TEN BROECK HIS PET

FRANK B. HARPER, ONE OF THE MOST NOTED OF OLD-TIME TURFMEN.

MONUMENTS TO HIS HORSES.

LAST OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS COMPANY OF WOODFORD COUNTY SPORTSMEN.

DID MUCH FOR THOROUGHBREDS.

Now in His Seventy-Fourth Year—Temperament of Ten Broeck and Longfellow.

VERSAILLES, Ky., Jan. 28.—The history of the turf and the history of Woodford county, Kentucky, are indissolubly bound up together. If the roster of pioneer turfmen had not held the names of Buford, Blackburn, Harper, Alexander, Swigert, Kinkead and Ford, and, if they had not played their parts on the breeding farm and at the race track, the annalists of the American turf would have a different story to tell.

These men raced horses in the days when they were run for glory and when the bookmaker had not been invented. Of this school of turfmen, Frank B. Harper, now in his seventy-fourth year, is the last survivor in Woodford county and one of the most illustrious of them all. He is a nephew of John Harper, who died in 1873 and who laid the foundation of the great thoroughbred nursery at Nantura farm many years ago. After owning and racing a number of horses, John Harper's career was crowned, near the close of his life, by the successes of Longfellow, who was foaled in 1867. He bred Ten Broeck, but did not live to see any of his performances.

Frank B. Harper was associated with his Uncle John from childhood, and it was under Frank's regime that Longfellow won many of his greatest races and made his wonderful name in the stud, and that Ten Broeck made the world ring with his exploits on the track.

The Harpers have been in Woodford county for over 100 years. The records of the Woodford county court house show that in March, 1795, Jacob Harper Sr., the grandfather of the present owner of the place, purchased from one Andrew Lewis "760 acres of land for the sum of nine hundred and twelve pounds, lawful money." Nantura farm took its name from the great race and brood mare of that name, the dam of Longfellow. The estate now includes within its northern boundary the old "Ned Blackburn" farm, where ex-Senator J. C. S. Blackburn first saw the light, some threescore years ago. It is a magnificent tract of 1,200 acres, studded with grand old trees of black walnut, ash, hard maple, burr oak, hickory, elm and now and then a honey locust and hackberry.

Mr. Harper is a heavily built, white-bearded old gentleman of the utmost simplicity of manners and life. He knows few greater pleasures than to sit on the front porch of the little one-and-a-half-story cottage—part log and part brick, of five or six rooms—which constitutes his home, and to talk of his noble animals, which he has loved with an affection rarely given by man to man, and almost unheard of between man and beast.

Mr. Harper is a bachelor. The quiet, simple, lonely life he leads, and has always led, is remarkable in a man of such large means, amply able to gratify every wish his heart could conceive. A very fair index of his character was his famous and oft-repeated injunction to his jockeys to run his horses from "eend to eend." It well illustrates his open and straightforward nature.

With the death of Ten Broeck and Longfellow, his most dearly loved equine companions, Mr. Harper lost interest in the turf, and, indeed, a good deal of his interest in life. Those were glorious days for the old man when Longfellow and Ten Broeck were both on exhibition at "Nantura," and had visitors from all over this continent and Europe.

Imp. Rossington and Patton are the present stallions, but while they are constantly earning money for their master, they have not in the least assuaged his grief for the dead heroes, Ten Broeck and Longfellow. Imp. Rossington (who is a half brother of the great Ormonde, that sold for $150,000) was purchased by Harper at auction in Lexington in 1887 at six years old.

"I paid $12,000 for him," said Mr. Harper, "and now he doesn't owe me a cent. I believe that I have been in his debt for several years."

Rossington had eleven successful two-year-olds, and, all told, about sixteen winners out last season, one of the best of which is the two-year-old Traversa, out of Betsy Brooks, by Ten Broeck, he having recently won several good races at San Francisco. Patton, twelve years old, by Ten Broeck, has been in the stud only four years and has produced some good two and three year olds.

When Ten Broeck and Longfellow died, Mr. Harper gave them each a resting place befitting their great achievements on the turf on a beautiful hillside in the paddock where they were wont to gambol. Their graves are marked by marble shafts, handsomer by far than most of those to be seen in the cemeteries of man. On Longfellow's monument is carved:

LONGFELLOW.
The King of the Turf.
Brown horse, foaled May 10, 1867.
Died Nov. 5, 1893.
17 Starts: 14 Times First.
King of Racers and King of Stallions.

Ten Broeck is commemorated as follows:

TEN BROECK.
Bay horse, foaled on Nantura
Stock Farm, Woodford Co., Ky., June, 29, 1872.
Died June, 28, 1887.

PERFORMANCES.

1 Mile	....1:39¾	2⅝ Miles ..	......4:58½
1⅝ Miles ..	......2:49¼	3 Miles ..	......5:26½
2 Miles ..	......3:27½	4 Miles ..	.. ..7:15¾

Mr. Harper was the first man in America and is the only man in Kentucky to erect a monument over the resting place of a horse. Said Mr. Harper:

"A story recently published about the graves of America's great horses stated that the late Robert Alexander erected a monument over the grave of Lexington, and was the first man to thus honor a dead turf hero. This is a mistake. Mr. Alexander never put a monument over Lexington's grave. Keene, of New York, and myself are the only men who have done such a thing, and I was the first."

