A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs. Kate Chase, as She Appears To-Day.

SOME UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

She Tells of the Days When She Was a Social Queen in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—I spent a morning last week with Mrs. Kate Chase at Edgewood, her home, near Washington. It lies on the outskirts of the city, on a high hill overlooking the basin in which Washington is built. The estate now comprises thirty-six acres, and it includes the old brick mansion in which Salmon P. Chase lived while he was Chief Justice of the United States. This is a great two-story brick containing many large rooms and covered by a ridge roof, out of which the little windows of the attic poke their heads and gaze at the magnificent views about them. A wide hall runs through the center of the house. Rare old furniture which Mrs. Chase picked up in Europe fills many of the rooms, and the library, where the Chief Justice was wont, as his daughter tells me, to translate Latin poetry into English verse for amusement is still intact.

Driving up a winding road through great

Kate Chase in 1860.

trees which hid from me the October sun, I was met at the front door of the house by Mrs. Chase herself. She was dressed in black, with an old-fashioned broad-brimmed hat coming well down over her eyes, and she had been paying attention to her farming. She has managed everything connected with the estate for years, and has turned it from a farm into a park. She is a good farmer, and the same brains which made her so powerful in the days of 1860 come to her service now in making the ends meet off this thirty-six acres of clay soil. As we walked up the steps Mrs. Chase removed her hat, and I could see that she still possesses some of the beauty which made her so famous in the days gone by. She is straight as an arrow. Her form is rounded but not fat. Her face has but few wrinkles and her hair as yet shows no signs of gray. As she talks her eyes brighten and the magnetism for which she was so noted again comes to the surface. She must be now nearly sixty, but she does not look more than forty, and in my conversation with her no word of complaining or fault-finding dropped from her lips. The day upon which I called was a pleasant one and we chatted in the open air, surrounded by one of the finest views in the United States.

From the wide veranda on which we sat we could see the golden dome of the new library, view the many columned Capitol, with its flags flying over the Houses of Congress, and off in the distance fill our eyes with the snowy spire of the Washington Monument, which pierced the blue sky about three miles away. We could see the Potomac, and look down as it were upon the great red brick city, packed with its wealth and its misery, its vices and its virtue, its shoddy and its shams. About our feet stretched acres of velvety lawn, on which Jersey cattle tied by long ropes to stakes here and there sleepily browsed. Above us the enormous branches of natural oaks waved their many-colored leaves in the autumn sun, and all of our surroundings were those of peace casting their shadow upon the great city of discord below. The famous woman who sat beside me seemed also at peace. She has tested to the full all of the pomps and vanities of political and social life and she is now apparently happy here on the edge of it, though not in it. A generation ago there was no woman in Washington more powerful, more courteous, more admired than Mrs. Kate Chase. She played the game of politics as no woman in our history has ever played it, and her pawns were men. As I looked over at the Capitol, where the Senate was wrangling just as they did when Salmon P. Chase sat there early in the fifties, and where Chief Justice Fuller was presiding over the doings of the court as Chief Justice Chase

Kate Chase Sprague To-day.

did a little more than two decades ago, I could not help thinking of the wonderful history of the woman at my side. I pointed to the city and asked her to give me her first memories of it.

Said Mrs. Chase: "It is now more than forty years since I first came to Washington. I was a little girl then and my father had been elected to the United States Senate. He brought me East with him and placed me in a celebrated school in New York. I spent most of my time at school, but now and then I had a vacation, in which I came over to visit father, and at those times I saw something of the great men of the day. Father often took me on the floor and introduced me to his brother Senators. I remember it well. I knew Clay, Webster and Calhoun. Henry Clay made a strong impression on me. My father was a tall man, but Clay was much taller. He towered above me, but he was pleasant in his manners, and fond of children. He made much of me, and I liked him. I remember Daniel Webster, too. He seemed to me at that time to be my ideal of how a statesman ought to look. He was very sober and impressive in his manner. He seldom laughed, but he was very kind and he used to send me his speeches. I don't suppose he thought I would read them, but he wanted to compliment me and show that he remembered me and I know that I felt very proud when I saw Daniel Webster's frank upon pieces of mail which came to me at the New York school. Another great man who was my friend up to the time of his death was Charles Sumner. He was a noble man, warm, kind and great. I knew him when he was a bachelor and I saw much of him after his marriage and the trouble which followed."

