SEALED FOR A CENTURY

MYSTERIOUS BOX DEPOSITED AT LIBRARY OF CONGRESS—UNPUBLISHED HISTORY

SAID TO HOLD A MANUSCRIPT

Pledge Exacted That No One Should Open the Box Until Dec. 31, A. D. 2000.

New York Sun.

A box was deposited in the safe of the Library of Congress when John Russell Young was librarian, under the pledge that its contents should not be revealed until the beginning of the twenty-first century. Mr. Young, so far as can be learned, was the only one in the library who knew what the box contains. The name of the depositor is not known to any one now connected with the library. It is a small box weighing a few pounds and is supposed to contain manuscript.

Mr. Young was at first averse to receiving such a charge, but after considerable correspondence he agreed to pledge the faith of his successors to prevent the box from being opened until the beginning of the twenty-first century. Its contents may be of great interest or none, but presumably Mr. Young would not have undertaken to have it guarded for 100 years and more unless there was something of great interest in it. It is supposed the papers contained are regarded as of value to the people of the United States in the twenty-first century. Under the conditions of the trust the box is to be opened by the librarian of congress any time after midnight of Dec. 31, A. D. 200.

While the contents of the box can only be guessed at, sufficient information has been obtained regarding them to give an outline of their character and to furnish assurance that there will be some interesting reading presented when the box is opened. A visitor in the congressional library was once informed of the existence of the box. He was by profession a literary man and by instinct a detective. The thought that he must solve this mystery to obtain mental relief took possession of his brain. For three days he allowed himself to be absorbed in this idea—that he must possess himself of this knowledge. At the end of that time he had reached certain conclusions and went to see a friend. The second man was an amateur scientist and philosopher. Possessed of an ample fortune, he devoted himself to the acquirement of knowledge derived from books and experiments. So the imaginative literary man and the cold-blooded man of science undertook to solve the problem. They started a search that lasted over a year.

The literary partner in the combine recently told this story to a Sun reporter:

TRACING THE BOX.

"We agreed on many points before we let about the actual work of tracing the box and ascertaining its contents. First, it must contain something of great importance, or Mr. Young would never have accepted the trust. Second, it must have been confided to Mr. Young by some one in whom Mr. Young had the greatest confidence, and for whose reasons for wishing to keep its contents unknown for a hundred years, Mr. Young must have had the greatest respect. Third, it must contain manuscript; for it must be something of interest to the library or the donor would have been invited to go elsewhere; as, for instance, if it had been money or jewels, it would have been placed in the treasury under similar conditions. If it had been a relic or relics, there would have been no necessity for keeping it secret. It weighed only a few pounds. Everything went to show that it was manuscript.

"It was suggested that it might have been Mark Twain's impressions of European monarchs which he has threatened to leave for the people of the twenty-first century. But this was easily rejected on the ground that the box had been received before the time he made the suggestion. The United States secret service was appealed to for information as to the box, and as to the possibility that it might contain the history of some unrevealed crime. The archives of the state department were consulted; the library searched for any account of a manuscript answering our ideas, which might have been known, but never published; bribes were offered to employes of the library for scraps of information relating to the box; legislators, statesmen and warriors were interviewed; but all in vain. We came back always to the fact that we must search for a manuscript whose importance justified its being taken in trust by Librarian Young, containing matter of interest to our great-grandchildren, too important, probably too dangerous, to be revealed at present; and donated to the library of congress by some one whose standing must have been unimpeachable.

"On this foundation we built. It took a year of work, during which I acted as the legs and my friend as the brains of the combination. I visited and searched, while he remained at home, examined the results and thought. How we found it we are not prepared to tell at present, especially as it was largely the result of an accident, but here is the story:

"At a dinner table in Washington one evening about seven years ago there were seated a number of gentlemen. The host, whom we must designate as Mr. X., had been in public life for many years. He had sat in both branches of congress, had been a member of the cabinet and had even had higher aspirations. With him were, among others, a well known statesman, a diplomat of more than usual ability, a member of the cabinet, and several senators. While not altogether a political dinner, it had that complexion, especially in view of the rumors of the host's desire to become chief magistrate of the nation.

CONVERSATION AT A DINNER.

