

THE EQUINE APOLLO.

WHAT DOES THE IDEAL HORSE RESEMBLE?

Type and Beauties of the Arabian—Characteristics of the Thoroughbred, Trotter and Draught Horse—The Famous Sunol.

WHAT is an equine Venus or an equine Apollo like? Comparatively little attention is given to the physical proportions of the horse from either an artistic or a scientific point of view. The animal, which, next to man, is the noblest work of creation, is worthy of attention on other lines than those of records, of purses won, of progeny begotten, of pedigrees that determine the quality of blood and of methods of breeding best calculated to result in new records on the race track. These and related topics are the texts of the columns of turf gossip that daily assail all eyes and seem to prove that the equine is next to the human population of the world in its importance.

The ideal horse and the physical characteristics of different types of horses are subjects that invite interested study, not only on the part of intelligent horsemen, but from many not informed about horse lineage. The ideal horse has never been fashioned in marble and generally accepted as

larger nostrils, etc. All eyes do not see in the same way, nor even appreciate forcibly what is simply agreeable. The horsemen are rare who are capable of appreciating the useful beauty, which should be understood as synonymous with fitness, and which consists essentially in the adaptation of the organs to their functions. This beauty, to be appreciated, demands a certain intuition, much culture, study, acute observation and judgment.

In this difficulty of agreeing on an ideal is illustrated. No man may say what the measurements or proportions of a horse may be and be believed. Many famous veterinary surgeons and turf authorities have tried it, only to be disputed by other authorities equally great. Abou-Bekr, early in the fourteenth century, included measurements and proportions in a work on the science of the Arabian horse, and was the first one to do so. Others tried it and in more recent times Bourgelat, a Frenchman, worked out an elaborate system and a theoretical type. St. Bel, another noted authority, took that famous and extraordinary horse Eclipse as the best type of the beautiful horse, and a number of others have added to the clashing tables. But little attention to measurement is given by breeders in California and elsewhere. Young men and women are being measured by thousands these days that scientific generalizations may be made and composite figures drawn and modeled, but they are yet doing everything else for the

sparkling. In his disposition he has great energy, courage and yet gentleness.

The Arabs have the rule of proportion in constant use. They measure the number of hands from the root of the mane at the middle of the withers backward to the end of the dock, or tailbone, and then forward between the ears to the upper lip. If the latter distance is greater he has great qualities, if it is less he is an ordinary beast.

Such is the horse which for so many centuries the Arab has cherished while subjecting him to wonderful feats of effort and endurance, and such is the horse which, through sires imported into Europe during the last two centuries, has transmitted to the thoroughbred of to-day the qualities that distinguish him. The Barb, a native of Barbary, Morocco, and Tripoli and the Turk or Turkish horse, both of which resemble the Arabian in all important characteristics, have joined with the Arabian in producing the thoroughbred, which to be of undoubted quality, must have a lineage traced back to the Godolphin Arabian, the Byerly Turk or some other sire of pure blood and great qualities that made him famous. Two famous sires brought to England, the Darley Arabian and the Leedes Arabian, are asserted to have had undoubted pedigrees extending back 4000 years, and it has been contended that these two were the only Arabian stallions of undoubted pure Arabian blood ever

bred with far less of the Arabian in his form than Salvalor, as may be seen from the picture of Salvalor taken from a painting by Orling. He is a beauty though, and is by many horsemen said to be the handsomest horse in the State. Stamboul may be taken as a fine illustration of the trotting type.

The proportions of the famous Sunol are interesting because she is a trotter with very marked thoroughbred characteristics and is the most notable illustration of Senator Stanford's original plan of breeding thoroughbreds to trotters to give the latter the endurance, energy, "gamey" spirit of the former, a theory not yet generally accepted by breeders. Sunol's very strong strain of the thoroughbred is marked in nearly every point.

The thoroughbred, as a result of long and careful breeding and training, is undoubtedly to-day the finest horse the world has seen, and in him the best qualities of his oriental ancestors have been developed far beyond those of the Arabian, Barb or Turk, though the beauty of the type may have suffered.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lizards.

Lizards drink by lapping, like dogs and cats. Some of them have very long tongues, which they can dart out very quickly to catch insects, their chief food. Some lizards live mostly in the water, some wholly on land, and some on trees. Land lizards are generally nearly of the color of the soil, tree lizards are bright colored, mostly green, and those which live among rocks are gray. Most of them are shaped much like crocodiles, and have four feet.

