STANFORD'S OPINION.

The Senatorial Horse Raiser Talks of His Wonderful Animals.

Palo Alto and Sunol Have Not Yet Reached Their Limit.

Peerless Arion--The Horseman's Hope for Speed in Brood Mares.

How the Runners Lined Up in Contests on a Cold Thanksgiving.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 26.—The Evening Post this afternoon prints an interview with Senator Stanford on the subject of the recent performances of his trotting horses on the Stockton "kite-shaped" track. Stanford said: "Racing is over as far as Palo Alto horses are concerned, for all the trotters have been retired for the year. Sunol probably will be sent East in a few days. I am confident Palo Alto, thoroughly conditioned and free from lameness, can make a better record than he did when he trotted in 2:08¾. His season in the stud did not end until the middle of July, and as a consequence he was not thoroughly prepared. Sunol was also lame, and was laid up two months in the middle of the season. I don't think she was in as good condition as she might have been, and I am firmly of the opinion that when at her best she can trot a mile in 2:05 or better.

The Great Arion.

"Arion eclipsed the expectation of all. I had great hopes of him, but did not look for him to be the hero of so wonderful a performance as 2:10¾ as a two-year-old. He is an exceptionally well balanced horse and strong everywhere although I do think, barring accidents, that he will nearer approach that mark than any horse yet foaled.

"I do not pretend," said Senator Stanford, in conclusion, "to put a limit to the degree of improvement in horses, because we may constantly look for the best strains and qualities of each parent to develop in the progeny, so that the progeny will continue to be better than either parent. The greatest improvement is to come through the breeding of the brood mares. I am trying to increase the number at Palo Alto by judicious mingling of thoroughbred with high class trotters."

MARVIN GOING EAST.

He Will Train at Prospect Hill Hereafter.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 26.—Upon ascertaining definitely that Charles Marvin wanted to leave Palo Alto farm to engage in business for himself, Messrs. Miller and Sibley entered into negotiations with him, and it is today stated upon good authority that the noted trainer will in the near future be at the head of the great Prospect Hill farm, which owns more of the blood of the famed Electioner than is owned anywhere else except at Palo Alto. It is also definitely stated that Miller and Sibley have secured the Meadville kite track, one of the best training tracks in the world. The opinion is also expressed that the future development of Mr. Bonner's world-beater Sunol will be given over to the Meadville track.

SULLIVAN'S ULTIMATUM.

His Battle With Slavin Will Be the Last, Win or Lose.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 26.—Three thousand people attended Paddy Ryan's benefit at the Pacific Athletic club last night. The benefit was arranged for Ryan by John L. Sullivan and a number of San Francisco sporting men, and consisted of boxing, fencing and club swinging. The chief event was a lively three-round go between Sullivan and Ryan, which closed the exhibition. Sullivan appeared very fleshy, weighing in the neighborhood of 250 pounds. He stated from the stage that in order to quiet newspaper talk, he would announce his ultimatum as to the match getween Slavin and himself. His money was posted in New York to bind such a match, to take place the latter part of September or the first part of October, 1892. "Slavin is the first man I ever challenged," said Sullivan, "and, win or lose, it will be my last fight. Now I am sick of discussing this matter, and wish to hear no more about it." Dannie Needham and George Dawson, ex-champion of Australia, have been matched to fight in the California club in February or March next for a $4,000 purse.

THOMPSON IS BALKED.

The Duke of Gloucester Cannot Have Bennings.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.—President Thompson, of the Gloucester, N. J., race track, will not secure the Bennings track for winter racing, as was announced yesterday. Mr. Thompson had secured the consent of several members for the lease of the track for four months for $12,000, but this action had to be ratified by the executive committee of the Washington Jockey club. Last night the matter was referred to the executive committee and they promptly rejected their proposition. The committee also adopted a resolution expressing disapproval of winter racing. The Gloucester people were very much chagrined at this decision, but claim that they can secure another track as good as that at Bennings.

SOME LONG SHOTS IN.

Not All the "Good Things" in the Hunt at Guttenburg.

GUTTENBURG, N. J., Nov. 26.—To-day's races resulted as follows:

First race, seven-eighths of a mile—Noonday won, Salisbury second, Tom Hayes third. Time, 1:33¾.

Second race, three-quarters of a mile—Faux Pas colt won, Tammany Hall second, Padre third. Time, 1:18¾.

Third race, six and a half furlongs—Mobican won, Dalsyrian second, St. James third. Time, 1:24.

Fourth race, mile and a sixteenth—Saunterer won, Vortex second, Blitzen third. Time, 1:49¾.

Fifth race, five-eighths of a mile—Tringle won, Fleurette second, Abundance colt third. Time, 1:03¾.

Sixth race, mile—Bohemian won, Longstride second, Apollo third. Time, 1:48.

