A TALE OF "WHOA."

MORNING Good-by, old horse, we'll turn you out To roam o'er hill and plain : We've bought a horseless carriage and We'll never need you again ; With naphtha, oll or gasolene We'll ride from morn till dark, And on a Sunday afternoon Go puffing through the park. You're hardly worth a piece of pie! Good-by, old horse, good-by!

EVENING. Come here, old horse, we need your pull To get us home tonight; This nasty, stinking, puffing thing, Is not perfected-quite. Ten miles from home it fussed and fumed And then refused to go; And minus both a push and pull It was a case of whoa! If you return, so will our joy, Good boy, old horse, good boy. —The Trotter and Pacer.

...... GRAY EAGLE AT THE FAIR. BY F. E. C. ROBBINS.

Lansan management and a second second

As Mr. George Everett was sitting after supper on the piaza of the Hill-side House he suddenly noticed two boys who had really been standing near by for some minutes. Taking a good look at them, he said to himself that they were certainly twins, and as alike as two peas in a pod. Then he found himself associating them in some way with fried fish, and in an in-stant recognized them as boys who had brought some fine trout to the hotel a day or two before.

hotel a day or two before. He thought they seemed anxious to speak to him, but lacking in confidence. So he smiled in a way that vas meant to be encouraging. Then he heard a whisper: "Go ahead, Hod! What you 'fraid

ofer The boys approached, and one of them said diffidently:

"We thought p'r aps you might like to look at our card." "Your card?" echoed Mr. Everett, at the same time accepting a square piece of pasteboard on which was

written the following:

RAYMOND BROS.

GUIDES TO FISHING GROUNDS. TERMS REASONABLF.

Mr. Everett was somewhat mysti-fied, and looked at the boys inquir-

"We didn't know but you might like to have us take you round to some good fishing places," said the one who had offered the card.

had offered the card. "We know just where they are and how to catch them," added the other. "Oh, you are the Raymond broth-

ers, are you?" "Yes, sir. I'm Horace and he's Henry"

Henry." "Ab, I see, but I'm afraid I shouldn't "Ab, I see, but I'm afraid I shouldn't another time," said Mr. Everett, try-ing hard to find some difference in the looks of the brothers. "How long have you been acting as guides, and

what are your terms? "We're just beginning," auswered

Horace. "We'd take what you thought was

"Sit down, boys, and let us talk it over," said Henry. "Sit down, boys, and let us talk it over," said Mr. Everett, who found his new acquaintances amusing. The conversation was satisfactory, and Mr. Brownt during satisfactory,

an I Mr. Everett finally said:

"I have been fishing considerably since I have been here, but have had poor luck. If you think you can show me some really good sport I will go with you, and I will pay you for your lay. How will next Saturday snit you?"

Next Saturday would suit the boys

Next Saturday would suit the boys first rate, they said, and they went on their way in high spirits. Mr. Everett, who had been spending some weeks at the cosy Hillside House, thought that he had pretty thoroughly tested the fishing privi-leges of the region roundabout, but he found his mistake on that Saturday. The "guides" not only had the true fisherman's instinct, but they knew intimately every stream and pond for intimately every stream and pond for miles around, and they led their young gentleman a janut which left him at night, as he expressed it, a "broken-down old man." But as he dragged his aching limbs toward home, he was the owner of the finest string of trout and pickerel that had ever gladdened his eves.

As they began their walk home, Mr. Everett said:

Well, boys, I think that I can rec-"Well, boys, I think that your profes-sion. By the way, how did you hap-pen to take up the guide business?" "Well," began Horace, "we wanted some money awfully. We've got a

some money awfully. We've got a gray colt at home, name's Gray Eagle,

The boys had evidently reserved their favorite theme until the last, and finding an interested listener, they spared no details. Before Mr. Ever-ett had reached the hotel he was in possession of the complete history of the gray colt, and was fully informed in regard to that great annual event —the town fair

-the town fair. Furthermore, he had promised to delay his departure to the city for a day or two in order to be present at

Gray Eagle's performance. When he handed the boys the five When he handed the boys the had dollars which they had hoped for but hardly expected, their faces glowed with delight.

"You'll see Gray Eagle trot now!" said Henry. "And he'll come in ahead, sure as guns!" "If he doesn't buck," added Horace.

"If he doesn't buck," added Horace. "Won't it be rather dangerous busi-ness for boys like yon?" asked Mr. Everett. "Which of you is to drive?" "Oh, Horace, of course," replied Henry. "He can drive as well as any man in this town." "Henry can drive as well as I can," explained his brother, "but he sort of lacks confidence before folks."

explained his brother, "but he sort of lacks confidence before folks."

