TOPICS OF THE TURF.

Up-to-Date Comment on Matters Relating to That Noble Animal the Horse.

I think if the city were canvassed, even a majority of those who attend the races would acknowledge that they had had a surfeit of the sport during the past week. Six days' continuous racing is sufficient for any city at the one time. Not that the sport here has been uninteresting, but that it is altogether too diverting and absorbing for a man who has business to attend to. While there are perhaps some things that might be improved upon, I am sure everybody will agree with me that the gathering has been generally well conducted and has, on the whole, been an unqualified success. A gentleman from New York remarked to me on first seeing the course: "What a beautiful place! It reminds one of Sheepshead Bay. You want a good band, and I do not see that matters then could be improved upon." The next day the band was there and the enjoyment of the ladies especially was greatly enhanced.

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While the handicaps were characterized by small fields, the poorest display was in the homebred races. It was pitiful to think that after all that has been done to encourage breeding in Canada, the quality of the horses was generally so poor. Than the Queen's Plates of this year, it is doubtful if a sorrier lot ever went to the post. Even Millbrook, the winner, was a cripple. Springal and Moorland are made of good stuff, but the remainder—well, let the veil of charity cover them. And what was true of the Queen's Plate field was true, as I have said, of all the other Dominion-bred or province-bred races. Mr. Hendrie has a good three-year-old in Meicha, and an excellent two-year-old in Cardinal, and Mr. Dawes has an excellent youngster in Sleepy Belle. And outside Mr. Seagram's and Mr. Beck's imported fellows, those three represent about all that Canada has to show in the rising generation of horses, with any pretension to rank. It is lamentable, but so long as owners persist in buying cheap stock, so long will the present state of things prevail. A fact not generally known is that a Canadian owner was given a chance to buy Clorane, winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, and the second best handicap horse in England. The price asked was £3000, but, although $15,000 would cut little figure in the fortune of the owner referred to, the offer was declined, and now £10,000 would not buy the animal. Before any great improvement takes place in Canadian stock, we shall have to import a Clorane or two. It would pay, not only from a racing point of view, but to a greater extent on breeding account. What kind of a figure would our homebred animals cut in comparison with those of Australia? Why, no possible handicapping could bring them within hailing distance of each other. But Australia's rich men did not let thousands of pounds stand in their way in fulfilling their object, while our millionaires let hundreds of dollars. A few high-priced stallions would accomplish wonders in our midst, and my suggestion is, if no one man can be found with pluck enough to breed on a first-class scale, that a joint stock company be formed. The enterprise might be made a financial success, but then again it mightn't. But that it would be of immense benefit to the breeding interests of the country goes without saying. A first-class thoroughbred stallion would not be out of place at one or more of our Government farms. The cows should not enjoy a monopoly of governmental attention. Bikes and horseless carriages to the contrary, the horse still remains of some importance.

* * *

Did Mr. Robert Davies ever own a winner of the Queen's Plate? writes "Peter and John." He did; he owned Floss, a bay mare by Jack the Barber, that won in 1871, but Mr. John Stanton of Whitby, was her original owner and bred, raised and trained her for the race, receiving his reward in the shape of a cheque for £52 10s., accompanied by the following letter:

Governor-General's Office, Quebec:
September 11th, 1871.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a certificate from the stewards of the Turf Club showing that the sum granted by the Queen for Her Majesty's Plate in the Province of Ontario, was run for at Kingston on the 24th of May, and won by you.

I transmit herewith the Governor-General's bill of exchange for £52 10s. sterling, the value of the plate to which you are entitled.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
J. C. McNEILL,
Lieut.-Col., Secretary
For the Gov.-Gen.

John Stanton, Esq., Whitby, Province of Ontario.

* * *

Now that Torontonians have seen the Windsor horses and have seen the proudest of their native stables compelled to lower their colors before them, perhaps they will not think so badly of the Windsor people. At least, they have vastly increased the interest in our racing, for without them the meeting would have been one of the tamest on record, for there would hardly have been a foreigner present. Hamilton will also be the gainer by having them there; and seeing that Windsor has consented not to race during the next six days, it would be a graceful thing for the Hamilton J.C. to give one or two extra races with a view of bringing the best of the Windsorites together. Hamilton would have had a sorry meeting with racing going on in the Castle town. Not only would the races have suffered in interest, but bookies would have been scarce, and bookies are great producers.