ENTRIES FOR TODAY.

One mile, selling—Puzzle, 109; Peralto, 107; Sir George H, Massive, 103; Catlan, 102; J B, 101; Tourist, 94.

Four and a half furlongs, selling—Kingdom, 112; Onager, Mayor B, Morgan G, 109; Knick Knack filly, Hedge Rose, 103; Lillian, 108; Mollie Davis, Tammany Hall, George D, Majestic, Marmont, 100; Lupa filly, Cavalier, Florence S, 94.

Mile, selling—The Sheriff, 108; Rover, 104; Esquimau, 102; Virgie, 100; Granite 105; Bohemian, 92.

Five-eighths of a mile—Tormentor, Busteed, 115; Cynosure, 109; Lillian, 103; Blitzen, 92; Tringle, 83.

Three-quarters of a mile, selling—Tioga, 119; Catherine B, Derango, 101; Algebra gelding, 101; Rialto, 94; Countess, 85; Flavilia, 105.

Six and a half furlongs—Gloster, 123; Onaway, 117; Florimer, 112; Somerset, 111; Silent, 108; Joe Kelley, 104; Vilie Marie, 103; Maggie Murphy, 95; Gold Wave, 92.

AT THE DUKE'S TRACK.

Leaders of Slim Fields of Utility Nags.

GLOUCESTER, N. J., Nov. 26—Leaders in today's events were:

First race, one and one sixteenth miles—Sam D won, Preston B second, Chas. Reed third. Time, 2:00.

Second race, three-fourths of a mile—Illian won, Leo Gregg second, Miss Maggie third. Time, 1:22.

Third race, one mile—Houri won, Sequel second, Rose Howard third. Time, 1:49½.

Fourth race, seven-eighths of a mile—Manlisseit won, Pliny second, Rancocas third. Time, 1:33¾.

Fifth race, five-eighths of a mile—Dead heat. Time, 1:06.

Sixth race, six furlongs and a quarter—Carmelite won, Ascot second, Lady M third. Time, 1:27.

ENTRIES FOR TO-DAY.

Mile, selling—Mirabeau, 122; Harwood, 112; Mackenzie, Franco, 107; Litchfield, Melwood, Wanderer Second, Mariwalden, Lancaster, Keynote, Gonnod, Charles Reed, Donley, 102; Hot Scotch, 99.

Four and a half furlongs, two-year-old selling—Pretender, Handicraft, 106; Blazeaway, Copeland, Jack Pot, 103; Madia, Money Maid, 99; Erect, Mart, Baby Henry Tyler, Wildfire colt, Ed Marks, 97; Valkeyr, Undercover, 94.

Seven furlongs, selling—Xenophen, 113; Burnside, Boodle, 110; Lakewood, Carnegie, 106; Jersey Pat, Bravo, Ten Booker, Festus, 102; Alarm Bee, 101; Vanntyke, El Carmon, Ban Honig, Pluto, 97; Reve d'Or, 94.

Mile and an eighth, selling—Sequel, 104; Vevay, 75; Birthday, The Forum, 92; Flemington, A. O. H., Slumber, 89; Sir Rea, 83.

Four and a half furlongs, selling—Daniel B, 116; Masher, Censor, 110; Hawkeye, Sir Lancelot, Maid of Blarney, Mucilage, Nana, 107; Lizette, 105; Harry Russell, Kentucky Ban, 104; Judge Mitchell, Coriolanus, 102; P J H, 101; Knapsack, 99.

Six and a half furlongs, selling—Repeater, 116; Climax, Sir William, 115; Fabian, Hawkstone, Torchlight, 110; Dickens, 108; Lannes, Rustic, Lost Star, 107; Logan, 105; Daleman, Kanesville, 104; Algonquin, 99; Jersey, 76.

GARFIELD PARK.

Winners of Purses on a White Thanksgiving Day.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Today's races resulted as follows:

First race, five furlongs—Ed Fina won, Swifton second, Viola Guild third. Time, 1:14¾.

Second race, mile—Conundrum won, Atticus second, Katie J third. Time, 2:03¾.

Third race, six furlongs—Sullross won, Ivanhoe second, Neva C third. Time, 1:26.

Fourth race, five furlongs—Glenold won, Critic second, Ronald third. Time, 1:01¾.

Fifth race, nine-sixteenths of a mile—Big Man won, Niantic second, Guess Not third. Time, 1:24¾.

Sixth race, six furlongs—Wheeler T won, Ruby Payne second, Pickup third. Time, 1:26¾.

ENTRIES FOR TODAY.

Non winners, five furlongs—Intruder, 96; Tudor, 97; Diamond Dick, 99; Deck, Receiver, 100; Maggie Jordan, 101; Langtry, 103; McMurtry, 105; Profligate, 116.

