

MAUD S.

How the Crowd Cheered when She Lowered Her Record a Quarter of a Second.

Fifteen thousand people were at the Rochester Driving Park (N. Y.) when Maud S. trotted her mile in 2:10 1/4. Every one was expectant, and every one tried to get a better view of the track when the mare appeared.

At 3 o'clock, William H. Vanderbilt and party arrived at the track, and occupied the second story of the judges' stand. After the finish of the second heat of the 2:21 class the scraper was sent around the track, and men followed it and picked up all stones or chunks of dirt. They went close to the pole, for Bair, the mare's driver, had told them that she always hugs the pole, and that she wanted a clean track all along the rail. At 2:45 o'clock the runner, Monitor, who was driven by Charles Green at the wheel of the Queen, was taken upon the track for a limber up. At precisely 3:25 o'clock Bair drove the mare upon the track and took the turn opposite to that leading by the grand stand. Captain Stone saw her safely on the track, and then he walked leisurely up to the judges' stand. The mare was driven very slowly around the track, and when she came to the distance stand, at 3:35 she was heartily cheered. She pricked up her ears with pride, as is her wont, and jogged around the track once more. While she was making the second round every one was on tiptoe, both in expectancy and literally, for the crowd was so immense that it was impossible for all to see. When she had reached the third quarter on the second round she turned back and trotted a mile in the reverse direction. The pace was slow all the way around, during which the pools sold almost even on time against her. She came down the stretch well in an easy, steady gait, with Monitor close behind. When within the distance stand, and while she was going at a 2:30 gait, Bair nodded to the judges, and they sent her away for the first trial. She trotted the first eighth slowly, but kept increasing her speed until she reached the quarter in 0:32 3/4. When she struck out for the up stretch she settled down into an easy and very steady clip, and kept a splendid stride with her feet well under her, and her driver holding a steady rein on her. She made the second quarter in 0:32 1/2, bringing her to the half in 1:05 1/4. That she trotted evenly the remainder of the mile the time shows. Bair held her out well into the track, and as she made the third turn without a skip or a waver, the exclamations of the thousands who were timing her were "She'll do it." She trotted the third quarter in 0:32 1/4, the fastest in the mile by a quarter of a second, bringing her to the three-quarter pole in 1:37 1/2. She appeared to trot slow when she came into the stretch, but the observers were looking directly into her face and did not appreciate her great speed. Bair did not urge her at all down the stretch, but let her choose her own clip. She made the last quarter in exactly the time of the first quarter—0:32 3/4—reaching the wire in 2:10 1/4. There was intense excitement as she went home, and many who held tickers declared immediately that she had beat 2:10 1/2. The mass of the crowd, however, did not have stop-watches, and were not proficient enough to know whether she had varied a quarter of a second from her record. Therefore they kept quiet until the judges hung out the figures, when there was one long unloading of lung-power that created an echo far away. Bair let the mare have plenty of space in which to come to a walk, and then walked her slowly up to the judges' stand. No one seemed happier than William H. Vanderbilt. He swung his hat when the time was announced, and shook hands with all his friends. When Bair alighted from the sulky Vanderbilt grabbed his hand enthusiastically, and then did the same with Captain Stone. While the cheers were yet being given the mare was driven to the stable, and she did not appear again during the day.

A Helping Hand.

The poor give more than the rich. This proposition holds good as a general principle. Money is by no means the only thing to give in this world; neither do large gifts necessarily contribute more to the happiness of the receiver than small gifts. Go into any country and converse with the people. Ask who ministers most to their happiness. You will very likely be told of some venerated clergyman, whose salary has never been more than enough to barely support him; or some poor widow, who goes from house to house, like a ministering angel, wherever sorrow and suffering demand consolation and relief. It is astonishing how much one without money can give. A kind word, a helping hand, the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who do rejoice, and weeps with those who weep. No man is so poor, no woman is so poor, as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those around them.