"How did Sumner happen to marry?" I asked.

"He was not married until late in life," replied Mrs. Chase. "He spent most of his existence in bachelorhood and he was married to his studies and his profession. He was a great friend of Congressman Hooper of Massachusetts, and it was at Hooper's house that he met the young widow whom he married. She had married Hooper's son and he had died. I used to see Mr. Sumner nearly every day at this time. He was father's friend and spent much of his time at our house. Father joked him about his approaching marriage, and in a jesting way cited the examples of prominent men who had married young wives. Charles Sumner was happy, however, in the approaching marriage, and it was not until his wedding day had for some time gone by that he appreciated the mistake he had made. He found that instead of a helpmeet and a companion he had married a butterfly, who cared more for the german and for the social festivities of the capital than for her husband and his studies. For a time he went with her to parties and receptions. I have sat beside him on some such occasions when I could see that he was miserable. He had work to do, and he felt that he should be at it, and the result was the separation. He felt the blow terribly, and it was this, I believe, that hastened his death."

"What kind of a man was Sumner, socially?"

"He was most charming," was the reply. "He was full of anecdotes and was a brilliant talker. He was warm hearted and sensitive. He was a man of wide range of thought and of a thorough appreciation of the good, the true and the beautiful."

I here spoke to Mrs. Chase of her famous social reign, and asked her if she had a picture of herself which was taken at the time of the war.

"You speak of my social reign," Mrs. Chase replied. "I did not go into society, I venture to say, half as much as many women in Washington to-day. I never cared for society much. My friendships were strong and I knew all of the great men of my time. My social life was made up of dinners and with the associations of such men rather than the common round of receptions and calls. As to entertaining, I was thrown upon my own resources at a very early age. I was only 14 when I took charge of my father's household, and I continued at the head of it from that time until his death."

Mrs. Chase then said that she had no photograph or daguerreotype of that time, but that she could give me a steel engraving, which was said to be a very good likeness. She thereupon went into the house and returned with this engraving and a photograph of her daughter Ethel. After speaking of Miss Ethel's success on the stage and her delight that she had been able to carve out a place for herself, she showed me the engraving. It was the picture of a beautiful woman in the full dress of about 1860. It lies before me as I write. The hoopskirt is very large, but the low-cut gown shows a beautiful neck and shoulders and the symmetrical features are full of beauty, much of which still may be seen on the face of Mrs. Chase. As she handed it out to me she said: "That picture has a curious history. It was made when my father was Secretary of the Treasury. Some of my friends wanted to put my picture on one of the bank notes, and they took one of my photographs without my knowledge and sent it to the American Bank Note Company of New York and had this engraving made. As soon as I heard of it I positively forbade them using it in connection with the bank notes. My

Bust of Chief Justice Chase at the Capitol.

father's face was on the bills, and I did not care to have mine there as well. It seemed to me very bold in that they took the picture and had the engraving made without my knowledge."

"Your father's face was printed on the one-dollar bills, was it not?"

"Yes; they wanted him to allow it to go on the thousand-dollar bonds, but he said he preferred the dollar notes, and said that it was his sole ambition to give the United States such a currency that the dollar of the laboring man and the dollar of the capitalist would be an honest dollar from Maine to Georgia. He succeeded in doing this, and his success as Secretary of the Treasury will be one of the wonders of history. When he had borrowed his first $50,000,000 of the New York banks the London Times said he would not fare so well across the water. Nevertheless, he raised millions in London, and he was bound that there should be money enough to carry on the war. He succeeded in getting it in all sorts of ways. At one time, when the New York bankers refused to give him money on his own terms, he threatened to return to Washington and issue notes. He said at this time that the war must go on until the rebellion was put down if we had to put out paper to such an extent that it would take a thousand dollars to buy a breakfast."