"You had better tell your father what you propose to do," was Mr. Everett's parting advice. "Oh," that'll be all right," was the

cheerful rejoinder. Agreeably to promise, Mr. Everett, on a pleasant day early in October, made one of the throng in attendance at the town fair grounds. He spent an hour or two inspecting the sleek stock of the farmers, admiring the handiwork of the farmers' wives and daughters, witnessing - playing handiwork of the farmers' wives and daughters, witnessing a plowing match, listening to the eloquence of the lemonade venders, and especially noting the odd characters which are always to be seen on such occasions. Then, following the movement of the crowd, he found himself at length at the great centre of attraction and at the great centre of attraction, and he took his place in the front tier of seats opposite the judges' stand by the "half-mile track."

The judges had taken their positions, and had rung the cracked bell hang-ing over the stand as a signal to the drivers in the first race to prepare for action.

Seven more or less fleet-footed steeds were being driven on the track for the preliminary "warming up," and as this was the "three-minute class," Mr. Everett looked them over anxiously to discover if the gray colt and his driver were among the contestants.

Sure enough, there they were! That loose-jointed, shambling, rough-coated animal, looking as if he were just out of the pasture, was doubtless Gray Eagle.

Eagle. And the little fellow perched on a rickety gig and clad in a uniform con-sisting of a red flannel shirt and visor-less cap, was no other than his young friend, Horace. Hardly had Mr. Everett identified one of the Raymond twins when the other anneard at his chore.

other appeared at his elbow. "How d' do, Mr. Everett?" said the drawling voice. "Say, we're in luck, Hod and I are! They've drawn for positions, and Gray Eagle's got the pole!" pole!

Again the bell rang, and the scoring began. The usual number of false starts occurred, and Mr. Everett no-ticed, to his surprise, that Gray Eagle, in spite of his uncouth appearance, trotted in a very lively way, and that the diminutive Horace was at least as skillful a driver as any of his competi-

tors. "That colt of yours has a wicked-"Yes, he's ugly," admitted the boy, "but Hod knows how to manage him.

Steadily he gained. Down the home stretch whirled the two leaders, and Gray Eagle was only a length behind. Then came an unearthly cry from the lips of the young driver, and the whip descended on the gray colt's back. "I knew Hod was going to yell!" said Henry explicitly. as Gray Eagle

said Henry, exultingly, as Gray Eagle swept under the wire the winner by Eagle neck

In the midst of the cheering, Horace drove up, and with a professional ain threw the reins to Henry, who at once went to the stable with the colt.

Now, forcing his way through the crowd, there appeared an elderly mar with a look of astonishment on his

face that was comical to see. "Horace," he began, "what in all nature does this mean?"

"Father, this is Mr. Everett, that's stopping at the tavern," said Ho.ace, evidently glad of a diversion.

"Hope to see you well, sir. But, Horace, what you been up to? I never was so took back in my life as I was when they told me down to the hall what you were doing!" Horace began to explain awkwardly

enough, but his father cut him short. "I can't stop to talk now. All is, let this be the end on't! It isn't safe for a boy like you." "O pa, do let me drive him one more heat! It's best two in three, and I can

"No, Horace, I won't risk your neck for all the premiums in the world.

neck for all the premiums in the world. I've got to go back now, but you must promise not to drive again. "But, pa, suppose I can find some-body to drive the colt?" "Weil," said his father, who was perhaps in his heart somewhat prond of the colt's performance, "if you can get anybody that knows how, I don't care. All is, don't you do it." So saving, he withdrew.

saying, he withdrew. "Too bad!" exclaimed Horace, start-ing for the stable with tears in his eyes. "There's nobody that I can g to drive that colt, with all his tricks "There's nobody that I can get

Mr. Everett saw nothing of the Raymond boys for the next hour. He took but little interest in the other races, but he kept his place, having some curiosity to see whether the gray colt would appear again with a new driver. The time for the sec. a new driver. The time for the sec-ond trial in the three-minute class

and that in the three-minute class came at last. "Yes, there is Gray Eagle again," said Mr. Everett to himself. "And-can it be possible? Will Horace dis-obey his father and drive the colt, after all? Ah, here is Henry again! I wouldn't have thought that that Horace

would break his promise to his father! would break his promise to his father!" "That isn't Horace behind Gray Fagle," said the boy, flushing guilt-ily. "I'm Horace. Father didn't say that Henry couldn't drive." "Oh, that is the way of it!" said Mr. Everett, "I'm sorry if that is youridea of obedience," he added, quietly. Horace made no reply, and the race becan

began. Gray Eagle took the lead and kept

it easily once around the track. "He's got the race!" cried Horace.

But in a moment his face fell. "Ob, he's off his feet! Why doesn't

Hen pall him down? Why, what's happened? neury can't hold him! He's running away!" It was too tue. Swerving from side to side along the track, dashed the frightened animal. At every instant it seeme i to the horrified specta ors as it Henry must be thrown to the ground. The reins were broken, and ground. the boy was powerless to guide or check the horse. "He'll be killed!" gasped Horace.