Others have only two feet, and others again have feet so short and so covered up with skin that they look like snakes. They vary in length from a few inches to three or four feet. Most of them lay eggs. One genus brings forth the young alive. Their tails are as brittle as glass, and their loss is frequent from various accidents, but they are very soon replaced. The forked tail, which is often observed in lizards, comes from the tail being cracked a little, instead of broken off, and the new tail growing out of the crack.—Harrison's Family Magazine.

Afraid to Travel Save on Foot.

The ticket agent and telegraph operator at one of the stations on the Adirondack Railway has an unquenchable horror of travel in any way save on foot. He fears that horses will bolt and that engines will jump the track, and the perils of navigation nothing would induce him to encounter. When business calls him to Saratoga—so far the limit of his journeyings since birth—he bids his family a solemn farewell, and rejoices greatly on a safe return. He is a well read, thoroughly sensible man, but try as he will he cannot overcome his dread of all forms of rapid transit.

The Richest Indians.

A little remnant tribe of Delaware, descendants of the old Leni-Lenape of the Middle States, now residing among the Kiowas and Comanches in Oklahoma, and numbering only ninety-five souls in all, have to their credit in



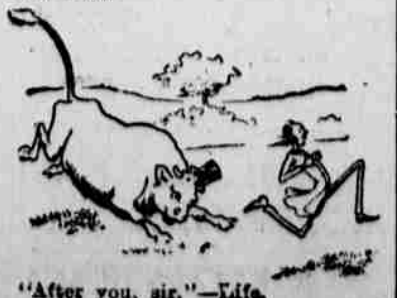
MODERN INDIAN HOME.

the United States Treasury the sum of \$874,186, which is \$9202 in cold cash for every man, woman and puppoo of them, besides eighty acres per capita of land, together with horses, stock, houses and other property. They are probably the richest per capita of all the Indians, their wealth in trust funds and land alone being \$11,302 per capita. Compared with theirs the per capita wealth of the richest Nations of the world is insignificant. The inhabitants of the British Islands are the most opulent civilized race on the earth, and their per capita wealth is only \$1236. Next to the British are the French, the richest people on the continent of Europe, whose per capita wealth is only \$1102. Close after the French are the Hollanders, or Dutch, with a per capita wealth of \$1088, and next to them are our own people in the United States, whose wealth per capita is set down at \$1029. The per capita wealth of Germany is but \$652, and that of Russia only \$225.—Washington Star.

A Question of Precedence.



Very Polite Gentleman (to bull)—"You First."



"After you, sir."—Life.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

FOUR KILLED IN A WHIRL.
HARRISBURG—Seven coal men in search of work boarded a train of coal and oil cars at Market street the other night and at Dock street the car on which they were riding jumped a switch wrecking several cars of a westbound train. Four of the unfortunate were crushed to death under the grinding mass. They were John Wallace and a man named Sullivan, both switchmen from Pittsburg; Joseph Benson of Youngstown, O. and John Reynolds residence unknown. The bodies were horribly mangled; all the men were from the western part of the State. Frank Ward, of Burlington, Ia., the only man who escaped, says Frederick Minnull was one of the men killed.

FOUR RAILROAD FATALITIES.
JOHNSTOWN—There was a series of deaths by accident on the Pennsylvania railroad the past few days. At Lilly, Charles Storm, a well-known young man was run over by a train and killed. At Bens Creek, Charles Droskey attempted to cross the track and was killed by a work train. At Cresson, a brakeman named Miller lost his life in the same manner while an unknown man was killed at Portage while sleeping on the track.

GIVEN TEN YEARS FOR BURNING A CHURCH.
SARATOGA—Peter Bombaugh, who set fire to and destroyed the Elm Park Methodist church last winter, because of a belief that it was built upon land belonging to relatives of his and of which they had been illegally deprived, was convicted of arson and sentenced to ten years imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary. The penalty imposed on the prisoner is the maximum.

The oldest old maid of whom Philadelphia has ever boasted, Miss Sally Wheeler, died at her late residence, 1931 East Ontario street, in the 103rd year of her age. She was born in Birmingham, England, on December 13, 1730. She was a member of the Episcopal church. Her father, John Wheeler, died in 1849 and her mother in 1857. Miss Wheeler at the time of her death was in possession of all her faculties.

The house of George Stoup, near Markleysburg, Fayette county, was burned Monday night, the fire was of incendiary origin. This is the family that was poisoned by drinking water from a spring into which laurel leaves had fallen. Mrs. Stoup dying.