It is very easy to see that of his horses Ten Broeck was Harper's favorite, although Longfellow, besides being a great race horse, was infinitely more successful in the stud, and his progeny has shed lustre upon "Nantura" to a greater extent than that of Ten Broeck. This favoritism is accounted for by the fact that Longfellow was already fully developed and had made his reputation during the lifetime of John Harper, while Frank Harper had "the raising" of Ten Broeck, who was given to him as a suckling colt by his uncle.

"Uncle John didn't think much of Ten Broeck," said Mr. Harper. "He was an undersized colt, very awkward and mischievous. He had a way of humping down his back and crawling under the bar into the calves' shed, where he would make way with all their feed. Uncle John came down to the stable one day for the purpose of making a gelding of him. I begged him to let the colt alone.

"'Why should I?' he asked.

"'Because, Uncle John,' I replied, 'I have been watching that colt in the pasture, and he's bound to make a race horse. When the colts run across the pasture he pushes a little ahead of the others every time.'

"'Well, you may have him, Frank, to do as you please,' was his reply. 'Maybe he will make you a little hack horse.' He gave me at the same time a horse named Turner, by Endorser. I sold Turner and held on to Ten Broeck.

"Ten Broeck's first start was as a 2-year-old at Louisville in 1874, and he was beaten by McGrath's Aristides. He didn't start any more until he was 3 years old, when he won his race at Lexington, and then he kept on winning. It kept the horsemen pretty busy in those days, hunting purses that Ten Broeck wasn't going to run in. They didn't hanker much after his compnay.

"I guess his greatest race was the match contest, for $5,000 a side, between him and the California mare Mollie McCarthy, at Louisville, in 1878, though it was a bad race. When they came to see me to arrange for the meeting they told me the Californians were going to bring a world of money here to put on the race. I sent them word to keep their money at home, that when the horses had gone two miles there wouldn't be any race. The betting went on for weeks beforehand. They said there were 30,000 people at the track the day of the race. The horses ran neck and neck to the first quarter. Mollie gaining and finally leading in the homestretch. She kept up her pace around to the half-mile post again, and presently the crowd saw Ten Broeck take the lead. On he flew, the mare making a desperate effort to regain her ground, but without avail. Mollie quit at the two-mile post and galloped the rest of the way. The excitement was terrific and men rushed on the track and nearly smothered Ten Broeck with caresses. I was caught up in the arms of the crowd and carried up and down the track, completely overpowered. I was naturally very happy over the result.

"Ten Broeck could run longer and keep his wind than any other horse that ever lived in the world. And I never say him race when he was fit to run but once in my life, and that was when he beat a horse named Ad, owned by J. B. Krouse, of Ohio, in a three-mile race, at Louisville. Krouse took Ad East and won everything until he tackled Ten Broeck. When they had run two miles some fellow hollered: 'Ad has him going,' but a moment later they saw Ten Broeck walk away from him, and he reached the stand fully an eighth of a mile ahead.

"No horse ever had a kinder, better disposition, or approached as near to perfection as old Ten Broeck—he was that way all his life. Longfellow, too, was a good-tempered fellow. In a race you could ride either of them up to the string, and they would stand there perfectly quiet and obedient while all the other horses were frisking and cutting up. But the moment the drum tapped they were off."

Mr. Harper contends that horses are not a bit faster today than they were twenty years ago, but that the difference is all in the tracks. He does not believe that any of the records of Ten Broeck could be surpassed by the horses of today if they ran on the same kind of tracks.

Six years ago Mr. Harper retired from the turf. It is a singular fact that he never bet on one of his horses in his life. He has never had anything to do with trotters, and rather looked on them with contempt.

FROM BABY IN THE HIGH CHAIR

To grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at ¼ the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

GUILELESS YOUTH.

Daughter (innocently)—Oh, mamma, George kissed me last night.
Mother—You ought to be used to it by this time, my child. Didn't I hear him kiss you four nights ago?
Daughter (impulsively)—Oh! mamma, of course you didn't. That was Charlie.

SKATING ON THE "CUT-OFF."

An Old Timer Relates an Experience on the Canal at Ottawa.

"Going skating, eh?" asked Elkins, as the young folks bundled up for the sport. "It takes me back to the time when I went skating with the boys and girls. Let me see, that was in '64, and I haven't had a pair of skates on since."

Mr. Elkins was one of a group of old-timers gathered in front of a modern open fire.

"Ever been to Ottawa?" he asked in a reminiscent mood. "Ottawa, Ill., I mean. When I lived there it was the seat of the state supreme court. The Illinois river and the Fox river meet just below the town. Then there's the canal right along the Illinois, with a great aqueduct over the Fox and the cut-off that ran through the country and all round the city. There was no traffic on the canal in winter, and so they used to flood the cut-off and let it freeze, and everybody that could wear skates went there to use them. The girls all skated and took their beaux for partners, and then maybe they changed off. Ah, those old times!" and Mr. Elkins fell into a reminiscent fit until roused by a question.

"They didn't have as good skates in these days as our young folks have now, did they?"

