whither it was sent next last night.

NIMBLE AS A SQUIRREL.

Seven-Year-Old Miss Sloan Climbs a Hundred-Foot Tree as Easily as Her Brother.

Clarion Republican

Near Raine's flour mill stands a hemlock tree, which is probably 100 feet high, at the butt is all of six feet in circumference, and is minus limbs for at least ten feet up its jagged trunk. On the extreme top of the tree a wild grapevine blossomed and bore fruit this season, and a number of the young lads have climbed the tree at various times to secure this luscious fruit. Dr. E. M. Sloan lives near this locality, and is the father of a bright, pretty little daughter, who is now in her seventh year, and is not overly large for her age. This little miss has often looked with covetous eyes on the success of the boys in securing the grapes, and one day last week she concluded to try the same method adopted by them.

How she ever accomplished the feat no one knows, but when discovered she was on one of the topmost limbs, standing upright, holding herself in position with one hand, while with the other she was gathering the finest bunches of grapes. Her mother, having missed the little lady, went in search of her, and, discovering her position, to say that she was scared but slightly expresses her feelings; but, knowing that to express any signs of fear might cause the little one to lose courage, she spoke to her in her usual pleasant manner, and commanded her to come down immediately. The little one, always quick to obey, immediately proceeded to do so, and as nimbly as a squirrel she climbed down the tree and landed safely on the ground.

SHARPENING A KNIFE.

The Rough Grindstone Is Necessary Only in Very Rare Cases.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is a good deal easier to spoil a knife than to sharpen it. To begin with, a rough stone is used too freely. Unless a knife has a very round or ragged edge it does not want any grinding at all, and it can be brought into shape far more rapidly and surely by aid of a whetstone and a little oil. It is no use laying the blade flat on the stone and rubbing hard; hold the back of the knife well up and sharpen the edge of the blade only.

If you know how to use it, the back of a knife makes an excellent steel or sharpener, but the secret is hard to acquire.

Forced Upon Him.

Philadelphia Times.

The poor man was inconsolate for the loss of his wife.

"I will do it now," he cried in a tone of anguish that melted his hearers' hearts; "I must do it!"

They tried to persuade him from all thoughts of self-destruction, but their efforts seemed in vain.

"No, no!" he cried. "'Twas she alone that kept me from it. I cannot avoid it since she is gone. I'll have to go to work at last myself!"

Wise in His Day and Generation.

Brooklyn Life.

Summerman—Well, this is unusual! Why, you are putting all the big apples in the bottoms of the barrels and the little ones on top.

Uncle Hiram—Yes. Those fellers in the city are getting so all-fired cute; they open the barrels from the bottom to see whether we farmers be tryin' to cheat them.

An Easy One.

Clothier and Furnisher.

Bunker—How is it that Robinson wears a black hat all the year round.

Hill—Because he only buys one a year.

AMONG THE HORSES.

Williams' Wonder, Allerton, a Candidate for the Stallion Championship.

National Trotting Association Magnates Will Protect Records Against Time.

Seven Races Scheduled for Elizabeth To-Day and Five at Nashville.

English Blood in America—Celebrities of the Turf—Hoof Prints.

The performance of Allerton at Independence marks him as one of the greatest of stallions, and a possible candidate for the stallion championship. In the spring he was reported as hopelessly broken down, but just about the time the news had well spread that he was on the retired list, Williams worked him four miles better than 2:20 one day, and then lowered his record. He went to Detroit and offered Margaret S. a resolute battle for The Horseman Great Expectation stake, but collapsed in the last heat, and again the report was current that we had seen the last of the great son of Jay Bird on the turf. But after a little rest he came out again refreshed, and less than a month ago cut his record to 2:15½ in the third heat of a race. He trotted in the same time in his battle with McDoel at Lexington, and on the second day of the late Independence meeting he again lowered his mark to 2:14. In his last attempt, with raw air, he trotted a mile in 2:13¾, and repeated in 2:13½, finishing in the face of a cyclone. The brown colt now holds the four-year-old stallion record, and only Nelson, Stamboul, his former stable companion Axteli, Palo Alto and the dead Maxey Cobb are between him and the stallion championship. The success of the Williams colts has been marvelous, and he seems to have the faculty of patching up with rare success the wounds that his exacting system of training leaves. Allerton is a horse of great speed, great stamina and great recuperative powers.