"During the evening the conversation turned on the most suitable recreation for men who worked with their brains, especially men in public life. The diplomat confessed that he found out-door physical recreation in riding and in-door in fencing. The latter sport, he declared, was the proper relaxation for men whose muscles were in danger of becoming set. For mental recreation he preferred flirting to anything more exhausting. His candor was greeted with uproarious laughter.

"The statesman said that for exercise he went driving or walking, and for mental diversion he devoted himself to astronomy and occasionally to versifying. The secretary found mental relief in playing a peculiar sort of chess, where the map of Europe took the place of the chess board, the knights were warriors, the castles fortresses, the bishops the commissary and hospital department, and the pawns were the people.

"After several more had advanced their ideas of the proper way to relax their minds and bodies it was suggested that Mr. X. was yet to be heard.

"'I fear you will laugh at me,' he said, smilingly, 'when I tell you of my pet hobby. I don't believe I have ever mentioned it before. You all know that I have spent some forty years of my life in public service. During that time I have found it necessary to study the course of nations from a somewhat philosophical standpoint. The true way to judge of nations is to examine them critically, not with our judgments influenced by our passions and our personal interests, but as though the events with which we are concerned had happened a cen-

"'It has been the object of my life to perfect myself in that art. During my career in congress and while in the cabinet I had many occasions when I was called upon to demonstrate my theory, and it often worked out to my entire satisfaction. I have had many opportunities, as you know, to obtain information I have amused myself by digesting the unwritten history of our country, as far as possible, for the past forty years.'

WOULD NOT PUBLISH VOLUME NOW.

"Although Mr. X. had already given to the world some interesting reminiscences, no one had ever expected that he had been engaged in preparing a history, largely, it was suspected, from documents and personal knowledge which he alone possessed.

"'And do you intend to publish this interesting volume, Monsieur X?' inquired the diplomat.

"'That I cannot answer at present,' he replied. 'There are many things to be considered. A public man must guard his personal knowledge of his political and social associates with the greatest care. By publishing such matter during his lifetime he may make for himself powerful enemies where he had stanch friends. You can never tell what may wound a man even when you believe you are paying him a compliment. If you publish them after you are dead, while you may escape their resentment your family may suffer, or if the man himself is dead his family may suffer. Again, if they are published years after the death of the writer, when all possibility of harming any one is vanished, the question arises, would any one be interested in the matter? Would, for instance, the members of Alexander the Great, of Pericles, of Augustus Caesar, if published today, attract any more than a passing notice even among scholars? Would the secret information of diplomatic intrigue possessed by Bismarck and Gladstone be of sufficient interest a century from now to cause even a mild sensation? I doubt if the authentic announcement in Bismarck's memoirs that he caused the war between Prussia and France by forging a telegram would arouse the rancor of a single Frenchman in the year 2000. It may even be possible that by that time the two races will have been amalgamated or even swept away by some other, stronger race. So you see it is a serious problem as to what disposition I shall make of the work on which I have been engaged.

"'Further than that,' he continued, 'I have utilized my study of the conditions of the present to amuse myself with speculations concerning the future. At the rapid rate with which inventions are multiplying the inhabitants of this earth in 2000 will be surrounded by conveniences of which we have not more than dreamed. Steam advanced the world a thousand years in a hundred. Electricity has advanced it 2,000 in less than half a century. Some new discovery, the propulsion of machinery by ether, the diffusion of light without heat or power, and so on, may advance it a thousand years in a day. Based, then, on a study of the effects which discoveries and inventions have had on the human race up to date, I have ventured to peer into the future and frame the map of the world a hundred years hence, predict its several forms of government, and give my ideas of the life, comforts, and pursuits of a citizen of this country in A. D. 2000.

VALUABLE AS A HISTORY.

"'Of course, I would not think for an instant of publishing such a romance at the present time, any more than issuing my unpublished reminiscences. But I would like to feel that some day, say about the period I am describig, my work would come out fresh, as a voice from the nineteenth century to the twenty-first, the politician, statesman, philosopher, if you will, of this time and country speaking to the man of a hundred years hence. They could then weigh the facts I have collected in regard to the unwritten history of this country, our secret understandings with other governments, the animus behind the assassination of Garfield, the true causes which led up to the civil war, and other matters, and perhaps they might derive considerable information concerning evets which otherwise must pass as they are accepted by us today. Again, they might amuse themselves by comparing things as they will be, and should my prophecies be any way near correct, I may possibly—who knows?—derive some manner of post-mortem satisfaction.'

