Hunting Up North.

Porter Hunting Party's Dog Stirring Experiences in the Wild Woods—Great Slaughter of Deer and Rabbit Game—Incidents of the Trip, &c.

(Continued from last issue.)

Among the articles packed in his kit by the Butcher was an alarm clock, which was hung up on a peg in camp, and when the following day's hunt had been arranged the alarm gong was set at the hour at which the party were to be around. There were two or three of the party who could not be induced to heed the never-failing "Arouser." The Doc, Ploughboy and Butcher (while he remained with the party) were somewhat troubles with sleepiness about the time that the Chief Butler announced the breakfast hour. The next morning after the events recorded in last chapter, the gong went off at a few minutes after four a.m., standard time, and although the cook had breakfast in good season he found it difficult to get any one to assist him to partake of the delicious venison, sliced potatoes, fine speckled trout, and fragrant coffee. The Doc was the last one to take a seat at the board, and on being reprimanded by the Butler for not getting around earlier said he didn't expect when he started for the woods to eat his meals in the night and work like the dickens all day. The Doc had included in his inventory of articles and necessaries for the trip a couple dozen mink traps, a lot of fishing tackle, and a few books of light literature. It was broad daylight when the party started out on the day's hunt. The Agent and Pete put out the dogs while the rest scattered around to the various runways and watches. The Agent's course lay away to the west of the camp and near where he had heard the wolves a few days before. He soon got a start and the dogs led off towards the river while he leisurely strolled along in the direction of a low range of hills that appeared to be the right kind of a country for game. As he ascended the hills he came across a track of immense size. At first sight he thought that a moose had passed that way and he followed on hoping to at least get a look at the strictly forbidden fruit, as the laws of Ontario prohibit the killing of moose for the rest of this century. His anxiety was soon set at rest by seeing away on the brow of a hill a very large buck with a magnificent pair of antlers. He had taken especial pains to impress on the rest of the party that the long shot made by the Scribe a few days before was simply a "chance shot." He raised his Winchester (which, by-the-way, was of the same calibre as the Scribe's "silver plate") and took, as he thought, deliberate aim. Whether he, like the milkmaid that he had read about in his early school days, who, counted her chickens before they were hatched and by giving her head a disdainful toss upset the pail of milk, the products of which she had figured upon as being the making of her fortune, or whether the thought of his near proximity to [illegible] of the rapacious [illegible] a former [illegible] nerves, we [illegible] animal [illegible] which to [illegible] little [illegible] arn, he [illegible] any [illegible] into a [illegible] jogg d [illegible] istance [illegible] shot [illegible] to [illegible] rthless [illegible] gave [illegible] into [illegible] then [illegible] the [illegible] ring- [illegible] Doc [illegible] of the [illegible] had [illegible] took [illegible] while [illegible] down [illegible] the lake. Safely sheltered [illegible] m the north wind by a large rock, the Doc had waited and watched for hours and no sound of baying hounds or crack of huntsman's rifle had come to his ears. Some of the boys at the camp that night were uncharitable enough to hint that probably the Doc was finishing up the nap so rudely broken in upon by the butler's call to breakfast that morning. Be that as it may, the Doc's attention must have been diverted from watching closely for the appearance of game, for chancing to look away over near the other shore he espied a deer swimming swiftly away from him and directly toward the opposite shore. Once aroused, he made desperate efforts to make amends for his neglect of duty and springing into the boat pulled for dear life towards the deer. The wind was strong, the waves rolled high, but the Doc's strong arms sent the boat at a rapid pace through the water, and he finally had the satisfaction of heading the deer off and turning it toward the shore it had lately left. But Doc's trouble had only begun. The moment he dropped the oars to raise his gun to fire, the swells would catch the light craft and toss it like a cockle shell from wave to wave. For nearly an hour he chased that poor little deer around the lake at times within a stone's throw of it, and in a few minutes he would be too far away to shoot. Then he would catch the oars and pull up to the now almost exhausted game, only to go through a like experience. By this time the Doc was getting pretty well blown and deciding to put on an extra effort for the capture of his prey. He made a spurt that would have done credit to Hanlan in his palmiest day with the result that his strength was too much [illegible] locks, one of which [illegible] ping over the side [illegible] at the bottom of [illegible] ed to hold on to [illegible] as the boat was [illegible] set of oars [illegible] and pulling [illegible] roughly ex- [illegible] o hold the [illegible] s over the [illegible] collet the

AN ATHENIAN IN IOWA.