"Maybe not, but they had a heap more fun. Skates didn't cut any ice then, as you fellows say now. They were big and clumsy, but the runners were as sharp as a knife, and we could cut pigeon wings or figure eights or do anything you young folks can. The toe of the skate turned up, after the Dutch pattern, and we were proud of it. They were fastened on with leather straps and weighed a lot.

"But I must tell you about that cut-off. Sometimes they would draw all the water off. It would go with a rush, and the cut-off would be emptied in ten minutes. One day—it must have been when I was home from army on a furlough—two of my girl friends wanted to go skating with me. I took them down to the cut-off. There wasn't anybody skating at the time. We thought that rather queer, but never dreamed the water had been drawn off, so we started as gay as you please.

"We hadn't gone far when I heard a report like a pistol shot, and my head hit the ice with a crack that made me see stars. The ice had cracked the whole length of the cut-off. Beneath where the water had been there was four feet of mud. Into this I plunged head first, and would have been smothered if those girls hadn't given the alarm and helped to get me out. I was laid on my back for two weeks from the effect of the crack on my head, and I never put on my skates again."

Rhodes Fond of Animals.

Cecil Rhodes is passionately interested in wild animals, and in his beautiful Cape Town home he has afforded himself the expensive luxury of a regular zoo, which consists of an immense park peopled by almost every known carnivorous animal to be found in South Africa. In truth, this curious patch of forest may be called the animals' paradise, for all its inmates are at complete liberty, except for the wire fence surrounding it. As for the African lions and leopards, they are, of course, kept on another portion of the estate. Cecil Rhodes has spent on this hobby alone considerably over $500,000.

OLD "DICK" WATTS

LAST OF THE "SPORTS" WHO MADE THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE FAMOUS.

POPULAR ALL HIS LIFE.

KINDLY OF HEART—WON EASILY AND LOST WITHOUT MUCH REGRET.

FIGHT FOR AN OPEN GAME.

When the Gambling Place He Operated Closed He Worked as a Clerk.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 28.—With the death of "Dick" Watts there passed away the last, the best known and the most popular of all the old-time gamblers who once made Louisville so widely known as a "sporting" town. The others died years ago, some with their boots on and some in their beds. Anderson Waddell, who was Dick's greatest rival as an owner of gambling games and racing books and who was one of the very few who could hold on to money, died of heart disease two or three years ago; Eli Marks, a prince in his way, died heartbroken and poor. Bob Cathcart, the famous pool seller, finished life's course in Cincinnati; "Maje" Edward Hughes, chief of the Louisville fire department, was once a partner in the ownership of the turf exchange, the most noted pool room in the South, but the "Maje," as he is called, was always first a fireman and next a "sport," and for a long time he has had no connection with such enterprises.

Watts was a fine type of the old-fashioned gambler, prodigal in his way of living, willing to bet his last cent on any proposition, not ashamed of his calling, and yet holding himself a good citizen. He was equally noted for extravagance and generosity; for his daring as a better and skill in calculating desperate chances. He never quarreled. Anderson Waddell had the memory of the taking of three lives to make him shrewd and feared, but Dick Watts had no man's ill will and lived in such an atmosphere of popularity that he must have found it hard to believe that he could be looked upon as a lawbreaker or that he was one.

James Richard Watts was born in Louisville sixty-two years ago. He learned the printer's trade. When the war broke out he enlisted in the Federal ranks and became a first lieutenant. When he returned he worked at his trade for a while, but, as he afterward expressed it, "sticking minion at 50 cents a thousand was too slow," and, as the gambling houses were "wide open" then, he drifted into the ownership of one. He had a special fondness for keno and faro, and in manipulating these games rapidly made a fortune, though it was spent almost as soon as acquired. He was witty, genial, and a daring gamester, so he soon had the largest following of "sports" in the city. He was an accomplished faro dealer and divided honors in this line with Eli Marks and other noted players. There was no limit when he held the box, and many are the stories of the desperate plays he made when he was in his prime. He was always "on the square," and the honesty of house or his game was never questioned. He lost his money as easily as he won it, scattering it among his friends like a prince, and he never lacked players. As a consequence wealth rolled in upon him, but only to be squandered or given away. It is said that no appeal for charity passed unheeded if he had a cent in his pocket.

"If Dick Watts had saved his money," said an old friend of his, "even allowing a large sum for necessary expenses and a living as good as any man could ask, he would today be worth $800,000. There must at least be $200,000 owed to him by people to whom he loaned money and who never returned it."

Watts made it a rule, if a player at his games ever lost money to the inconvenience of his family and complaint was made, to return it without question. If a mother, a wife, or a father asked for any sum it was paid over, and the erring husband or son was never allowed to sit in that game again. He was also a liberal giver to charity.

"I have been in the room many a time," said one of his admirers, "when he was dealing faro. Often I have seen a man walk up to him and leaning over, say, 'Dick, let me have a hundred dollars.' Without looking up, he would hand out a bill or two, always the amount asked for, and when the man had gone, he would ask, 'Who was that fellow?' No one will ever know how many thousands of dollars he gave away and never got back and never expected to get back for that matter."