There are 331 different styles of bicycles now in use.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Undisciplined Tempers.

Of all things which are to be met with here on earth there is nothing which can give such continual, such cutting, such useless pain as an undisciplined temper.

The touchy and sensitive temper, which takes offense at a word; the irritable temper, which finds offense in everything, whether intended or not; the violent temper, which breaks through all bounds of reason when once roused; the jealous or sullen temper, which wears a cloud on the face all day, and never utters a word of complaint; the discontented temper, brooding over its own wrongs; the severe temper, which always looks at the worst side of whatever is done; the willful temper, which overrides every scruple to gratify a whim—what an amount of pain have these caused in the hearts of men, if we could but sum up their results! How many a soul have they stirred to evil impulses, how many a prayer have they stifled, how many an emotion of true affection have they turned to bitterness! How hard they make all duties. How they kill the sweetest and warmest of all domestic charities! Ill-temper is a sin, requiring long and careful discipline.—*Bishop Temple.*

Religious News and Notes.

The United Brethren in Christ has 160,000 members.

The Women's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church has now 830 auxiliaries, with 21,338 members, and rejoices in a treasury balance of \$98,785.

There are 900 white Baptist churches in Mississippi, with 50,000 members. Of these churches only ten have preaching every Sunday, and of these only six are self-sustaining.

The Protestant Germans of Buffalo, N. Y., intend appropriately celebrating the three hundred and sixty-fourth anniversary of the Reformation on the last day of October next.

Had the Roman Catholic church retained all her children, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, there would now be in this country from 20,000,000 to 25,000,000 members of that church, whereas there are now less than 7,000,000. It attributes the great loss to the influence of the public schools.

The General Baptist Ministerial Fraternal association of England is about to establish a "Preachers' Institute" for the purpose of training young men as evangelists and lay preachers, under the presidency of the Rev. John Clifford.

There are about two hundred Chinese men who attend the different Sunday-schools in Brooklyn, and on Sundays they go through the streets following each other like Indians, marching in single file. Two rarely walk side by side, and when addressing each other they talk over their shoulder. Their Sunday clothes include embroidered, thick-soled sandals and black cambric blouses buttoned up at the side. They are taught in the schools the English language and the duties of citizenship as well as the truths of the Bible. They are very fond of their schools, and soon become much attached to their teachers.

Bishop Scott, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church, is seventy-nine years of age, and has been in the Episcopal office twenty-nine years. Bishop Paine, senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is eighty years old, and has been in the Episcopal office thirty-five years.

Wild Roses in Britain.

We have altogether some five true wild roses in Britain. The commonest is the dog-rose, which everybody knows well; and next comes the almost equally familiar sweet-briar, with its delicately-scented glandular leaves. The burnet-rose is the parent of our cultivated Scotch roses, and the two other native kinds are comparatively rare. Double garden roses are produced from the single five-petaled wild varieties by making the stamens (which are the organs for manufacturing pollen) turn into bright-colored petals. There is always more or less of a tendency for stamens thus to alter their character; but in a wild state it never comes to any good, because such plants can never set seed, for want of pollen, and so die out in a single generation. Our gardeners, however, carefully select these distorted individuals, and so at length produce the large, handsome, barren flowers with which we are so familiar. The cabbage and moss roses are monstrous forms thus bred from the common wild French roses of the Mediterranean region; the China roses are cultivated abortions from an Asiatic species; and most of the other garden varieties are artificial crosses between these or various other kinds, obtained by fertilizing the seed vessels of one bush with pollen taken from the blossoms of another of a different sort. To a botanical eye, double flowers, however large and fine, are never really beautiful, because they lack the order and symmetry which appear so conspicuously in the fine petals, the clustered stamens and the regular stigmas of the natural form.—*Belgravia.*

Old-Time Nevada Jurors.