His Experiences and Impressions in That Young State, With a Brief Account of Its Population, Wealth and Resources.

GUTHRIE CENTRE, IOWA, Dec. 15, '95.

DEAR MR. REPORTER,—Thinking that a short description of this state, its people and its products, would not be unacceptable to you and to many of your readers, I decided to write you and let you know what I have been able to learn about it as well as what my impressions have been.

First, though, let me say that in Chicago I had the pleasure of meeting our old friend Dr. Leggo and am glad to say that he is both looking and doing exceedingly well.

It is not till after you leave Chicago that you really feel that you are bound for the great "wild and wooly West." I left that city at ten p.m. and was soon settled for the night. I had made arrangements with the porter before retiring to be awakened at Rock Island, and so had an opportunity of seeing the great Mississippi. I don't think it paid for being wakened up. For magnificence, &c, it would compare more favorably with some of your creeks than with the mighty St. Lawrence. I got up at daylight to look at the country, and the first thing I saw was a cornfield. Till we got within twenty miles of DesMoines, the capital of the state, we passed through nothing but corn fields. After that the country got hillier and we began to see trees again, mostly oaks and soft maples. We then passed into the coal mine district, and from that on into the city, a distance of eight or ten miles, we passed by dozens of coal shafts.

We got into DesMoins at 8.30 a.m., and the first thing I noticed was the coal dust and smoke. My first impression of the city was that it was a great, big, over-grown village, but the more I saw of it the better I liked it. The streets are wide and mostly paved with flint brick. They have a good system of electric street cars, first class water-works, &c., fine hotels, public buildings, churches, and very good residences. One thing, however, strikes an easterner as being peculiar, and that is that nine-tenths of the houses are built of wood. Every one burns soft coal, the result being the smoke and dust mentioned above.

While in the city I had the pleasure of meeting an old Leeds Co. boy from near Frankville, one whom every one in that section should feel proud of, the Hon. C. G. McCarthy, the auditor of the State, whom no doubt many of you know. Mr. McCarthy is one of the most popular and clever politicians in the State, the important position which he holds, which in this country is elective, being ample proof of his popularity and of his success as a public man. I also met and received much kindness from his son, Dr. Wilton McCarthy, who, although still a young man, is fast becoming known as one of the leading surgeons of the state.

The great building of the city, as well as of the state, is "The Capitol," corresponding to the Parliament buildings of Ontario. It was finished a few years ago, costing over $3,000,000. It is the finest building I ever saw. While the exterior does not strike one as being anything very grand, the interior is simply magnificent.

After looking over several places in the state, I concluded to hang out my shingle in this town, which is about sixty miles north-west of Iowa. It has a little over 1300 inhabitants and is a good fair average western town. The people here as well as all over the state, put me in mind of the people of Ontario. They are entirely different from the N. Y. yankee. There are very few Canadians in this state and I be told that I am the only one in this section.

While only a new state, being added to the Union in 1846, with a population then of only 116,351, it has, according to the census taken this past year, a population of over 2,011,000, while in 1890 it had about 1,911,826, being a gain in five years of about 100,000. Not a bad showing. The total wealth of the state in 1846 was $23,714,638, the wealth per capita being $123.39, while at present the total wealth of the state exceeds the enormous sum of $2,700,000,000 with a wealth per capita of over $1412. It is at present regarded as the eighth richest state in the Union, and although it has spent millions and millions of dollars on public buildings and public works, the people feel very proud of the fact that they do not owe one dollar.

