

THE TURF RECORD.

Anaconda holds the Cleveland track record for the season, with a mile in 2:06 1/4.

Footie has worked his Chamber of Commerce candidate, The Private, a half in 1:03 1/2.

It is reported that Henry Titer intends to try Arion, 2:07 1/2, and Peter the Great, 2:07 1/2, to pole next year.

Abbie X, 2:23 1/2, by Hexameter, dam Abby, 2:26, by George Wilkes, has been shipped to a prominent horseman in Austria.

Coney, 2:07 1/2, has not had the hopes on this year. He has been in 2:08 1/2, the last quarter in 31 seconds, in his work.

Frank Coyner of Delaware, O., has a filly by Lagonda Chimes, out of Lady Ruth, which is entered in \$52,000 worth of stakes.

Four trainloads of horses, consisting of 1,500 head, were shipped from Bonham, Tex., to New Orleans for South Africa a few days ago.

For the five months ending May 31 the United States exported 16,477 horses to England against 14,062 for the same period last year.

Bonnie Direct, the green colt in Keating's string at Cleveland, sired by Direct, out of Bon Bon, by Simmons, stepped a mile the other day in 2:11.

Bay Star, 2:23 1/2, by the pacer Kentucky Star, 2:08 1/2, Penn Valley farm's M. and M. candidate, is said to be showing Jack Kinney free for all speed.

The following nine horses obtained new records at Point Breeze: Pacers, Montauk, 2:16 1/4; Paul Revere, 2:17 1/4; Jay Wilkes, 2:19 1/4; Allezeit, 2:21; Jimmy's Girl, 2:21 1/2; Trotters, Winnifred M., 2:18 1/4; Santon, 2:19 1/4; Patrice, 2:26; Laddis, 2:27.

Crito, a 4-year-old, by Falmont, 2:14 1/4, has been a half this year in 1:30 1/2. This youngster was one of the sensational 2-year-old trotters of the spring of 1898 and gave Scott McCoy quite a scare when he raced away from The Merchant, 2:20, at Omaha.

THE GLASS OF FASHION.

Crepe de chine is a popular material for wedding gowns.

Trim your dainty gowns with hemmed frillings of white point d'esprit accordion plaited.

Some very swell bathing suits are made of black satin, with a colored linen collar and vest.

Mohair is the favorite material for bathing suits in black, blue and gray, trimmed with a band of white mohair striped with braid.

A pretty skirt for cycling is made with a rather deep yoke pointing down in front and at the back, the lower part being box plaited on this.

Jeweled necklace brooches, pins for the hair, which confine the short locks at the back; neck chains and jeweled or enameled belts are all very popular.

Serpentine insertions cut out of all over lace and finished on the edge with either black or white silk cord are used to trim crepe de chine and veiling gowns.

Two piece linen suits in white or colors are all the rage, but their special chic quality is in the fact that they are tailor made, with exclusive smartness in the finish.

Very pretty fancy belts are made of narrow bands of colored suede leather joined at intervals with gold slides over a satin lining. Velvet ribbon is also used in this way.

One variety of sporting hat made of coarse but tight white straw has a slightly drooping brim, and a scarf of cream canvas with large moons of some light color in silk scattered over it is twisted around the cone shaped crown.—New York Sun.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Grapes are nearly always benefited by thinning.

Fruit for jelly is better if picked before it is dead ripe.

Encrowded trees are more productive than crowded ones.

Rotation of crops is as necessary in gardening as on the farm.

Care must be taken not to cut the asparagus plants too late.

A good tree or plant takes up no more room than a poor one.

With apples a moderate thinning will cause the rest to hold on better.

With fruit maturity is one stage and ripeness or mellowness another.

Deep stirring of the soil gives moisture, and moisture makes thrifty growth.

Oil straw, bagasse and swale hay are good materials to use for mulching in the orchard.

If the grapes are to be thinned, the work should be done as soon as the growth is advanced enough to show the fruit.

Raspberry and blackberry plants set out this spring should be allowed to grow through the season without check.

In transplanting small plants secure all the roots possible and keep the plants out of the ground as short a time as possible.—St. Louis Republic.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

From Richmond to Atlanta, along the line of the principal railways, it seems as if it were impossible to get out of sight of new cotton mills either in operation or in course of construction.

Five hundred Mormons from Utah recently settled in Chihuahua, Mexico, and these will be followed by another party of 500 in a few weeks. A notable fact in the history of these Mormon colonies in Mexico is that, though established some 20 years ago, there never has been the slightest trouble between them and the Mexicans.

Cross Words Kill a Bird.