The Board of Pardons in executive session at Harrisburg, refused to recommend Hugh F. Dempsey and Robert Beatty, of Pittsburg, convicted of poisoning workmen in the Homestead mills, for pardon.

CHARLES JOHNSON, alias Sandy Frank, and John Freeman, alias Steve Loder, two notorious crooks, escaped from the Bellefonte jail by tunneling through the cell wall.

JOHN RYAN, of North Strabane, Washington county, is the owner of an eyeless and tailless calf, which is as playful as a kitten.

MICHAEL KRANEY, of Philadelphia, who sued the traction company for damages, was sent to Moyamensing prison for perjury.

FARMERS around Sharon are panic stricken at the boldness of thieves who kill and dress on the premises cattle and sheep they steal.

JOHN ROSICK, employed at Mount Look-out Colliery, Wyoming, was instantly killed by an explosion of gas.

HARRY SCHAEFFER, of Ford City, was held up by two highwaymen while riding Monday and \$117 taken.

The rival Uniontown Republican newspapers, the "News" and the "Standard," have consolidated.

In the Connettsville coke region 100 more ovens have been fired this week.

THE LABOR WORLD.

TEXAS needs cotton pickers.
THERE are 1000 union female tailors.
TAILORING employs 728,824 in England and Scotland.

ALBANY (N. Y.) unions are to build a business block.
NEW HAMPSHIRE plumbers must pass an examination.
In Connecticut pay checks are liable to the per cent. tax.

The American Railway Union is spreading in all parts of the country.
ASPER (Col.) miners will voluntarily work for reduced wages during the depression.

NEW HAVEN'S Coal Consumers' Union expects to get coal for \$4 a ton by buying at the mines.
A WOOD YARD has been established at Denver, Col., where the unemployed may work for their meals.

A MOVEMENT is in progress looking to the uniting of all labor orders and unions under a central authority.
CONDUCTORS and motormen on the electric road running from Newark to Irvington, New Jersey, are compelled to wear white neckties.

NEW JERSEY unions will push the Legislature for a law to prevent employers from exacting a pledge that men shall not join labor unions.

KARL BIEBER, of Berlin, aged eighty-four, is reputed the oldest waiter in Berlin. He became a waiter seventy years ago, and has been in one place for thirty years.

THE Bessemer mill of the Bethlehem Iron Company, at South Bethlehem, Penn., resumed operations yesterday after an idleness of two months. One thousand men got employment.

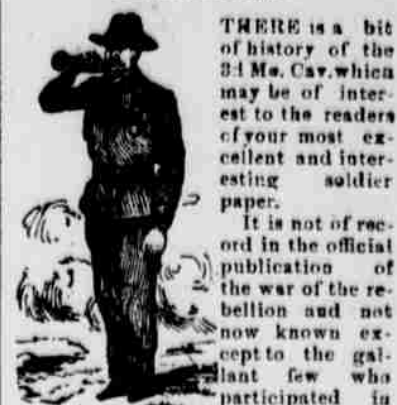
ST. PAUL'S joint committee recommends the expenditure of \$3000 at once to provide work for the unemployed, and a special tax that will yield \$60,000 for the improvement of parks, etc.

SAN FRANCISCO is sending its unemployed to San Joaquin orchards and vineyards, where the Chinese are being discharged to make room for them. The pay ranges from eighty-five cents to \$1 a day and found.

TRUZY HONORANCE.
The truly honorable man tries to remain ignorant of things that concern him not. He turns aside from the confidential gossip, glances away from the open desk, shuns the place where a whisper is audible, with just as much care as he would use to avoid profiting by a mistake in his change. His curiosity does not crave the knowledge of such matters. It has the whole wide world for its area, and seeks its satisfaction in more wholesome directions. After all, the information to which we have no rights is the smallest and poorest and least valuable to us of any that we can obtain. Let us cultivate a worthy curiosity on subjects that shall enlarge our minds, deepen our feelings, and strengthen our purposes, and we shall shrink from that ignoble inquisitiveness that reveals its dishonest gain.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

"DON'T BURN US."
A Hitherto Untold Exploit of a Squad of Missouri Cavalry.



THERE is a bit of history of the 24th Mo. Cav. which may be of interest to the readers of your most excellent and interesting soldier paper.

It is not of record in the official publication of the war of the rebellion and not now known except to the gallant few who participated in that night's daring deeds: a bit of history (for obvious reasons) not allowed to stray very far outside of Charlie Frost's squad. Please consider me a competent witness, for I was in it and my recollections of that night are yet very vivid.