The fact that this development of wealth has come from the arable fields, the pastures and meadows of Iowa, and that it has been developed while large areas of the state has been but sparsely settled, and while but little more than half of its area has been "tickled with the plow," unmistakably demonstrates the excellence of her soil, the richness and healthfulness of her sunshine, the fertilizing potency of the rains that fall upon her lands, and its pre-eminence as a field for successful agricultural industry. Such vast development of wealth in a state of the population, area and age of Iowa, having neither ocean commerce, nor great fisheries, nor forests, nor rich bonanzas of precious metals, will ever be one of the marvels of history."

The land here is mostly rolling, though I have seen parts where it is perfectly flat for miles. It is all divided up into 640 acre squares, these being sub-divided into 320 and 160 acre lots, the smaller lots being the size of the average farms, though some farms are composed of as much as 4000 acres. The farms are divided up into fields of about forty acres. This county has the distinction of being one of the most hilly in the state, putting one in mind of Sheatown and that vicinity, only in place of trees and rocks you see nothing but corn. Though hilly, almost every foot of land in this county, as well as in other parts of the state, with the exception of that in the immediate vicinity of streams, which is usually covered with wood, can be cultivated. The soil consists of very black loam, from two to four feet deep, which turns up and looks very much like your muck. For richness, it is unsurpassed by any state in the Union, and the crops which it grows are simply enormous. On the hills around here, during the past season, as many as 125 bushels of oats to the acre have been grown, the average crop being from 50 to 80 bushels to the acre. Some of the men in the next county say, that on some of the hills here they must drive their [illegible] only one way to keep from [illegible]

With this enormous yield, prices are this year very low. Oats are worth 10 cts., to 12 cts. per bushel; barley, 15 to 20 cts.; potatoes, 10 to 15 cts.; and corn, about 15 to 16 cts. per 70 lbs., on the cob.

Without doubt, the great product of the state in the grain line is corn. The biggest fields of corn around Athens would not make very big gardens compared with some of the fields out here. I have passed through some sections where you could see for miles in every direction and not see another thing but corn. The crop this year will average from 50 to 60 bushels per acre. One man will tend to about fifty acres. It is nearly all planted in hills three feet and a half apart (of course with a machine), and they cultivate it about four times. They husk it all in the field, and never bother about cutting the stalks. After the ears are all off, they turn their cows, horses and pigs right in, the cows and horses living in the corn fields all winter. With the average farmer, after corn, pigs are the next great source of revenue. The Poland Chinas and Berkshires are the most popular breeds. Any amount of farmers raise and fatten from 50 to 450 each year.

In the dairy line, Iowa has the distinction of ranking second to New York state, compared with all the states of the Union. I may say, though, that I have not tasted any butter in the west that can compare with Johnson's. In the beef line, the Herefords and Durhams are the popular breeds, thousands being fattened every year.

But where Iowa "shines" in the live-stock trade is in her horses. Not only does she stand without an equal as the home of heavy horses, but she is pushing Kentucky and Illinois hard for the honor of being the greatest speed producing state in the Union. It has the honor of being the home of Alex. 2.03¼, "the queen of the turf"; Axtel Allerton, Jack 2.15 (8 years); and many more world-beaters, as well as the proud distinction of having the fastest tracks in the world.

G. CLIFTON GILES.

[We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of above excellent letter from Dr. Giles, and would be pleased to hear from him on the subject of the working (whether satisfactory or not) of the elective system as applied to offices that in this country are appointive; also in respect to Social Reform, as we were assured by a native a few years ago that in this latter respect Iowa stood first on the continent.—ED].

CANADIAN GAME.

FRESHFIELD MILL, LINFIELD, SUSSEX, ENGLAND, Nov. 15th, 1895.

Editor Reporter.

SIR,—Clarence Blanchard of Addison has for the last three years sent me your account of your annual deer hunt in the North Woods.

Before going farther I must congratulate you upon your '93 and '94 Xmas numbers, and hope that they have proved as successful financially as they were in an artistic and literary sense.