Last night a number of men were sitting in front of the Ormsby house discussing the big mining suit in Eureka between the Richmond and Albion. General Kittrell, W. W. Bishop, Sinc. Barnes, Johnny Moore and others were interesting the crowd with recitals of the suits they had seen. Bishop and Kittrell insisted that of late years the atmosphere of the courts had been purer than in the earlier days.

"That is," said Barnes, "thinner and weaker; in other words, jurors cost less than formerly."

Both the lawyers agreed that coin had a potent influence. When the law was all on their side and the jury on the other, they could only explain it on a coin hypothesis.

At this point an old grizzly-bearded man who had been listening slid up and remarked:

"Mining suits ain't what they used to be. There's been no real live litigation to speak of since the Raymond & Ely suit with the Hermes in Pioche."

"Were you in town?"

"Well, rather; I traveled 400 miles on a mule to get to the jury box. I struck the town about 6 o'clock at night, and walking into the leading bar-room, inquired if the suit had begun. Inside of half an hour a man came up and asked me what my name was. He wrote it down on his shirt cuff, and then he said: 'Pard, if you want to stay and see the suit, let me see you through on your expenses;' and he handed me \$500, remarking that he thought the R. & E. had the bulge on the law. I said that I thought that myself, and then I sauntered off. In about an hour a man came to me and told me I was drawn on the jury. I said I didn't mind, and agreed to stand in. About 9 o'clock a man tapped me on the arm and handed me five hundred, remarking that the Hermes had about all the law and facts on their side that was necessary. He thought I might need a little money for expenses. Of course I took the money, he seemed so anxious to get rid of it, and then I slipped into a back room, put on a pair of false side whiskers, a thin duster I had been carrying under my coat, and I was a changed man. By 10 o'clock I was on a good horse that I paid \$300 for, and started off on a prospecting trip. I couldn't bear the idea of holding the scales of justice in a case like that. I was fearful of further corruption, you see. But on the trial I was represented by a proxy. On the road I met old Bill Daman, dead broke and discouraged. I put him on the lay, and he started double quick for Pioche. He struck the ledge rich, I guess, for when I next heard of him he was drivin' a spankin' team and enjoying life."—*Carson (New) Appeal.*

A Trotter's Drink of Coffee.

Horsemen are talking about Myron P. Bush's experiment with the trotter Midnight, that won the \$3,000 purse at Buffalo. The race was for the 2:15 class, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. So he won the first heat in 2:20 1/2, but was distanced on the second, Midnight winning that heat easily in 2:19. Before starting for the third heat Midnight was a strong favorite over the field. At the word he went to the front wildly, and he kept breaking throughout the heat. Charley Ford won in a jog in 2:19 1/2. This unexpected result demoralized the Midnight party, who, thinking Midnight out of the race, hurried to the pool-box to hedge their bets. Mr. Bush, John Shaw, of California, and George B. Alley, of New York, saw that something was wrong with the horse, and had his shoes removed.

"No harm in that, gentlemen," said Mr. Bush. "That will help the horse, no doubt. But in my opinion he is weak and tired from the effects of tearing his boots off and from cutting or thumping his ankles. I propose that we give him a quart of coffee. It will stimulate and strengthen him."

The others laughed at the proposition at first, but Mr. Bush insisted, and the coffee was administered. Mr. Shaw asked Orrin Hickok to drive Midnight, but he refused, saying: "Edwards knows the horse, and he is the man to drive him." To the surprise of the skeptics, Midnight recovered, went off well, and won the heat easily in 2:20.

Mr. Bush then had a pint more of coffee given to Midnight to keep him in trim for the last heat. From the word "Go," Midnight drew away to the lead, coming home fast and strong, and won the heat and race handsomely in 2:21.

The turfmen present were astonished at the effect attributed to the doses of coffee. Heretofore spirits of wine have been employed in such cases, but of using coffee they had never heard. Owners of fast trotters in New York—Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Alley, S. F. Dewey, Edwin Thorne and Shepherd F. Knapp among them—say that they will enter their horses in the temperance society, and stimulate them hereafter with coffee instead of liquor.