* * *

That was a bad break when Mr. Seagram was told by the ex. committee that if he scratched Connoisseur, the top weight, his second string, Silk Gown, would have to put it up. The highest weight, "accepting" is in such races raised to the top and others in proportion, but the "starters" have nothing to do with it. The committee's mistake was a costly one to Mr. Seagram, and if he indulged in pretty strong comments on it he had considerable cause. It was stated that any of the leading American associations would, under the circumstances, make good the purse to Mr. Seagram, for it would have been his had he not been wrongly dealt with by a responsible representative of the club. A mistake almost as bad was to raise the weights of the starters, because topweight scratched. The weights were raised when the then topweight declined to accept, and that should have ended the matter.

* * *

The races have, in point of number, and quality of horses competing, outside one or two handicaps and the Canadian-bred events, been better than ever. There is no question on this point. The addition of the Windsor contingent, particularly the Schoenfeld Stable's Subito and the Lilly Meade sprinters, as I have already said, increased the interest in the flat races and outside of the Queen's Plate, it has not been a Seagram year, as in the past, when nigh every race fell to the black and yellow. It must, however, have been most gratifying to the most popular of Canadian turfmen to win the Woodstock Plate, a race in regard to which in the past ill-fate has always attended him. I can remember now, through bad horsemanship, Martyrdom lost to Coquette, although good as was the latter's class, she was never the equal of the royally-bred daughter of St. Blaise and Dauntless, whose rheumatism becoming confirmed and constitutional, marred a most promising racing career. Strange to say the black and yellow underrated this time Eulalon's chances. It looked a very open race and was a fine struggle, but the imported colt was too good for the other three-year-olds, and yet he carried, in spite of rumors to the contrary, no stable money for first place. The finishes, however, lacked closeness and excitement. The two best run races were the Jockey Club Handicap and the maiden 3-year-old purse on Friday, won by Distant Shot. The light-weights at which the Englishbred 3-year-old Subito was thrown into the handicaps and the races with penalties and allowance, was a noticeable feature and the Schoenfeld Stable scored in consequence.

* * *

The steeplechases served to show that in Lionheart and Lawyer the Wellington Stable has two chasers that easily outclass all the others engaged at the meeting. It is curious that they should both be by the same sire, Lepanto, and if he produces any more like these two his reputation for getting cross-country performers will be at the top notch. Lionheart and Lawyer were in grand shape and are fine cuts of sturdiness, speed and heart, the essential requisites of a chaser.

* * *

The value of importing good blood from the Old Country was never better shown than at this meeting. Look at the winning list, beginning with Subito, a 3-year-old, by Substantif; Silk Gown, by Queen's Counsel; Halfling, by Macheath; Petrolene by Pirates of Penzance; Eulalon, by Tyrant; Distant Shot, by Shotesham, and the many others who were not so successful, but are horses of fine quality, like Sauteur, Given, Zeal.

* * *

The Jockey Club's annual banquet was held at the Toronto Club on Friday evening. The table was a wonder of beauty and racing picturesqueness. There was a race-course in miniature in the centre, with the green sward of the field and the track of sand. Races were depicted with fidelity, even to the colors of the riders, and the finish of the Queen's Plate, with the black and yellow first and second, was much admired. The menu was delicious and the wines were choice, as Secretary Ogden knows the club's hidden treasures. The speaking was perhaps a little lengthened, but then who ever heard of a dinner at which it wasn't. The executive of the O.J.C., the directors of the Canadian Jockey Club, officials and visiting owners were among the guests.