You will doubtless wonder why I should write you, but, although I have not had the good fortune to do any big game hunting myself, I am greatly interested in the subject, and have read many of the best works upon it, both American and English. In Theodore Roosevelt's "Wilderness Hunter" he advocates the setting apart of certain wild lands in various parts of the country to be national game preserves and breeding ground districts in which no hunting should be allowed, such as the Yellowstone Park. His contention is that such reserves would prevent the extermination of game, such as has taken place in so many still wild parts, and would thus always provide sport in the country surrounding them.

In view of the rapid decrease of game in most parts, it seems time that the Government should introduce some such measure. Much is done to preserve and increase the fishery in the lakes of the Dominion and I think something should be done to preserve game in such districts as are uninhabited or only thinly settled. I remember reading some time ago that the Ontario Government intended creating such a reserve in the Nipissing district. Can you tell me if this is so, and if any steps are being taken to carry it out?

I was surprised to see in your interesting account of your hunting trips no mention of any game but deer. Is the bear extinct in those parts in which your hunting has been done? I had understood that the black bear was still found in the more remote parts of Ont. I suppose the deer you killed were white tail, the "Cervus Virginianus" of the naturalists.

Will the Ottawa, Arnprior and Parry Sound Railroad not be likely to spoil the hunting grounds of Central Ontario?

I am told by naturalists that there is no partridge in Canada and that the bird so spoken of in Ontario is in reality a species of grouse, either the spruce grouse or the ruffed grouse. I believe from what I have seen that it must be the latter. What is your opinion?

There has been a good deal in English papers lately about emigration to Canada. I believe it to be a mistake for Canada to be swamped with the refuse of our large towns. It is a mistake of the Dominion Government to encourage such immigration. People who are no good here are not likely to be desirable acquisitions in Canada, although the Old Country may be glad to get rid of them. I think such immigration should be discouraged for the good of Canada. The prosperity of a country is not to be measured by the size of the population (and to increase the population seems the main idea in advertising for settlers as Canada does), but by the standard of comfort which exists among that population. This, I can say from experience, is higher in Ontario than in England, but I think unlimited immigration tends to lower it.

Trusting that you will find time to send me a reply.

OWEN P. GASSTON.

NOTE.—In answer to the questions in above letter, we say that of late the Legislature of this Province is evincing a lively interest in the protection and propagation of the game birds and animals. A large tract of land (Algonquin Park) has been declared a preserve in which neither hunting nor fishing is allowed and the open season for all game has been very much shortened.

Yes, Cervus Virginianus is the proper designation of the deer we hunt.

We will not attempt to answer your question as to partridge. It is a matter of dispute with hunters (if not with naturalists). Ruffed grouse is probably the correct name of what we call partridge. Spruce partridge (or grouse) are also found in Northern Ontario. They are handsome birds, easily taken, but their flesh is not palatable during the hunting season.

Black bears are still numerous in Ontario and in some sections do considerable damage to the settlers' crops and live stock. Bear-hunting has never been a popular pastime in this country, for the reason that the game is very shy and difficult to locate. Mongrel dogs, specially trained, are required to ensure success.

The O. A. & P. S. railway will pass through the very heart of Ontario's hunting grounds, opening up to the "veriest carpet knight" sections that were seldom visited even by old hunters. This, with the more general use of the improved magazine rifles, constitute a menace to Ontario's game that the Government will have to meet by passing ever more stringent regulations, and, what is of more importance, enforcing them.—ED.

A Broad-Minded Doctor.

RELATES SOME EXPERIENCES IN HIS OWN PRACTICE.

Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That he Knows Will Cure His Patients—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery.

"AKRON, Pa., April 24th, '95.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

GENTLEMEN,—While it is entirely contrary to custom of the medicial profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well known that medical practitioners do not as a rule recognize, much less use preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but roundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is or where or how obtained. I was first brought

J. D. Albright, M.D.

to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather he contracted what was thought to be sciatica, he first noticing it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary he grew rapidly worse, the case developing into hemiphlegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trail, but nothing gave any benefit and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and concluded to try your Pink Pills.