Mile—Plunger, Galbanum, Tom Jones, 105; Adelina, 106; Highland, 110; Bankrupt, 118.

Selling, two-year-olds, five furlongs—M A B, Queen Esther, 87; Dolly Nobles, 91; Yucatan, 93; Queen Isabella, Katurah, 95; Flying By, 97; Settee, 99; Bob Francis, 106; Invercauld, 107; Ed Eshelby, 108.

Handicap, six furlongs — Eugenie, 107; Good-Bye, 119; Wheeler T, 117; Highland, 114.

Maidens, four furlongs—Maggie Jordan, Tuxie M, 114; Sea Foam, Uncle Walter, Prince William, 107; Nannette, Bozelle, Florence E, Nellie E, 109; Dr. Davis, Rebound, Paladin, 112.

Non winners, five furlongs—Keepsake, 82; Pow Wow, 87; Ivanhoe, 95; Dan H, 99; Lord Tom Himyar, 103; Gen. Caldwell, 104; Dyer, Vattell, 109; Billow, 112.

Tips for Today.

Guttenburg—Puzzle and Peralto, Onager and Tammany Hall, Esquimaux and Bohemian, Busteed and Cynosure, Tioga and Rialto, Gloster and Onaway.

Gloucester—Franco and Mackenzie, Blazeaway and Copeland, Bravo and Jersey Pat, Sequel and The Forum, Censor and Mucilage, Climax and Sir Lancelot.

Garfield—Receiver and Maggie Jordan, Bankrupt and Adelina, Kutnah and Dolly Nobles, Wheeler T and Eugenia, Florence E and Tuxie M, Vattell and Dyer.

NOW THE STONE.

Winter Curling in St. Paul Formally Opened.

The challenge issued last week by William Rodgers to play on Thanksgiving day any rink the St. Paul Curling club could produce was accepted by the Hinkle rink, and a large crowd of enthusiasts were present to witness the match. Skip Rodgers presented J. J. Ahern, Will Myron, James Myron and William Rodgers. The Hinkles entered D. McCutcheon, Hugh Campbell, Allan Black and J. G. Hinkle. Rodgers won the toss and the great game commenced with a beautifully laid stone by the Rodger lead, and to the finish they were never headed—score, 17 to 5. At the conclusion of the match the contestants were banqueted by George F. Hall, who provided an elegant spread, and the formal opening of the curling season ended with a grand feast of eat, drink, song and story.

Wrestling at Winona.

This evening the great battle between Charles Moth, champion Græco-Roman, and Smith McHugh, champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler, comes off in Winona. The style is catch-as-catch-can, three falls, three points down, for $500. Because of the fact that McHugh makes this style a specialty, and Moth does not, Mac has the confidence of the talent, and all the Moth money finds plenty of takers. It will be the greatest sporting event in the history of Winona, and every body there is in a state of excitement, and a large amount of money will hinge upon the outcome. Quite a number of the Twin City sports will be there with their rolls, but it is uncertain which man they will back, although McHugh seems to have the confidence of the majority.

Potatoes in Thirty-Eight Days.

A correspondent of the Farm an Fireside thus states how he secured potatoes in thirty-eight days: "In December, 1874, I bought a lot in this city 50x150 feet. The soil had been cropped until it was quite poor. Late the next spring I had twenty-five cartloads of manure put upon it, and as much more in the fall, and then had it forked in with a spading fork. The soil was loosened and intermixed with manure to the depth of twenty inches. The next spring (1875) I procured Early Rose potatoes and cut them to single eyes and put them close together in a shallow box of sand. As soon as the sprouts were two inches in height I transplanted them in the open ground. This was done in the dark of the moon. The rows were two feet apart, and three pieces were set in a triangular form nine inches apart, averaging about three feet apart in the row. The furrows were made three inches in depth. Two parts of bog soil and one part of sand were mixed and an inch in depth was put in the bottom. The potato eyes were set on this and enough of the same kind of soil was used to cover the top to the depth of one inch. I then mixed twenty pounds of salt with one bushel of fresh hickory ashes, and put a double handful on over each hill. I then put on garden soil to the depth of two inches. The planting was completed Thursday, and the tops appeared above the ground the following Monday morning. No further cultivation was required. In just thirty-eight days the potatoes were the size of a hen's egg, and we continued to use them daily. The yield was simply wonderful. So much for following, as near as I could, Wiley's essay on the cultivation of potatoes.

Pork Products.

It is stated that the shipments of pork product, including pork, bacon, hams and lard, from the United States for the year of 1890 were 1,331,000,000 pounds. The total consumption of pork product, exclusive of lard, in the United States during 1890 is estimated at 3,653,000,000 pounds, which would make an average annual consumption per capita of over 58 pounds. The domestic consumption of lard is about 540,000,000 pounds, or about 8.6 per capita.