I asked Mrs. Chase as to her father's biography, which she was writing. She replied:

"I can't tell how soon it will be done nor in just what way it will be published. My father left a mass of valuable material. He was one of the most methodical men I have ever known, and he kept everything. His letters are full of unwritten history, and they cover more than a generation of important events and of famous men. He kept full memoranda of everything connected with his work, and he understood how to make his secretaries keep things for him. Every night just before he went to bed he jotted down the occurrences of the day, and he thus kept a record of the important conferences that he had while in public life. All the Cabinet meetings that he attended while he was Secretary of the Treasury are thus recorded, and his diary gives in a nutshell the history of his time. It will have to be edited carefully, as will, indeed, all of the papers. I had a call not long ago from an old friend of my father who lives in Ohio, and he told me that he had a manuscript autobiography which my father had given him in trust, to be published after his death. This he said he would send to me. I don't know just what it is, but I should think it might be of great value."

"In what condition are these papers of Chief Justice Chase?"

"They are carefully stored away," replied Mrs. Chase. "The most important of them I keep in a fireproof vault, and a large amount of them have been sent to Boston. There is a man connected with Harvard College, a Professor Hart, who is writing a biography of my father for the Statesmen's Series. This will necessarily be short, and it cannot go into detail like the work that I have in view.

"What do you think of your father's place in history? Does the world of to-day know him as he was?"

"It does not," replied Mrs. Chase. "I believe the time will come when his work will be appreciated. He was one of the noblest and greatest of men and he sacrificed himself to a large extent to his country. He has been called selfish and has been accused of aspiring to the Presidency as a matter of personal ambition and self-aggrandisement. There was never a greater mistake. The only desire he had to be President lay in the thought that he could serve his country best in that place. He had a policy and ideas of his own as to the administration of affairs and had he been nominated he would have been elected. He was, as you know, a Democrat, but he was a Union man, and his policy would have healed the troubles between the North and South. He would have escaped the troubles of reconstruction and the Ku Klux would have never been known. I think I am safe in saying he would have been elected had he been nominated. He stood out as the great civil leader of the country, and his record in this respect was a match for General Grant's military service. His position on all great issues had been progressive. His financial theories had been a success. He was strong in all branches of the Democratic party and among the Republicans as well, and the contest would have been an even one."

"You were in New York at the time the convention nominated Horatio Seymour?"

"Yes; I went there and stopped with friends next the Manhattan Club, which was a great Democratic headquarters in those days. I knew that the men who were managing my father's interests were not so well organized as they should be,

Miss Ethel Chase Sprague.

and I wanted to be present to prevent any trouble and take advantage of any situation that might come up. At first there seemed to be little doubt but that father would be nominated. The night before the convention General Van Buren, Governor Seymour's secretary, came in and told me Mr. Seymour would not be a candidate, and that he would only accept a complimentary vote and then withdraw in favor of Salmon P. Chase. He told me that Governor Seymour would come in shortly himself and tell me that he intended to do this, but he never came. I did not think he would at the time, as I feared he would not have the courage to carry out his resolution. He had promised to do something of the kind when he ran for Governor, but when the time came he proved too weak to carry out his promise. It was the same at this convention. He was, you know, the presiding officer. When his name was proposed he said nothing, and he remained in the race until he secured the nomination."

"Was your father near being nominated?" I asked.