"I remember an instance which shows how easily Watts lost money," said a man who was acquainted with the game when it was wide open in Louisville. "He was going to New Orleans on the midnight train and wandered into a game which was going on in the Crockford. He played pretty heavily and when it was time for him to go out to catch his train he was about $4,000 loser. This did not interfere with his plans. He put on his hat and hurried out without trying to retrieve his fortune."

He was a close friend of Jim Crawford, a faro banker, who ran a game in Cincinnati, but who was well known in Louisville. Watts was sitting in Crawford's game, and a great deal of money had changed hands. Watts got tired and said he believed he would return to Louisville on the next boat.

"No use going back now, Dick," said Crawford. "Wait until tomorrow morning and I'll go down with you. Besides, you will get into another game, and you might as well stay here in mine."

In order to please his friend Watts stayed in the game and returned to Louisville "broke," a loser to the tune of $15,000.

Watts was one of the first bookmakers in the West. He opened in St. Louis some time in the seventies. His book was the only one on the track, and when it was found that he would take bets on any horse, the "sports" of the Mound City thought they could make their fortunes. When the meeting closed Watts went away with a roll of $80,000. Coming back here he founded the Turf Exchange in 1878, the first poolroom in Louisville, and the most successful. His partners were "Maje" Ed Hughes and Bob Cathcart. The income from the Turf Exchange was $60,000 to $75,000 a year, but Cathcart died, Hughes quit, and Watts sold out in order to open a magnificent gambling establishment in the heart of the city.

Always very popular in politics, he was a member of the general council, and for a while was a power. But he was too open in his way of living. Concerning this, a characteristic anecdote is told by Ald. Patterson, who served in the general council with Watts:

"I recollect when the lower board was about to expel him for running a gambling house. He made a speech in which he said if he was expelled the council would be turning out the best qualified member of the board. He said he made money enough not to be liable to the temptation of being bought, and that he had no business which conflicted with his duties. He was independent of the corporations and they could not influence him."

But the storm was rising. Public sentiment was directed against gambling houses and the newspapers were making war on them. Watts arose on the floor of the council one night and said it had been stated that the owner of the Crockford could not be ascertained. He announced that he was the owner and intended to continue to run the place. At the same time a cry was raised for "more light on the gambling places." Watts had the front of the Crockford fitted out with electric lights which made Jefferson street as light as day.

"Now I suppose they have light enough on the Crockford," he said.

It was this defiant spirit that led to the closing of his place as well as all other gambling establishments in Louisville. The Law and Order league was formed. All the places were raided nightly. It was in the middle of winter, but Watts determined to continue. He would spend nights on guard before his game when the weather was bitter cold. In this way he contracted rheumatism which made him slightly crippled. He also contemplated starting another game next door, in what was intended to be the finest gambling house in the country. With this object in view he built the house where the English Kitchen is now located, in the center of the retail district. It was to be called the Palais Royal, but there was so much talk about it that the crusade against gamblers was pushed with increased vigor and all the houses were closed.

That was the end of his prosperity. For a while he lingered around, thinking the clamor would subside and the attempts to enforce the laws would cease, but he was mistaken. When he found that gambling houses would no more be tolerated he declared he would obey the law and would make a living in some other way. This was fifteen years ago. He found the honest life a hard one. Several little business enterprises proved unprofitable and at last he was without capital. At this juncture the Republican postmaster of Louisville offered him a little clerkship, which he accepted, and for the next four years he drew a small salary for faithful work in a subordinate capacity. Then a Democrat was appointed and the ex-gambler was discharged. An election for county officers was coming on and Dick announced himself as a candidate for jailer. The Republicans were not thought to have any chance, so he got the nomination. He had just $14, but he never spent a nickel in the campaign except for car fare, and when election day was over he had $1.50 left, and had been chosen by a big majority. All of his old friends rallied around him in his canvass. When he entered a saloon the proprietor would treat the crowd for him. Nobody would permit him to spend a cent. A remarkable feature of the campaign was the organization of a club of 4,000 Democrats, all of whom were pledged to vote and work for him, and great was their rejoicing when he was triumphantly chosen. It was a tribute to kindness of heart.

Watts was not a good jailer. He was too indulgent to prisoners and guards. The guards neglected their duties and escapes were numerous. But Watts was determined to do his best in the office, and usually had the escaped prisoners recaptured by offering big rewards which he paid out of his own pocket. Still his official record was so bad that he was defeated for nomination last fall.

The manner in which he stood by his friends is shown by the case of a turnkey and a detective, who killed a man they had gone to arrest in Indiana. It was thought they would have a hard time, and at the beginning a penitentiary sentence was considered inevitable. But Watts secured the best lawyers in Indiana to defend them and spent $2,200 on the case. The manner in which his friendship was often requited was shown by the fact that later one of them worked against Watts when he was trying to secure the nomination for jailer.

Although Watts was a gambler, he had great respect for the church. His wife and children were Episcopalians and he was always a liberal giver to the church charities. In his old age he united with the congregation and he died in the hope of a better life.

Gold Dust
Washing Powder
makes house cleaning easy. Largest package—greatest economy. Ask the grocer for it.

HE TRAVELED ON A PASS.

As a Result He Thought He Owned the Whole Road.