Kill the Dogs.

The first step to take in preventing the killing of sheep by worthless dogs is to kill the dogs. If this cannot be done to an extent that will make security certain, it is a good plan to bell the sheep. The bells are cheap, and there should be a number on each flock. The noise made will sometimes frighten the dogs away, and will often attract the attention of the shepherd or owner so that they can get to them in time to prevent damage.

TOOK HER FIRST LOVE

A Canadian Maiden Jilts a Wealthy Admirer and Weds a Clerk.

Fashionable Circles at Detroit All Torn Up Over the Matter.

A Southern Gentleman Captures a Beautiful Spanish Countess.

Bride of a Day Elopes--Marriage to a Divorced Husband.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 26.—The fashionable First Presbyterian church on Woodward avenue is already prepared for a fashionable wedding that will never take place. Tomorrow at 10 a. m. was the time fixed for the great event. Fashionable society was greatly interested, and declared it very romantic that Clarence H. Gould, son of the richest wholesale grocer in the city, should espouse a girl who had only beauty, charming manners, a delightful voice and a few acres of Canadian soil to recommend her. Fashionable society would attend this wedding. Gould Senior had purchased an elegantly furnished and fine residence, 739 Cass avenue for the young couple. The prospective bride had purchased a $1,600 trousseau in Detroit, for the payment of which young Gould had given security. He is twenty-five years old, manly and of a somewhat serious turn of mind.

His expectations from the worldly standpoint are great, but his income at present is limited to the salary which he receives in his father's wholesale store. The young lady is, or was, Miss Edna Percy, of Napanee, Ont., a small place about 100 miles from Toronto. Her parents died a year ago, leaving her an undivided one-third interest in a small farm, on which she realized no cash. Her friends supplied her with money, and she came to Detroit to study in Mahan's school of music. In Napanee there lived a druggist's clerk named Edward Fullerton, whom Miss Percy loved and had promised to marry. It is not known whether this engagement was broken by her or not, but it was a secret from her sister and brother in Napanee. In Detroit her voice, beauty and manners made an impression at once. A prettier blonde never came to Detroit and saw and conquered. Quite an exclusive set, to which Clarence Gould belongs, took her up, and the country girl was equal to every occasion. Her success may be partly accounted for by the fact that for a time the way she spent money led to the impression that she was an heiress. She boarded at 195 Parl street, and lived in find style.

Life in Detroit made her ambitious and she accepted Clarence H. Gould's proposal of marriage, as she explained in Napanee, "For his money." Her heart remained with the dispenser of drugs at $8 per week in her native village. As the betrothed of Gould life was not a halcyon dream, for the lover once was bold enough to reprove her for her extravagant use of money. There was a quarrel. It was patched up, however. No one was more enthusiastic over the proposed match than Gould Sr., who even yet thinks tenderly of her. The cards were issued and nearly all the preparations made for the wedding, the lady took part of her trousseau and went to her sister, Mrs. Dr. Cowie, of Napanee. That was a week ago.

She and a half dozen friends and relatives were expected to arrive in Detroit last evening. Mr. Gould had engaged rooms for them at the Hotel Cadillac. Indeed, Miss Percy's friends had purchased railroad tickets to Detroit, and had no warning of the fickel young lady's intentions to elope. The party n t arriving, Mr. Gould telegraphed to Napanee. Dr. Cowie replied: "Edna gone away; don't know where." Young Gould, of a deep and sensitive nature, has taken the blow very much to heart. Until he was acquainted with the whole truth he sustained his spirits a little by keeping the telegraph wires hot. This morning, however, he was completely crushed by the news that Edna had run away to Toronto with Edward Fullerton and was already his wife. It is suspected that she had been under promise all the time to marry him, and had not the heart to break the engagement. She returned to Napanee this afternoon as Mrs. Fullerton, and although her friends are much chagrined they admire the girl that will for love's sake marry a poor drug clerk when she might have become the wife of a prospectively wealthy man.

CAPTURED A COUNTESS.

One of the Spanish Variety Marries in Georgia.

ATLANTA, GA., November 26.—A secret marriage performed yesterday has come to light. Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock a carriage drove up to St. Philip's Episcopal church, containing four occupants, two ladies and two gentlemen. A side door was quickly opened, the four persons passed in and the door was closed. The great church was empty, save the presence of a white robed figure with prayer book in hand, who evidently knew of the coming of the visitors and awaited them. He was the rector of St. Phillip's church. One of the ladies and one of the gentlemen took a seat in the front pew. The other couple advanced to the altar railing. The lady was neatly attired and her face was of a rare type of beauty. She was not young, yet time had left no traces to mar the lovely face. The gentleman was probably forty years of age. The groom was Hon. Frederick Townsend, an Englishman. The bride, the Countess Zadie de Barnwell Arostigni. Countess de Barnwell Arostigni arrived in Atlanta a few weeks ago and engaged rooms at the Kimball house. The Hon. Frederick Townsend had met the countess before she came to Atlanta, and his love for her prompted him to follow her to this city. He renewed his suit, and she consented to marry, provided the wedding could be arranged without publicity. The countess, while stopping at the Kimball, had become acquainted with a prominent society lady, and she with a friend of Mr. Townsend accompanied the couple to the church and were the only witnesses to the ceremony.