* * *

Dr. Shorthouse started The Sporting Times, now very generally known as the Pink 'Un. If there was any strain of thoroughbred blood that he had a horror of it was "that accursed Blacklock blood." His successor, John Corlett, who, in the last number of The Sporting Times to hand, discourses learnedly and interestingly on Derby winners as sires, holds a different opinion. He says, and I shall be pardoned for quoting at length from a delightfully discursive and entertaining article:

The name of a Derby winner is a great one to conjure with, and yet the best horses that we have seen lately are by sires that either were not in the Derby, as, for instance, Barcaldine, St. Simon and Hampton, or, on the other hand, being entered for that race, did not run for it, of which class Isonomy and St. Serf may be cited as fair examples. Of the most successful sires of the present season there was not, until Galeazzo won the Newmarket Stakes, a Derby winner in the first eight, and of that class rare old Galopin stands out most prominently. It should be observed, too, in his honor, that his son, St. Simon, and his grandson, St. Serf, hold the first and second places, his own now being third. The greatest handicap performers of the year are Victor Wild, The Rush and Clorane. The first-named is probably the most popular horse of the day. He is a son of Albert Victor, who won the Middle Park Plate and aspired to Derby honors, for which event he ran a dead heat for second place to Favonius. It is well known that Isinglass, who was one of the greatest racers ever known, is a son of a mare that cost £19. The Bloomer, who laid the foundation of the turf fortune of the late Mr. Cartwright, and from whom Albert Victor is descended, cost that gentleman even less than Deadlock cost Captain Machell. Moreover, in addition to Albert Victor, Fairwater, Louise Victoria, and other first-class horses, she bred him a Derby winner in George Frederick, and he in turn gave us a winner of the Grand Prize of Paris, in Frontier. Without doubt, two of the best stayers in training are Sir Visto and The Rush, both of whom are sons of Barcaldine, and possibly we may have to add a third in Marco. Barcaldine, according to Robert Peck, was the best stayer he ever trained, and yet his dam was of no more consideration than Deadlock and The Bloomer; in fact, she worked on an Irish farm. Whence Barcaldine got his great goodness we do not know. His sire was Solon, a son of West Australian, who, though himself one of the greatest horses of any time, was generally regarded as a failure as a sire, his stock being for the most part non-stayers. On the dams' side the aspect is even worse, as Ballyroe was a daughter of Belladrum, who was, perhaps, the handsomest horse we ever saw, but became such a bad roarer after his brilliant 2-year-old career that he did not win another race. It was a race between him and Ethus as to which should be last in the Derby, for which he was such a sensational favorite; and Custance, who was riding the latter, said that his roaring made his head ache. Balladrum, after serving for a season or two in Ireland, was shipped to the Cape, where on being landed he fell overboard, and he struck boldly out to sea, evidently with the intention of swimming home again. It was some time before he was caught. It should be observed with regard to Barcaldine, that his sire, Solon, was out of a Birdcatcher mare, by Hetman Platoff, and Ballyroe, his dam, also goes back to a Birdcatcher mare, by Hetman Platoff. Hetman Platoff, who was by Brutandorf, a son of Blacklock, ran second to Lanercost for the first Cambridgeshire that was run. As a 4-year-old he won the Northumberland Plate with 8st 4 lb. With 4s 7 lb he was second for the Goodwood Stakes, and at the same meeting he was third for the Cup. The Wolverhampton Stakes, which was then an important race, he won with 8st 12lb, and on the following day he won the Cleveland Cup, three miles. At Warwick, with 9st 8lb, he ran a dead heat for the Leamington Stakes, giving 36lb to the winner, but falling lame was withdrawn. All these were long-distance races, and if we were called upon to account for the excellence of Barcaldine and his sons we should unhesitatingly place our finger on this double dose of Hetman Platoff. This horse, in his St. Leger trial, was beaten a head by Charles XII., in whose favor his was withdrawn. Not fashionably bred, therefore, as far as the present generation is concerned, the sons of Barcaldine can still boast of the stoutest blood in training, and no wonder that they stay so well. They all go back to "Blacklock, of the mighty stride," whose price as a 2-year-old was only £40.