"He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly.

"He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

'Why,' says he 'I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work.

"Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trail at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering from palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to-day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or as more commonly known St. Vitus' dance as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic anyone who, from overwork or nervous strain during the long winter has become pale or languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.

Yours respectfully,

J. D. ALLRIGHT, M. D."

Illuminating Gas From Wood.

A successful method of making illuminating gas from sawdust is now being employed. In Canada several large lumber mills are being lighted by gas made by this process. The sawdust is charged in retorts which are heated by a wood fire, the gas from the retorts passing into a series of coils and thence into the purifiers, which are similar to those used for coal gas. Lime is the principal purifying agent employed. When the gas passes out of the retorts it has an odor much less disagreeable than that of ordinary lighting gas, and resembling somewhat that of the smoke from a fire of green wood or leaves. For a small plant turning out, say, 540 cubic meters of gas daily about two tons of sawdust will be used in twenty-four hours, and a man and a boy furnish all the labor needed. The gas in an ordinary burner gives an illumination of about 18 candle power. The best quality comes from resinous woods. A quantity of 100 kilograms of sawdust leaves a residue of 20 kilograms of charcoal.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER

"What have you there?" asked Mrs. Bowser as Mr. Bowser pulled a small book from his pocket and sat down to his after-dinner cigar.

"This? It's a book Green lent me over at the office. It's called: 'How to Cultivate Memory.' It says in the preface, and it says truly, that the past years of most people are a blank wall. How far back can you remember, Mrs. Bowser?"

"To when I was 4 or 5 years of age."

"Give me some incident that happened when you were 4 years old."

"I—I fell down stairs and broke my arm."

"Very well. How came you to fall down stairs?"

"I don't know."

"How many steps in those stairs?"

"I never counted them."

"Who picked you up at the bottom of the stairs?"

"I think it was mother."

"How long before your arm was well?"

"Why how can I tell all those things, Mr. Bowser?"

"That's it—that's the very idea!" he chuckled. "When you were about 4 years

"'HOW FAR BACK CAN YOU REMEMBER, MRS. BOWSER?'"

old something like a tragedy happened—You were romping in childish sport when you suddenly pitched headlong down stairs. You broke your arm instead of your neck. A doctor was sent for—you were laid up for long weeks—you suffered great pain—and yet practically remember nothing about it! I suspected just such a state of affairs. And it was on your account more than my own that I borrowed this book."

"But why should I remember an incident that occurred when I was only 4 years old?" she protested.

"Why should you? Suppose there was a million dollars at stake. Suppose you had witnessed a murder?"

"But there was nothing of the kind."

"How do you know? You can't remember. What you want to do is to carefully peruse the pages of this book for about two hours. I presume your childhood is a perfect blank to you. Aye! I doubt if you can remember anything of moment between the ages of 12 and 18. In other words, half of your life is a sort of dream."

"But yours isn't!" retorted Mrs. Bowser with considerable pepper in her voice.

"Certainly not. I can distinctly remember things that occurred when I was only a year old. For instance, I swallowed a thimble on my first birthday, and I recall how alarmed mother was. When 13 months old they found me with father's razor in my hand."

"Had you shaved yourself?"

"There you go! Every time I try to pound some sense into your head you get mad about it! Why don't you take this book and read up and benefit by it?"

"Because it's all nonsense!"

"It is, eh? Of course you'd say that. Let me tell you something, Mrs. Bowser. Before I got hold of this book I couldn't remember events of five years ago. Now I can recall the minutest details of my daily life back to the first year. I can even remember every time I stubbed my toe or had a sore heel as a boy. It has just come to me that on the day I was 16 months old I was bitten on the thumb by a cat. It was a black and white cat and she was blind in the left eye. Mother found my thumb all bloody, but I didn't utter a single cry. On the day I was five years old I fell into the cistern. On my eleventh birthday I got choked on a fish-bone. Everything stands out as clear as print."