"Yes, at noon that day the situation was such that he would have been nominated had the convention not adjourned. A California delegate had announced his vote for Chase. This was unexpected and it created a sensation. The convention was in an uproar and a stampede to my father's support was imminent. His enemies prevented this by moving a recess for dinner and during this recess the combination was made that nominated Seymour. The chief reason that my father was not nominated was the doubt as to whether he would accept the platform. I am sure he would not have done so. A delegation came to me while the convention was sitting and told me that if I would authorize them to assure the convention that father would accept the platform they would announce this and it would surely secure the nomination. I refused to do this. I told them that I knew the platform was not in accordance with his views and that I did not think he would consent to carry out its policy. He will do, said I, what he understands to be his duty to his country and his party, but I do not think his ideas of that right are embodied in that platform. You can telegraph him concerning it. As for me I cannot vouch for it. Father afterward told me that he could not have accepted the platform. He had written a letter stating his views before the convention was held and his position on all questions was well known."

"How about yourself, Mrs. Chase? It is said that it was your ambition that made your father most desire to enter the White House."

"I do not think that is so," replied Mrs. Chase. "If you will reason a little you will see how unfounded it is. I was anxious that my father might be President in order that he might carry out his ideas. As to social ambition, I had been in society all of my life. I was forced into it very young. At the age of 14 I was the social head of my father's establishment at Columbus, where he was Governor of the State, and I had at that time three children that I had to care for. When I came to Washington my father was Secretary of the Treasury, and as the wife of Governor Sprague my social duties were equally great. The mere name of being mistress of the White House had never been a great attraction to me, and my father's health was such that I did not want to see him become President and undergo all of the worries and cares which are associated with the chief executive of the country. He nearly broke himself down while he was Secretary of the Treasury, and he had just begun to recover. From his earliest youth the Supreme bench had been the goal of his ambition, and he felt, as I did, that to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was an honor fully equal to that of the Presidency. He liked his life and work as Chief Justice, and he was especially fitted for the position."

"How about your father as Secretary of the Treasury? You speak of the wear and tear of the office."

"It was terrible. He did not want the position, and it was against his inclination that he accepted it. President Lincoln offered it to him while he was still at Columbus. He sent for father to come to Springfield, I think. I do not remember whether he went or not, but Lincoln afterward came to visit him at Columbus. It was just at the time of the celebration of the anniversary of the Perry victory at Cleveland, and I had gone to Cleveland to be present at this. It was at this time that I met Governor Sprague for the first time—my fate. Mrs. Lincoln came with the President to Columbus, and they were entertained by Governor Denison. Mrs. Lincoln was piqued that I did not remain at Columbus to see her, and I have always felt that this was the chief reason why she did not like me at Washington.

"Well, President Lincoln offered father the Secretaryship of the Treasury, but my father refused it. He had just been elected to the United States Senate, and he felt that he could do more there than in the treasury. He felt the same when he came down to Washington and was sworn in as United States Senator. Pressure, however, from all parts of the country and among his friends at Washington led him to finally resolve to take the place. He realized the enormity of the undertaking when he accepted the portfolio. The raising of money to carry on the war was as great an undertaking as the raising and equipment of men for the field. We had no foreign credit and the making of greenbacks without interest a legal tender when the country had never been on anything but a gold basis was a success as great as the surrender of the Confederate army four years later. The world will never know the strain that the Secretary of the Treasury had to undergo at that time. My father lived at the department, and he slept with his ear at the telegraph. An order would come that millions must be had at once, and it was his business to raise the money. How he did it, how he organized the national banking system, how he placed hundreds of millions abroad, these are matters of history."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

REILLY'S OPINION.

A City Hall Plumber Who Saw No Leaks.

Trying to Fix the Responsibility for Dishonest Plumbing Is Not a Success.

At a meeting of the City Hall Commission yesterday Architect Frank T. Shea submitted plans for remodeling the southwest wing of the City Hall.

As this part of the municipal building is arranged at present the Free Libary occupies two floors. The third floor will have to be built where a gallery for books now stands in the extreme southern end. The first floor according to the architect's suggestions is to have a large Police Court, rooms for the Fire Commissioners, License Collector and the Prosecuting Attorney of the court. The second floor is laid out with a Superior Court room, Judges' chambers and a large office. Judge Sanderson will have his chambers and court on the third floor, and the law library will take a long spare room.