When Mr. Tupper, the rector of St. Philip's, pronounced the countess and the Englishman husband and wife the groom drew $20 from his pocket and gave it to the minister, remarking, "We will take a short bridal tour, and when we return to Atlanta we will attend your church." On Sunday last Mr. Townsend, who is an Episcopalian, attened St. Philip's church, and it was then that he made the arrangements for his marriage with the countess. There is a story connected with the countess' first marriage. Although there came title and wealth, her life with the Count de Barnwell Arostigni was not happy. It was a brilliant wedding, that which occurred in New Orleans some years ago, and united this woman, Countess in her own right, to the Count Barnwell Arostigni. The count was a Spaniard of wealth and distinction, and a man of many personal attractions. The bride was also Spanish, with a bearing at once impressive and elegant. The denouement was quite sensational. From what has been learned it is supposed that M. le Comte, having fallen in love with another woman, caused Mme. le Comte to be incarcerated in an insane asylum, where she was kept for years. After a divorce had been obtained madame was released, since when she has traveled from place to place, mostly incognito. The count died a few years ago. The Countess de Barnwell Arostigni is extremely wealthy. She is said to have a collection of jewels such as is rarely seen in this country, pear-shaped pearls and precious stones of the rarest and most expensive character.

BRIDE OF A DAY.

But That Fact Didn't Deter Her From Eloping.

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 26.—The little town of Odon, several miles west of this city, has been treated to a real live sensation, owing to the unaccountable actions of a couple of her young people. Bert Lowry decamped last night with Mrs. Annie Ingalls, a bride of but twenty-four hours. On Sunday afternoon a party of people of Odon, among whom were Misses Annie Harman and Ella Borders, drove to Washington, where the two young ladies were married to Adam Ingalls, a railway employe, and Mr. Arthur, both of Washington. The wedding was a very pleasant affair, and was attended by many friends on either side. After the ceremony and usual congratulations the party returned to Odon, where matters moved along smoothly until last night. Mrs. Arthur's parents tendered a reception to a large concourse of relatives and friends on behalf of the newly married couple. A few minutes before the guests were ushered into the dining room Bert Lowry, a highly respected young man of Odon, and a former sweetheart of Annie's, was noticed to have a hurried conversation with her. When the enjoyment of the feast was at its highest, Mrs. Ingalls suddenly arose, excusing herself, and saying she would return in a minute, telling her husband that she had turned a little sick, but that he need not attend her. The moments flew rapidly by, when it dawned upon the groom that he had better look after his wife's welfare. He left the room and went in search of her. Returning he secured the services of others in the search, but to no purpose. Finally, all present began running wildly about inquiring and searching for her, many supposing she had become dazed and wandered away in the dark. It finally became known to the groom and relatives that Lowry had procured the services of a rig at Herbert's livery stable, and had it in readiness at the door. When Mrs. Ingalls left the dining room she hastily secured her wraps and jumped into the vehicle, when they were driven away in the darkness. Mrs. Ingalls had with her all her husband's ready money, and many citizens are out various sums because of the amounts loaned by them to Lowry. Ingalls, assisted by the woman's brother-in-law, William Necreimer, and many volunteers, continued the chase, said to be urged by the bride's father to bring them back dead or alive, but to no purpose up to 4 o'clock this afternaon. All concerned stand high in the community, and the actions of Mrs. Ingalls are utterly unaccountable.

Her Divorced Husband.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 26.—One month ago Mrs. Tom Courtney, of Waynetown, obtained a divorce from her husband, an immensely wealthy farmer, who has lived his allotted time and more. She charged cruelty and brutality, and received alimony. Today they were remarried with great eclat, the old gentlemen having begun a new courtship the evening the divorce was granted. Before the marriage he signed iron-clad articles regarding his future talk and conduct, and deeded to his blushing bride eighty acres of choice land.

MOTHERS APPRECIATE IT.

Prattle of the Little Ones While Mother Is Tucking Them Up.

Chicago Tribune.

"That's only blood off'n my second littlest toe."

"And that?"

"Zus where I slud off'n the barn."

"And this?"

"Dirt."

