

HORSES AND HORSES.

TYPES OF EVERY DEGREE CAN BE FOUND AMONG THEM.

Beauty and Brains on Hoofs—Character in Equines Illustrated and Described—The Racing Season—Scenes on the Track—The Gentleman Horse, the Terror Horse, and Other Prominent Types—Racing Scenes Depicted from Life.

HE season is on. By the season I mean that period of the year that condenses within its limits the hours and days prized by horsemen; and by "horsemen" I do not mean a "horsey" man, turf-gambler, "book-maker," and fellows of that ilk, but honest men who love horses as honest horses love true men and women.

Of course, as there are men and

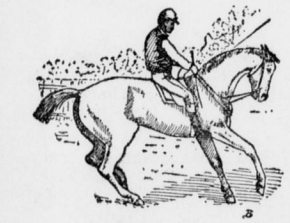


TYPES OF HORSES.

men, so there are horses and horses, and types of every degree of meanness can be found among both the two and the four legged beasts, as well as those perfect creations, human and animal, endowed with every mental and physical grace and virtue constituting perfection.

The head and face of a horse are as indicative of the character and disposition of the animal as are the skull formation and physiognomy of a man, and the skilled can as easily read both, can trace a resemblance between the two, and quickly note similarity of expression.

In cut No. 1, here given, is a brute,



BEFORE THE RACE.

all vicious and dangerous, without a redeeming feature; No. 2 is of almost equally vile disposition; No. 3, a sly, tricky beast; No. 4, a dull, plodding animal; No. 5, a lively, intelligent nag, requiring steady control; and No. 6, an honest, knowing, earnest horse.

But of horses, as of men, one cares only to think or write of the best, and of the best only will I write. I would sing the praises of the war horse, so dear to the trooper. Hear how the old cavalryman puts it in homely verse to the love of his heart, "Black Boss":

Old girl, that has carried me far and fast,
On jawing hoofs that were never leath,
Our gallop-to-day may be our last,
For I'm, or for I'm, or for I'm, or for I'm,
As I fighten your girl, do you nothing doubt,
When you catch a glimpse of the forming line,
And hast thou never a quain, Black Boss of mine?
It is dainty to see you smile and start,
As we move to the battle's cloudy charge,
And to feel the swell of your wakening hair,
When our sonorous lungs utter the charge,
At the scream of shells and roll of drums,
You feign to be frightened, with roguish glance,
But up the green slopes, where the bullet hums,
Conspicuously dashing, I know you'll dance.
Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
Your eyes like a bird's, or a loving girl's;
And, from delicate foallock to knowing lead,
As a thrilling vid-vid-vid about you curts,
Oh, joy to my ears, as you sneeze away,
'Tis little for triumph or rout I care,
For there I'm, in all the world to you,
Such a dear little brittle-wise love of a mare.

But war, let us be thankful, is over for us, and it is to "the turf" we go to-day for beauty and brains on hoofs.

Washington Park Track and the West Side Course are now attracting the thousands who love noble horses. The seasons is open, and weeks of pure enjoyment are before humans and animals alike. Our illustrations tell their own story; no need to write a line in explanation.

To explain, however, how a real man



GOING TO THE RACES.

cares for a true horse, I want the reader to visit, on paper, the home of the "Queen of the Turf," Maud S, and the daily life of the beauty, and the reader never has and never will come into more honest companionship.

Her ladyship lives on West Fifty-fifth street, in New York City, in a stately brick building with white stone trimmings, a mansard roof and a frontage of fifty feet. The interior of her dwelling is perfection. She is "sweet sixteen" and a Kentucky high-born beauty from the crown of her dainty head to the tip of her flowing tail. She has the majestic grace of a queen, the gentleness of a tender girl, the intelli-

gence of a wise human, the health of an athlete, and a record without an equal. Her "quarters" are one and a half inches higher than her withers, which gives her the greyhound sweep, speed and grace. No piece of satin de Lyon ever compared with the lustrous gloss of her dress. In a half-light it is merely brown, fine and shining, but in the splendor of sunlight it is coppery with the warm, reddish tints of ochre and gold brought out in repose work. She is peerless.