The Commissioners witheld action until next Saturday and meanwhile they will make a personal inspection of the wing.

An attempt was made to investigate the plumbing scandals recently exposed, but without any satisfactory result.

Among the plumbers who had contracts for work in the City Hall is G. Sweeny. He was asked for information regarding the dishonest plumbing, but pretty nearly all he knew was that the defective work is none of his. "That was the result of tearing up my work," he explained, "long after the job was finished and accepted. Some one who came after me is responsible for it."

Demands in favor of C. J. Reilly for plumbing, repairs to the roof, labor and material from May 12, 1891, to January 3, 1893, amounting to $24,543 26, were introduced to show how much work he had done. Reilly was examined, but he denied having had anything to do with the sub-basement plumbing steal. He was not responsible for it, so he stoutly maintained.

"How much would it cost to repair the defective work of which Mr. Shea complains?" Mayor Ellert asked.

"Well, what I've seen for a few lead pipes I think $75."

"Mr. Shea estimates about $4000."

"I don't know what he is estimating on. I'm talking about breaks and stolen lead pipes. I saw no leaking pipes; everything was dry."

"We are speaking about all the bad plumbing, putty joints, breaks, leaks, no connections and all that kind of thing in the sub-basement," remarked Auditor Broderick.

Reilly replied that there was no leak and everything was in good order. In answer to the architect's question about soil pipes he said they were put in when the building was finished.

"Well, what will you do the defective work in the sub-basement for?" impatiently asked the Mayor for the third time. "That is to put the plumbing into good sanitary condition."

"You can't tie me down at all," was Reilly's quick response.

"I see that," added the Mayor.

"Well, now, let me explain," continued Reilly. "If I signed a contract now the good lead pipe might be stolen from the sub-basement while I was at work."

"Is there no way of putting a lock and key on this sub-basement, so that the pipe may not be carried away?" Broderick asked. Only a laugh from the crowd was his answer.

J. E. Britt, another plumbing contractor who had contracts on the City Hall, was examined. He said there had been a good deal of trouble from sub-contracts, and then proceeded to explain how dishonest plumping could carry away sewage while letting sewer gases escape. Regarding the sub-basement plumbing he claimed to be wholly ignorant. So the investigation was continued till next meeting.

Landed for the Time.

Pending action on the appeal of Severina Razzano, the Italian woman refused a landing over a week ago by Immigration Commissioner Stradley, Superintendent Herman Stump of the Immigration Department has telegraphed Mr. Stradley to allow her to land.

An order releasing her from the detention of the Pacific Steamship Company has, therefore, been made, and her attorneys, Messrs. Wheeler & Devoto, have been so notified.

This woman was refused a landing on the ground that she came here from Victoria, B. C., under an agreement to work at $20 per month. Her husband and children were admitted because they came from a domestic port, viz.: Seattle.

Betraying Chinese.

An ex-employe of the Internal Revenue Department, named Charles Favor, is reported by Assistant Revenue Agent Bert M. Thomas to be impersonating an officer of the Government for the purpose of blackmailing Chinese.

Favor's scheme, Mr. Thomas says, is to get hold of some Chinese who has in his possession illicit goods, cigars or opium, and then take him into the place of Lee Mow, 1104 Stockton street, and extort from him all the way from $5 to $20. As the Chinese himself is an offender he cannot obtain redress without betraying himself. The police have been notified.

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SCIENTIFIC FARRIERY.

Some or the Ways in Which It Tortures Horses.

There is a shoemaker whose shoes are not leather,
But all the four elements put together—
Fire, water, earth and air—
Every customer has two pair. —Old riddle.

