

HOW HIGHBALL WON THE DERBY.

Glorious Race Furnished Inspiration for Poet's Song of the Strenuous Steeds.

The West against the East contending,
Has sent her champion to the fray,
On Blithe High Ball our eyes are bend-
ing—
The sluggard holds the right of way,
Where's Irish Lad, the New York won-
der,
Whose deeds have set the turf on fire?
His hoof beats ring like rumbling thun-
der—
His Titan heart will never tire!

Which horse will win the Derby laurel?
Will Woodson snatch the Croesus prize?
Will Highball conquer in the quarrel,
Or English Lad the world surprise?
Rapid Water, too, may loom as master—
Big brother to the boisterous breeze,



"How the frenzied crowd is shout-
ing, as English Lad bends to the
chase!"

Blithe Highball's stride seems surely
faster
Than surging foam from wind swept
seas.

'Tis Derby Day, our glorious season,
When summer swoons upon the land,
To back the bangtails is no treason,
To pick the winner from the stand,
Each jockey grimly eyes his neighbor,
And trails him at his saddle belt,
And urges on the steeds that labor
With the fire and fury of the Celt!

Over fifty thousand here assemble
To see the maddening, bruising chase;
Shy, piquant maids will pout and tremble,
"Brave Highball will win the race."
Blithe Highball looms so spruce and
slender,
Moharib stout may snatch the prize;
Fort Hunter looms a keen contender—
Rich laughter gleams in Beauty's eyes.

What ringing cheers salute the Master,
Blithe whirlwind of the pampered East;
Staunch Highball neighs and spurns dis-
aster,
And looms a supple, splendid beast,
A crafty jockey guides his chances—
Fuller—impassive in his seat,
The pompous palfrey proudly prances
And caracoles with dainty feet.

Comes English Lad, the West's Defender,
The stubborn sluggard takes his ease,
Requital's son looms spruce and slen-
der—
Big brother to the bolsterous breeze,
Old Time, they say, is fast and fleeting;
Time Limpas a laggard in his train!
What fierce delight when steeds are meet-
ing
And grappling on the wind swept plain!

They're at the post—all grouped together;
They're jockeying for the friendly rail;
With hearts as buoyant as a feather,
Like chevaliers of Grecian tale,
They hearken to the bugle blowing;
Its aerial challenge through the air,
Keen silvery stanzas thinly flowing
Like haunting strains from Siren's lair.

"They're off—they're off," the railbirds
cry—
"All ranged together in a line!"
Supreme delight to see them flying
As stately squadron o'er the brine,
Each gallant thoroughbred is straining
With foam flecked mouth and tossing
crest,
And dauntless Highball's grimly gaining.

FRESH AIR THE BEST TONIC.

Physician Declares Women Need
More Exercise.

"It is safe to say," declared a phy-
sician, "that one-half of the women
are simply starving for fresh air, and
if they would throw away their pill
bottles and headache powders and ex-
ercise freely in the open air for at
least two hours daily they would feel
like new women at the end of a year.
Nature cannot be cheated, nor can

And Woodson nobly stands the test!
How rich the sweep, how grand the
measure,
That rises like grey ocean's swell,
They spurn the turf with lordly pleas-
ure,
Exulting like clear chiming bell,
They rise and fall like billows swelling,
And surge and shoulder in the fight,
Full fifty thousand men are yelling
And cheering at the glorious sight!

How the frenzied crowd is shouting,
As English Lad bends to the chase;
Lithe lily lassies flushed and pouting
Show lustrious eyes, shy roseleaf face,
Blithe Highball gallops surely faster,
Than whimpering wind or rippling rain,
Rapid Water seems to spurn disaster,
Stout Woodson nobly stands the strain.

Far back English Lad is hiding,
The stubborn sluggard bides his time;
His jockey nurses, calmly guiding,
His hoof beats ring like silvery rhyme,
Relentless as lithe leopard leaping,
Highball comes bounding thro' the
throng,
Resistless as fierce cyclone sweeping,
He glides as splendid as a song.

"Come on you hound," the tipsters yell-
ing,
"Wake up and do your song and
dance!"
The railbirds with alarm are swelling—
"You brute, move up and take a chance,
But English Lad still keeps his distance,
Blithe Highball holds the right of way;
He seems to spurn the turf resistance,
And Woodson trails him in the fray.

They're in the stretch and madly strain-
ing,
The panting steeds set sail for home;
And gullant Highball's grimly gaining,
All dappled grey with flecking foam,
The jockeys nurse the steeds that labor,
And trail them at their saddle belt,
And grimly eye their strenuous neighbor
With the fire and fury of the Celt!

The pace was swift, the struggle bru-
ising,
As they thunder down the sloping way,
With foam flecked mouth like hounds a-
cruising
Staunch Highball leads the strenuous
fray,
Their hoof beats drown the rumbling
thunder,
Relentless as fierce Cyclops might,
There is no time to break or blunder
Since Death's in ambush for a fight.

Who won the race, who snatched the
plunder?
'Twas Highball filched the Croesus
prize,
His hoof beats ring like rumbling thun-
der,



"Vain, English Lad, your desperate
straining, for dauntless Highball's van-
quished Time."