TIME RECORDS.

Official Protection to Be Accorded Them.

A number of prominent breeders had earnest talks at Lexington with P. P. Johnston, president, and David Bonner, vice president of the National Trotting association, about carrying out one of the instructions of the Buffalo congress. They argued, in view of the steps taken by the N. A. T. H. B., that the book to be published annually from Hartford, giving all the records made during the season, should be compiled with the greatest care. They think that it should be made a book which will be generally sought after by persons seeking information with regard to the speed rank of horses. Records made under proper safeguards against the watch will be admitted to it, because such records are duly authorized by the rules of the National Trotting association. It is urged that the pedigree of every performer taking a record shall be traced as far as possible. The president and vice president are alive to the importance of the situation, and they will see to it that the order of the Buffalo congress is carried out in a thorough manner. The seal of the association will not be attached to slovenly work. The active trotting season is nearly over and the compiler of records should begin his task without delay. Unless he does this, the work will not be ready by the 1st of January. As the national association authorizes performances against the watch, it is the duty of the great organization to throw official protection around records obtained in this way.

ENGLISH BLOOD IN AMERICA.

Galopin's Progeny Selling for Fabulous Prices.

The appreciation in which English blood is held in this country, and especially the blood of Galopin, sire of Donovan, has recently been emphasized in two instances. One was the sale of Galore for $30,000, and the other is the announcement made by James B. Clay, of the Iroquois stud, Lexington, Ky., that the book of forty mares at $100 each to imported King Galop is already full for the season of 1891, and not only full, but that many applications for service have of necessity been refused, as the terms under which the promising young sire was leased limit the number to forty. As Wynham Walden has charge of the horse interests of the Messrs. Morris, it was naturally presumed that when Galore was bought at the Ferncliff sale by Mr. Walden he was acting for those gentlemen, but it now appears that the purchase was for himself. While on the paternal side King Galop and Galore are bred alike, the maternal branches are different. Galore is bred like Galliard, both being out of Macaroni mares, while King Galop is on the same lines with St. Simon, each being by Galopin, out of mares by King Tom. King Galop has the advantage in this respect, as St. Simon is the leading English sire of the day, his book being full two years in advance at $1,350. This is a very large fee, but as the sire of Semolina, Signorina, Memoir, St. Serf and other brilliant lights of the British turf, he readily commands it without its being considered exorbitant.

SOLD TO THE OWNER.

Peculiar Incident of a Selling Race in the South.

Exchange.

The conversation turned on selling races, and a quiet-looking turfman, who sat in the corner silently puffing a cigar, tilted his chair back while the sunshine of pleasant reminiscences flitted across his good-natured countenance. "The funniest incident I ever experienced," said he, "occurred during the winter meeting at New Orleans. It was in the early days of the track, and some of the officials of lesser note were not distinguished for their Chesterfieldian polish. I had a mare entered in a cheap selling race under my trainer's name, and after winning the event she was put up for sale. At first there was no raise on the entered price, but the auctioneer dwelt considerably and finally a young fellow about town ran her up $500. I wanted to keep her, but didn't care to pay that figure to do it, so I let her go. As luck would have it, however, the purchaser could not make good within the specified time, so she was brought out and offered again. Just before the auctioneer mounted the rostrum I went to him and informed him that I owned the mare and did not care to let her go, hinting that he need not dwell too long in calling her off."

"If I'd a knowed you owned her, Mr. K—, I'd a fixed it last time, but wait till you see me do the business now," said he, with an air that convinced me that everything would go all right. Now, gentlemen," said he, "here's a filly by Great Tom, out of one of the most no-account mares that ever dropped a foal at Belle Meade. She's entered to be sold for $300, but if you take a good look at that nigh foreleg you'll see she's liable to go down any minute, and everybody here knows that to carry more'n ninety pounds breaks her heart. Anyhow, come ter think of it, I don't know as there's a gent here as has money enough to keep a filly of this kind over winter, so I'll just knock her down to the owner. Sold ter the owner, Mr. Secretary, sold to the owner."