I took Madame to one of these shoemakers the other day—Madame, whose four round, compact, perfect feet are sound as a nut, whose broad, open hoofs never picked up a stone in the whole course of their years of travel on country roads and city streets, who never "interfered" or "struck" or "forged" in her life, whose pedal extremeties, in fact, present about the simplest problem to the farrier that can well be imagined.

Madame is easy on shoes. Good horses, rightly used, are apt to be, and the irons on her feet were not worn out, but they had been on for four weeks, and that is as long as a horseshoe ought to be allowed to remain without setting up. This last is an operation in which I do not see any economy. It consists largely in pulling off the half-worn shoe, trimming the horse's foot down to fit it and nailing it on again. It is better and, in the long run, cheaper to have new shoes made and fitted to the hoof.

Madame, I say, went to the shoemaker whose shoes are not leather, with as sound and well-conditioned feet as any horse need ask for. The smith's instructions were to shoe her for the saddle, and to set the heels of the hind feet up a little. More than this I did not deem it necessary to say to a man whose sign proclaimed him to be a "practical farrier," especially as he had shod this particular animal regularly for some months. But my practical farrier turned Madame over to a journeyman in the shop, in token whereof Madame stands in the stable with four comparatively useless feet, while I am turned journey woman, performing my journeyings upon my own feet, albeit I once was wont to ride on Madame's sleek, fat back.

When I went to inspect Madame's feet, one by one, on her return from the farrier's (and I never fail to do this very thoroughly before using her), I was filled with anger and grief at the sight that met my gaze. Where once had been a broad, tough, elastic frog, forming a natural cushion to break the concussion of the foot in striking the pavement, was a small, neatly pared wedge of tender horn, whittled down to a very fine point. The sole of the foot had been chiseled out until the ball of my thumb, pressed anywhere, made an indentation in the tender quick of the hoof. Around the edge of this excavation a broad, 16-ounce iron shoe had been nailed. As no part of the frog reached the ground the animal's entire weight, a good thousand pounds, rested upon the outer edge of each hoof, a circumstance that readily explained the stableman's remark that "the mare wants to lie down in the stall all the time; we can't keep her up."

No wonder she wanted to lie down. Who would not, if standing meant the bearing of his entire weight on the toe nails?

On the hind feet were fourteen-ounce shoes, each with a great heelcalk formed by turning down the ends of the iron—shoes that would have been appropriate on the feet of a horse pulling a dumpcart, but sadly out of place on the feet of a light saddle animal, and the feet had been filed down all around to make a neat fit.

I went down and argued with that scientific farrier. He told me at first that that was the way to shoe a horse, but when I had convinced him that I knew better he called the journeyman, who declared: "The frog was that rotten it had to be cut. I couldn't do nothin' with it." This, when the farrier himself had at the time the animal was brought in pronounced her feet "right sound!"

Argument was useless. The mischief was done, and as the journeyman idiot had only done what in some quarters is pronounced correct horseshoeing there was nothing to be done except to have a set of shoes made and put on, under my own supervision, that would in some degree ease the pressure on the walls of the hoofs.

But the incident set me thinking about the feet of these servants of ours who do our work so uncomplainingly. "No feet, no horse," is the saying among horsemen, and corelated with it is that other saying, intensely ridiculous, that "one horse will wear out four sets of feet."

There is a great deal of needless mystery thrown around the subject of a horse's feet. Men who have a clear understanding of every other portion of the equine anatomy plead ignorance of the foot without seeming to feel the slightest compunction in so doing.