"It brings joy to my soul to see a grumbler laid low," remarked a traveling man to a reporter for the Star recently, and when asked for the story implied the following was related:

"We were making the run from New York to Washington. It was a fast train, in charge of an amiable conductor. The porter in our car had the patience of Job and the good nature peculiar to few men. There were no crying babies aboard; not a single bridal couple; no complaining old maids, and no "boy orator." In fact, it was an ideal traveling combination with a single exception.

"In the face of this all-around comfort, there was a well known Washington man aboard, who had as much fault to find as if he were a passenger on one of the Fourteenth street cars going north, at the present writing. Nothing suited him, and the service and attention he demanded proclaimed him nothing short of a bank president or a director of the road. During the entire run we heard nothing but complaints. The roadbed was uneven as a cobblestone street. There wasn't a thing obtainable in the dining car fit to eat. The smoking compartment was so small a man could not stretch his legs, and so on, until the rest of us would have willingly endured a wreck to put a quietus on the kicker's disagreeable tongue, or at least furnished him a substantial reason for his wholesale complaining.

"It was a trying ordeal for his fellow passengers, and our combined sympathy went out to the continually abused porter. The grumbler made the atmosphere of the car heavy with the most emphatic oaths in the un-Christian language, and the air was rendered a dark blue by his profane eloquence. A general prayer of thankfulness ascended heavenward when the grumbler finally slept. We even endured his snoring without a murmur. The next morning, which was Saturday, he was the first person up, and he made things lively in that car. Pretty soon everybody else was up, and the people were sitting in their seats holding on to grips and umbrellas ready to fly directly the train steamed into the station.

"The grumbler was being brushed by the porter down in the front end of the car, and every movement of the broom in the porter's hand was accompanied by a volley of profanity. At the conclusion of one of these startling outbursts a mild-looking old gentleman at the other end of the car glanced toward the offender, and in the gravest manner drawled out this innocent inquiry:

"'Say, my brother, where do you preach tomorrow.'

"The humor of the question was appreciated by the other occupants of the car, who roared with laughter at the expense of the grumbler. I never saw a man so completely knocked out by a chance blow. The general amusement of the passengers was too much for the grumbler, and he made the remainder of the journey out on the platform.

"Somebody asked who he was. The porter said he knew him well. 'Dat man ain't no account, anyhow, spite of his airs and grumblings. Dér wa'n't nuffin' good nuf for him, sure, and he was traveling deadhead clean through. Barring this nickel he just done gib me, I guess he ain't spent one cent on the trip.'"—Washington Star.

VAGARIES OF JOHN SHOUP.

Odd Opera House He Built and Other Queer Things He Did.

John Shoup was what they called well off in this world's goods; in fact, he was the wealthiest man in the little town in which he lived. He and Sarah had worked hard and saved until they had a start, and then he had bought and sold cattle and shaved notes until he was able to own a fine house in the country.

In all this he had succeeded, but John had paid but very little attention to his education; in fact, it was a pretty hard job for him to read, however well he might "figer." He liked to be considered the leading man of the town, and to keep up appearances he had a fashion of using a great many big words of whose meaning he had very little conception. He was very proud of his new house, and, while it was building, gravely informed people that he was going to have a "miranda" running around the outside and a "purgatory" on top, where he could go up and view his outlying farms.

He built an opera house on the north side of the square and lighted it with tallow candles. He said he did that because if he put in lamps they might "explore" and the "ordnance" would get excited and "jump right out of the windows." The roller to the drop curtain was hollow and had about a pint of bullets in it, which rattled furiously whenever the curtain went up and down. He said that was because he wanted it different from other theaters. The stage was about six inches higher at the back than at the front, so he could see the actors' feet when they danced. Performers unacquainted with his stage had trouble to keep from sliding off into the orchestra.

He had big landscapes painted on the outside of his window shades by an odd fellow who lived down on the creek, and also had him paint his portrait—head and shoulders, without any clothes on—his reason being that the styles of clothes changed, and he wanted his true to life.

His mother died, and, as he wanted to ship the body to the old home for burial, he procured a metallic coffin. When he came to pay for the coffin he was angered at the price charged, and swore that if he ever had to have another he would "telescope" to Burlington and have them send up one of them "italic" coffins.

He had a suit before a justice of the peace with a neighbor in regard to the ownership of a calf. To save attorney's fees he pleaded his own case. As might be expected, the case was decided against him. He didn't seem to understand how it could happen that way, and told the justice that, although he was doubtless a very learned man, he had made a great mistake, and if if he had been trying the case "he would not have decided it that way."

THE DIFFERENCE.

The day, like I, was very hot,
When, flushed and half demented,
I asked Miss Rose to share my lot—
And rapture! she consented!
"Oh, bliss!" I cried, "then now we'll stand
And rise by honest trying.
We'll earn our livings hand-in-hand,
A jealous world defying!"
But Rose replied: "You talk as though
You only were inviting
Your wife to risk the toil and woe
Of poverty's hard fighting.
But that, of course, is quite absurd;
You're only being funny.
From mother I have often heard
You've really heaps of money!"
"Alas! that's wrong," I answered back;
"I'm very poor, I swear it,
But yet my lot no joy can lack
Since you've agreed to share it."
"Oh, stay!" said Rose, in tones that got
Exceeding harsh and brittle,
"I truly vowed to share your lot,
But not to share your little!"
—New York Weekly.

