VANITY THAT COST A MILLION.

The Folly of a Jockey Threw Away a Fortune at the Post.

A number of racing men were chatting in an uptown hotel on Broadway a few evening since, says the New York Sun, and one of the party, who had been abroad in company with Walton, the famous plunger, when that heavy speculator made his second trip to England, told how near the American came to creating a sensation which would have made the country ring from one end to the other.

"The vanity of a jockey," said this man, "cost Walton and his friends $1,000,000 and this is how it all happened. Walton had in his stable among other horses Mr. Pickwick, Sutler and the 3-year-old Hopeful, which he still owns and has in the stud somewhere near New York. We had been winning our share of the money, both on our own horses and on those of other owners and the season had opened up in the most propitious fashion. All of the American contingent took advice from 'Pete,' as we called Walton, and we had made the ring wince several times on settling day. Sherwood, who trained for Walton, had a very high opinion of Hopeful, and wanted to run him in a stake race, but we begged him to hold off and pick out a selling event instead, and prepared to make a coup that would be talked about for months to come. After seeing the City and the Suburban run we ran back to London, and from there took the train to Epsom, where our horses were quartered. It was our purpose to deceive everybody as to our intentions, and that morning the horses were brought out, trotted and centered, and carefully put away, as though they had had all their work for that day. In the afternoon, when the Downs were deserted, Hopeful and Sutler were brought out in company with Richmond, a high-class horse, then trained by Sherwood but afterward bought by Walton and brought to this country, running third in Pontiac's Suburban. The trial was a great success and showed us that Hopeful was a grand 3-year-old, of quality sufficiently high to win many stakes for race horses of his age. Richmond beat him about a length, and the 3-year-old beat Sutler away off; in fact we were in high feather and considered the money we intended to place on Hopeful in the coming race as good as won.

"Racing in England is vastly different from the sport in this country, and the great public knows far less about the merits of the horses than they do in America. Horses run fewer races, are trained privately, and sometimes are not seen in public for months together. As a consequence form is much harder to follow, and those who have a bottled-up good thing and know how to guard their secret get a price that is at times astonishingly good. We were amazed to get as good at 10 to 1 against Hopeful, and the strangest part of it all was that the more we bet the more the ring seemed capable of absorbing. We told our jockey (I won't mention his name, but he was a good one in his day, and most of you know him) that we stood to win a fortune and to take no chances. From the start Hopeful was in a good position, and after making a splendid turn at Tottenham Corner we began to cheer, for our chestnut beauty was striding along in front and moving over the turf in magnificent style. A hundred yards from the finish we were exulting in our triumph, fifty yards from the line nothing but a miracle could keep us from getting the money. Whips were flying behind us and our colt was still in hand. When I think of what happened then I grow faint and want to swear. Our jockey, with the insane desire of showing what a good thing it was, took a pull at Hopeful's head, the great, long-striding colt became tangled and was thrown off his stride. Webb was on the nearest of his competitors, and he had all but given up riding, but, like the great horseman that he is, he gathered his horse, by one of the grandest efforts I've ever seen, nailed Hopeful and beat him on the post. I went broke over the race, but nothing could stay Walton's luck that day, for despite his losses on the race he quit the day $36,000 to the good. What would he have won if our jockey hadn't blundered? Fully $1,000,000; and the entire story of his life might have been changed. Had he got that much money together they never could have made him surrender. I'll never forget what Webb said after the race. It was this: 'The over-weight beat you!' pointing to his upper lip, which like all of England's jockeys, was clean shaved. Our man had a moustache."

IN NEED OF A SOLOMON.

Case That May Not Be Settled Without a Mathematician and a Lawyer.

In Helena recently the possessor of a diamond ring requested a friend to take it to a reputable house and borrow $10 upon it. The friend complied and soon returned with the money. The ring was placed in the safe by a man who furnished the cash, there to remain until it should be redeemed. Later on No. 2 who pawned the ring for No 1, concluded that he would like to have $10, and as the jewel was a valvable one, he returned to the man with the safe and asked for the money, which was readily furnished, the safe man supposing the ring belonged to No. 2, the man who pawned it. Nos. 1 and 2 now had $10 each, provided they had not spent it. Later on it happened that the safe man went home for the night and his place was taken by another.