He is four years old. His mother was getting him ready for bed. He had blue and black and brown bruises all over him. She bathed him and put on his nightgown. He said his prayers. Then he clambered into the chair opposite her. Als expression was one of angelic pensiveness.

"Mamma."

"Yes."

"Will you give me a pencil and paper?"

"What do you want them for?"

This was the leading question. He evaded it.

"How," he asked, "do you spell Omaha?" She told him.

"How do you spell policeman?" She told him that, too.

"How do you spell Ora Green and Elihu Green?" He was answered.

"Can you spell Tommy Benjamin?" She could, and did.

He was silent. He propped his pink chin in his pink palm and thought the matter over. Finally he drew a long breath and straightened.

"I fought if I had a piece of paper an' a pencil and I knowed how to spell every word I would write to Omaha for a policeman to come and 'rest Ora Green and Elihu Green an' Tommy Benjamin or frowin' stones at me an' sayin':

"Gee whizz! Stiggery bat,
Criss-cross, caraway rat!'"

The patient mother insisted on an adjournment. When he was in bed, and his small sister in her cot on the other side of the room, he said:

"Mamma, are we all made out of dirt?"

"Adam was," she hedged.

"Oh," cried the wee girl, excitedly, "Jay says God made 'ittle dirls out of dirts, an' den He 'pit on dem! D d He," in righteous wrath, "'pit on dem, mamma?"

Evidently the latter possible fact was more galling than that of construction from clay.

"No one knows exactly how God makes anything."

"Can He see in here?" queried Jim.

"Yes."

"If 'twas an iron house, could He?"

"Yes."

"If 'twas an iron house without any windows, could He?"

"Yes. Now go to sleep."

Piped the little maid: "Does God make cows?"

"Yes. Now hush!"

"How does He make cows, mamma?"

This the mother was deliberating when Jim spoke.

"Cows!" scornfully. "Cows! God don't make cows. God makes calves and they grow into cows! Don't they, mamma?"

"Yes. Do shut your eyes, both of you, and go to sleep."

Fifteen minutes passed. Surely she was safe. Surely she might steal down stairs. She rose noiselessly and sneaked to the door.

"Mamma," murmured a drowsy voice.

"Well?"

"How—does—He make—the calves?"

Australian Sale of Rams.

Annual sales of Merino rams are held in Australia, and the result of that event of recent date shows a lower range of prices than in any year since 1882, except those of 1886 and 1889, when they were still a trifle lower. An exchange gives these particulars:

The prices realized last year for 3,034 head averaged $83.25 per head, while this year the number sold increased to 4,356, and the prices fell to $39.25 per head. However, a few special animals brought extra fine prices. For instances, one ram was sold for about $2,500, and the top price of sale was about $3,550, which are the highest figures recorded in recent years at that point. During the nine years ending with 1891, 22,606 sheep have been sold in these states, making an average for the entire number of $37.75 per head. All things considered, the sheep sales at Sidney must be regarded as a great success, and nothing like it, number and circumstances considered, has ever been known elsewhere in the world."

HEART OF ALGERIA.

Story of Hammam Meskoutine, or the "Baths of the Cursed."

Forests of Olives and Thickets of Scrub Gladden the Eye.

A Superb Hot-Water Fall Which Gives Forth Abundance of Steam.

History of the Springs and Stories Told in Connection With Them.

Hamman Meskoutine, or the "Baths of the Cursed," is a lovely little resort in the heart of Algiers, within easy reach of Algiers, Bone or Constantine, says Chambers' Journal. It is rather too far from Algiers to be got at in a single day. But, by traveling all day to Constantine and sleeping there, one may then take the 5 o'clock train in the morning, which reaches Meskoutine at 9:30.

Forests of olives and thickets of scrub gladden the eyes and tell of the game which is here plentiful enough to make Meskoutine worth visiting for the gun's sake alone.

And so, having passed through two or three defiles, we finally drew up in a more open country, with hills in the distance on all sides, and with green meadows and dark woods far and near over the plateau.

It is preciously hot; but then no wonder, for the very streams in the gullies are of warm water; and if you are near one or other of the many springs which here burst from the ground, they may be warm enough to scald you.

The writer, when he left the train at Meskoutine on a fine May morning, did so in company with two or three rich Arabs in gay apparel and a family of Jews and Jewesses with enough gold about their persons to keep them for years. These were some of the clients of the baths of the cursed.

By and by we saw one of the ladies in one of the baths, draped in a sheet, and there was a look of pain in her eyes. Here at the station, however, though it is a fashionable resort for Europeans, as well as Africans, was none of the tumult of welcome with which porters and domestics assail the visitors at other "bath" cities.

Two or three tawny individuals lounged against the palings of the little flower garden of the station, but offered no aid to any one. Jews, Arabs and Europeans were left to look after themselves as best they could.