High Lights.

They also serve who only stand and kick.

Where two are company and three might as well be a hundred.

Lady Macbeth would have won distinction as umpire in a ladies' progressive euchre club.

Man always meets trouble half-way, and then stands on a corner expecting happiness to come along.

One reason why bald people dislike red hair is that the owner of it always has such an awful lot.

WANT ADS.

May be left at the following locations for insertion in the Daily and Sunday Globe, at the same rates as are charged by the main office.

DAYTON'S BLUFF.
Sever Westby ....679 East Third st

ST. ANTHONY HILL.
Emil Bull ....Grand av. and St. Albans
W. A. Frost & Co....Selby and Western avs.
Straight Bros..........Rondo and Grotto sts.
A. A. Campbell..................235 Rondo st.
A. T. Guernsey..................171 Dale st.
Brackett's............Victoria and Selby av.

UPPER TOWN.
S. H. Reeves......Moore Block, Seven Corners
C. T. Heller..........St. Peter and Tenth sts.
B. J. Witte...............29 East Seventh st.
F. M. Crudden..................496 Rice st.
W. E. Lowe.........Robert and Twelfth sts.
Ray Campbell ....Rice and Iglehart sts.

MERRIAM PARK.
A. L. Woolsey....St. Anthony and Prior avs.

ARLINGTON HILLS.
C. R. Marelius....Cor. Bedford and Decatur
A. & G. A. Schumacher........954 Payne av.

LOWER TOWN.
William K. Collier........Seventh and Sibley
Joseph Argay....Cor. Grove and Jackson sts.
M. D. Merrill....................442 Broadway

WEST SIDE.
The Eclipse......S. Robert and Fairfield av.
George Marti......Wabasha and Fairfield av.
Concord Prescription Store..State and Concord
A. T. Hall.........South Wabasha and Isabel

WEST SEVENTH STREET.
A. & G. A. Schumacher..499 West Seventh st.
J. J. Mullen..Cor. James and West Seventh st.

UNION PARK.
C. A. Monchow....University and Prior avs.

NO AD. LESS THAN 20 CENTS.

Situations Wanted, Male and Female Help, Business Chances, Horses and Carriages, Lost or Found, Real Estate, For Rent, Etc.,
ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION.

Personal, Clairvoyants, Palmists, Massage, Medical, Etc.,
TWO CENTS PER WORD EACH INSERTION.

NO AD. LESS THAN 20 CENTS.

HELP WANTED—Male.

ENGINEER—At St. Joseph's hospital.

HARNESSMAKERS—Wanted at once, several good harnessmakers. Apply at the Konantz Saddlery Company, St. Paul, Minn.

UNEQUALED opportunities open at all times for reliable, energetic salesmen to sell our lubricating oils and specialties; exclusively or side line. The Polar Oil Co., Cleveland, O.

WANTED—Salesmen for lubricating oils, greases and specialties; largest line in the market; salary or commission. Equitable Refining Co., Cleveland, O.

WANTED—Men to learn barber trade. Short and thorough apprenticeship; only two months required. Constant call for graduates; growing demand for men with our diplomas. Complete outfit of tools presented students. Wages and experience in city shops before completing. Illustrated 1898 catalogue mailed free. Moler System Barber and Hairdressing College, 223 Washington av. south, Minneapolis. Established in 1893; incorporated in 1897.

WANTED—Your address immediately, if traveling salesman, agent or inventor. American Patent Market and Novelty Works, 279-281 Williams st.

HELP WANTED—Female.

CHAMBERMAID—Wanted, competent chambermaid; references. Apply 302 Summit av.

DISHWASHERS — Experienced dishwashers wanted at Windsor hotel.

HOUSEWORK—Wanted, German girl for general housework. 630 Lafond st.

SITUATIONS WANTED—Male.

EMPLOYMENT—Married man, 25, from the West, experienced in office work and good penman, wants position, office or any kind of work; good references. C 43, Globe.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

HORSES! HORSE!—300 head of horses, farm mares and drafters, at Barrett & Zimmerman's stables, Midway, Minnesota Transfer, St. Paul, Minn.; private sales daily; part time given if desired; take interurban car from either city.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that Hugo Hennecke and Thomas O'Malley, co-partners as Hennecke & O'Malley, doing business at 154 East Sixth st., St. Paul, Minnesota, have mutually agreed to a dissolution of said firm, and Thomas O'Malley will pay all claims against said firm due and owing by it Jan. 28, A. D. 1898. Hugo Hennecke. Thomas O'Malley.

LOST AND FOUND.

WATCH LOST—Lady's gold watch, attached to a fleur de lis pin. A suitable reward will be paid if left at the office of Field, Schlick & Co.

FOR SALE.

MOTOR—For sale, two-horse power C. & H. motor, with switch and stop, almost new and in perfect order; also shafting and belt; cheap for cash. W. A. Frost & Co.

MEDICAL.

ANNA MACK, from Chicago; baths of all kinds; select massage. 186 East Seventh st.