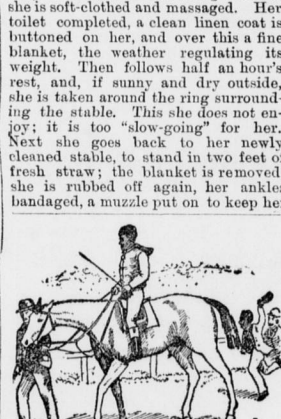
No belle of the fashionable world receives more or better attention. Fancy hand massage for a horse! That's what Miss Maud gets every morning after her bath to quicken the circulation, and just before going to bed to make her sleep. It is not an all-round-rub-any-way movement, but a careful circumspect motion along her legs and down her tapering ankles. Across her body it is "with the grain," stroke after stroke of the palm of the hand, until every pore of her beautiful skin is excited to action and her nut-brown coat shines with nature's lubricating polish.

Maud S. is up at 6 a. m. every day.



TYPES OF HORSES.

and asleep at 9 p. m. every night in the year. So soon as she wakes up she must have her drink of fresh water. If it is not coming instantly there is trouble, for she will not be neglected. Next she is rubbed down with a soft cotton cloth, a dry wash; then comes her breakfast—two quarts of oats, sifted and weighed to a grain. Forty minutes is given to dispose of it. At seven o'clock her grooming begins, and for an hour she is rubbed and bathed. Her mouth and legs are sponged with warm water, her feet washed out, her mane and tail carefully combed, and after being brushed she is soft-clothed and massaged. Her toilet completed, a clean linen coat is buttoned on her, and over this a fine blanket, the weather regulating its weight. Then follows half an hour's rest, and, if sunny and dry outside, she is taken around the ring surrounding the stable. This she does not enjoy; it is too "slow-going" for her. Next she goes back to her newly cleaned stable, to stand in two feet of fresh straw; the blanket is removed, she is rubbed off again, her ankles bandaged, a muzzle put on to keep her



MORNING WORK AT THE TRACK.

from eating the straw, and then she is left to herself, for a nap or reverie. At noon the bandages are taken off, and she gets a drink of water, never cold. At one o'clock comes a dinner of two quarts of oats, and at 2, another walk in the ring. Lunch is at 4:30, and consists of two pounds of hay, clean of every hint of refuse. Supper is at 8 p. m., a warm mash of a quart of boiled oats and two quarts of bran. While the mash is cooling the beauty's beautiful feet are filled with oiled meal and bran, beaten with a little salt to the consistency of putty; this is strewn into the bottom of the hoofs, not to soften them, but to cool them and supply the moisture they would secure if she were allowed to tramp in the wet pasture like a no-time-at-all sort of a mare.

If bad weather has kept her indoors some time, the feet are put in wet sawdust to keep off fever; for moisture is absolutely necessary. Her feet in order, a slight massage, and Miss Maud goes down on her fore-knees, stretches her beautiful form out at full length, blinks her blue-brown eyes, yawns, and is off to horse-heaven. Tom McKean, her groom, says that she talks in her sleep and occasionally has a



MORNING WORK AT THE TRACK.

touch of nightmare, then he comforts her with caresses, rearranges her blankets and rubs her breast until she drops into quiet slumber. After a drive the lady is blanketed and taken around the ring to cool off, her back is then rubbed down with a quart of rum, her legs are washed, but not one drop of water goes on her shoulders or back; her ankles are bandaged and she lies down for a snooze.

If the brown beauty is not in perfect trim, she is doused, allopathically. She is given six drams of aloes to reduce fat; the drug is put in the center of a ball, size of a marble, made of ginger, to warm and prevent gripes, and oil

meal. Her head is hung by the surgeon, who, mounted on a stepladder, takes her tongue in his fingers and moves it to one side. The bolus is dropped to the root of the tongue, fingers removed, and down it goes. Occasionally a tablespoonful of bicarbonate of soda and charcoal is put in her mash to help digestion; this is her spring medicine. She is never seen without her blankets, unless on the track. In the ring and in her stall she is as carefully covered as a baby, and she has as many wraps as a society belle has toilettes.

Her front shoes weigh twelve and one-half ounces, the hind ones seven ounces, of steel, fastened with four nails on the outside and three on the inside, instead of the nine or ten nails generally used. She is driven with the "sharp-bar" bit—"the snaffle" sets her wild to go.

Lady Maud hasn't a trick or the first trace of viciousness in her whole make-up. She has her whims, which are not neglected or slighted, is as imperial as emperors, and wants all the attentions and luxuries of life; she kicks if her meals are delayed, will never touch food unless the manger is first cleaned, and would die of thirst rather than



STEEPLE CHASING—SOMETHING WILL TUMBLE.

drink water another horse had left. She has never, so far as known, felt the lash of a whip. The day she broke the record and beat the world her driver lashed the shafts of the sulky to urge her, but her flesh or hair was never touched. She would break her heart if struck in anger, and probably break the bones and life of the man who struck her—and serve him right.