CELEBRITIES OF THE TURF.

Great Men Who Devoted Their Time to Horse Racing.

From time immemorial racing has been the great national sport of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in the annals of the turf we find the names of men illustrious in all walks of life. Few men occupied a more conspicuous place about the court and town for nearly seventy years, during the reigns of the second and third Georges, than he whose name has been handed down to us as "Old Q," the notorious and profligate Marquis of Queensberry. Like Wilmot, earl of Rochester, he pursued pleasure in every form, and with as much ardor at eighty as at twenty. At the decease of his father in 1731 he became earl of March, and in 1748 inherited his mother's earldom of Rugben and her family estates. These rich endowments of fortune and a handsome person, of which he was especially careful, combined to invest the youthful earl with no ordinary attractions, and the ascendancy they acquired he retained for a longer period than any of his contemporaries. From his first appearance in the fashionable world in the year 1746 to the moment he left it forever in 1810, at the age of eighty-five, he was always an object of comparative notoriety. His first distinction he acquired on the turf, his knowledge of which both in theory and practice equaled that of the most accomplished adepts of Newmarket. In all his principal matches he rode himself, and in that line rivaled the best professional talent. His famous match with the Duke of Hamilton was long remembered in sporting annals. Each rode his own horse, and all the notable supporters of the turf were present at Newmarket to witness the race, which was won by Lord March. Still more celebrated was his wager with the famous Count O'Taaffe. During a convivial meeting Lord March suggested that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity previously unexampled. Being desired to name his maximum, he undertook, with choice of ground and a certain period of training, to draw a carriage with four wheels not less than ninety miles within the space of one hour. Heavy bets were made on the result. A vehicle was specially built, partly of wood and partly of whalebone, with silken harness. Four blood horses were selected and the Newmarket course chosen. On the appointed day, Aug. 29, 1750, a large crowd was assembled, and excitement reached the highest point. The feat was easily accomplished, and Lord March won a big stake. A yet more remarkable bet of this eccentric nobleman was the undertaking to deliver a written message to a point fifty miles distant within the hour. Heavy odds were laid against its accomplishment, but a circular course having been laid out the duke posted twenty-four stalwart cricketers, had the message placed in a cricket ball and thrown from man to man, again easily winning his wager. In private life he was still more notorious for his amours, and there is still standing toward the western end of Piccadilly a mansion, at the bow window of which the old sinner would sit and ogle and leer at the ladies and servant maids as they tripped along toward the parks in their gay dresses of a century ago. He never allowed his neck to be ensnared in the marriage noose, and always declined to lead a young lady, however much she might have pleased his fancy, to the matrimonial altar of St. George's church, Hanover square. A groom on horseback, known as Jack Radford, always stood under the window to carry messages to any one he might have remarked in the street. He kept a physician in the house, and to insure attention to his health his terms were that he should have so much per day while he lived, but nothing at his death. He was a little, sharp-looking man, very irritable, and swore like ten thousand troopers. In short, his predominant feature was to do whatever he liked, without considering who was pleased or displeased with it. He was eighty-six when he died. The dukedom passed to the Duke of Buccleuch, while the marquisate of Queensberry passed to his kinsman, Sir Charles Douglas, from whom the present Marquis of Queensberry is lineally descended. No man ever sacrificed so much time or so much property to his love for sporting as the third Earl of Oxford. Among his experiments was a determination to drive four red deer stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline. But, unfortunately, driving one day to Newmarket, their ears were assailed with the music of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in their rear, struck a scent breast high. The deer at once dashed off. In vain did his lordship exercise all his charioteering skill. They raced like a whirlwind, the pack in eager pursuit. Luckily the stags had been accustomed to put up at the "Ram," in Newmarket, and for this hostelry these "fiery-eyed steeds" raced. The astonished hostlers at once surrounded them, and being quickly made aware of the circumstances of the case, rapidly bundled stags, phaeton, his lordship and all into a barn, and had just time to close the doors when the pack rushed into the yard. Lord Oxford's zeal for coursing remained to the last. No day was too long, no weather too severe. The singularity of his appearance used to excite universal amusement. Mounted on a stump of a piebald pony—as broad broad as he was long—in a full dress suit of black, without coat and gloves, and with a fierce cocked hat, he was a notable figure at most of the Norfolk coursing meetings. He was kind and generous to a fault, and was equally happy in entertaining prince or peasant. He died in pursuit of his favorite amusement, for in watching a match which one of his greyhounds, Czarina, won, the excitement overcame him, he fell from his pony and shortly expired, being succeeded in his title and e states by his illustrious uncle, Horace Walpole, fourth earl of Oxford.