DR. STELLA FREMONT, 138 East Sixth st., Rooms 10 and 11; osteopathy, electric, vapor, tub and massage baths.

MASSAGE, ELECTRIC AND VAPOR BATHS—414 Phoenix Building. Mrs. Burti.

MME. LAURETTA'S massage bath parlors; elite patronage solicited. 319 Jackson st.

SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE and baths. 27 East Seventh st., suite 200.

WANTED TO BUY.

BARRETT & ZIMMERMAN, Minnesota Transfer, St. Paul, Minn., are ready to pay cash for all kinds of personal property.

RELIEF SOCIETY
Employment Register.

Office, 141 East Ninth st. Telephone, 183.

WE HAVE the following worthy persons needing employment:

BOY—A good, smart boy of 15, wants work of any kind, can do driving, etc.

STENOGRAPHER AND TYPEWRITER—A young woman, the support of an invalid mother, is anxious to secure a position.

PENMAN—An expert penman to address envelopes or invitations.

WASHERWOMEN, ETC.—We can furnish reliable women to do washing, housecleaning, or caring for the sick.

WOODSAWYERS and men to remove ashes, etc., and do odd jobs.

WANT ADS.

AUCTION SALES.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION on Monday, Feb. 14, 1898, at 10 a. m., in the Globe hotel, 260 East Sixth st., St. Paul, Minn., the following property remaining unclaimed three months or longer: Three valises, checked 21, 7, 39; five coats, checked 16, 20, 38, 48, 28; one trunk, marked A. H. W.; one sack, check 1; one bundle, check 52.

FOR RENT.

HOUSE—For rent, 311 Smith av., three-room house; clothes closet, pantry and cellar; well water.

Rooms.

SMITH AV., 84—Near the Buckingham—For rent, newly furnished rooms.

FINANCIAL.

WE HAVE home money to loan at lowest rates, without charge for commission or exchange. Require no gold clause, and give the "on or before" privilege. The State Savings Bank, Germania Life Bdg.

TO EXCHANGE.

TO EXCHANGE—New goods exchanged for second-hand. Cardozo Furniture and Exchange Company, 232 East Seventh st.

CLAIRVOYANT.

THE GREAT ASTROLOGIST and healing medium is at 67 West Tenth st.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

Trains leave and arrive at St. Paul as follows:

UNION DEPOT, SIBLEY STREET.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
TICKET OFFICE, 199 East Third St. 'Phone 1142.
To Red River Valley, Duluth, Winnipeg, Montana, Kootenai Country and Pacific Coast.

Leave.	a Daily. b Except Sunday	Arrive.
b9:00am	...Breck. Div. & B'ches...	b5:35pm
b8:20am	.F'gus Falls Div. & B'ches.	b6:45pm
b8:20am	..Willmar, via St. Cloud..	b6:45pm
a7:00pm	Breck., Fargo, Gd Fks, W'pg	a7:45am
a4:30pm	..Montana & Pacific Coast..	a1:45pm
b4:50pm	..Excelsior & Hutchinson..	b11:45am
a7:30pm	.... Crookston Express	a7:30am
b9:00am a11:15pm	Duluth and West Superior	a7:10am b6:20pm

NORTHERN PACIFIC
TICKET OFFICE, -162- EAST THIRD STREET.
Union Station, St. Paul. Milwaukee Depot, Minneapolis.

Dining and Pullman cars on Winnipeg and Coast Trains.	ST. PAUL. Leave.	Arrive
Pacific Mail (daily); Fargo, Butte, Helena, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland..	4:30pm	4:40pm
Dakota, Manitoba Express (daily); Moorhead, Fargo, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Crookston, Gr'd Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg	7:30pm	7:15am
Fargo Local (d'ly ex. Sun.); St. Cloud, Brainerd and Fargo...	8:30am	5:05pm

"North-Western Line"—C. St. P., M & O.
Office, 395 Robert St. 'Phone 480.

Leave.	a Daily. b Except Sunday.	Arrive.
a8:15am	..Chicago "Day Express"..	b9:55pm
b6:30pm	..Chicago "Atlantic Ex"..	a11:30am
a8:10pm	.Chicago "N. W. Limited".	a7:50am
b9:25am	.Duluth, Superior, Ashland.	b5:05pm
a11:00pm	.Duluth, Superior, Ashland.	a6:50am
a9:35am	.Su City, Omaha, Kan. City.	a6:50pm
b4:50pm	Mankato, New Ulm, Elmore	b10:00am
a8:15pm	.Su City, Omaha, Kan. City.	a7:25am

BURLINGTON ROUTE.
FINEST TRAINS ON EARTH.

Lv. For.	STATIONS.	Ar. From
8:15 a.m.	..Chicago, except Sunday..	1:50 p.m.
8:15 a.m.	..St. Louis, except Sunday..	....
8:05 p.m.	.Chicago & St. Louis, daily.	7:45 a.m.