When Maud S. travels it is in a special car, coupled to a passenger train, and two men go to attend her. A trip that costs a human passenger 40 cents



STEEPLE CHASING—SOMETHING WILL TUMBLE.



EXERCISING A STEEPLE-CHASER.



WALKING EXERCISE.



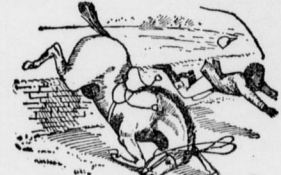
FAST WORK.



MORNING WORK AT THE TRACK.

is \$25 for her ladyship's transportation. Maud S. cost Mr. Robert Bonner \$40,000. He has been offered \$100,000 for her; he would as soon think of selling one of his sons. No money can buy her.

This is an exceptional case, of an exceptional horse, with an exceptional



MORNING WORK AT THE TRACK.

man, but it serves to illustrate the love that can exist and the care that can be lavished by the true horseman upon the true horse.—Alex. Duke Battle, in Chicago Ledger.

How a Poem Was Written. At the age of twenty-one years William Cullen Bryant was licensed to practice law in the courts of Massachusetts. It was not the calling for which he was fitted; his nature was too shy and sensitive for the life of conflict by which lawyers win fame and fortune; but law seemed to him the readiest means of earning his bread, while literature, to which he would gladly have devoted himself, offered him the scantiest support.

While he and his father and the other members of the family were discussing where he should nail up the sign of "William C. Bryant, Attorney at Law," he walked over the hills to Plainfield, a small village four or five miles distant from Cummington, where his father resided. The motive for the journey was to see what inducements the village offered for the practice of his profession.

He felt "very forlorn and desolate," for the world seemed dark and his future uncertain. The sun had set in a sea of chrysolite and opal, and he stopped to contemplate the brilliant sky. Suddenly he saw a solitary water-fowl winging its way along the horizon, and watched it until it was lost in the distance.

The contemplation gave him such a stimulus that he went on with new strength and courage, and when he reached the house where he was to stay for the night, he sat down and wrote the lines, "To a Water-fowl," the concluding verse of which expresses the hope imparted to him by the flight of the lone wanderer:

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dote illustrative of the admiration it excited in England.

Once, when the late Matthew Arnold was in this country, he was visiting at a home where Mr. Parke Godwin, Mr. Bryant's son-in-law, happened to spend an evening. In the course of the conversation Mr. Arnold took up a volume of Mr. Bryant's poem from the table, and, turning to Mr. Godwin, said:

"This is the American poet." And, after a pause, he continued: "When I first heard of him, Hartley Coleridge—we were both lads then—came into my father's house one afternoon considerably excited, and exclaimed, 'Matt, do you want to hear the best short poem in the English language?' 'Faith, Hartley, I do,' was my reply.

"He then read a poem, 'To a Water-fowl,' in his best manner, and he was a good reader. As soon as he had done he asked, 'What do you think of that?' 'I am not sure but what you are right, Hartley. Is that your father's?' was my reply.

"No," he rejoined; "father has written nothing like that." Some days after he might be heard muttering to himself:

"The desert and illimitable air
Lone wandering, but not lost."

Yet this poem, which many persons deem the best the poet ever wrote, slept for three years in the author's portfolio, neither read, seen, nor even heard of by any other living soul.—Youth's Companion.

Compensation. News came that a baby had been born in the Nelson household, a dear little girl, with blue eyes, but, alas! with a misshapen foot that would cause her to limp all her life. When grandma heard the message she went to her own room without a word, and the young aunts busied themselves with their work, looking suspiciously moist about the eyes. That night, however, Edith Lee came limping in with her two crutches, and was told all about it, because she was the dear family friend and knew all the home secrets.

"And you feel dreadfully about it, don't you?" asked she, patting one of grandma's withered hands.

"Yes, my dear, we do; how could we help it?"

Do Right for Right's Sake. We are in receipt of a letter asking us: "What makes people do right?" How under the sun does the writer of the epistle propose we know what causes influence people in doing right?—if, indeed, anybody does do right, which we might be seriously inclined to doubt if we "took stock" in the universal cry about the wickedness of this day and generation.

We have asked some people of our acquaintance the question, and find that most of them do right because they expect to be rewarded for it. At least they have quoted to us innumerable texts of Scripture bearing on that point, and all pointing toward the rewards of the just.