Of the 1,900,000 pounds of sugar used annually in the United States, ninety-nine per cent. of it comes from abroad.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Brave Women.

We hear a great deal about rings nowadays, and nothing very good of them, either. I heard of a ring the other day that told a story—in fact its own story. The ring glistened on the finger of a washerwoman through the sudsy in a tub, and thus betrayed a secret. The lady of a certain house in this city had advertised for a laundress to come to her house on certain days. The advertisement was responded to by a neat, rather refined-looking woman. When the laundress had begun her work the lady saw shining on a shapely hand a pretty and peculiar ring. She requested the privilege of looking at it; the woman hesitated a moment and then nervously held out her hand.

"That is a class ring," said the lady.

"It is," was the response of the laundress, as she turned her face away.

"Where did you get it?" asked the lady, emboldened, perhaps, by the manner of the wearer of the ring.

"It is my husband's."

"At what college did he graduate?"

"At Yale."

"In what class?"

"The class of '75."

That ended the interview for the time, as the lady could by no means get from the washerwoman the name of her husband. The lady had been thus unladylike, perhaps, and curious, because her son wore a class-ring exactly like the one in question, and was a graduate in the class of '75 at Yale. She told him the story, and one night he followed the laundress to her rooms in Michigan avenue, where he found an old class-mate and college chum pouring over some second-hand law-books. He works in the day time, and so does his trump of a wife. One day he will be admitted to the bar, he will work hard, she will help him, and when they are rich they can afford to smile at the story of the ring—which is strictly true.—*Chicago Letter.*

Lord Campbell's Wedding.

London *Truth* gives a more picturesque account of Lord Colin Campbell's marriage with Miss Blood than is published by any of the court newsmen in ordinary. Never, says that paper, had bride a lovelier wedding more than Thursday last. The sun shone brightly, but not so overpoweringly as on previous days, on the grass and trees that makes the small churchyard of the Savoy chapel so beautiful while the friends of Miss Blood and Lord Colin Campbell were assembling to witness their marriage. Some of the youthful bridesmaids had arrived very early, and were much exercised as to whether they were to fall into the bridal procession at the gate or at the church door. The latter proved to be the order of the day. Shortly after the six ladies, in their pretty pale blue lace trimmed dresses, muslin fichus and mob caps, had ranged themselves in readiness for the bride, the Princess Louise arrived, leaning on the arm of the Duke of Argyll. The princess wore a cream colored dress, slightly trimmed with dark peacock blue, and a small bonnet of the latter color.

The bride's magnificent figure was seen to advantage in her wedding gown of satin brocade and China crepe. Her wreath was of real orange blossoms, and a white tulle veil was thrown over them and her very dark hair. The service was unnecessarily long, no less than three hymns being sung, one consequence of which was the fainting of a little chorister. The procession from the church to the carriages up the crimson carpeted path under the trees was very pretty, the white-robed choristers preceding the bride and bridesmaid, and the Princess Louise and Duke of Argyll following closely upon the bridesmaids. Lady Walter Campbell looked very handsome in her dark sapphire velvet dress, with a pale pink feather in her bonnet. One of the guests wore a rich dress of plum-colored satin, the front exquisitely embroidered with a design of flowers and leaves in gold and Oriental colors. The gold embroidered bonnet and slippers imparted a charming air of completeness to this lovely dress. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Blood, Brick hill, county Clare. Lord Colin's best man was the Marquis of Stafford. The honeymoon is to be spent on the continent. The bride's traveling dress was of dark blue, with bonnet of the same, trimmed with corn-flowers and dark red roses.

New York Fashion Notes.

Plump little misses wear the jersey basques.

Gypsy hats of cactus lace straw are fashionable.

Pongee dust-cloaks are stylish, comfortable and inexpensive.