It is a walk of but three or four minutes to the bath establishment and some of the various wonders of Meskoutine. Wonders? you ask. Why, yes; there's no doubt the word is applicable here.

For, ere you have walked a quarter of a mile, you come face to face with a superb waterfall, hot-water fall, which makes you hold your breath from admiration and the plenitude of its steam. Yet it is not all of water. For the most part it is rigid, like a thing of ice. It is, in fact, mainly a petrification.

The calcareous deposit in the hot springs above has incrusted the rocks so that they have the corrugated appearance and something of the color of barley sugar. Here and there, over and between the still masses, there is an ooze or trickle of warm water, adding to the work already done.

Grass and flowers grow well by the sides of this nutritious waterfall; though the whitened soil in the neighborhood does not seem adapted for vegetation of any kind.

You climb to the level of the top of the cascade, and then see, close by, a number of odd-looking cones and columns standing up from the blanched surface of the ground. The soil is hot to the hand, and you tread with an echo.

The springs either were or still are under foot, making for the vents by the cascade. There they bubble up merrily with a temperature of more than 200 degrees Fahrenheit.

A litter of eggshells and fowls' feathers by the edge of them tells of the purpose they serve to the residents of Meskoutine. What is the use of lighting domestic fires when nature offers her kitchen for human service night or day all the year round?

And so here the dinner is cooked and clothes are washed in one or the other of the little basins by which the springs eddy up to the daylight. Though the Arabs give the baths so impolite a name, and tell various weird tales about them, they love them well.

You see two or three of them, wrapped in their burnouses, lying all white save their faces, near the foot of the cascade, fast asleep in the shade.

But the cones? Well, to borrow the figurative explanation of a French authority, they look like a procession of gigantic phantoms suddenly petrified. Some are six or seven feet in height, and some are fourteen or fifteen feet.

They mark the site of ancient springs now subsided. At one time each of these cones was but the mere rim or lip of a basin in which the hot water bubbled as we see it at the top of the cascade.

Thus the water continued to boil upward in jets, like the geysers, for centuries, gradually—by the deposit of lime which fell from it—raising the height of its lip. Anon the subterranean force which impelled it vertically weakened.

The cone had attained its full stature. The springs one by one found other exits, and the cones themselves closed their orifices. Such is the matter-of-fact history of these eccentric rock masses.

The Arabs, however, have their own theory about the things. King Solomon, they say, here created baths for all the world, and put them in charge of a number of genii who were deaf, dumb and blind.

The cones are these genii. And the worthy guardians, who still think that King Solomon is alive, continue to keep the baths warm, as they did at first, for the use of the king's subjects.

It is supposed to be a matter of great difficulty to announce to these afflicted genii the fact that their master is dead. The fact is, therefore, that they will continue to warm the baths until the end of time.

There is also another tale which is less pleasant. A certain rich Arab had two children, a boy and a girl, both of remarkable beauty. These children loved each other with exceeding affection.

When they grew up their love remained unchanged—indeed, increased until it became uncontrollable—and so they resolved to marry each other. The cadi of the tribe, after protest, agreed to sanction the marriage—they were so rich and so lovely a couple that it seemed to him and his neighbors that even heaven itself would forgive such a crime in their case.

The marriage day arrived. The concourse of visitors was immense. It was a calm, bright morning, and all the auguries were hopeful.

The preliminaries of the marriage were soon settled, and then feasting and dancing began. The married couple were about to withdraw to their tent, when suddenly a fearful tempest broke upon them; there was an earthquake, flames shot up in their midst, and boiling water rose into the air.

When at length this diabolical storm and outbreak abated nothing was left of the bride and bridegroom, the cadi and the guests, except these scores of cones. Like Lot's wife, they had all been transformed into stationary pillars from that time forward.

The Arab imagination goes farther. It interprets the echo of your footfalls upon the hollow ground as an echo of the music of the marriage festival. The steam of the springs is that from the caldrons preparing the feast, and the white stones in the bubbling basis are the grains of the "kouskous" itself.

If you go among the cones at night the scene revives—you see all the details of that awful marriage. But at the coming of dawn the men and women all turn again into cones.

There is no luxury in the Bath hotel of Meskoutine. That is against the principles of the place, which claim to be health-restoring—not through the medium of the kitchen, but by its air and its waters.

You are informed that the "cuisine" is of the "bourgeois" type, and so it is. But the wine is good, and one may be sure of fruit here as early as in most places of the same latitude.

The hotel is a spacious building, occupying three sides of a square, the quadrangle in the midst being laid out in pleasant gardens and planted with orange trees, which in spring are massed with the sweetest bloom in the world.

There is, further, a fountain in the center of the quadrangle and an aviary, in which canaries and parrots, as well as divers of our English summer birds, live together on fair terms of equality.