"You were born on the 16th day of June, 1849," said Mrs. Bowser.

"I was."

"What particular thing happened on the twelfth day of July 1849?"

"What particular thing? Give me just a minute. Let's see! Ah! I have it. At

"WO-MAN, ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?"

2 o'clock on the afternoon of the twelfth of July, 1849, I, being then about 13 months old, my uncle Reuben was suddenly struck by the hand [illegible] and died. An[illegible] they would not let me see the body, for fear it would shock me."

"How thoughtful of them!" said Mrs. Bowser.

"That's you to a dot!" he shouted, as he rose up and began to walk about. "Because you are so cabbage-headed that you can't see through this thing you are making fun of me! All right, however. If you want to go slamming around like an old horse, living only to-day, I shan't object. I suppose you carry a card around with you so as not to forget your name."

"Mr. Bowser," said Mrs. Bowser, after a moment's silence, "you say you can remember everything connected with the past?"

"I can."

"A week ago you brought home some books to put up in the kitchen for the cook. Where did you leave the package?"

"Where? Where? Why, I—I——!"

"Some ten or twelve days ago," she continued, "you hunted all over the house for the oil can to oil the springs of a mouse-trap. Where did you leave the can?"

He looked at her without replying.

"Five or six days ago you got the saw down to fix the back door. Where did you leave that saw?"

Still no reply.

"You have been up and down these stairs thousands of times. How many steps are there? Where did we buy coal last? You had Mr. Davis over here one night within a month to play cards with you. What night was it?"

"Wo—woman, are you talking to me?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"Of course I am. You have read all about George Washington. How old was he when he died? On what date did you order your last shirts? What night last month did we go to the theater? You fell off a street car and hurt your back a while ago. Please give me the exact date? How old is our boy? What is the date of our marriage?"

Mr. Bowser had stood over her, waving "How To Cultivate Memory" in the air and flushing red and white by turns. He was caught dead to rights and realized it, and there was only one thing for him to do. He did it. He stiffened up, waved the book more vigorously, and thundered out:

"Woman, I go to the library! If my lawyer calls send him in and we will arrange to see your lawyer early in the morning! As we can live together no longer we will separate quietly and without scandal, and you can return to your mother!"

THEIR NAMES.

No Danger of the Supply Running Short Under Her System.

The old woman leaned over the tumble-down fence and called sharply down the country road: "Here, you, Edmund Lee, bring your brothers and sisters and pike along home suddent! Hyear me?"

"Are they all yours, ma'am?" asked the horseman as he hung up the gourd dipper at the side of the roadside spring.

"Yes, sir, they are," she said proudly.

"And that ain't all."

"Don't you run short of names for 'em?"

"No, sir; there's jest names to plant when you use location names."

"Location names! Who's that?"

"Well, when we lived down in Turkey Creek valley and had a lot of neighbors we named 'em after the neighbors; that was when Edmund Lee, Martha Larick, Mary Huldah and John Lewis was born. Next year we farmed at the springs whar' they was lots of strangers, and that was the year the twins come, Gus Rodolphus Doris Moses Wilth Phil Thomas James and Ephelinder Blue Buskanda Boadicia Albacinda Martineau."

The traveler caught his breath.

"The next summer," said the woman, apathetically, "we got religion—and the next two babies was Mary Anna Martha and Matthew Mark Luke and John. But the next year we didn't have no luck, and the old cow died, and the sheep got the murrain, and my man broke his leg in the lumber dam, so we called the baby Lamentations of Jeremiah, Jerry for short, and let it go at that."

Political Notes.

A contested seat.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

A Philosopher Who Has Pushed Research Into the Lower Regions.

Absence of mind is remarked in most people occasionally. When it becomes a fixed habit we begin to take special note of it. An instance of the sporadic variety was observed the other night in a music hall lobby.

Two gentlemen were discussing the curious absentmindedness of a mutual friend. They had finished a second mug of beer and were lighting fresh cigarettes. Just then a third gentleman came along and spoke to one and was introduced to the other. Rising suddenly, the latter changed the burning match to his left hand, in which he also held a programme, forgetting all about it.