Now, it strikes us that this is an infinitely selfish way of doing things. If you feed Mrs. A, who is starving, because you expect, either in this world or the next, to be rewarded for it, you are only selling your good deeds for a price. You are not pitiful for her sufferings, you are not charitable toward her because it is your duty, but simply because you expect that you will realize benefit from your benevolence.

Is this true charity? Is this love toward your neighbor? Is this the spirit of the Divine Master, who taught us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us?

It seems to us that the only true way of doing right is for right's sake. Without an eye to the rewards, or to the punishments, which may await us, to deal justly and mercifully with every living thing, to do no act of malice, to wound the feelings of no one intentionally, to let no selfish love of ease, or pleasure, deter us from what we deem is right. Yes, that is our idea of the way to do right.

We may be in error, but it strikes us that it is rather a little soul which is continually looking out for rewards, or dreading the punishments.

It is like making a bargain, and saying, if I will be good you will reward me, thus and so; and if I am bad, then I must look out for chastisement.

We do not like that kind of doctrine. We want to do right, not because it is respectable; not because we shall fare better for so doing in this world; not because we shall be happier hereafter for it; not because people will talk about us if we do not; not because we belong to the church, and our minister proclaims it, but because it is right to do right, and because God has commanded us to do it.

And to the man properly constituted there is no happiness like that which comes from right actions, guided by right motives. And whatever may be that man's theology, he is on the right road if he does right for right's sake.—Kate Thorne, in New York Weekly.

By Ten Yards. A danger escaped often alarms far more than one endured. "If I'd had known how hard 't would be to live through 'em," said an old lady, in recounting her troubles, "I never should ha' lived." Among the Selkirk Glaciers contains the description of a narrow escape in their icy fastnesses:

As we descended the glacier, we stopped, when we had accomplished five hundred feet, to take a reading of the thermometer, and found that the temperature was eight degrees lower than at the summit of the pass. Further down it felt still colder. Our tracks were quite visible till we came to a steep part of the glacier, where the snow was blown off the ice, and numerous crevasses stood wide open. Finally we reached a natural gateway in the cliff and quit the glacier.

Then came the descent along the top of the moraine, and down to its lower termination.

The ice of the main glacier had been broken down the moraine, and some crevasses formed regular ice caves, easy of access. Not wishing to get our clothes wet, as we had no way of drying them, and needing them to sleep in at night, we proposed sleeping in one of these ice caves, and giving the weather a chance to clear.

We were, of course, aware of the danger of snow falling from the ice above, so no doubt the idea was totally lacking in that prudence with which the traveler should always be equipped. However, we got our lesson.

We had just diverged from our track, and were making our way over some debris to get to the cave, when crash! came down ten tons of rocks and ice from the glacier above, right across its mouth.

THE GALENA STATUE OF GRANT.

Herewith is given a copy of the statue to be erected in Galena, Ill., by H. Kohlisaat of Chicago. It is to be cast in bronze, about eight feet high, the pedestal to be ten feet high. The city of Galena has decided to purchase two blocks of land in the center of the city, tear down the buildings upon them, and make a pleasure resort of about six acres, which is to be known



as Grant Park. The sculptor is Johannes Gelet of Chicago. The statue will be unveiled next April or May, and Mrs. Grant, who has seen the model and approved it, has promised to be in Galena at that time. Some orator of national fame will deliver the address, and the President and his Cabinet will be asked to become the guests of Galena.

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If we had been ten yards further! This thought flashed through our minds simultaneously, and was expressed in our faces as our eye met.

LETTERS FROM THE CORNERS.

Mrs. Boggs and Her "Fate" Go Walking NEAR OR NORTH OF HALL, KILKENNY CORNER.



R. EDITOR. As you may believe, Sally slept purty good last night mornin' after her bow was there; but she flinched down a gappin, an her hare up in curls-papers.

"Mean Mr. Cruck-shin air a goin out a walkin this art-tarloon," she she; "he wants to see the city, an he se mobby he'll sturt a dancin class; land sakes! I wish he wood, an then I end larn to dance," she she, a eatin another gun fur her brekfus. "I've alwys jest pim for to larn how to dance."

"Yes, you'd cut a purty agger," ses William Henry; "of you'd larn to dance, why I'd think Burnin's big elephant ood," an he dodged as she threw a nuttin rib at him, but it hit him on to the year, an he hopped aroun a hollered.

"Youch! you've busted my year pan for shure. I kaint here a mite outin the year! I'll hev you sude for damidge, I swow I will."

"You'd make a good dancin teacher," ses Sally, "you're so lively."

But he was kindly huffed an went off down to the store.