"And it'll be me that killed him!" Now the wild horse and his helpless driver were once more nearing the stand. Horace's face showed pale under the tan, but there was the fire of

purpose in his eyes. "I'm going to try it," he said, and he sprang on to the track. A leap for the bridle - there was a

chance in a thousand, but he caught it!

An instant later the horse hal been An instant later the horse hal been brought to the fence by the side of the track. Henry had picked himself up, somewhat dazed by his fall from the gig, but not seriously hurt, and Horace lay on the ground with bleeding head

and broken arm. Gray Eagle was being held by a dozen men who hal rushed to Hor-ace's assistance, while the other con-testants, hardly realizing what had happened, were just finishing the

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SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

e Song of the Brewer-How He it Pushing His Vile Trade in Our New Possessions - A Lesson Taught by 5 Monkey Which Topers Should Heed.

Monkey Which Topers Should Heed. [The cargo of the first ship of the new-fine batween San Diogo, Cal., and Manila rousisted of whisky and beer.] Say, vat do you dhak of mine soldiers it blue. And vat do you say of mine mariners drue" Tem was brave, noble fellows to pour ou' dere blood. And do such hard york for mine brewerles good. Yeu Dewey sail in mit his donder and blizen It didu't take long for his gunners to fix 'em For Dewey and Sampson, oh, how I dir cheer! Dey oneas new goundry for mine lager beer.

Dev opens new goundry for mine lager-beer. Vas dere effer a frient like mine dear Uncle-Sam? Dou't he do for mine bishness shoost al-vat hec un? I dakes all his goundry from senside to shore. An den he pays millions to get me som-more.

more, He goes mit his navies var ober de sea, An conquers new peoples an gives dem te

n.e. An Cuba, she makes sooch a beautiful field For dose barrels of lager mine breweries yield.

And he gives me his boys,

You co L come

And he gives me his boys, Shoost as if dey vas toys, An some of dem drinks, I see dem and dinks, Vat recruits dey will be Ven dey comes home to me, me mit your gospel of sheer, wit mine gospel of beer. You vimmens vat teach, You vimmens vat teach, Shoost do vat you can, Make de headen a mau; Bat t'll pull him back Along de old track. You yim lense understan

But t'il pull him back Along de old track. You vill piense understan Dot he vas my man. Notoet look at de stars Vat viy ofer my bars; Shoost see how dey vloats, Ab look at dem guns, An look at dem guns, An see de big sams. Vat de Government spends, Vich mine lager defends.

Cy the holy red dew which has watere like soil Ia the far away fields which our heroe-have trod. By the lives of our brothers, so valiant ir

By the lives of our brothers, so valiant if fight, Who so bravely have battled for order and light, by the prayers which have floated from many a home. And have gone up like incense to garland the throne, May the fruits of our victories never be given

given For the curse of the race and dishonor to heaven.

And our star spangled banner, our joy and delight, Which should evermore float o'er the true and the right, Which should ever be pure as the souls of our sires, And ever be sacred as liberty's fires, As clean as the air is in which it shall wave. An emblem of all that is worthy and brave, Should never more have such a lager beer smil,

smell, As would make us afraid 'twas the banner of hell, -Rev. C. Harrison, in National Advocate.

A Monkey's Sense vs. a Drunkard's.

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got sp

"We thought he was all spavined up when pa bought him," observed Henry, parenthetically. "He's all right now," Horace went

Henry. "Go like the wind, the colt will," "Go like the wind, the coit win, Horace continued, "after we've got him down to his work." "Yes?" said Mr. Everett. "And what has all this to do with wanting

some money?" "Well," replie 1 Horace, "the town

fair comes on next week, and we want to enter the colt for a race in the three-minute class—"

'Horses that never trotted better'n three minutes in public," Henry ex-

plained. "And you have to pay to enter a horse for a race, and besides, we shall have to hire a gig." "Ah, I see!" said Mr. Everett.

"Does your father happen to know about this?"

about this?" "No. Pa dou't know anything about it yet," answered Henry, with some embarrassment. "But he won't care," said Horace, earnestly. "We want to kind of sur-prise him. He's a deacon, pa is, but he save that the trate of the fail prise him. He's a deacon, pa is, but he says that the trots at our fair are

he says that the state well enough." "Ain't no pool-selling or anything, you know," observed Henry. "He's one of the trustees of the fair "He's one of the trustees of the fair himsels," added Horace, "but all he himsele," added Horace, "but all he cares for is cattle and sheep and butter and such things."

Once more the horses came down to

the wire. "Go!" shouted one of the judges, and away they went-all but Gray Eagle.