The second safe man knew nothing about the transactions of the first safe man concerning the diamond ring. When another man (No. 3) presented himself and courteously stated that he had left a ring in the charge of the first safe man and desired to get it, the second safe man being convinced that the ring belonged to No. 3 handed out the glittering circle of gold without unnecessary delay. No. 3 on obtaining possession of the ring, found that he also needed some money and at once. He therefore lost no time in putting up the ring at his uncle's for an equivalent in coin of the realm.

The result, says the Helena Independent, is the first safe man is out $10. No 1 is out a diamond ring and owes $10, No. 2 is ahead $10, No. 3 is ahead all he could get on the ring. This is a case that may not be settled without reference to an astute mathematical and legal luminary.

The Making of Thieves.

There has surely been of late a very great and significant increase in the number of child criminals that are brought to our police courts. There are more of them, and they are much younger than they used to be, and they are vastly "tougher." Their manner shows plainly that the street has been their teachers and that they have been apt pupils. Its method is simple and varies in Hell's Kitchen and in Jewtown only in the opportunities offered.

To begin with the boy idler in the street during school hours is there in defiance of law, whether the fault is his own or not, and he knows it. He is in the attitude of opposition, the normal attitude of the street. The policeman is his enemy and the policeman stands for the established order of things. Thus the ground work is laid for whatever mischief comes along. It is not long in coming, rarely longer than the dinner-hour of the first day. The boy is hungry. He wants something to eat. A boy's hunger is not like a man's, which can be appease with promises. He wants something at once. If he is playing hookey, he does not want to go home to get it. Anyway, there is no need to do so. The street can show him an easier way. The grocer's stand is handy, or a pie wagon. Better still, a soda-water wagon: the bottle is worth so much cash at the junk-shop. The driver's back is turned, the boy "swipes" one.

It is not a very great crime, but it is the stepping-stone to many greater. A horse-blanket or a copper-bottomed boiler may be the next thing. It is the first step that costs an effort, and that is not a very great one, with the clamor of a hungry stomach to drown the warning voice within him that whispers of the policeman and the lock-up. The friends he makes in the street soon help him to contempt for the one and a secret pride for the other.—The Century Magazine.

A Barbarism in a Code.

A curious case is reported in the law journal, New York Supplement, which illustrates the hardship of an inflexible code made to order. The law of that State gives an attorney who appears for a party a lein upon his client's course of action which cannot be affected by any settlement between the litigants. This is to protect counsel who commence actions from being frozen out of their fee by the parties to the suit coming together and settling their dispute out of court.

It is natural that lawyers should wish to protect themselves from this unpleasant tendency of clients worn out with the law's delay or repentant of having rushed into litigation ill-advisedly. It was to be expected that a code made by careful lawyers should contain a provision to protect vested interest in their clients' cases, but this is how it works. A Mr. Crouch brought suit against Mr Hoyt for $20,000 damages for the alienation of the affections of his (Crouch's) wife. Hoyt was arrested and imprisoned, when Crouch repented—perhaps discovered that his suspicions were ill founded. At any rate he executed a general release to the defendant and consented to his discharge from imprisonment. Hoyt's counsel then applied to the court for his release from imprisonment, and here the code comes in with its kindly care for the interest of lawyers. The repentant Crouch had failed to settle with his lawyer for instituting proceedings against Hoyt, and, so rules Judge McAdam, the defendant must linger in custody until Crouch pays his own lawyer his charge of $250 for putting Hoyt in prison. "There can," says the court, "be no valid discharge of Hoyt until the lawyer who incarcerated him consents to his release," and this he refuses to do until he has been paid his fee. Hoyt is impecunious and cannot himself pay Crouch's debt of $250, so unless Crouch settles satisfactorily with his lawyer the unlucky Hoyt must linger in jail.

She Made Papa Tired.

A veteran editor of this city came down to his club a few nights ago chuckling over a "good" one on his wife. Sitting at tea he said to her: "My dear, we have now been married nearly forty years, and very happy years they have been. I would like to ask you a question."