"The dinner party broke up shortly afterward, and in the rush of succeeding events the members of the party soon forgot the discussion of that evening. It was recalled to the mind of one of them, then a senator, some years later, when he was suddenly summoned to the bedside of Mr. X. After reviewing his statements on that occasion, Mr. X. said: 'Now, John, you know I have the greatest confidence in you. I have completed the work on which I was engaged, and I have determined how I will dispose of it. I want you to take charge of it and keep it as long as you can, and when you feel you are about to join me beyond pass the trust to some one else. Deposit it in a bank, with a trust company or a university or some other institution reasonably certain to exist a hundred years, but with the stipulation that it must not be opened until after the close of the twentieth century. By that time I believe all possible damage which might happen in case it were made public will have vanished and no one can be harmed by the publication of my memoirs. It is possible, of course, they may attract no attention whatever. They may even never see print, but remain in manuscript form or be thrown away as rubbish. My name may even be forgotten entirely, and certainly, if remembered, it will be more probably as a disappointed politician than as a once honored and popular statesman. Be that as it may, however, it is my request that you gratify what you may call my whim, and promise me this manuscript will never leave your hands until its safety for the period set is assured.'

THE SENATOR'S TRUST.

"The senator gave the promise as requested and accepted the trust. For several years he kept it in his home in Washington. He had often pondered over the difficulty of insuring its careful preservation. After considering the matter deeply he was about to decide on giving it in charge of Harvard university, the oldest in the country, and one as likely to be standing in 2000 as in 1901. About that time, however, he was impressed with the magnificance and stability of the new congressional library, and the impression that here above all others was the proper repository for this precious document. He was growing old and could hope to live only a few years longer at the best, and the sooner he found a safe place for it the better. He had retired from public life, but he knew the librarian, Mr. John Russell Young, quite well. So he made the request. It was granted, as you are aware, and there, in the state of the librarian of congress, rests the box with its contents. Even the man who deposited it knew not its contents further than the general idea I have given. When in his possession he respected his friend's wishes and refrained from opening it, and when it passed into the custody of Mr. Young it was placed beyond the reach of even the man who deposited it. Under the conditions of the gift no one, not even he, is to be permitted to open the box, except the librarian of congress.

"'You would like to see the donor, you say? Why, to be sure, he is still alive, although quite old. It was from him I heard this story. I cannot give you his name. That is a little secret of our own. It would not do to give all the information we procured to the public. Then they would know as much as we do.'

The box reposes peacefully on a shelf in the library safe.

SHOWED IT.

Lady—The dog you sold me last week came very near eating my little boy.
Dealer—Well, you said you wanted a dog that was fond of children, didn't you?

Caused by a Frog.

York (Penn.) Special Philadelphia North American.

Two homes in the little town of Delta, this county, are in sadness tonight over the loss of two lives, and it is all on account of one poor, little, innocent frog.

A twelve-year-old boy named Fassal went in search of frogs at R. L. Jones' quarry. He was just in the act of hopping away, when his foot slipped and he plunged into the water.

Griff W. Hughes, who witnessed the boy's mishap, leaped in after him. The boy and the man went down together. Mr. Hughes was one of Delta's most prominent citizens.

FIRST JIM THE PENMAN

ORIGINAL HANDY MAN WITH THE PEN CONCLUDES HIS TERM IN PRISON

COUNTERFEITED FOR YEARS

His Arrest Made on the Complaint of a Grocer's Clerk—Secret Officers Had Been After Him for Years.

The six-year sentence imposed upon Emanual Ninger, the Jim the Penman of the counterfeiting profession, in 1896—allowing for "good time"—expired last Monday at the Erie county, New York, prison.

Here is a man who completely baffled the officers of the law for more than fifteen years. There is always a touch of the romantic about the story of a counterfeiter, but the case of Ninger is by far more like fiction than that of any other bogus note maker ever known to the secret service.