The excitement had proved too much The excitement had proved too mited for him, and instead of trotting, he seemed to be executing something like a war dance. Up and down, from right to left, forward and backward he pranced, to the great delight of the crowd and to the deep mortification of

crowd and to the deep mortification of poor Henry. "He's bucking, just as I was afraid off' said he, with tears in his eyes. But the young driver was not dis-mayed. He had loosened the reins when the trouble began, and for an instant he let the colt take his own course. Then, with a sharp pall and a resounding cut with the whip, he brought Gray Eagle to his feet and sent him on his way.

sent him on his way. The affair had taken but a few sec-onds, but even the slowest of the horses now string along the track was far ahead of the gray colt. But the mirth of the spectators was soon chauged to amazement at that colt's

"Didn't I say he could trot?" drawled Henry. There was no doubt about it. When Gray Eagle had made the first circuit of the track, it was evident that he was of the fact, to the fact in the race. But could he possibly overtake the two horses which, well ahead of the others, were contending for the first place?

race. Horace was taken to his home, and at the boy's earnest re juest, Mr. Ever-ett displayed really excellent sur-gical skill in setting the broken arm and dressing the wounded head. Thus Horace was his first patient. When he had been made comfort-

able he said to his father, who was

standing by his bed: "I want to teil you, pa, that Henry wasn't one bit to blame. It was all my fault."

'I guess I wouldn't talk now." said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Raymond. "But I must tell you. Henry didn't even know that I had seen you at all. I just said when I went to the stable that I wasn't going to drive again. He that I wasn't going to drive again. He thought I just wanted to give him a chance, and took the horse. I pre-tended to myself that I wasn't dis-obeying you, but I knew all the time that I was. It servel me right to get hurt. But I'm glad enough that it wasn't Henry." "Well, weil, I'll forgive you as fan forth as I am coucerned." said his

forth as I am concerned," said his father, "and I think this'll be a lesson that you won't forget. How do you feel now, my son?" And he laid his rough hand tenderly on the cheek of

this repentant boy. "Well, my head aches pretty bal, "Well, my head aches pretty on a and my arm pains me, and I keep thinking how I dil wrong. But I tell you, I feel awful good 'side of the way I feit when Gray Eagle and poor Henry were coming down the home stretch!"—Youth's Companion.

Unclaimed dogs in Chicago are to e killed by electricity.

and the second are the world's attempt to atone by honors to the dead for wrongs o the living. Poet's corner in Westminster Abbey attempts to pay for the suffer ings of Grub street.
Go through that Poet's corner in Westminister Abbey. There is Handel, the great musicians tried to destroy him. There is the tomb of Join Dryden, a beau tillul monument; but I cannot being oppressed in fortune and of the contract that he had just made for a thourand verses at sixpence a line. And there, the author of "Hudibns;" but while I cannot but ask myself where he died. In

Judge Baker's Opinion of Saloons. Recently Judge Baker, of the Federa upon young man have Beeming for a "It is no the robbery of a postofflee, said "It is no upleasain thing to send an in-thigent young man like you to the peni-thigent young man like you to the peni-thigent young man like you to the peni-thigent young man like you to the peni-the the saloon leads to prison. It is the saloon leads to prison they have been been been been been been been and the saloon leads to prison they have been been been been been been and gambling places. If the young men of the various penitentiaries it would be to them a stronger sermon they her the temperance lecturers could ever de-tiver. When you get out of prison they shout fue-turn your face from they shout fue-turn your face for you to they shout fue-turn your face from they shout fue-turn your face for you face they be the mean you to they shout fue doub and you they be the meany of they shout fue doub any yet make a man ou to Markou any work face for you face to Markou any work face for you face to Markou any work face for you face they be face they and they prayers to Markou any work face for you face to Markou any work face for you face to markou they face for you to markou they face fo

Judge Baker's Opinion of Saloons.

months. Itereodity. The torrible result of delak to the inno-sent children of the drankar. I, was recent-able of the sentence of the parentage of three hundred idlots, and reported to the the glistature of Massachasotis that of the three hundred, one hundred and forty seven were found to be the children of drankards. In one instance seven idlotte children were the offspring of a dranker father and mother. This fact of inherites disease is a terrible contradiction of the argument that a man has a right to drink if he wants to.

The Crusade in Brief.

Is it by your vote that beer and whisky follow the flag?

A man has no right to clothe the publi can's wife in silks and his own in rags.

How many there are wno have be brought into the fold of total abstiner by the touch of love!

by the touch of lovel The touch of love and the kind w have made many drunkards sober helped to stop those who had commen-the downward career. The City Council of Morgansfiel I, N has begun a new treatment of the sale evil. An ordinance recently passed co pels shloons to close at 11 D. m.