"We were just discussing the curious absence of mind in"—

The flame had struck the paper, and before I could warn him blazed up about his fingers.

"—in—h—l!" he exclaimed, with some emphasis, grabbing the unfortunate member.

His dignity was mai[illegible] when he joine[illegible] at his expe[illegible]

THE HORSE IN HISTORY.

Many Things Recorded in Honor of the Noble Steed.

Now that the horse is losing its importance as a factor in the travel of the times, and all the world is at peace, so that he is not needed in warfare, it is worth while to cast a retrospective glance over his history, and recall features of past greatness, which must always attest his worth. It may be that he will suffer a temporary eclipse only that his record may show all the brighter when he emerges from the enforced retirement now imminent, but that he should disappear altogether from the face of the earth, is an ultimate possibility which takes on the nature of a calamity. Surely a few noble specimens will be reserved for the racing sport, so dear to man, since not even electricity can offer a desirable substitute. The blue-grass trotter proudly points to Ten Broeck, Longfellow, Jay-Eye-See, Lexington, Maud S., the fastest trotter of the century, Ethan Allan, and a host of others whose names are indelibly written on the horse's book of peerage, the American trotting register. Among the horses of the past who led the world's record were Lady Suffolk, one mile, 2:28; Flora Temple, 2:19 3-4; Dexter, 2:17; Rarus, 2:18 1-4; St. Julien, 2:11 1-4; Maud S., 2:10 1-4. This was a wonderful record-breaking in each instance, but now the trotter will have to do its mile in two minutes to excite attention. A 2:10 gait is slow to the present generation.

And how much were those famous horses worth in their day. Robert Bonner is said to have paid $20,000 for Dexter, and $36,000 for Rarus. Mr. Vanderbilt paid $30,000 for Maud S. He refused $75,000 for her a few months later. It is said that on one occasion, when General Grant was out driving with Mr. Bonner, behind Dexter, he remarked, that in an artistic sense, the animal in the shafts was vastly superior to the two in the sulky, and thus they suffered by physical comparison.

It is 2,000 years since Bucephalus carried Alexander to victory. This remarkable horse had been given as a present to Philip, father of Alexander, but it would not allow him to mount. One day Alexander saw the famous animal, and began to study his character. He saw that it was high spirits and not viciousness that caused the animal to act as he did, and asked that the horse might be given to him to subjugate. Then, approaching the frantic creature, he sprung on his back with no sign of fear, and gave him his head, letting him rush across the plains at the top of his speed, King Philip, looking on with fright, lest his boy be dashed to the earth. When he returned with his conquered horse, his father told him he deserved a greater kingdom than Macedon to govern. When Bucephalus died, at the age of 30, his master had him buried with great splendor and founded the city of Bucephalia above him.

Another steed famous in history is the horse of the Old Bablecs,—

"Ne'er had they looked on horseman
might to this knight come near.
Nor on another charger worthy such a
cavalier."

The horse which William the Conquerer rode at the battle of Hastings was a present from King Alfonso of Spain. As William rode him on the day of victory nobles and people broke into a murmur of admiration and a historian of the day tells us that "Never did knight bear lance more gracefully, or manage his horse with greater skill."

White Surrey was the name of Richard the Third's favorite horse.

The noble Horse, "as white as snow," which bore Henry V. on the great day of Agincourt, must not be forgotten, nor that other noble white steed which carried Jeanne D'Arc. A touching story is told of the Earl of Warwick, who bore the nickname of the "king-maker," and who killed his favorite horse, Saladin, an animal of great size and beauty, rather than let him fall into the enemy's hand on the field of Barnet, when the charger "bent his proud head humbly, and licked his lord's steel-clad hand."