There is no excuse for this ignorance. The horse's foot is no more complicated an organ than his hip or thigh; not half so intricate as his fore leg, which any horseman is willing to undertake to care for. As compared with the human feet it is a simple structure indeed; but possibly that comparison is unfortunate, for our imbecility in dealing with our own foot is about the only thing that will parallel the ignorance manifested in the care of those of the horse. The horse's foot has few bones; its vascular system is very simple; its parts are not many, and the use for which nature designed each is quite apparent. There are only four with which the horseman need be familiar. These parts are: The wall, the sole, the frog and the bars. The sole has two divisions—the outer and the inner. The former guards the plantar surface of of the foot from contusion, and helps the walls to sustain the animal's weight, while in the inner, sensitive sole is located that sense of touch whereby a horse "feels his way" along the road and adapts its tread to the nature of the foothold beneath it. A horse in traveling literally sees with his foot, so far as the road is concerned, a provision of nature that is fortunate for him, as, what with overdraws and blinders, we have rendered it quite impossible for him to count on any aid from his eyes. The inner sole is exquisitely sensitive, like the "quick" of the finger-nail, and the blacksmith who cuts down upon it in "trimming" a hoof, a very common practice in the guild, does so at the risk of exposing the animal to keenest torture in traveling. This paring process, the reason for which no farrier can explain intelligently, is a prolific source of disease in the horse's foot, and of premature breaking down and going lame. It leaves the foot liable to bruises and concussion, and renders it super-sensitive and brittle. The exposed new horn of the sensitive sole dries and hardens, an excessive demand is made upon the secretions that produce this horn, and the foot early falls into decay.

The frog is the triangular growth of horn which, beginning at the back of the hoof within the bars, slopes forward until it comes to a point at about the center of the sole. In the middle of the posterior part is a cleft, which, in a healthy foot, should not be very deep. The frog is very tough and elastic, and in structure corresponds with the elastic pads or cushions on the feet of other animals, such as the camel, elephant, and the dog. Its purpose is to receive the shock of the blow when the foot comes in contact with the ground, and prevent jar and injury to limbs and joints. On the morning after her first trip with her feet in the condition to which they had been reduced by my scientific farrier's journeyman, Madame stood in her stall, lame and sore, with the tendons of her forelegs swollen and feverish. There had been nothing but the walls of the hoofs to receive the thousand-pound blow with which a horse of her weight brings each forefoot down in cantering, and the jar and concussion had told severely upon the back tendons of the forelegs. Flemming, one of the leading authorities on farriery, in his book on "Practical Horseshoeing," says:

"In the horse's foot the presence of this thick, compressible and supple mass of horn at the back of the hoof, its being in a healthy, unmutilated condition and permitted to reach the ground while the animal is standing or moving, are absolutely essential to the well-being of that organ, especially should speed, in addition to weight-carrying, be exacted." Like the rounded, firm heel in the human foot, the frog serves as a cushion for the tendo achilles. Deprived of this concussion and strain-saving support this strong back tendon becomes weakened and sore, and is often thickened, forming a permanent blemish in the leg. A knife should never be touched either to frog or sole of a horse's foot, but these two, and particularly the frog, present a great temptation to the blacksmith, who fancies he knows more about the foot he is torturing than does the Almighty who made it, so he chips out the sole until it is a high arch, throwing all weight on the wall of the hoof and exposing the exquisitely sensitive inner sole to the chance of bruising by every stone in the road or to changes of cold and heat and the hundred vicissitudes that are apt to befall it. He whittles and pares down the frog, often till the blood starts, digs out the bars until they all but disappear, and splits open the heels to produce what he is pleased to call "lateral expansion" and to declare necessary to keep a horse's feet in order.

There never lived a man who "knew horse" or better understood the noble animal, his needs and the art of caring for him than the once famous W. H. H. Murray, "Adirondack Murray." What he did not know about making the most of a good horse and keeping him sound and healthy no one need bother to ascertain about, and Adirondack Murray has laid down a rule in regard to trimming a horse's foot that every horseman in the world should cut out and paste in his hat. "Never," he says, "allow the knife to touch the sole of your horse's foot, nor the least bit of it to be pared away, because nature needs the full bulk of it and has amply provided for its removal at the proper time. Secondly, never allow a knife to be put to the frog, because nature never provides too much of it to answer the purpose for which the Creator designed it, and the larger it is the more swiftly, easily and safely will your horse go."