As the building is of but a single story, bedrooms, as well as the living rooms, open immediately upon the garden plot. It is a primitive place in which one is content for a time to dispense even with some of the conveniences.

Breakfast and dinner are of course the two chief events of the day for the person who is not out among the woods and mountains with his gun. At the dinner table, however, the company may be very good.

Meskoutine has long been used by the military authorities as a station for invalids and convalescents. One may, therefore, find one's self among agreeable and distinguished officers who are here to recruit.

But the idle line suits them for long as little as it suits a healthy Englishman, and one may be sure that they, too, will devote their hours to the chase just as soon as the doctor will let them.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, it was possible to shoot a lion in the neighborhood of Meskoutine. Those halcyon days—if such they were for the Arab agriculturist—have passed away.

A man must go many a mile over the hills to the south ere there is word of such royal game. The skins hanging about the walls of the hotel are of less dignified kind—raccoons, panthers and others.

GRACE WITHDRAWS.

Grant Monument Association Loses Its Leading Spirit.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The friction which has existed in the Grant Monument association for some time culminated in the sudden resignation of ex-Mayor Grace as president and his withdrawal from all connection with the association. This step was taken by Grace on Nov. 14, and it has been a well-kept secret up to this time. The immediate reason for ex-Mayor Grace's resignation is the action of the executive committee, of which Gen. Collis is chairman and Mr. Grace ex-officio the head as president.

In the latter part of October business took Mr. Grace to Washington. He was aware that an important meeting of the executive committee would be held during his absence, and on inquiry he learned, to his surprise, that it was proposed to elect by his committee certain new members of the association. He protested against it by letter, but during his absence the committee, in spite of his protests, acted as it proposed to do. The affair has caused a great deal of surprise, as Mr. Grace is the man whose official action when mayor created what has become the Grant Monument association, and who has been ever since very prominently identified with it.

Large and Small Farms.

The relative profit of large and small farms is an open subject, and will continue to have the usual division of opinion, because the area in acres has not so much to do with success as the capacity of the individual farmer to manage, and for a man to properly gauge his ability to successfully handle lands will result like most estimates of self-judging. There may be instances of great success on both large and small farms in the same neighborhood, and likewise instances of failure on both large and small farms, leaving it clearly apparent that some persons are capable of handling to advantage larger possessions than others.

The popular idea seems to be that a small farm, well tilled, is more productive in proportion to the capital invested than the large farm, and this certainly has some strong grounds for the position taken. There are many theories pertaining to agriculture that look as though they would be practical, but when placed in actual test disappoint our expectations. Study your ability to manage and add to your landed possessions as you increase in knowledge.

Improvement in Stock.

In no place is the improvement in live stock that has taken place in the last twenty years shown more clearly than by comparing the old-time Texas steer with the present range cattle, and we are glad to say that progress in this line is now making more rapidly than at any time heretofore. We are but just beginning upon an era of improved practices in every branch of agriculture — in breeding and feeding stock and in growing crops. No sensible man doubts today that there is as much room for development here as there has been in science and applied mechanics. The progressive young farmer must be a student and keep abreast of new knowledge regarding his work. Clinging to old practices will prove continually more unprofitable.

Kansas Eight-Hour Law.

ATCHISON, Kan., Nov. 26.—Robert Tompkins, president of the Kansas Federation of Labor, attended a meeting of the federation in Topeka yesterday. It was decided to make an effort to enforce the eight-hour law enacted by the legislature last winter. It is alleged that the law is violated in the office of the state printer and other places. Money necessary to make the fight has been raised.

Do not breed sheep at random. Have some object in view and strive to attain that point. See that you make the selections that will secure what you want with the most certainty.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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SPECIAL SALE OF
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FRIDAY MORNING ONLY!
FROM 8 A. M. TO 12 M.
300 YARDS of regular $1, $1.25 and up to $2.00 — Fancy Velvets, 48 Cts. Yd.
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Not a yard at these prices after 12 o'clock today.
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FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.
200 very artistically TRIMMED HATS. Early season prices, $6 and $7. Special price to-day, $2.49 Each
100 Fine TRIMMED FRENCH FELT HATS. Every one stylish. Regular price, $1.50 and $2. Special price today, 79c Each
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VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA.
PLEASE READ THIS.
90 Cents a pound for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("Best and Goes Farthest") seems to be high. Let us compare it with the price of Coffee:
1 lb of good coffee costs at least 30c, makes 31 half-pint cups
3 " " " " therefore 90c, " 93 " " "
1 " " V. H. Cocoa " also 90c, " 150 " " "
Which is the Cheaper Drink?
90c— 93 Cups of Coffee. 150 " " V. H. Cocoa!
RETAIL PRICE. 90 cents per pound. 50 " " ½ " 25 " " ¼ " 15 " " ⅛ "
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