A bird which receives a scolding is made as miserable and unhappy thereby as a child would be. To illustrate this Our Dumb Animals tells the following story:

A Massachusetts woman had a few years ago a beautiful canary bird which she dearly loved and to which she had never spoken an unkind word in her life.

One day the church organist was away, and she stopped after church to play the organ for the Sunday school. In consequence of this the dinner had to be put off an hour, and when she got home her good husband was very angry, and he spoke to her unkindly.

The things were put on, and they sat down in silence at the table, and presently the bird began to chirp at her as it always had to attract her attention. To shame her husband for having spoken so she turned to the bird and for the first time in her life spoke to it in a most violent and angry tone. In less than five minutes there was a fluttering in the cage. She sprang to the cage. The bird was dead.

Mrs. Hendricks, the wife of the late vice president of the United States, said that she once killed a mockingbird in the same way. It annoyed her by loud singing. To stop it she spoke in a violent tone and pretended to throw something at it, and within five minutes it was dead.

Unnatural History. The Bottle of Hair Tonic was in a self congratulatory mood. "Well," it boasted, "I think I can tell 'hair raising' ghost stories if any one can."

The coy Pearch was very angry as well as "stirred up" when the housekeeper laddered her into the preserve jar. "Now, wouldn't that jar you!" she exclaimed, rather slangy.

The False Tooth spoke with icy hauteur: "I belong to the 'upper set.'" "Possibly," retorted the bobtailed Kite incisively, "but let it be distinctly understood that I myself move in the highest circles."

The cracked piece of pseudo antique China spoke frankly: "Of course I'm not what I'm 'cracked up' to be." Then her femininity asserted itself, and she finished coyly, "But I'm not nearly as old as I look."

The angry Stick of Giant Powder stormed at the proud patrician Tack. "You have a 'big head' because you have laid a few carpets low." The Tack was silent. "I'm supreme," boasted the Powder, waxing bold. "No one can 'hold a candle' to me, and every one is afraid to 'blow me up.'" "Well," retorted the Tack pointedly, at the same time striking a match, "nobody can walk over a member of the Tack family with impunity."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Doctor's Letter. A well known M. P. tells an amusing story of an old aunt of his. Being on one occasion very nervous, she told her physician she thought Bath would do her good.

"It's very odd," said Dr. W., "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of."

The lady, furnished with the letter, set off. On arriving at Bath, feeling, as usual, very nervous, she said to a confidant:

"Long as Dr. Walter has attended me he has never explained to me what all this means. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician."

In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter and read:

Dear Davis—Keep the old lady three weeks and send her back again. —London Tit-Bits.

A Profitable Deposit. I remember the case of an old lady at E. who usually had from \$13,000 to \$15,000 standing to her credit, and, needless to say, as she did not ask for any interest thereupon, none was allowed her. The manager whenever she entered the office was always most particular to step forward and inquire most tenderly concerning the state of her health, and if she replied that she was suffering from a slight cold the expression upon the man's face grew quite sad. No wonder, when he remembered that even a slight cold might carry off an old lady who was handling his company at least \$300 a year.—"How to Deal With Your Banker," by Henry Warren.

Draughts as an Education. There is no game extant which so admirably combines educational and recreative features or which is in every way so well adapted for a popular and profitable amusement among refined and appreciative classes as draughts. Its influences are of an elevating character. It not only teaches, but practically enforces, the necessity of patience and perseverance, courage and courtesy, self reliance and self control. The game is also peculiarly and self evidently worthy of paternal encouragement, as a knowledge of its incomparable beauties will destroy the taste for demoralizing games of chance.—Scottish American.

Why He Read It. "Have you read Borus' latest book, 'Boiled Brains?'" "Yes."

"I thought you didn't like Borus' style."

"I don't."

"What did you read his book for?" "Because I knew some blamed fool would be sure to ask me if I had read it."—Chicago Tribune.

The record for Ceylon snipe shooting still remains that of the muzzle loader, 100 remains in one day. This record was made by a Ceylon civil servant called Tranchell early in the nineteenth century. Average gunners get 30 to 40 couples a day.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Love. Love is a thing to live with, To bless or caress or to give with; But to beg or to borrow or leave or loan, Love is the worst thing ever known!

Love is a thing to smile with, To charm or to kiss or beguile with; But to cheat or to play with a heart full grown, Love is the ghastliest thing that's known!

Love is a thing to pray with, To work and to hope every day with; But to hate or to hinder or curse one's own, Love is the sinfulness thing that's known! —New York Press.

The Supreme Standard. When seeking to decide what we should do, As men or nations, in this latter day, We hold this query constantly in view: Will it pay?