SEVEN RACES SCHEDULED.

Elizabeth Offers a Big Card for To-Day.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Nov. 9.—Seven races are on the card for Monday. Following are the entries and weights:

First race, three-quarters of a mile—MacPherson, 103; Rumpus, 103; Westchester, 103; Guildora, 108; Rheingold, 100; Forerunner, 100; Lepanto, 100; Zed, 100; Judge Post, 100; Carlelanus, 100; Landscape, 100.

Second race, mile and a quarter—Riley, 120; Senorita, 110; Badge, 110; Come to Taw, 106; Elyton, 100; Now or Never, 100; Raymond G, 100; Nevada, 100; Lavinia Belle, 100; Salute, 90; Flood Tide, 90.

Third race, three-quarters of a mile—Sir John, 112; Lady Jane colt, 112; Bowery, 112; Prince James, 112; Dr. Helmuth, 112; The Sheriff, 112; Kyrle B, 112; Ballyhoo, 109; Veronica, 109.

Fourth race, five furlongs, selling—Endora, 95; Hydra, 95; Pisa filly, 95; Irene H, 95; Glenbrier, 110; Serapis, 110; W B A, 110; Latina, 101; King Alta, 106; Cascade, 98; Bush Bolt, 102.

Fifth race, five furlongs, selling—Mr Sass 98; Tom Moore, 98; Marigold, 95; Ella T, 95; Dictum, 112; St Patrick, 104; Common Sense, 108; Bonnie Blue filly, 106; Ada Cheatham colt, 100; Nellie Peyton filly, 105; Hannibal, 106.

Sixth race, three-quarters of a mile—Kingstock, 122; Cracksman, 122; Fustie, 122; Longtime, 112; Pirate, 112; Carnot, 112; Stonington, 112; Santa Fe, 112; Not Guilty, 112; Repeater, 112; Bill Barnes, 112; Silent, 112; Vardee, 112; Fernwood, 107; Flambeau, 107; Winona, 109; Little Addie, 109; Leo H, 109; Emeti filly, 104; Mischief, 104.

Seventh race, mile and a sixteenth, selling—Wilfred, 117; Quotation, 99; Jack Rose 108; Kempland, 104; Little Jim, 104; Martin Russell, 104; Count Luna, 92; Ernest 92; Glenmound, 102; Lynn, 102; Thodosius, 102; Flood Tide, 92; Pearl Set, 90; Lysander, 112; Eric, 112; Raymond, 96.

Selections: First race, Lepanto and Westchester; second race, Riley and Lavina Belle; third race, Ballyhoo and Prince James; fourth race, Bushbolt and Pisa filly; fifth race, St. Patrick and Ella T; sixth race, Cracksman and Little Addie; seventh race, Little Jim and Quotation.

NASHVILLE'S OFFERING.

Five Races With Fair Fields on To-day's Card.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 9.—Following are the entries and weights for Monday's races:

First race, four furlongs, selling—Major Hughes, 97; Bob McCart, 101; Muckahi, 104; Silver Light, 106; Clark, 113.

Second race, six furlongs, selling—Dick Delaney, 105; Lida L, 106; Event, 107; Madolin, 108; Little Crete, 111; Bertha, 113; Pantalette, 113; Pullman, 114; Jubilee, 116.