Ticket Office, 400 Robert St. Tel. 36.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.
Ticket Office, 365 Robert St. 'Phone, 98.

a Daily. b Except Sunday.	Lv. St. P.	Ar. St. P.
Chicago "Day" Express....	b8:15am	b10:10pm
Chicago "Atlantic" Ex	a2:55pm	a11:35am
Chicago "Fast Mail"	a6:55pm	a2:00pm
Chicago "Vestibule" Lim..	a8:10pm	a7:50am
Chic. via Prairie du C. div.	b4:40pm	b11:15am
Dubuque via La Crosse....	b8:15am	b10:10pm
Peoria via Mason City....	a4:40pm	a11:15am
St. Louis and Kansas City.	a8:35am	a6:25pm
Milbank and Way	b8:20am	b6:30pm
Aberdeen and Dakota Ex..	a7:05pm	a8:15am

WISCONSIN CENTRAL
City Office, 373 Robert St. 'Phone No. 694.

Leave StPaul	All Trains Daily.	Arrive StPaul
8:00am	Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls, ...Milwaukee and Chicago....	8:15am
7:40pm	Ashland, Chippewa Falls, Oshkosh, Milwaukee and Chicago.	4:10pm

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.
"The Maple Leaf Route."
Ticket Office: Robert St., cor. 5th St. Phone 150.
Trains leave from St. Paul Union Depot.

*Daily. †Except Sunday.	Leave.	Arrive.
Dubuque, Chicago, Waterloo,	†8.10 am	†8.30 pm
Marshalltown, Des Moines...	*8.10 pm	*7.45 am
St. Joseph and Kansas City..	*8.10 pm	*12.50 pm
Mantorville Local.............	*3.55 pm	*10.45 am

ST. PAUL & DULUTH R. R.
From Union Depot. Office, 396 Robert St.

Leave	*Daily. †Ex. Sunday.	Arrive
*9:00 a m †2:15 p m *11:15 p m	DULUTH W. SUPERIOR	*7:15 a m †4:50 p m *6:30 p m

Trains for Stillwater: *9:00 a m *12:10 †2:15 †4:05 *6:10 pm. For Taylors Falls: †9:00 am †4:05 pm.

M., ST. P. & S. S. M. R'Y.

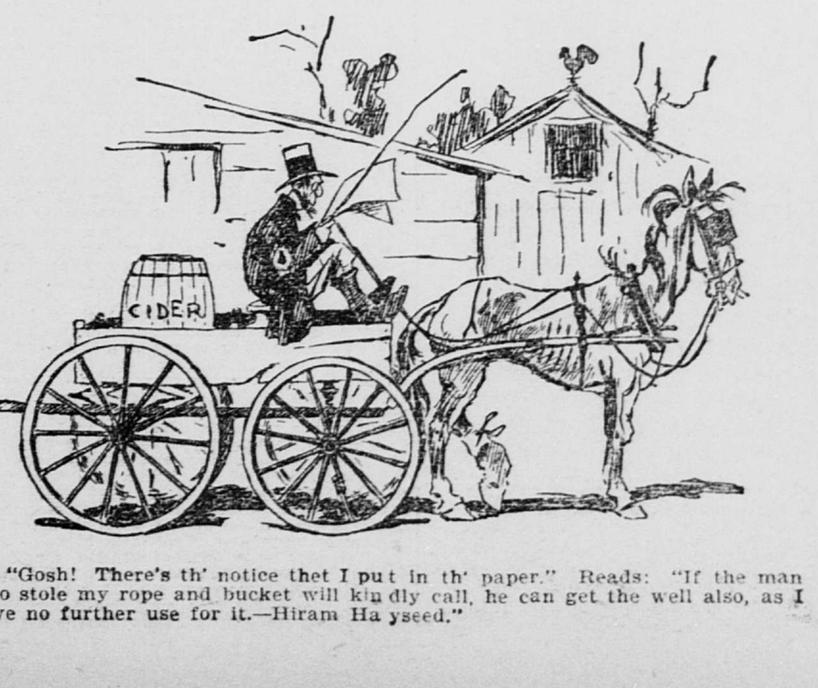
Leave.	EAST.	Arrive.
7:20pm	...Atlantic Limited (daily)..	8:45am
9:05am	.Rhinelander Local (ex. Sun.)	5:10pm
	WEST.	
9:10am	....Pacific Limited (daily)....	7:05pm
	St. Croix Falls Local. Except Sunday. From Broadway	
6:00pm	......Depot, foot 4th St......	9:15am
5:20pm	Glenwood Local. Ex. Sunday.	
	...Glenwood Local, Mpls...	12:05pm

M. & St. L. Depot—Broadway & 4th.

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS R. R.
"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

Leave.	a Daily. b Except Sunday.	Arrive.
b9:15am	.Mankato, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Kan. City..	b6:40pm
b8:45am	...Watertown, New Ulm...	b4:55pm
b5:00pm	......New Ulm Local......	b10:20am
a7:00pm	.Des Moines & Omaha Lim.	a8:55am
a7:00pm	.Chicago & St. Louis Lim.	a8:55am
b4:45pm	.Al't Lea & Waseca Local.	b10:35am

THE FARMER'S ADVERTISEMENT.



"Gosh! There's th' notice thet I put in th' paper." Reads: "If the man who stole my rope and bucket will kindly call, he can get the well also, as I have no further use for it.—Hiram Hayseed."