Pretty and cool evening waists are made of mull puffs and lace insertings.

Wild clematis and cape jasmine patterns are printed on cream-colored foulards and satens.

French ladies have suddenly taken to certain Italian styles in dress which are said to be extremely effective and becoming.

Dark garnet vigogne and cashmere will be very fashionable dress fabrics this fall, combined with silk plush or velvet a shade darker.

A black satin underskirt and gold dotted black satin overdress, trimmed with goldwrought Spanish lace, makes an elegant and becoming toilet.

Outside dress pockets are no longer seen, the one useful pocket being deviously concealed among the folds of the tunic or under the drappings of the scarf or panier.

Judging by the early importations the colors and combinations which promise to reign in dress fabrics next fall are, if possible, more striking and original than any heretofore exhibited.

Costumes of ecrú tussore are fashionable for watering-place and seaside resorts, and are trimmed with bayadere tussore in ombre stripes or plaids showing soft, bright colors prettily blended.

Terra-cotta shades will be very fashionable this autumn in soft wooled fabrics, trimmed with Roman plaided or Persian striped surah, or more elegantly with panels, revers, vests, cuffs and pelerines of seal-brown plush.

The Derby hat will be worn this fall by natty young ladies, but instead of a single black or pearl-colored one there will be a variety in the rich shades of dark admiral blue, hunter's green, dahlia color, olive and seal-brown, to match various street costumes.

Moliere shoes of black satin, upon which are set large bows fastened with broad square buckles of Rhinish pebbles, are worn with garden party costumes. The heels are only moderately high, with but little curve to them, but the shoes are fine in shape, as the insteps are cut high and are gracefully arched in true Spanish style.

It is just now considered in good taste not to mix flowers for corsage wear, but to select a favorite blossom, wearing a huge cluster of the kind chosen. The sulphur-colored holly-hock is just at present enjoying a season of popularity equaling that of the field daisy so lately the rage.

A coat sleeve made for a working dress should be gathered on the under side at the elbow, unless it is made loose enough to enable the arm to move freely. The generality of sleeves are made too tight for day wear.

The parasol is chosen now more with relation to the bonnet than the dress. The taste of last year which allowed a red parasol to accompany a bonnet in gold trimmings is not now considered in good style.

Heavy satin striped fabrics alternating with stripes of silk plush, in rich, dark shades of color, will form one of the most expensive and novel dress materials for the fall and winter. Other fabrics show broad watered silk stripes, alternating with stripes formed of heavy figured designs, showing leaves and stripes of the colors, though bright and striking, are harmoniously and artistically blended. Many of the designs and effects seen in the new dress materials are carried out in plushes and brocades intended for millinery purposes.

Louis Quinze scarfs and sashes, enormous in size, are to be very fashionable. They are made of many rich materials, and are frequently fitted into the waist-seams at the back, and from there are flashed open and carried almost to the foot of the dress, being caught up in numerous loops which impart an appearance of fullness to the tounure. They are sometimes bordered with a handsome Grecian or Persian embroidery; others are made of brocade or of heavy silk, lined with pale gold-colored surah and trimmed with a beaded embroidery of jet and gold. These sashes are twelve or fourteen inches wide, and fully answer as drapings to the skirts of trained dresses.

Railroad brakemen find it difficult to get their lives insured, owing to the perils of their employment. It is said that five brakemen are accidentally killed on the average throughout the country every day. Freight trains are considered far more dangerous for employes than passenger trains, owing to the greater precautions taken in running the latter.

The creditors of the Glasgow bank have now received ninety per cent. of their claims. Of 1,819 shareholders only 269 remain. The others are ruined. Nearly 600 gave up all they had, and began the world again. To the trustees of the relief fund, which exceeded \$1,950,000, there were 883 applications for aid.

Emigration always results in leaving the women in the country whence it takes place considerably exceeding the men in number. This is notably the case in Ireland, and still more so in England, where women are always unwilling to abandon their home.