It was during our winter at Palmyra, Mo., 1861, when patriotism was at white heat, the zeal of Co. C knew no limit, and we were contributing so mightily to the overthrow of our wicked and deluded brethren in gray. Co. C, under Capt. Black, was on an extended expedition; the precise locality I cannot state, I think, however, we were near Paris, Mo. Capt. Black concluded we were to large as a company (the enemy were afraid of us), so by his orders we broke into squads of 10 or more under Sergeants, and thus went abroad seeking whom we might destroy.

Sergt. Chas. Frost's squad was ordered to make a midnight raid on the cabin of a Confederate Lieutenant, who was described by Capt. B. in his inimitable way as an unusually daring and desperate fellow, with a few trusty men always near him, not to be taken without the shed of blood, etc.

Inasmuch as we had listed to wipe out just such a fellow, to save the country or perish at the post of honor, we trotted off on our perilous mission. By the aid of a pilot we got there in good shape, surrounded that cabin in awful silence, and then led by our gallant Sergeant, a few of us moved closer to reconnoiter.

There was a curtain at the window, and a very dim light along its edges. As we neared the door we saw the curtain move very slightly, as if someone expected us. To be fully prepared we pushed our navies ahead of us, gave a war whoop and yelled, "Surrender! Surrender!"

No answer.
"Open, or we will burst her!"
Nary open.

The Sergeant cried, "My kingdom for a rail," and a moment later, with a fence-rail as a battering ram, we charged the door of that desperate man's cabin. The speed and fury with which we broke in would have put to shame an old-time catapult.

Much to our surprise (and I may say, relief) up to this time we had not heard a shot or that crisp, midnight air. As we dashed in over the wrecked door, a few live coals in an old-fashioned fireplace dimly outlined the room, and showed us a pallet on the floor. There were impressions of two bodies on that pallet, and putting our hands to the places we found them warm.

By this we knew of course there must be at least two in the house. They had evidently retreated to the other room, where, probably, there were more of them. Just then someone encouraged an investigation by exclaiming:

"Boys, lookout! Somebody is going to be hurt here!"
Some genius, working for Uncle Sam for about \$13 a month, had found a saucer of grease and a piece of rag and turned on a Missouri electric light. A council of war ensued and during its session everyone carefully disposed his body to avoid the door and to ward the minie balls from the next room. That war council had but one question to settle: Shall we roast them out or give them a good square, stand up fight in a clog; dark room? It was agreed to fight first and, if need be, roast later.

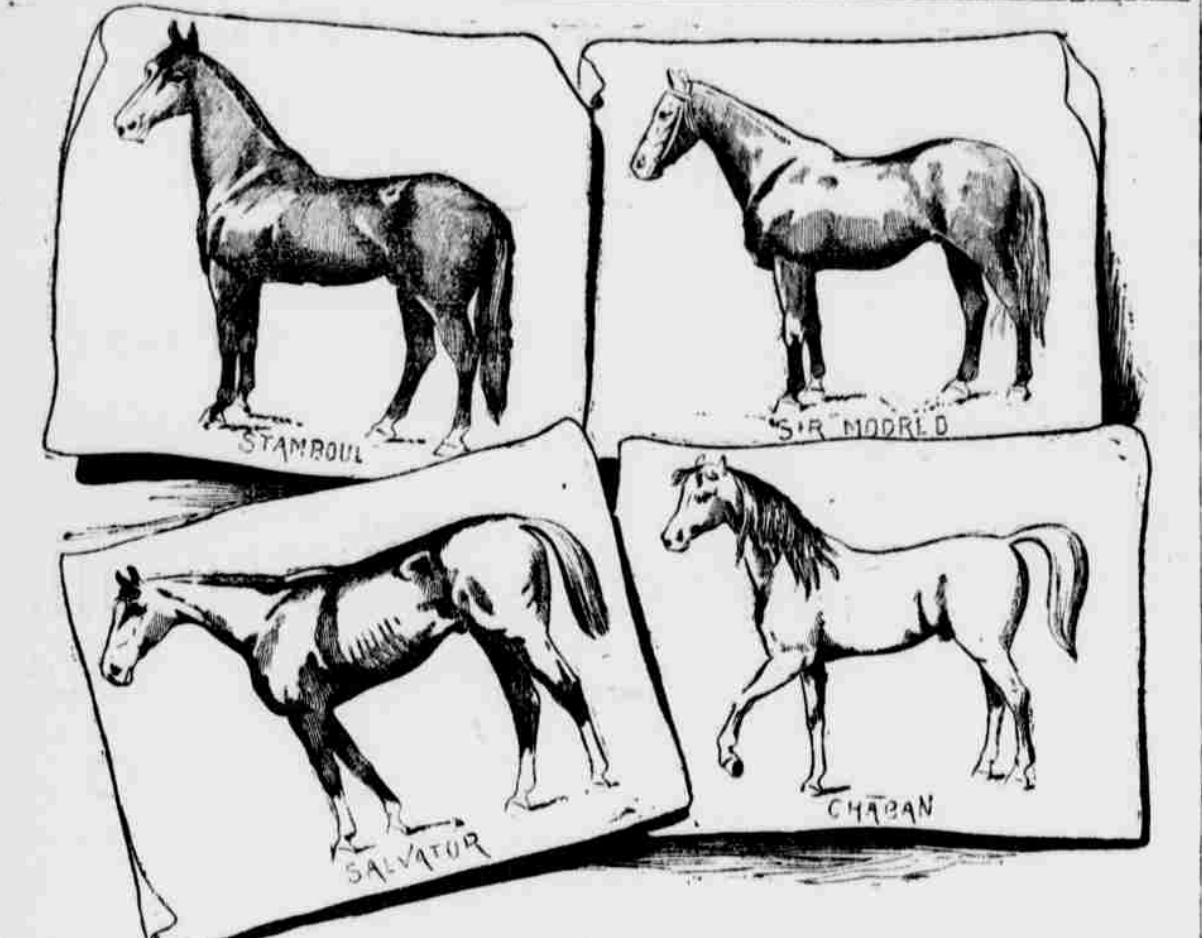
Down went another door. Frost and his men were right into the thickest of the fray, up to the cannon's mouth, and amid the muffled indoor shots and the hoarse shouts of men on human blood intent.