Third race, eleven-sixteenths, non-winners this year—Vanity, 109; Alarm Bell, 109; Malacca, 109; Frank Shaw, 112; Jere Baxter, 112; Sullross, 112; Lord Tom Himyar, 117.

Fourth race, thirteen-sixteenths — Harry Weldon, 102; Red Fox, 102; Redcap, 104; Lucy P, 104; Buckler, 107; Mamie Fonso, 111; Vexator, 112; Miss Leon, 114; Jubilee, 122; Big Three, 122.

Fifth race, five furlongs, selling—Kemp Dillard, 98; Wyndom, 102; Mark S, 102; Haramboure, 102; Jack of Diamonds, 102; Miss Francis, 102; Nettie Kent, 103; Chicago, 105; Billy Parker, 106; Tom Karl, 122.

Selections: First race, Silver Light and Clark; second race, Little Crete and Jubilee; third race, Frank Shaw and Alarm Bell; fourth race, Vexator and Big Three; fifth race, Haramboure and Tom Karl.

WHIPS AND TIPS.

Gossip About Horses, Horsemen and Their Doings.

The faithful horse, regarded as an investment, is one of the most precarious animals on earth. Some time ago a New Zealand sport bought an expensive yearling, out of Florence McCarthy, and just as he began to congratulate himself on the prospective value of the animal his purchase fell over a precipice and broke its neck. Then he bought the next yearling out of the same mare, and this costly animal turned a summersault in the paddock and broke its back. After this the speculator grew tired, and concluded that the particular family of horses in question was too much given to calisthenics to be profitable, so he looked on while his particular enemy purchased the next colt which came into the market, and smiled a cynical smile as he thought of the consequences. Only the third animal did not break its neck, and last season it started in eleven races and won them all, and now every time he sees it the maddened speculator opens his mouth wide and lets his impressions explode.

A new law in Indiana pertains to the service fee of stallions, and requires registry of stock horses with the clerks of circuit courts. One of the requirements of the law is as follows: "That a copy of such license embracing such sworn statements and pedigree, with the fee the owner proposes to charge for service, shall be posted by the owner of such sire in two or more conspicuous places in the vicinity of the place where the sire is kept for service, and should any part of said sworn statement be to the knowledge of the owner of such sire false in any particular, the owner shall not be entitled to collect any fee for such service, and the falsity of such statement, or any part thereof, may be pleaded in the bar to any contract or account for services of such sire."

The Duke of Portland thinks that he owes something to his great luck on the turf, and is building some almshouses at his chief estate, Welbeck, to commemorate the victories of his racers: An inscription on the principal building reads: "These houses were erected by the sixth Duke of Portland, at the request of his wife, for the benefit of the poor, and to commemorate the successes of his race horses Ayrshire (Two Thousand Guineas and Derby), Donovan (Derby and St. Leger), Memoir (Oaks and St. Leger), Semolina and others."

Thus far this season twelve of the get of Electioneer have entered the 2:30 list. They are: Alex B, 2:29¼; Colma, 3:25¼; Conductor, 2:25¼; Coral, 2:25; Fay, 2:25; Lady Nell, 2:25; Laura C, 2:29½; May King, 2:29; Suisun, 2:18½; Susette, 2:25½; Electricity, 2:24¾, and Alma, 2:28¼. There probably will be many additions to the list before the close of the season.

The four-year-old English colt El Dorado that beat Donovan in the Prince of Wales stakes and ran third to Donovan and Miguel in last year's Derby was sold to the Hungarian government for 3,500 guineas a few weeks ago, but died in shipment to Hungary.

It is said that Senator Stanford and Charles Marvin are making a careful canvass of the yearlings at Palo Alto, with a view of selecting one capable of restoring to that famous establishment the yearling record recently wrested from it by San Mateo's Freedom, 2:29¾.

Every owner, trainer, jockey and racegoer should object to any action that may be taken by track officials except when provided by the rules of racing. By such a move the clubs may find it to their interest to adopt a new set of rules, so that outside parties may be able to act intelligently in turf matters.