Early in the year 1879 there was received at the redemption bureau of the treasury department, in a batch of notes from one of the subtreasuries, a $20 legal tender note which the eye of the expert examiner detected as counterfeit, but unlike any previously discovered spurious production. Careful scrutiny under a magnifying glass disclosed a startling fact. The note was a free hand drawing with pen and ink, and yet its likeness was so close to the genuine as to practically defy detection at the hands of any but the most expert. The secret service officials were immediately notified, but were unable to do anything because the tellers at the subtreasury from which the note came were unable to say how it came into their possession.

From that time until Ninger's arrest, in March, 1896, these marvelous works of art turned up at more or less regular intervals, usually arriving at the treasury in remittances from banks where they had escaped detection. Nor did they come from any particular quarter, every section of the country contributing its share to the history of these now famous notes. Try as hard as they would the secret service agents could get no clue to the maker, the general appearance of the notes was so good that no shopkeeper hesitated to accept them, and, in the course of a few days when they reached the bank it was an even chance they would pass scrutiny, so that officers were blocked at every turn in endeavoring to trace them from hand to hand.

A theory was advanced by some that the author of these amazing counterfeits was a person of leisure, gifted with the faculty of imitation, who had developed this strange fad as an amusement. It pleased him to lead Uncle Sam's detectives a merry dance in pursuit of a will-o'-the-wisp.

Up to November, 1893, all of these pen and ink notes received at the treasury were twenties and fifties. Then, however, a fresh specimen of this man's handwork was discovered, like the first, in a remittance from a subtreasury. It was a $100 legal tender issue of the series of 1880, bearing the portrait of Lincoln. In all save the denomination it was like previous specimens by the same author.

Warnings of these counterfeits were repeatedly given widest publicity and numerous points wherein they differed from the genuine, as well as methods for detection, were incorporated in these warnings. One of these methods was to pass a moistened finger across the serial number. Under this test the ink would blur. It was the unintentional application of this test which caused Ninger's downfal.

When he started out from Flagtown, N. J., on Saturday morning, March 28, 1896, Ninger had in his possession six $20 notes and one $50 note, which together were the product of fifteen weeks' work. He passed five of the twenties without any difficulty. The sixth nearly brought him to grief. Entering J. Weyman's grocery store, No. 162 Third avenue, New York city, he called for a bottle of whisky and gave the $20 note in payment. Immediately after his departure the cashier, while taking an account of "cash," noticed the blurred condition of the number on twenty as it passed under her moistened thumb, and quickly realizing that something was wrong with the note, clerks were sent in every direction to find the customer, but he had disappeared.

After leaving the grocery Ninger walked rapidly downtown to the saloon at No. 87 Cortlandt street, where he obtained a glass of Rhine wine and a cigar and asked the bartender to give him change for a $50 bill, explaining that he wanted it to pay off his farm hands. He was accommodated and hastily gathering up the change hurried out. His actions aroused the suspicions of the bartender who took the bill from the money drawer for a closer examination. In doing so his wet fingers passed over the serial number and a distinct blur was the result. Putting on his hat he started in pursuit of Ninger and found him in the New Jersey Central ferry house busy counting over the change he had just received.

When told that he was to be arersted Ninger exhibited no surprise, but offered to settle the matter by returning the fifty dollars and making the bartender a present of $5 more. His proposition was indignantly refused and Ninger was turned over to a policeman, who escorted him to the Church street police station, where he gave his name as Joseph Gilbert, residence Wilkesbarre, Pa., said he was not married, as his wife had gone away, and in his country it was not considered a marriage when a wife had left her husband. He explained the possession of the counterfeit bill by stating that he obtained it from a man in the corridor of the Union Trust company's building, to whom he sold two $100 United States bonds.