Then came the silence of the grave. Men could hear their hearts beat. They groped about the floor seeking to throttle the Confederacy. He was not there. Our electrician came in presently with his Missouri dip, and then we saw the enemy had gone aloft. A ladder led to a scuttle hole in the ceiling. The ladder was wet with the blood of the retreating foe.

In all that little group of desperate-ly brave men, no one was hero enough to thrust his head through that scuttle hole. So, of course, preparations were made for a holocaust. At that last horrible moment, just before the torch was applied, before the heavens took on a terrible glow and the air grew sickening with its smell of burning flesh, the enemy surrendered. The enemy proved to be two innocent darky wenches.

Let fancy paint the rolling of eye balls and the chattering of teeth as those two women crept to the scuttle hole and begged us "Po' God's sake don't burn us!"—John Wessels in National Tribune.

DUBLIN—You don't know what you are talking about when you call me a donkey." Miss Kitty Fresh—"Yes, I do. I used to own a donkey."—Brooklyn Life.



FOUR FAMOUS HORSES ILLUSTRATING DISTINCT TYPES.

an ideal. The world can agree on but few ideals, and no sculptor or painter ever portrayed in a masterpiece a horse that would not be severely criticised as an ideal.

The question of the ideal may readily extend from the type of a horse to the proportions of a type. A draught horse and a race horse may each be handsome and perfect in his way. It may be said that the ideal horse is the one that produces the most agreeable impressions, and this rule may both apply to the type of horse and to the proportions of any type. As far as proportions go, a horse should in a general way be well and handsomely formed and have correct and beautiful lines. There is a wide range for the application of this rule, and many horsemen will see beauty in adaptation to needs which others will not consider.

A noted French writer on the horse says: "What, then, are the qualities which impress the laity—that is to say, the mass of the people. Elegance of form, gracefulness of attitude and

speedy horse but comparing him with an average.

In the absence of standard measurements and proportions the characteristics of the most important types of horses invite discussion. It is not known to everybody outside of horse circles that the Arabian horse, which has been kept so pure of blood that pedigrees may be traced into centuries before Christ, has given to the thoroughbred, or running horse, of the modern turf, his chief physical characteristics, his nature, powers of endurance, energy and tendency to speed. The Arabian horse is the greyhound of the race. He is slender and graceful. His most noticeable characteristics are a long, small neck, delicate head, with rather pointed nose, depth from withers to chest, giving lung power; powerful haunches and comparative smallness of growth around the loins. He is built for speed. His head is small and bony and his muzzle delicate. His joints are large, clean and bony. His bones are rather small in size on the whole, but they are very dense, and hence