"O, Rhody, want you let me hev Tommy's dog to go long with me when Mr. Cruckshin an me goes out a walkin?" ses Sally, purty quick.

"I've herd o' folks that wanted a dog to keep the boys away," ses Rhody. "but I don't see why you shud need one when Cruckshin is along."

"O, you don't understand; ets fur stile. I want him to no that I no what stile is," ses she.

"Well, I don't no es I keer, but Tommie ull raise Cain ef enny one elts tetches his purp, an he's so wild I dun no es you kin do ennything with him, no how," ses Rhody, es she went out in the kitchen to make some pise.

An so Sally she hanted Tommy up an baiged an pled with him till he finely agreed to let her take him, purvidin she cood ketch him, if she'd give him 10 cents.

So she got a piece o' rope from the calf's halter an called, "yer Twist, yer Twist," that was the dog's name; but he woodnt kin fur her, so she run him under the porch an crawled partway in after him; she cot him by the tale an he yelped awful. She got the rope onto him arter a while an tide him up to a post into the back yard an give him sum cole vittles, but he woodnt eat a bite.

Directly arter dinner Mister Cruckshin cum; he looked uglier, and slimmer an gray than ever. Mis. Boggs was a settin in the parlor a waitin fur him, an every littil bit the dog in the back yard ud give a yowl.

"See hear, Mis Boggs," ses Tommy, a pokin his hed in to the door, where Sally an her bow was a settin, "ef you hurt my dorg ull hev to gimme anuthen." Purty soon they started, Sally a holdin on to his arm with one han an a pullin the dog along with tother, an she was a talkin fit to kill.

The dog woodnt walk a paig, but every littil bit she'd give him a jerk an he'd yowl, an then stan still until all the slack in the rope was gone, then she'd jerk 'im agin; finely the dog got mad an he made a grab fur Cruckshin's laig, an pinched him sum, an he jumped an hollered an grabbed the calf o' his laig, an the dog snapped at Sally's heels, an she let go him to climb a dog goods box, an he tucked his tale an run fur home, an Sally kin down an run went a limpin off aroun the corner. Rhody an me thot mobby it had disabled him fur dancin, but it hedn't fur when they kin home Sally coodnt talk about nothin else but Cruckshin's dancin class. Muchly yuckin, HESTER ANN SCOOPER.

Cornfield Philosophy. The longest way round may be the easiest way found, but it is not always the quickest way to reach your destination.

Green apples do not give the small boy any trouble unless he eats them. Do not bank too heavily on the man who wears a clean shirt. Possibly he did not pay the washer-woman for making it clean.

It is well that the world is neither so bad as some folks think it nor so good as some folks would like to have it. The man who pays his debts is not so commendable as the man who does not make any.

The saying that poets are born, not made, is showing considerable responsibility off on Nature. I know the Dead men tell no tales, but they are able to trouble the living very frequently. Conscience is the great liver regulator.

Lots of rain will make corn grow, but it makes weeds grow also. If an honest man is the noblest work of God, what can be said of the one who is dishonest?

The bank robber is not in favor of a higher tax for a better police force. The vine will climb a crooked pole as quickly as it will one that is straight.

The industrious hen does not require a patent nest to induce her to lay eggs.

White and Deaf. Mr. Harrison Weir, President of the National Cat Club, England, says in his book, "Our Cats," that a white cat of the long or short haired breed is likely to be deaf. Should he have blue eyes, the fancy color, it is almost certain to be deaf.

CORKER TAKES A PLUNGE BATH.

DEAR Mr. Editor: The flood gates are opened and the rain descends in torrents and our water-patch is a float.



For 6 months it has rained more or less—in many cases more, in others less—but in all cases we cry enough—O, yes! enough! Ever since last fall it has rained and been muddied almost incessantly and uninterruptedly. Corn is just being planted; oats are drownin, but still monopolies are flourishin. Wheat 80 cents at the station, n butter 10, n eggs 10, while on the other hand coffe is 25 and sugar is still cornered. Something's got to be done, or bust. Farmers' alliance to the rescue! Alliances are forming all over the State n Miller Purvis is organizin em right n left. Farmers are walkin up, n it's high time. I went to hear Purvis the other night. On my way over I had to cross a rainin stream on a log. On this particular evening the stream was howlin. The water came up to the log almost. I got down a crawl carefully out over

the roaring cataract. Preseparation streamed from every pore in millions of tiny jets. A slip and I was lost. I slipped. Ker-chugg I went head first into the roaring cataract. My ears