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cordingly they
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for \$5,000 each
day, the winner
to take two-thirds

of the gate money. In the first race the
horses were to go to wagons, and in the
second Princess was to go to wagon and
the Chief in harness. That day Teackle
commenced betting and never let up till
the day of the race.
On the day previous to the first race
Homer met Teackle in front of the Mint
saloon and bet him \$5,000 odd on the
first race. This bet was posted with For-
ter & Collins, proprietors of that saloon.
An hour later Pease came along with
\$5,000 and Teackle covered that, too, but
Col. Jack Gambill was designated as
stakeholder of the bet. Capt. Card next
fell in and bet \$1,000 on the Chief, and
about four o'clock W. S. Alton dropped
\$34,000 in all, bet by the four principals
to the race.

In that day there were no street cars
and only a few omnibuses in San
Francisco, and the ways of getting out
of the track were very limited. It was a
small beach at Idalia Cove, where a great
many passengers were landed from a little
boat called the Rambler. The omnibuses
charged \$1 per head and the hacks \$3.50,
and then more than they could do.
The \$34,000 was carried up into the stand,
and then the judges were chosen. Col.
Jack Gambill represented the syndicate
and S. H. H. Moser represented Teackle.
After submitting several names for pre-
siding judge, the choice fell upon Alfred
J. Ellis, the father of Mrs. Tilly Ezer
Hickok.

Princess drew the pole, and as they
came up to score I saw Teackle pull up
the collar of his long drab overcoat and
put both hands in his pockets as he
walked up the stretch and took a position
near the draw gate. His face was pale
as a corpse, for he had two long dueling
pistols in his pocket and stood ready to
kill Eoff if he lost the race. As they
came up the first time the Chief was
ahead, but Eoff nodded for the word and
with a quick chirp to his mare held the
pole. The balance of the race defies
description, for Princess held her head
right along for seven miles, when the
gray broke and Eoff had to pull back to
him. On they went in this manner until
coming down the stretch on the tenth
mile when Pease rushed out excitedly and
exclaimed:

"Jim, what the h—l are you about?
This is the tenth mile."
"You're mistaken. It's only the
ninth," said Eoff.
So after trotting ten miles in 29-10,
Princess suddenly broke and Glencoe
Chief passed her. Then I looked up
the stretch again and saw Teackle. He
had taken his hands out of his overcoat
pockets and was holding his sides with
laughter. Glencoe Chief crossed the score
sixty yards ahead of Princess on the
eleventh mile, but unfortunately for the
Pease-Homer syndicate, that mile did
not count. Princess had won the race,
time 29-10, and Mr. Teackle came up-
by a negro with six bottles of champagne.
He treated the reporters and then set up
as much more to the judges. He then
went into town with the \$34,000. That
night I met him down town. We were in
a quiet place, and I ask, "Would you
have shot Eoff to-day if he had lost the
race?" "Of course I would. Why
shouldn't I shoot him for \$34,000 when
he shot a man in Illinois once for \$300?"
said Teackle.

That day was a very calm one, but the
next showed signs of being a living get-
As I was getting on my horse to ride out
to the track, along came Col. Jack Gambill,
and he could not go out on account of
his wife's illness. He asked track, which
a note to Mr. Homer at the track, which
I did. Homer said, "So old Jack won't

be out, eh? Suppose you act as a judge
in his place? To this I agreed, and it
was my first day as an officer of a race.
No incident of any sort occurred during
the race, for Princess trotted the entire
distance with the lines lying on her back
in 29-16, and, as there was a sharp wind
blowing at the time, I thought it was a
better performance than the one of the
previous day.—Hidalgo.

JOKED THE PROHIBS.

How New Jersey Humorists Played Tricks
on Halloween.

MONTCLAIR, N.J., is full of humorists.
Some of them got together before Hallow-
een and resolved to give a public exhibi-
tion of their propensities. They agreed
to make their jokes at the expense of the
prohibitionists.

And so, when night came, they met
near the home of D. F. Merritt, the
pioneer prohibitionist of Montclair, in
Fullerton avenue, and, moving upon it
in a body, soon converted its exterior into
a fair imitation of that of a beer garden.
Beer kegs were scattered about the gar-
den, brewers' signs were put over the gate-
way, and a transparency was stuck at the
gate which read:

"Beers garden in the
rear. Free lunch all day."
A deck of cards was scattered about
the lawn. Then a rumor was started in
the town that Mr. Merritt had decided
that he had been cruel in his persecution
of the liquor interest, and to make amends
had become a saloon keeper. Neighbors
who went up to his house to see, turned
away shocked without going inside, and
returned home and prayed for Mr. Mer-
ritt, who, meanwhile, was drinking ice
water with his family in the best parlor,
ignorant of the commotion about his
door.

Similar decorations were made outside
the residence of Rev. J. S. White, who was
once a candidate for Sheriff on the
Prohibition ticket and got several votes.
A dummy bar was built outside his gate
and signs and beer kegs were distributed
at artistic intervals. The figure of a
drunken man was put up against the
bar.

The jokers had stolen the fire box key
of Edward Leach, of Hose Company No.
1, and at midnight they pulled an alarm.
Mr. Merritt and Mr. White came running
out simultaneously, with the arrival of the
engines and things. The surprised fire-
men found Mr. White fighting with the
figure of the drunken man. He was
very mad, especially as in kicking the
figure he stubbed his toe against the
bowlders that it contained. Great excite-
ment and indignation prevailed.

THE WAY HE WORKED IT.

Cuteleigh.—"I'm sorry to see you broke,
Bridleigh."
Bridleigh.—"Broke? Who's broke?
What's the matter with this?" (on show-
ing roll of bills.)
Cuteleigh.—"Nothing. Lend me twenty,
will you?"

"What have you got to say for your-
self?"
"Just dis, suh; I wants a liar to defend
me."
"You mean a lawyer?"
"Yes suh; I knowed I most had it!"

Wife (reading newspaper).—"According
to the statistics I see the number of
marriages decreasing, while the number of
suicides is increasing."
Hubbard.—"That's, easily explained."
Wife.—"How so?"
Hubbard.—"Men are beginning to pre-
fer the less painful method of getting out
of this world."

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Cleveland Faucet Company's Beer Pump