Literature has much to say of the horse, and in holy writ this animal is most frequently alluded to in the glowing language of the psalmist or the bible historian. In story and song, the horse has ever been a favorite theme, and the classics abound with mention of his brave doings. It has been said that "the clatter of hoofs seems to run through the rolling verse of the Iliad." The poet writes always with loving veneration or proud, picturesque description of man's noblest friend. Shakespeare wrote of the horse with exact and sympathetic knowledge [illegible] first wrote of the horse, and [illegible] dowed the animal's heroic qua[illegible] "Faerie Queen." Byron gave [illegible] pa[illegible]

"'Bring forth the horse!'"—th[illegible]
brought:
In truth he was a noble steed,
A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
Who looked as though the speed [illegible]
Were in his limbs; but he was w[illegible]
Wild as the wild deer, and unta[illegible]
With spur and bridle undefiled—
'Twas but a day he had been cau[illegible]

In fiction the horse has alway[illegible] prominent character. Dickens h[illegible] clever descriptions, showing intim[illegible] sonal knowledge of his habits. [illegible] stories of highwaymen, the animal [illegible] interest with its master. The [illegible] "Black Bess" of Dick Turpin has [illegible] corded in the pages of "Rockwo[illegible] glowing colors, her exploits being e[illegible] those of her master. Another hig[illegible] man's horse is honored with this fi[illegible] scription:

"His horse, a beautiful dark gray, quite motionless, with arched neck, its short ears moving quickly to an[illegible] demonstrative of that sagacious and [illegible]lpative attention which characte[illegible] the noblest of all tamed animals. [illegible] would not have noticed the importan[illegible] the steed but [illegible] gathered round [illegible] sional toss of the [illegible]

Among the wri[illegible] James—famous solitary horsema[illegible] —and Charles [illegible] elist, introduced [illegible]ly into the inte[illegible] late a novel as "[illegible] Bush" gives [illegible] Jess, the docto[illegible] terest with the g[illegible] a broken heart a[illegible] "awa."

LONG-DISTANCE

Oil Sent 400 Miles and Gas 120—ure Required.

There are two remarkable long-dis[illegible] transmissions of power in successful operation in the United States, although neither are electric transmissions, and each differs materially from the other. One is the transmission of oil by pipe line, from th[illegible] natural oil fields of New York, Ohio a[illegible] Pennsylvania to tide-water, a distance over 400 miles. The other is the t[illegible]mission of natural gas, also by pipe [illegible] from the Indiana fields to the City o[illegible] ago, a distance of about 120 miles.

The piping of oil, first from the [illegible]ral oil wells to storage centers [illegible] from the storage centers, to t[illegible] been a process of gradual dev[illegible] the last thirty years. The in[illegible] were gradually connected [illegible] larger trunk lines, whic[illegible] the storage centers.

There are twelve [illegible] along this line, ntimate [illegible] miles apart. The pr[illegible] pressure of about 1,0[illegible] inch, and the capacit[illegible] 30,000 barrels a day.

The main pipe line, [illegible]sions and sections, na[illegible] way system, and has si[illegible] superintendents and [illegible] foremen, line gangs [illegible] graph stations and di[illegible]

The natural gas pi[illegible] more simple examp[illegible] power transmission[illegible] striking points of re[illegible]mission by electricity [illegible] gas fields about sixty [illegible]tion, having an averag[illegible] about 5,000,000 cubic fe[illegible] oil fields, so here, the in[illegible] connected by feed pipe[illegible] which collects the gas [illegible] pumping station. Th[illegible] ors, capable of produci[illegible] a pressure of 2,000 poun[illegible] force the gas into the tra[illegible] The [illegible]

THE [illegible]
FIRST-CL[illegible]
Bread, Buns and [illegible]
IS AT THE
Toledo - Bakery
Wher[illegible]
We also [illegible] our bread [illegible] wishing to sip[illegible] on the wheels, [illegible] order at the Athe[illegible] usual card where w[illegible] best to fulfill it. We w[illegible] houses at reasonable ter[illegible] Remember, we have [illegible]
Oct. 8, 189[illegible]

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THIS ORIGINAL DOCUMENT IS IN VERY POOR CONDITION