W. Lakeland recently purchased from William Daly a two-year-old colt and named him Blackmailer. Those who run horses in selling races in the East will easily detect his reason for the selection of the rather peculiar name.

Green Morris, lucky in other respects, has been unfortunate in the matter of jockeys this season. He lost a number of races earlier in the season through the inefficiency of Narvice, and is now repeating the experience with Monahan.

Byron McClelland's string is wintering at the Lexington track. McClelland recently sold the two-year-old colt, Outery, by Blue Eyes, dam Etna, to Bradley Bros. for $2,500.

How to Take Care of a Watch.

Youth's Companion.

The following may be taken as fundamental maxims in the care of a watch:

1. Do not let a watch run down, but wind it regularly at a fixed time each day.
2. Set your watch by and compare it with a reliable regulator.
3. Hold the watch still when winding it.
4. Never shake a watch violently.
5. Never meddle with the works.
6. Never carry your watch near an electrical machine.
7. Do not let your watch run more than two years without cleaning.
8. Never put your watch into the hands of a poor workman.

IF YOUR WATCH STOPS.

1. See whether it has run down, and if it has, wind and set it.
2. If it has not run down, see whether the hands have caught. If they have, by using care you may free them.
3. If neither of these, take the watch to a watchmaker.

IF A WATCH IS DROPPED WATER.

1. If into fresh water, open the cases to the works and put the watch, opened, into a cup of kerosene or machine oil. No time should be lost in doing this. Then, as soon as possible, take it to a watchmaker.

Hot Water in Shaving.

New York Sun.

The efficacy of hot water in shaving is more fully appreciated by the people of that remarkably advanced country, Japan, than in the younger civilizations of the West. Japanese barbers shave nearly all the exposed surfaces of a man's head. They shave the ears, the outside and inside of the nose, the eyebrows and a portion of the scalp. The victim sits on a very low stool, while the barber perches on a higher stool and takes his customer's head between his knees. Then he seizes a very small razor, dips it into hot water, and begins his work. It is no light performance to shave a Japanese gentleman. No lather is used, but a keen edge is kept constantly on the razor by dipping it into hot water once or twice during the operation. Men who shave themselves will find that hot water will put a better edge on their razors than any strop ever invented.

An Objection.

Munsey's Weekly.

Jack—I shouldn't think that you girls would care to attend college.

Maud—Why not?

Jack—Well, you would find it rather disagreeable to be called seniors, doncherknow?

ON A FAST FREIGHT.

The Wild Trip of a Heavy Train Down a Steep Grade.

ONE EXPERIENCE ENOUGH.

It Was a Close Call for the Engineer and His Fireman, Who Tells the Story.

Detroit Free Press.

Each man settled back into his seat, and the boys began their yarn-spinning. Railroading was the subject, and each had something to say of terrible wrecks or hair-breadth escapes.

"I railroaded some myself," said a stranger sitting over by the door, and who so far had taken no apparent interest in the stories told by the boys. "I quit several years ago, after some years of hard work, for I was firing, and you all know that's no child's play. I ain't ashamed to say that our trip took all the ambition out of me. I was on the Santa Fe road, running between Las Vegas and Wallace, and part of our run was over the Glorietta mountain, the pass by which the road crosses the Rocky mountains.

"From the top of the pass to Lamy Junction was forty-five miles, and the grade 185 feet to the mile. The road is carried through canons and along the mountain side, and in no place is there a quarter of a mile of straight track until you get down to Canon Siding. From there to the junction is six miles of pretty straight track, but the same heavy grade. There was no air brake on freight cars in them days, and the boys used to have to set 'em up pretty tight to keep from going down too fast. Any of you been over that part of the road?" and the speaker looked inquiringly at his audience.

"I have," said a tall, powerful-looking brakeman, "and I would not care to twist on that mountain. It beats anything I ever worked on, and I've been on some tough mountain roads."