In 1842 the United States produced only 2,000,000 tons of coal, while last year about 70,000,000 tons were produced.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

People's intentions can only be decided by their conduct.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

No books are so legible as the lives of men; no characters so plain as their moral conduct.

There is only one thing that is more terrible than to say a mean thing, and that is to do it.

What are a few years of what men call sorrow and burden-bearing to an eternity of blessedness.

An angry man who suppresses his passion thinks worse than when he speaks; an angry man that will chide speaks worse than he thinks.

The hard, harsh world neither sees, nor tries to see men's hearts; but wherever there is an opportunity of evil, supposes that evil exists.

There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches.

Ruskin says that the noblest building made with hands for spiritual ends must lack the perfection of grace and beauty, unless lit from the lamp of sacrifice.

Let no one ever repudiate an honest effort, nor ever ask to have the truth veiled behind ambiguous sentences of honeyed words, however hideous she may seem to those who know her not.

To achieve the greatest results, the man must die to himself, must cease to exist in his own thoughts. Not until he has done this, does he begin to do aught that is great, or to be really great.

The last, best fruit, which comes late to perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, and warmth of heart toward the misanthropic.

Two of Washington's Letters.

The custodian of the originals of the two following letters from General Washington has furnished a copy of them to the *Philadelphia Times*. It is believed that they have not hitherto been printed, and both are interesting examples of Washington's personal correspondence.

THE DEATH OF PATEY CUSTIS.

MOUNT VERNON, June 29, 1773.

DEAR SIR: It is an easier matter to conceive, than to describe the distress of this Family, especially that of the unhappy Parent of our Dear Patey Custis, when I inform you that yesterday removed the Sweet Innocent Girl into a more happy and peaceful abode than any she has met with, in the afflicted Path she hitherto has trod.

She rose from dinner about 4 o'clock in better health and spirits than she appeared to have been in some time; soon after which she was seized with one of her usual Fits & expired in it, in less than two minutes without uttering a word, a groan, or scarce a sigh—this sudden and unexpected blow, I scarce need add, has almost reduced my poor wife to the lowest ebb of misery; which is increased by the absence of her son (whom I have just fixed at the college in New York, from whence I returned on the 8th inst) and want of the balm consolation of her Relations; which leads me more than ever in wish she could see them, and that I was Master of Arguments powerful enough to prevail upon Mrs. Dandridge to make this place her absolute home. I should think as she lives a lonesome life (Betsey being married) it might suit her well, & be agreeable both to herself & my wife, to me most assuredly it would.

I do not purpose to add more at present, the end of my writing being only to inform you of this unhappy change.—Our Sincere affections are offered to Mrs. Bassett,—Mrs. Dandridge, and all other Friends, and I am very Sincerely, Yr Obed't & Affect'g Hble Serv't

G. WASHINGTON.

Addressed to BURWELL BASSETT, Esq., near Williamsburg, Virginia.

A LAME HORSE.

MOUNT VERNON, Aug. 9, 1773.

DEAR SIR: As I wrote to you by the last Post, and nothing new has happened since, this letter only serves to cover the enclosed to Mrs. Bassett. The Horse Abel left here is got quite well of his lameness, but not recovered of an exceedingly swelled and sore back, which he received in coming up.—This, and the boy telling me you did not work, or put him to any particular kind of service is the Reason why I have not sent him down before.—If he is wanted please to let me know by the Post, and I will contrive him down to you before we may come ourselves, as it will be in October before this can happen.—I hope this letter will find Mrs. Bassett in better health, & more composed under her losses than when you wrote last, my best wishes attend her, Yourself and Family, as also Mrs. Dandridge and other Friends, and I am

Dr Sir, Yr Most affect'g Friend & Serv't
G. WASHINGTON.

Addressed to BURWELL BASSETT, Esq., near Williamsburg, Virginia.