The secret service officers were notified of the arrest, and upon seeing the counterfeit note they were convinced the man who had caused them so many sleepless nights was at last safely lodged behind the bars. Wrappers on the several bundles found in the prisoner's possession enabled the detectives to locate five of the $20 notes passed that day, yet the case as it then stood did not solve the problem in a manner satisfactory to the government officers. The charge of passing counterfeit notes would safely lie against the prisoner, but was he the maker? If so, proof of the fact must be secured at all hazards. After several hours "sweating," and becoming thoroughly convinced that there was no escape from the web of evidence the officers had succeeded in weaving about him, the man admitted that his true name was Emanuel Ninger, and that he alone was responsible for the existence of the pen-and-ink counterfeits. On the strength of his statements the detectives proceeded to Ninger's home in Flagtown and secured his outfit, which consisted only of a few pens and pencils, some green and black ink, several small blocks of water colors and two or three sheets of bond paper.

The arrest of Ninger and the unique features of the case caused a great deal of newspaper talk, and especially attracted the attention of handwriting experts, all of whom were incredulous, refusing to accept the explanation of the secret service man as to how the counterfeits were made, one of them going so far as to offer $100 for a pen-and-ink imitation of a $10 note that would deceive a newsboy.

The fact that Ninger made and passed all of the notes himself, having no confederates to share his secret, coupled with the skillful manner in which he did his work, made it possible for him to continue so long without detection. He worked in a little room on the second floor of the modest cottage in which he resided, with his wife and four children at Flagtown, N. J. No one, not even his wife, was allowed to enter this room while he was at work. His method was substantially as follows: First, he procured bond paper of about the same quality as that upon which the genuine notes are printed, of course, without silk threads.

Cutting this the exact size of the genuine note, he immersed it in a weak solution of coffee. This imparted to the paper the appearance of age, or rather as though it had passed through several hands.

While the paper was still wet it was placed over the face of the genuine note, the edges being exactly together. The two were then placed flat upon a pane of glass, and every figure and letter, portrait and vignette, together with the signatures and seal, were brought out in bold relief, and could be plainly seen through the transparent bond paper. The pane of glass was then placed against the window frame at an angle of forty-five degrees. The light, of course, shone through, rendering the tracery of the genuine engraving distinct. In this position the operator commenced work, first with an extremely hard and sharp-pointed pencil. With it he carefully traced all parts, even the most minute, of the genuine note. After the bond paper had become thoroughly dry the same ground was gone over with pen and ink. It was here that the marvelous touch and skill of the penman was displayed, attesting the accuracy of his eye and the steadiness of his nerve.

The colors on the note were applied with a camel's hair brush, and these colors so perfectly imitated those of the genuine as to contribute materially to the excellent "general appearance" of the note. Red and blue ink marks were made to take the place of the silk threads which are worked into the pulp of the genuine paper. The treasury seal, which has a place on all of Uncle Sam's paper currency, is almost invariably placed over portions of the main design of the note, thus adding difficulties to the tracing of its intricate lines, but Ninger copied it with wonderful skill and fidelity.

The same care and attention were not devoted to the back of the note. It was almost entirely executed with the brush. Of course, the general design was strictly adhered to, but the geometrical lines of the lathe work were not attempted with any degree of exactness. Here again the artist relied mainly upon the coloring to add to the deception.

The immersing of the counterfeits in a weak solution of coffee is an old trick of counterfeiters, but it will probably be admitted that this is the only old thing about the producing of these pen, ink and brush notes.

The omission of the imprint of the bureau of engraving and printing from all of these pen notes had often been remarked upon, and when Ninger was asked for an explanation of this, he laughingly said: "They did not make them." He had purposely omitted the imprint.

Indictments were returned against Ninger, both in New Jersey and New York, the former charging the manufacture of counterfeit notes, while the latter was for passing them. It was endeavored to have New York surrender the prisoner to New Jersey in order that he might be tried on the more serious charge, but to this New York declined to accede. Ninger's defense was both novel and ingenious. It was contended that no one was defrauded through his operations, because each note was a work of art, and as such was worth more than its face value. In support of this argument a witness was produced, who testified that he was in possession of one of the twenties, which he would not part with for five times the amount it purported to represent. This defense, however, did not save him, as he was promptly convicted and stentenced to be confined in the Sing Sing prison for a term of six years.

DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

Spectator (contemplating the catch)—I suppose your biggest ones all got away?
Fisher—Wall, no! I never play that dodge. When a feller tells you about what a big one it was that got away you kin set him down as a liar.

"And don't you fergit it!"

"But occasionally there's a little truth in sech yarns, arter all!"