"It was in the winter," said the stranger, resuming the story. "I was firing for George Young. Our engine was a heavy twelve-wheeler, and to her great weight alone I attribute our escape. Freight traffic was very heavy on the road at this time and nearly every train was in two sections. We would run two sections on the top of the hill, and then one engine would take both sections down the mountain.

"On the day of which I speak we left Las Vegas before daylight, pulling the first section of a heavy train, and made it all right to the head of the pass. We were the first train over the road that day, and about two inches of snow had fallen, so the track was pretty slippery. When the other train had arrived we made the two sections in one, and were ready for our trip down the mountain. The other engine helped us over the pitch of the hill, and then ran back to Las Vegas. We had hardly got over the hill when the train began running pretty fast, and George whistled for brakes, while I set the tank break as hard as I could. We could see the three brakemen doing their best to check the train, but their efforts were of no avail, for when three miles from the top of the hill we were running forty miles an hour, and could do nothing to check our headlong speed.

"Just below the Wylie bridge is a curve, and then we saw that the caboose was gone. Seeing that they could not check the train, the brakemen had crawled back to the caboose and pulled the pin, thus severing their connection with the train, knowing that they could soon stop the caboose with the powerful brake with which it was supplied. They had left us to our fate, expecting to find us somewhere at the bottom of the canon, as it did not seem possible that we could keep the track at the high speed we had now attained. Relieved of the caboose the speed of the train increased, and the swing of the engine made it hard for us to keep from being thrown out of the cab.

"Our only chance lay in staying with the engine, as jumping was out of the question. On the one hand was the canon, 500 feet deep, and on the other rose the mountain like the wall of a house, and we would roll under the train and be cut to pieces. All this time George had kept the whistle going, and this, together with the roar of the train, could be heard fifty miles off. It was a cold morning, but neither of us needed an overcoat, for the perspiration stood on our faces in large drops. 'We may pull through yet,' I shouted to George. He made no reply, but the look of despair on his face showed me he did not believe it.

"We were now running at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and it seemed to me that the engine would leave the track every moment. At Canon Siding was a gravel bank where the gravel train used to load up between trains, and in loading the flat cars stood on the main track just below the switch. What my feelings were as we neared the end of the canon and shot around the last curve into the straight track I cannot describe, for there, on the main line, stood the gravel train of seven cars and the engine nowhere in sight. We afterward learned that she had gone back to the junction for water while the cars were being loaded.

"This they had plenty of time to do, according to the time card, but we were nearly an hour ahead of time. The flats were left in charge of a young man named Webber, a new arrival from the East. As soon as he saw us coming he jumped on the cars and let off the brakes, and the cars began to move at a rate that soon unloaded what gravel they had on board. On dashed the flying freight train, past the gravel bank and the group of frightened laborers, while half a mile ahead the flats were skipping along with the speed of an express train. Webber was holding on to a brake wheel, once in a while looking back at the train that seemed to pursue him like fate.

"The six miles to Lamy Junction were covered in less than as many minutes, and we rushed like a cyclone through the yards and past the side-track where the work train had sought safety not five seconds too soon. The flats were now about 100 yards ahead. About two miles below the junction was a rise in the grade of about eighty feet to the mile. The length of the grade was about three miles, and we had strong hopes, if nothing happened, of stopping her before we got to the top. It was evident the flats could not go much further at the terrible rate they had attained, for they were jumping three feet clear of the track, and the only wonder was that the couplings held. Suddenly like a flash the head car jumped the track and the rest followed like a flock of sheep, and with an awful crash piled up into kindling, burying poor Webber under the pile. It came so suddenly that before I could realize what had happened the wreck was left behind and we were dashing up the other grade. For the first mile I could see no difference in our speed, and then the grade began to tell. Slower and slower moved the train, and half a mile from the end of the up-grade we regained control of it and had to steam to the top of the hill. As we came to a stop I looked at the clock in the cab. It indicated 7:45. We had left the head of the pass at 7:05 and had run forty-nine miles in forty minutes. George now gave his engine an examination, but with the exception of the right wrist-pin she was as cool as could be expected. Soon afterward the yard engine came out and helped us back into the yard, where the train was overhauled and the cause of the runaway found. There were only six good brakes in the entire train of fifty-two cars.