Pleased rather to see him in this sentimental mood, she replied:

"Any question you please, husband."

"Well, it's a little egotistical, but I want to ask whether in all these years you ever met anybody you liked better than you do me."

"Why, no; of course not."

"Well, did you ever see anybody you liked as much?"

"No, indeed; certainly not."

"But how about John?"

Now John was the eldest son, and the apple of her eye.

"Oh, well," she said, that is different. You know I bore him."

"Well, so you do me, dear," and then the father went to the club—National Express.

Two Yearly Newspapers.

What would you think of a yearly newspaper—one that is only printed once through the twelvemonth? There are at least two such in the world, and there may be more. One is called the Eskimo Bulletin. It is issued every year at Prince of Wales' Cape, Bering Straits, on the arrival at that isolated place of the yearly steamer. This brings news from the outer world, and the paper then has something to print besides its local news, that everybody knows, at any rate. The other paper is printed in Paris, and it comes out once a year now, just to preserve its name, The Twentieth Century. Its publishers think that will be a very fine name for a journal when the twentieth century is actually here, and for fear some one will get ahead of them in it they will issue their paper once a year until 1900, and thus be first in the field.

A KEEN look at the wolf at your door will show him to be the ghost of your ill-management and shiftlessness.

Pennies in Demand.

"There's a fresh young man who comes in here frequently," said the ticket agent in an uptown station of the Sixth avenue elevated road to a New York Sun man, "and he seems to take keen delight in giving me pennies. Everyone knows that ticket agents and street car conductors also are not permitted by their respective companies to turn in pennies when settling their accounts, and so many people who imagine they have a grievance against a ticket agent try to square it by giving him pennies. This young man I speak of bought five tickets the other night and paid for them with twenty-five pennies. Then he walked out onto the platform laughing with might and main. He comes in here a dozen times a week, and I can't remember a time that he has paid for his ticket with anything but pennies. He seems to think he is making me angry, but he isn't, and I can honestly say that I wish a dozen people like him came in here every day. It's the same with most other ticket agents, and, although I've no doubt it will be a blow to the people who seek amusement by trying to annoy ticket agents, I can't keep from letting them know that instead of annoying they are benefiting us.

"I get $1.05 for every hundred pennies I take in and the patrons of the road cannot give me too many to suit me. Other ticket agents have regular customers who purchase pennies from them at the same rate, so you see we profit a bit by the ill will of some people. My pennies all go to a man who deals in butter and eggs. He has a dozen stores in the extreme West Side and in the poorer districts. When his customers buy one, two, and three eggs at a time, a few cents' worth of butter, or a small quantity of milk, and offer silver in payment, it is necessary for him to have pennies to make change. So now you see why I want pennies and why I smile while the featherbrains walk off thinking they have done something smart by piling in a lot of pennies on me."

Great Battles.

Without doubt of all the battles recorded in modern history the longest and sternest, as well as one in which most men were engaged, was the memorable battle of Leipsic Oct. 16, 18, and 19, 1813, called by the Germans the battle of the nations. The number of troops engaged is variously stated by different writers at from 156,000 to 180,000 on the side of Napoleon I and from 230,000 to 290,000 on that of the allies under Prince Schwartzenberg, Blucher, and Bernadotte. In this awful battle the slain on both sides amounted to 80,000 and thousands of the wounded lay for days around the city. In the battle of Koeniggratz, or Sadowa, July 3, 1866, fought during the "seven weeks' war," the allied Austrian and Saxon troops engaged amounted to about 200,000 men, while the Prussians, under their king, mustered, in round numbers, 240,000 combatants. The total loss of the Austrians, etc., amounted to about 44,000 men, while that of the Prussians was 10,000.

If we go back to the melees of ancient days we find it stated that at one fought at Tours in 732 between the Franks and the Saracens from 350,000 to 375,000 men were killed on the field. This would of course mean that many more men were engaged than at Leipsic. In a battle mentioned in II Chronicles between Asa, King of Judah, and Zerah, King of Ethiopia, we are told that the former had an army of a thousand thousand, or 1,000,000. Canon Rawlinson observes that this statement does not exceed the numbers of other oriental armies. Darius Codomannus brought into the field a force of 1,000,000 men near Arbela, where he was finally defeated by Alexander the Great, and B. C. Xerxes, too, as Prof. Rawlinson says, crossed into Greece with certainly above 1,000,000 combatants, and Artaxerxes Mnemon collected 1,200,000 to meet the attack of the younger Cyrus.