PICTURESQUE UNIFORM.

That of the French Chasseurs Alpins, or Mountaineer Riflemen.

Picturesqueness and utility are combined in the uniform of the French Chasseurs Alpins, or mountaineer riflemen. It consists of a dark blue single buttoned tunic, blue knickerbockers, dark blue putties and a blue kummerbund, or sash. For headgear a beret similar to that of the Basque peasants is worn. When on duty in mountain districts each man carries, besides his rifle, an alpenstock. Detaille, the military painter, considers the uniform altogether the best worn in the French army.

A French paper recently published an item to the effect that this style of dress was likely to be adopted by a part of the United States army, but army authorities say that no such change is contemplated.

Via "The Milwaukee's" New Train.

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MEN

ALL HAVE HORSE SENSE

HOW TO FULLY UNDERSTAND THE BEST FRIEND OF MAN

INTELLIGENCE OF HORSES

Question if the Wisest Man Knows as Much About Horses as Horses Themselves Know About Men.

You can never even begin to understand horses until you have watched them at grass throughout long summer days. The understanding is more perfect if the watching begins early—say when the foal is trotting after the sleek, full-uddered dam, going all the gaits, though he may be no more than a week old, nipping grass daintily, or nuzzling in the feed-trough on the ground, making a pretense of eating grain the same as his mother. It is only a pretense until the saucy fellow is a month old. He is foaled with teeth, but does not for a while learn to use them.

Men are said to wear their souls in the pineal gland. Horses, if they have souls, no doubt locate them in the upper lips. It is a wonderfully efficient lip, soft as velvet to the touch and sensitive to the least inequality. A horse sweeps the manger with it almost the instant he begins feeding, and if it touches upon knots or splinters, keeps wary of them afterward. Before wallowing, even the dullest horse puts down his head until the upper lip touches the ground, and turns slowly round and round, feeling thus all the space upon which he means to fling himself down and roll with all his force. If he finds sharp stones, or stubbs, or sticks, he lifts his head and goes in search of another place. The lip also tells him when the ground is mellow enough to make wallowing a supreme pleasure. Though horses wallow in wet weather, sometimes coming up coated with mud, they do it apparently from a sense of duty, with none of the abandon they display tossing and tumbling upon light, sun-warm earth. Often, indeed, they jump from pasture into plow land solely for wallowing exactly to their minds. The wherefore of wallowing is still a mystery. It belongs in the category of involuntary notions, along with stretching and yawning.

WONDERFUL FEATS OF HORSES.

It strains credulity to hear how far a horse will thrust his lip through an opening to reach and bring in a coveted titbit. Thus he gets apples lying just inside a fence, first pawing a hole in the earth upon his side, then half kneeling to reach under his substitute for fingers. Thus, too, he brings to mouth lush grass springing up beneath the net of a dead brier clump. A thrust of the lip also flips up a gate latch when he wishes to go through, as many thrusts, jarring up and down, work loose the pin that fastens his stall door.

Draw bars he learns to take down with his teeth, catching the bar fast and shaking his head sidewise until one end is shaken from its socket. Sometimes, if experience has taught him that a gate is weak in either latch or hinges, he runs violently against it, bears it down, and is off. Horses in herd have spells when jumping out or in is a necessity. They may be full fed, have shade and water, everything, indeed, to satisfy a reasonable animal, not to say a well-bred one, yet out they go. Where there is a big range—that is to say, wide commons—they often run for ten miles as hard as they can leg it, then come trotting back in the most innocent fashion to their own proper quarters.

It is not only blood horses that race among themselves, free of girth or rein. When a storm threatens, horses of every sort grow so full of running that they needs must race and jump. Then in a wide pasture you may see sights such as no course can offer. In every herd there is a leader, usually a mare, and oftener than not a barren one.