"As soon as we got into the yard a party was made up to look for poor Webber. We were soon at the scene of the wreck, where half a dozen men were already at work. It was the worst wreck I ever saw; nothing but a pile of kindling, and the brave fellow was almost at the bottom. Every one worked with a will, but it was only after two hours' hard work that the broken and crushed form of poor Webb was laid on a mattress in the little tent at the side of the road. He was still alive, but died in a very short time. Every bone in his body was broken. His mother had arrived in Las Vegas only a few days before, and was sent for. A special train brought her down in care of the superintendent, and there were few dry eyes in that crowd as kind hands assisted the broken-hearted mother from the coach and over to the little tent where lay her only boy.

"Mrs. Webber was cared for by the company, who gave her a life annuity. The boys took up a subscription and placed a handsome granite shaft over poor Webber, who was buried close to the wreck. After the inquest and funeral we went back to Las Vegas, and I took my time. A few mornings after, this is what I saw in the looking-glass."

The stranger lifted his hat. The hair on the front of his head was white as snow, while the rest was jet black.

"What became of the caboose? They slaked it down to Canon Siding and left it there and then skipped."

A FIGHTER IN A NEW ROLE.

A Former Gladiator's Change in Life.

New York Sun.

"Bargain in clothes; 'ere's your bargain in clothes," sang out in the latest puller-in at Harris Cohen's emporium in Park row. He was a dapper, well-dressed young man, whom the reporter recognized as the recent importation, Charlie Smith, the feather-weight boxer. When asked as to the reasons of the change in life he replied:

"Well, do yer blame me? Wy, blast it, yer wouldn't have me starve, would yer? I'm gettin' me three pun a week here, an' where's the bloody foighter that's makin' as much? Me wife's comin' over on the Teutonic next week, an' I've got to ha' a couple of pennies to meet her. No, I've not givin' up foightin', an' when I can get a 'gow' that police won't step in and rob me of, as they did in the Sim Collins foight, why I'll be with 'em. You've got a lot of clever boxers over here, but when yer foight you want to 'it 'ard. Now, I can 'it 'ard, 'an give me a square show 'an I'll lick any man o' my weight over here. But it's 'ard gettin' on a foight, an' until I get one I mean to work. Bargain in clothes; 'ere's your bargain in clothes," and he made for a dubious-looking immigrant.

The Little Grave.

There is a pathos in the sight of an unknown grave lying alone, especially if it be a little one. No one can resist its helpless sorrow, and even the hardest hearts will respect it. The Atlanta Constitution prints an interview with one of the keepers of the state penitentiary.

"I have just returned from inspecting the convict camps, and during my trip I met with an incident which has impressed itself deeply on my mind. I was traveling along the line of the Columbus Southern railroad in Terrell county, which is being constructed by the convicts, when my attention was attracted by a little grave.

"There is nothing but pine woods down there, and the great trees stood like sentinels about the little sleeper. A marble slab at the head of the grave bore no name and only the inscription: 'Mark the grave of your loved one.' This one small grave, left there by the roadside in the stillness of the great forest, seemed strange to me, especially as it appeared well kept, and I knew that no one lived within fifteen miles of the spot.

"When I reached the next town I made inquiries about the child's grave, and learned that years ago a white family who were making their way to Florida camped on the spot, and during the night their little baby died. They buried it there, and left only a little mount to mark the spot where a mother's heart had been broken.

"Year after year, when the men came to mend the road, the little grave was remembered, and it was cared for and banked up. At last, three years ago, a gentleman who passed by was told the story, and it was he who placed the marble stone above the dust of the little stranger."

Gov. Stanford has retired Racine as a private stallion, and the racing public has, therefore, seen the last of him.

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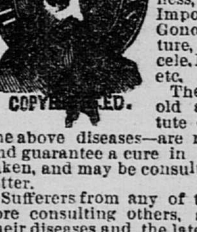

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