Porterhouse and Tenderloin.

A carcass of beef is cut into nineteen pieces. All the pieces and the names are in the dictionary. Look at the list and you will find the names "tender loin" and "porterhouse"—two names that the inexperienced buyer has always on his lips. The porterhouse is a delusion and a snare in a vast majority of cases. The tenderloin is the thick part of the sirloin after a few round bone steaks have been cut off, and is called the fillet de boeuf. It takes a choice piece for roasting, but if not sold in a lump is cut into sirloin steaks of three grades. The first and second grades are technically "chip sirloin steak" and "flat bone sirloin steak." These are the steaks that the young housewife pays extra for. There are not over six of each kind in one carcass, so the chances are that she pays her good money for a third cut, or "round bone sirloin," which is in itself a capital steak.

Porterhouse steaks are cut from the small end sirloin steak, and one carcass contains but a few of the. Ingenious butchers understand the knack of cutting the small end sirloin so as to include other portions of the beef, thus enabling them to sell both at porterhouse prices.

Good beef has a juicy or sappy appearance, with a fine, smooth grain, which is easily noticed. The fat, both outside and through the muscles, presents a clear, straw-colored appearance. The flesh should be cherry red. When the meat rises quickly after being pressed it may be considered prime. When the dent made by pressing rises slowly or not at all, depend upon it the beef is poor.

Art of Writing Fiction.

In a certain country house there was a Scotch cook, whose scones were beyond all praise. Implored by a Southern lady to reveal the secret of her unvarying success, she replied, after long consideration: "Aweel, men, ye just take your gridle, ye see, and—and make a scone." Quite so. You just take your pen and paper and—and write a novel.

No directions could be more beautifully succinct; but, unfortunately, it is almost as difficult for a writer who has reached a point of moderate proficiency in his calling to say how this is to be done as it was for the cook to explain how scones ought to be made.—W. E. Norris on "Style in Fiction."

The Great Hereley Warehouse.

The Hereley Brothers Commission Company have reopened their great warehouse at 428 to 448 North Halsted street, and have sent out the following circular in connection therewith:

To consumers and dealers of hay, oats, grain, flour, and feed of all kinds:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that if you do not buy your feed at our warehouse you are unaware of the benefits you can derive by so doing.

We handle the best goods only and sell at rock-bottom prices, for the many advantages we have over other wholesale feed men are so great that it enables us to sell first-class goods as cheap as others sell second-class.

Our warehouse is the largest, handiest and most complete hay and grain warehouse in the city of Chicago, covering one acre of ground and situated on the C., M. & St. P. R. R. tracks, where we have our own private track and receive all our goods direct to our warehouse. This is a great advantage, as it saves the expense of hauling, which is quite an item.

We have constructed, in addition to our warehouse, the latest improved grain elevator system, which unloads, elevates and conveys, by machinery, all our grain from cars on our track direct to our elevator, without rehandling. This is a great labor saving, and adds greatly to the value of grain, as all grain passes through our grain cleaner, which frees it from all dust and chaff, and leaves it perfectly clean.

There is no waiting outside on the street in cold and wet at our warehouse, as we have provided large driveways for teams, and plenty of waiting room in our warehouse. All our bins are elevated, so that you can drive under them and put on a load in less than five minutes.

We do a straight wholesale and retail mercantile business, and you will always find us here, from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., ready to show you our goods and give you prices. We invite you to call and examine our stock, look at our cleaning and conveying machinery and see the way we do business.

Thanking you for your past favors, and hoping we may receive your orders, we remain, yours very respectfully,

HERELEY BROS. COMMISSION CO.

Summer Train Service via Wisconsin Central.

Effective May 27. To Waukesha and lake resorts 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5 p. m. To St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Pacific Northwest 6:05 p. m., 11:45 p. m. To Duluth 6:05 p. m.