We regulate our acts by policy, And thus the higher thought is lost to sight. Ascend the scale. Let this our query be: Is it right?

For, be assured, whatever the trimmers say There is but one criterion, my friend. The thing which wrongs another will not pay in the end.

The man who seeks along his selfish gain May find the best of life he's sacrificed— May find, but his treasures all are vain. What of Christ?

Be not deceived, for every word or act At which your brother may take just offense Some time the scale is balanced with exact Recompense.

Above our little schemes and narrow creeds, Our sanctimonious grinning untruths, Our vast professions and our petty deeds, Stands the truth.

Beneath Truth's shadow, with his spirit fraught, Oh, let us rise above our greed and lust And regulate our dealing by the thought, Is it just?

For whoever we may do or say There is one standard that is infinite: Not in its policy, or, Will it pay? Is it right? —Denver News.

What is Life? "What is life?" I ask the child who romps through all his happy days, Without a care, without a cloud, to mar the sunshine of his life.

No thought has he of days to come, of sorrows and bitter strife. He looks at me, bewildered first, then answers, "Life is play."

"What is life?" I ask the youth who looks up at the sky above. And sees therein the promise fair of all that earth holds dear to him. Naught reck he now of blasted hopes, of withered heart and eyes made dim By tears that come when hope is dead. He answers gayly, "Life is love."

"What is life?" I ask the man in whose brave face no shadows lurk. Whose days are filled with helpful toil, whose plans reach out and compass all That man holds dear. No time has he to dream and sigh—"tis duty's call. That he is ever listening for. He answers promptly, "Life is work."

"What is life?" I ask the sage whose days are gliding like the stream. To join the ocean near at hand. His life lies all behind him now; The world has lost its charm for him. He puts a thin hand to his brow And seems to muse awhile, and then he answers sadly, "Life's a dream." —G. L. Lyman in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

We've All Met Them. "I've known," said Uncle Hiram, "lots of fellers in my time that had some right good theories, yet never had a dime. They talked quite hifalutin, an' they made a heap of spread. An' I calclated somehow on a somethin' jes' ahead! A feller you are knowin' tells you confidentially. Of a scheme for makin' money jes' hand over fist, you see. But the situation sizin up, although in workin' prime, He isn't doin' anything at jes' the present time."

"He's allers goin' t' do it, an' he's meanin' well, no doubt, 'Thoug' good at theorizin, ain't wuth shuckin' t' work it out. A crank you couldn't call him; cranks persistent. Of jes' one thing; this feller passes on from scheme t' scheme. Then there's the other feller, close related t' the one I've mentioned; he's the feller allers tellin' what he's done. Once he was rich an' honored, had his praise sung in rhyme, But he isn't doin' anything at jes' the present time."

"They're never doin' nothin', far as any one can see. An' that's jes' why their talkin' ain't of interest t' me. I'd rather with a feller that was busy keep in touch. I can learn a heap more from him, though he doesn't talk as much. An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "jes' observe now for yourself. You'll find these two I've mentioned in your struggle after pelf; The one's been t' the top, an' one's preparin' fer t' climb, But they ain't a-doin' anything at jes' the present time."

—Detroit Free Press.

No Calendar Needed. When the honeysuckle whispers with a voice of perfume sweet, And the leaves that gently nestled sink to silence in the heat. When the lightning bug is winging And the bullfrog starts his singing In the brooklet where the willow and the shifting shadows meet. When everything is murmuring a slow ecstatic tune, You don't need any calendar to tell you that it's June.

When the long and lazy grasses in the daisied meadow set Are making solemn curt'sies in a languid minuet; When Sir Bumblebee, the rover, Plays at kissing in the clover, While we note the swift departure of the prouidish violet; When the music in the breezes and there's magic in the moon, You don't need any calendar to tell you that it's June. —Washington Star.

The Truest Prayers. The saddest tears are those that never fall, But are held smothering in the aching eyes; The truest prayers can find no words at all, But flutter wearily to God in sighs.

We need not speak if with our hearts we pray And by our living try to do his will, Who leads us gently in the narrow way And when we murmur whispers, "Peace, be still."

An Expert Opinion. Some sound the "I," while others don't, and so it's "golf" or "goff." But when you meet a man who says that once he drove right off And played a whole half day without a "foozle" or a "scruff," Remember that's not "golf" nor "goff," pronounce it simply "guff." —Boston Herald.

The Hard Work of Congressmen.

Let those who are blissfully ignorant laugh at congressmen for the easy time they have at Washington. Only those who have been through the mill know how hard a congressman must work if he is to fulfill his public duties. A hardworking senator said to me, "I might have made \$50,000 during my term in the senate if I had given as much attention to my private business as I have given to the public business."