Now a word as to the other portions of the foot with which the layman has to deal. Of these the wall is that portion which surrounds the foot, and is alone seen when the hoof is on the ground. Generally speaking, this is what the uninitiated mean when they speak of the hoof. Like the sole, it is fibrous in structure and very thin. This is the only part of the hoof that should be subjected to the knife, and this only for the purpose of removing the superfluous growth, as we pare the nails when they grow too long. The growth of frog and sole is limited, consequently the knife should never be used on them, but the wall grows indefinitely, and it is because of this growth that horseshoes require to be renewed every few weeks, even though not greatly worn.

The bars are a prolongation of the walls. Their object is to strengthen the foot and protect the frog. To remove them or cut them down is like removing the ribs from a ship or the rafters from beneath the roof of a house.

And yet it is a common practice with smiths to cut away the bars until they do not rest on the ground. With this done, the sole gouged out and the frog pared away the whole weight of the animal comes upon the outer wall, and thus many of the diseases to which the foot of the horse has been rendered peculiarly prone are set up. Of these I shall speak in another paper. This much for the parts of the equine foot. Their preparation for shoeing and the shoeing itself will be considered in the near future.

MISS RUSSELL.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

Notes of Interest to Members of Many Denominations.

Six additional elders will be added to the session of the West Presbyterian Church.

There are four Indian boys studying in an Indian normal school for the priesthood.

The Luther League of New York City is preparing to celebrate Luther day in November.

Archbishop Gross of Portland, Or., is the guest of the Redemptionist fathers at Roxbury, Mass.

The Presbyterian Home Missions Board has issued a second call for funds to meet the stringent condition of its finances.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., will be observed between November 1 and 10 next.

The enrollments at Lane Theological Seminary, according to a statement from Dean Morris, have reached seventeen. Ten of these are juniors.

Rev. Dr. Bouquillon of the Catholic University of America returned home last week from his trip to Europe. During his absence he visited France, Belgium and Italy.

Rev. Dr. Benjamin Labaree, for thirty years a missionary to Persia, has been selected by the Presbyterian Foreign Missions Board to complete its corps of secretaries.

Professor William Henry Green of Princeton has an article in the October number of the Presbyterian and Reformed Review, on "Dr. Briggs' Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch."

Rev. J. E. Dunne, pastor of All Saints, Chicago, has been appointed Bishop of the long vacant see of Dallas, Tex., in place of Bishop Brennan, who has been transferred to Newfoundland.

The forty-seventh annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will be held in Elgin, Ill., October 24 and 26. The annual sermon will be preached by Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of Boston.

An agitation has been started within the Cumberland Presbyterian church for changing the name of the denomination. Some wish to call it the American Presbyterian church, others simply the Presbyterian church.

The ancient church of Holly Rood, Ramsbury, near Hungerford, has just been restored, principally through the munificence of Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The site was consecrated certainly not later than A. D. 909, and was the mother church of the diocese of Ramsbury.

The American Missionary Association treasury closes its fiscal year with a debt of $45,000. This is the first year for a long time that such a report has been necessary. The falling off in the receipts is in the one item of legacies.

C. T. Sampson of North Adams, Mass., who died last Thursday, has bequeathed $100,000 to the Baptist Home Mission Society. He left an estate worth over $1,000,000. His wife's death followed his demise within forty-eight hours. Mr. Sampson was accustomed to distributing $30,000 yearly for benevolent purposes.

Rev. Florence J. Halloran was ordained to the priesthood in St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, Mass., September 26. As he is a Dorchester citizen, bred in the district, his ordination was secured to the parish church by a special dispensation, and the event has long been anticipated with great pleasure by his many friends.

Ira Hoitt's Little Loans.

For two years past Ira G. Hoitt, ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction for California, is said to have been receiving money from Peter R. Kelly until the total amount reached $250. Kelly wanted the money on several occasions, but Hoitt would not pay, so the obliging capitalist entered suit yesterday in the Justices' Court for the sum loaned.

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