As the cloud mounts and the air grows thick and lifeless, she stops grazing, turns her nose to the wind, snorts, then falls again to feeding, but only for a minute. Her snort was a sort of bugle call. The rest answer it, some with low whinnies. She whinnies back, flings up her head, and starts off in a trot, looking over her shoulder to see if she is followed. The rest come streaming after—she breaks into a sweeping run. Round, round, faster, faster, always faster, the herd follows. It is a race for blood, where the best horse always wins. Generally it is not the leader. She may even be distanced in the second round or the third. Sometimes the pasture's circuit is made twenty times before stopping. The best horse gains sometimes a whole round upon his mates. It is he who ends the heat. When he has had enough he slacks up, turns sidewise, lifts head and tail, and whinnies shrill triumph. But the triumph never goes to his head. After it he is submissive as ever, coming or going, jumping out or staying meekly at home, quite as the lead mare ordains.

DANGER TO COLTS.

Until foals are a week old they are not safe in the company of grown-up horses. Barren mares especially will attack the little creatures, biting, kicking, and tramping them to death. That is not infallibly the case, but there is always a chance of it, hence horse breeders are careful to keep brood mares away from other stock. It is most unusual for brood mares to harm colts, either their own or their neighbors'. But cases have been known of mares still with foal attempting to steal colts dropped in their pasture.

In size hardly any other domestic animal is so diverse as the horse. The average weight of a standard Percheron is nearly 2,000 pounds. A Shetland, on the other hand, may weigh less than 200. But animals cross-bred between the diverse races are true horses, not hybrids, such as result from the interbreeding of Asiatic and South African asses. Thoroughbred stock all trace back to Arabia. Percherons to the barbs left behind by the Moors whom Charlemagne overthrew in battle. Only the Percheron bulk could have carried the weight of knights in armor. But it is demonstrable that, weight for weight, the thoroughbred is stronger, both in bone and muscle, than his big, handsome, feather-legged compeer.

A thoroughbred has bone something between ivory and flint for hard compactness. Percheron bone is soft and spongy. The big beasts pull great loads over smooth roads, but in mud soon become leg-weary. A blood cross, otherwise a thoroughbred one, gives staying power, endurance, to any sort of stock, and very often symmetry as well. Pure blood is prepotent—that is to say, it impresses itself consistently upon offspring. By thoroughbred blood one means always running blood. Trotters are in a class apart. They have been developed by judicious admixture of running blood with common road stock and fixed and perpetuated by careful breeding for trotting conformation from trotting stock, with still more crosses of running blood.

BEST PLAYFELLOW IN THE WORLD.

The young horse, kind and prankish, is the very best playfellow in the world. At least one solitary child found it so. The child was a sad tom boy. Her black mammy said, indeed, "she wouldn't nebber git mar'ied—nebber in dis worl'—widout she took'n stopped de boy-walk, an' boy-ways she had." But the tom boy did not very greatly mind any thing so long as she had Princess—and time to frolic with her. Princess was three years old, a blood bay with black points, gentle as a dog, full of frolic as a kitten. She pastured all summer in a big old field, but her mistress was hardly over the fence before she came prancing and whickering to meet her. Then when the two of them had pow-wowed, when the sugar or apples had been eaten and the salt basket hung in a high sapling, Princess stretched herself till her back was low enough for her playmate to leap upon it, then went careering off, with her head high, her tail likewise, prancing a little as she ran, and giving the least sidewise jumps. Sometimes she ran thrice around the field, sometimes it was half a dozen times. No matter how many times, the rider never got down. Being thrown was the very best part of the fun. Princess did it so trickily, always picking the place with the nicest care, and feeling it over with her nose as though she herself meant to wallow. Commonly she chose a place slightly sloping, where the grass was thick and short. Once satisfied with it, she put her head down, kicked up her hind feet, gently but decisively, and sent her rider over her head, then stood looking at her, wagging the head up and down, and flipping a derisive lip. But once when in play the little girl lay inert, with outstretched, motionless arms for two or three minutes, Princess caught the shoulder of her frock gently between her teeth, and shook her lightly, until she opened her eyes, sat up and laughed.

All this before the mare had ever been bitted. She had been raised a pet, being orphaned at a little more than a month old. But when it came to regular breakfast she did not belie experience, which is that a pet colt is the hardest thing in the world to break properly. The reason possibly is they have been so indulged they can hardly be made to believe the breaker means what he says.

IN ICY WATERS.

Walrus—Hello, old man! How do you find things?
Polar Bear—Oh, moving along, moving along! How is it with you?
Walrus—Well, I manage to keep my head above water.

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