The amount of work which is laid upon a member or senator is simply enormous. What with the demand for pensions, postoffice documents, applications for promotion or discharge in the army and many other things, a member's time may be taken up with the exactions of his daily mail. A good clerk may be of immense help, but some senators employ two or three and then find there is a great deal which they must answer or attend to in person.

The daily sessions from 12 to about 5 take up half a day, and committee meetings often take up the other half for two or three days in the week. It is hard to tell when the busiest members, who are never absent from a session or from a committee meeting, find time to prepare the elaborate speeches which they sometimes deliver. It is not strange, then, that so few members of either chamber are found in the reading rooms devoted to them in the Congressional library. When they want books from that or any other depository, they have them sent to their homes.—Independent.

Crane Carried His Satchel. Arthur A. Leeds of Tioga met Stephen Crane once under circumstances which showed how little the novelist traded upon the fame that came to him. Mr. Leeds got off a train at Delaware Water Gap. The only man on the platform was humped up against the side of the depot gazing into space. He looked like a farmer's boy. His trousers were baggy, his coat battered and his hat rowdy.

"Say, carry this stuff to the hotel for me, will you?" asked Mr. Leeds. The man grasped the bags and started in the wake of Mr. Leeds toward the hotel.

When the hotel was reached, Mr. Leeds lost sight of his porter for a few minutes while he greeted friends. Looking around for his baggage, he saw the man who had packed it to the hotel sitting on the piazza with his legs on the railing. He was reading a book.

"Who's that man?" asked Mr. Leeds. "Oh, that's Stephen Crane," some one said. The next day Crane left the place before Mr. Leeds had an opportunity for explanations.—Philadelphia North American.

The Last Chinese Actress. Many visitors to the Celestial Kingdom have noted the absence of women from the stage. All the roles in a Chinese play are taken by men. This singular custom is traced back to a woman's whim. The Emperor Yung Tsching married an actress at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when women were allowed on the stage. The emperor died and the empress dowager ruled the country for her son, the Prince Kim Sung.

To satisfy her vanity this shrewd and most peculiar woman issued a decree in the year 1736 forbidding, under penalty of instant death by the sword of the executioner, any member of her sex to appear on the Chinese stage. "After me, no one," said the empress dowager, and since her day no woman within the reach of Chinese law has dared to test the strength of her decree. In Hongkong (a British colony) women have played in Chinese theaters, but never as yet, we believe, in San Francisco.

Weight of Women's Brains. The woman's brain is always less than the man's. From Boyd's figures we can pick out 102 men and 113 women between 64 inches and 66 inches high, averaging close on 65 inches, for each group. But the brains of the men average 46.9 ounces, while those of the women are only 41.9 ounces, which gives the men an advantage of 12 per cent. There are 21 small men whose height averages 62 inches, and there are 135 women of the same height. The brains of the men weigh 45.6 ounces, those of the women only 42.9 ounces.—New York Herald.

Stage Fright. When Bob Burdette started out to lecture, he struck the same town as Henry Ward Beecher, who sent for him.

"Well, young man, how do you like it?"

"Mr. Beecher," he replied, "it is awful. I nearly die every night from nervousness."

"Let me console you, then. The longer you lecture the more nervous you'll get." And Bob declared it to be true.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Close Estimate. "I don't want to hear anybody sayin' that our boy Joslar doesn't earn his salt," said Farmer Cortmossel.

"You said it yourself once," said his wife.

"Well, I take it back. I don't want to do the boy any injustice. I have been lookin' over these market quotations, an' I have concluded that Joslar does earn his salt, jest about. But if he'd 'a' recked he didn't earn his pepper I reckon I'd have to give in."—Washington Star.

The Snore. A certain poet thus breaks forth: "Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore, filling the chamber from ceiling to floor; over the coverlet, under the sheet, from her wee dimpled chin to her pretty feet; now rising aloft like a bee in June, now sunk to the wall of a cracked bassoon; now flutelleke subsiding, then rising again, is the beautiful snore of Elizabeth Jane."

TAKING THE REINS.

The promising Pennsylvania pacer Sidney Pointer, 2:14 1/2, by Star Pointer, has been a mile in 2:07 1/2.

It is said that Ben Kenny will not race Rita E, 2:15 1/2, this year, but will save her for another season.

Congressman Joseph W. Bailey of Texas will breed nothing but trotting horses and Angoras on his new ranch.

May Overton's pacer by Bow Bells, Jam Rosy Morn, is stepping quarters in 53 1/2 seconds without extending himself.