The Eastern champions roused the
world's surprise,
Vain, English Lad, your desperate strain-
ing—
For dauntless Highball's vanquished Time
And Woodson at his heels was gaining—
Their names will live in rippling rhyme.
—James E. Kinseila,
Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

Impaired forces be restored by swal-
lowing medicine every time warning
pain and illness overtakes the offend-
er. A busy woman may be compelled
to neglect some duty or pleasure for a
time in order to obtain the outdoor
exercise, but under the circumstances
it will be excusable, and in the long
run she will make up for it because
of increased bodily vigor."

If we share the burdens of others
we lighten our own.—Lord Avebury.



Soft Answer Just in Time.
Mrs. F (petulantly)—"You never
kiss me now."
Mr. F—"The idea of a woman of
your age wanting to be kissed! One
would think you were a girl of 18."
Mrs. F—"What do you know about
girls of 18?"
Mr. F—"Why, my dear, weren't you
18 once yourself?"—Stray Stories.

The Restive Auto.
"See the red automobile standing in
front of that house, pop?"
"Yes, I see it, my son."
"What makes it jump so, pop?"
"It is restive, my boy."
"What makes it restive, pop?"
"Oh, I suppose it sees some people
crossing the street a block or two
ahead."

Matrimonial Joys.
Wife—I met Mr. Meeker this morn-
ing. You remember he was your rival
for my hand.
Husband—Yes; I hate that man.
Wife—But you shouldn't hate him
just because he used to admire me.
Husband—Oh, that isn't the reason.
I hate him because he didn't marry
you.

Nothing New to Her.
Mrs. Upjohn (just back from foreign
tour)—But I was going to tell you
about the scarabaeus I got in Egypt.
It—
Mrs. Gaswell—Oh, I used to be trou-
bled with that when we lived in Penn-
sylvania. Quinine will knock it out
every time.

Another Fish Story.
"So you were out in St. Louis?" said
the postmaster. "Did you see the big
pike?"
"To be sure," drawled the village
fabricator; then after a pause, "but it
wasn't one inch bigger than the pike I
caught in Hurly's mill pond last sum-
mer."

The Flight of Time.
The governess had been reading the
story of the discovery of America to
her 4 year old charge. Closing the
book she said: "Just think, Mabel, all
this happened more than 400 years
ago."
"Gwacious!" exclaimed the little
miss, "ain't it s'pwizin' how time do
fly?"

Critical Judgment.



"Was the pianist really good?"
"Oh! yes indeed! His hair was
nearly a foot long."

Choice Selection.
"I learn that the Van Ruxtons allow
their chickens to diet on their neigh-
bors' flowers. Do they keep it a se-
cret?"
"Well, I should think not. If you
dine with them the suave Mr. Van
Ruxton will ask if you prefer violet-fed
fowl or 'chicken de roses.'"

Far Sighted.
"Know young Fillers, the dentist?
He's going to elope with Miss Tra-
versers."
"The deuce! When?"
"In a few weeks."
"In a few weeks? Why doesn't he
take her now?"
"Well, you see, he is doing a little
expensive work on her teeth and he
wants to collect the bill from her fa-
ther first."—Kansas City Journal.

Whyness of the Wherefore.
"I suppose," said the scanty haired
man, "you have never given marriage
a thought."
"Oh, yes I have," replied the bach-
elor.
"Then why are you still single?"
asked the other.
"Because I gave marriage a
thought," answered the advocate of
single blessedness.

Easy to Believe.



"He has seen better days."

Long Ones.
"Dr. Sawem is to read a paper before
the Ohio Medical Association to-day,
isn't he?"
"Yes."
"What is the title of it?"
"I don't know exactly, but the words
look like Russian war news."—Cleve-
land Leader.

Retaining the Valuables.
A—"Is it true that your cashier has
eloped with your daughter and a large
sum of money?"
B—"It is quite true; but he is an
honest fellow, and means to repay me.
He has already returned me my
daughter."

Yea, Verily!
"Many a man," remarked the phil-
osopher, "who travels on the right
road manages to reach the wrong
destination."
"How's that?" queried the man.
"They are headed the wrong way,"
explained the philosophy dispenser.

Annoyed.
"I am strongly inclined to think that
your husband has appendicitis," said
the physician.
"That's just like him," answered
Mrs. Cumrox. "He always waits till
anything is pretty near gone out of
style before he decides to get it."

The Way He Put It.
He—"Is it true that you said young
Chumpy was a fool?"
She—"Oh, no! What I said was that
it was a good thing he didn't have any
money, because if he had he and it
would soon be parted."—Browning's
Magazine.

A Broad Assertion.
"I wear no man's collar!" he ex-
claimed with vehemence.
Which is a statement that the patron
of the average laundry cannot reason-
ably make until he has examined the
mark to see whether there have been
any exchanges.—New Orleans Times
Democrat.

Brave to Rashness.
"Oh, George," sighed the romantic
girl, "I wish you were like the old time
knights; I wish you'd something brave
to show your love for me."
"Gracious!" cried her fiancé,
haven't I agreed to marry you, and me
only getting \$20 a week?"—Philadel-
phia Press.