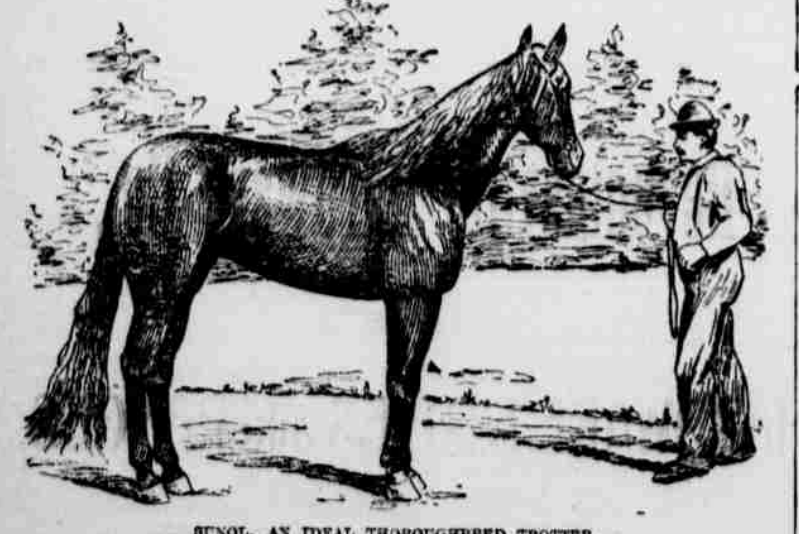
brought to England.

The thoroughbreds of to-day have that stain of the royal blood of the Arabian, Barb and Turk, mixed with the blood of the English charger, horses of all degrees of common blood, horses with pedigrees and without, and horses that have been fast and slow. The pedigree of a horse thus becomes of great significance, for "blood will tell" in horses as well as men, and the study of pedigrees in which the majority of horsemen are fairly well advanced, is one that many revel in for years, and in which no one ever graduates. As a result of the mixture described, the modern thoroughbreds possess the characteristics of the Arabian horse in greatly varying degrees. Salvalor, shown in an accompanying cut, has these characteristics in a marked degree. The "Chaban" Arabian shown was a celebrated stallion imported for the stud of the King of Wurtemberg, and fairly shows the Arabian type.

The Arabian type has undoubtedly been conserved in the thoroughbred by the training and work he has been given through each generation and which would tend toward the very characteristics by which nature adapted the Arabian to its conditions and environment. The characteristics of the typical modern thoroughbred which not everybody can tell on sight like the greyhound and is in perfect physical condition. He is tall, slim, long coupled, has a small paunch, a long, slim neck, depth from shoulders to chest, small muzzle, large nostrils and wide forehead. His muscles stand out in bold relief, his coat is silky and his skin fine. He is intelligent, nervous in disposition and has great endurance. He is short lived, as a rule, partly, perhaps, because he is worked hard early in life. He is at his prime at four years and at six is generally ready to be retired.

The trotting horse is shorter coupled, is heavier through the flank and has a heavier paunch and wider chest. The neck is heavier and shorter, the limbs are heavier and the pasterns shorter. He needs and receives twice as much care as the thoroughbred. His conformation is necessarily different, for he uses a different set of muscles. Trotting is an unnatural and cultivated gait for a horse at high speed, and he needs a strong frame to stand the shock of the 10,000-pound blows which his feet give every time they strike the ground.

So the draught horse has still different characteristics, and other types might be discussed. Sir Modred, the \$10,000 stallion imported from Australia by J. B. Haggis, is a thorough-



SUNOL, AN IDEAL THOROUGHBRED TROTTER.

movement, rounding of the lines, indicating an easy, graceful action and implying the absence of effort in the movements; vivacity, mobility, a certain gentle look of distinction in the physiognomy, which admits the pre-eminence of moral perfection over the purely physical instincts. A round croup, flattened haunches, a away back, thick withers, an arched neck, slim cannons, small feet and a slender head will give more pleasure to the majority of inexperienced eyes than long, projecting lines, even a little roughly so, well-marked muscles, strong members, a spacious chest, broad articulations,

strong and heavy. It is calculated by Roger B. Upton that the bones of an Arabian horse 141 hands high will weigh as much as those of an English thoroughbred fifteen hands high. The fore ribs of the Arabian are long and the blades ones short. The paunch is hollow, the withers rounded, the upper part of the neck long, with powerful white muscles. The hoofs are black, the skin delicate, the hair fine and abundant, the nostrils wide. He is wide between the eyes, showing intelligence. His ears are small and active. He has great powers of endurance. His eyes are full, black and