Straight Ticket, by Baron Wilkes, who took his new record of 2:21 1/4 in a winning race at Bradford, Pa., June 27, is totally blind.

Fellare, 2:10 1/2, sensational pacer on the Montana circuit several years ago, is at work on the trot at the Cleveland track.

The Canadian pacer Arbutuskan, 2:09 1/2, is good this year. He turned the Hamilton (Ont.) half mile track the other day in 2:10 1/4.

Lurabie the Great (3), 2:12 1/2, is great just now. He worked in 2:10 1/2, trotting the last quarter in 31 1/2 seconds at Detroit the other day.

The California filly Enla Mac, 2, 2:27 1/2, by McKinney, 2:11 1/4, now 3, is reported to have recently trotted a half in 1:04 1/2 at Santa Rosa.

Walter S. whom Ed Geers gave a grand circuit trotting record of 2:12 1/2 in 1896, recently took a pacing mark of 2:20 1/4 and third money at Saugus, Mass.

John Fenman, formerly driver of Royal Victor, 2:08 1/2, who was reported to have died in South Africa, is said to be alive and well in the service of the British government.

Friends of C. H. Brosman are anxious to back him at weight for age against Ethelbert, Kinley Mack, Jean Berand and any horse in training, mile and a quarter, for \$5,000 a corner.

The best green pacer at the Nashville track is in John Hill's string. He is a bay stallion, by a full brother to Star Pointer. The first time he was asked to go a mile at anything like speed he stepped all round the track in 2:25. He is expected to beat 2:10 before the close of the season.

FACTS ABOUT HAIR. The encyclopedias regard hair falling below the feet of women as extraordinary.

Several years ago Miss E. J. Whitten of Topsham, Me., was said to have hair eight feet in length.

Marie Antoinette wore a pompadour and rolls thrown back past her ears. Queen Anne wore side curls.

A hair is a succession of cylindrical or elliptical horny cells. Curly or kinky hair is due to sudden "breaks" in the regularity of the cellular succession.

Short hair was the style under the Francis I regime, but with the court of Louis XIII came long hair as a fashion. Curis, wigs, powders, periwigs and perukes.

Samson's strength was attributed to his long hair, and his fate is charged up to Delilah's shears. Absalom's wealth of tresses was the cause of his own death.

In Egypt long hair was considered an incumbrance. It was a feature of beauty among the Hebrews and Greeks. Roman ladies used artificial hair and set the pace for future coiffures.

Peasant girls in the south of France cultivate and sell their hair as a regular business practice. Traders who attend the fairs purposely to traffic in tresses frequently find hair five feet in length and hair six feet long is very scarce.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Modern Need. I want a new thermometer, built in a different way, An instrument that's adequate to measure our dismay.

When there's not a breath a-stirring and the air begins to bake And the water's hot enough to boil the fishes in the lake, When the sun is like a searchlight and projects its rays of heat Without discrimination on the woodland and the street, When everything's a-sizzle and the steaming world is said, I want a new thermometer and want it very bad.

I want a new thermometer, in height at least a It ought to be constructed on the tower of Babel style, With all the hurrying workmen, as they delve and hack and hew Exclaiming in all languages, "It's hot enough for you!"

'Twould be a satisfaction to behold its metal rise, A shaft of liquid silver that would splash against the skies. These toy contrivances you buy—they nearly drive one mad! I want a new thermometer and want it very bad. —Washington Star.

The Statistician's Vacation. "What was Coldfax's idea in going to the Thousand Islands on his summer vacation this year?"

"I don't think he had any idea on earth, except to count them and see if there are really a thousand."—Chicago Tribune.

The Doctor. The doctor tells you what to eat And likewise what to wear. He checks each pleasure that you meet And says "you do not care."

The doctor is a canny elf; He warns us 'gainst diseases, But wears his clothes to please himself And eats just what he pleases. —Washington Star.

Obscured by National Affairs. Julia—Well, I've saved a week's wear and tear on my summer frocks. Celia—How?

Julia—Oh, when a political convention is going on, Harry never notices what I look like.—Indianapolis Journal.

Summer Longing. Oh, would I were a boy again, With heart all free from care! Of linen trousers always then I found an extra pair. —Chicago Record.

It's Easier Than Stenckiewicz. "Do you pronounce Miss Cholmondeley's 'Red Pottage' a leading book of the day?"

"Give me time. I haven't learned to pronounce the author's name yet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Paradoxical. Miss Booklore is funny, I do declare, For when she went out to the zoo, Though she knew all of the animals there, She couldn't find one she was grou. —Philadelphia Press.

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