* * *

And now we are on the eve of another Derby, that race of all others which appeals so strongly to the instincts of true lovers of the thoroughbred. As each succeeding anniversary comes round, we look to the Blue Riband with an interest which even the notches of old Father Time cannot dim, and could those who witnessed the first contest for Epsom's leading race be resurrected to see what wide celebrity it has attained, their bewildered surprise would probably be great, for the historian tells us that when Diomed gained the inaugural victory, over a century ago, those present were more concerned about a cockfight than an equine battle, which was destined to occupy the highest place in the sporting annals of the world. Perhaps the greatest parallel to last season's mediocrity, at least during the past dozen years, was in 1883, when the aspirants to classic honors kept beating each other with a persistency that was most perplexing to those who endeavored to follow public form. Highland Chief was very heavily supported for the Guineas, particularly by his trainer, but he failed to get into the first three, as Archer landed Galliard a winner by the shortest of heads from Goldfield, with The Prince third. Besides Highland Chief, another horse, who subsequently became famous, was behind those I have named, in St. Blaise, who developed into one of the most sensational Derby winners on record. At Epsom Galliard quite failed to maintain the Two Thousand form, and St. Blaise, who was practically an untrained horse at Newmarket, proved victorious, from Highland Chief, upon whom Fred Webb had come with such a tremendous rush at the finish. So close was the result that people waited with bated breath for the winning number to be hoisted, and then they gave vent to feelings of a mixed character, for there are many to this day who think that the judge might have awarded the verdict to Lord Ellesmere's colt. Be this as it may, John Porter has been heard to say that St. Blaise was nearly the best horse he ever trained, and certain it is that the son of Hermit and Fusee has perpetuated his greatness, as it is meet that a Blue Riband hero should do, though it is to another country, and not his native land, that he has given some of his best thoroughbreds. That Highland Chief would have won the Leger had he not broken down in the race is the prevailing opinion, and on the Town Moor another singular consummation was arrived at, for two such moderate horses as Ossian and Chislehurst battled out the first and second positions. It was a season of very indifferent 3-year-olds, who, with perhaps two exceptions, were goodness knows how much behind such brilliant victors as Melton, Ormonde and Isinglass. Somehow or other there seems to be a potent charm in recalling the names of past Derby victors, which is not felt in connection with any other race, and the multitude of notable incidents associated with the time-honored contest are well calculated to stir the pulse of those who love to dip into the mysteries of turf lore. Often enough the honor has fallen to the sons and daughters of Derby winners, and thus we find that Waxy got no fewer than four Blue Riband winners in Pope, Whalebone, Blucher and Whisker. A son of Waxy in Whalebone was the sire of three Derby winners, in Moses, Lapdog, and Spaniel, whilst Emilius got Plenipotentiary, Orlando got Teddington, Flying Dutchman got Ellington, Blair Athol got Silvio, Hermit got Shotover and St. Blaise, Bend Or got Ormonde, and Galopin sired Donovan.

POP.

Revival of Active Fenianism.

London, May 30.—The revival of active Fenianism is practically avowed by the authorities, who make no denial of the facts sent to America which were cabled back here. At Queenstown and Liverpool every incoming steamer is boarded by Dublin detectives. P. Kearney, a well-known Liverpool Irishman and a member of the City Council, asserts that he has been followed by detectives for weeks past.

The sum of £120 for a pack of cards seems a large one, especially when the pack is incomplete; but the "Tarocchi di Mantegna" cards which fetched this sum at the sale of the late Lady Charlotte Schrieber on Saturday are almost unique. They are among the most ancient examples of the early art of engraving in Italy, and only three sets of these cards are known to be in existence. One of the sets was sold in 1875 at Paris for 17,000 francs, and is now in the British Museum. Five cards were missing from Lady Charlotte Schrieber's pack, and had been supplied by collotype prints from the originals.

A correspondent of the "Isis" who has been coaching during the Vac sends the following choice translation which his pupil gave of "At pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulchrum deposuit": "But pious Aeneas laid down the bier with a huge dam." And the pupil never smiled!

She was fat, exceedingly fat, fair, and forty, and we believe of Semitic origin; the scene the inner circle, Regent's Park. She was taking her initial lesson in cycling, when her worthy spouse appeared on the scene, and noticing the struggles of the instructor, who had his arm round the lady's waist, exclaimed:

"My good man, don't you think you could hold my wife up by the saddle, instead of cuddling her like that?"

"Guv'nor, I've been looking for the ——— saddle for the last half hour," he replied.

Never tell us again that yokels don't possess tact.

FOR WHEELING MEN AND WOMEN.

The wheelmen of Rochester are discussing a proposed ordinance for the regulation of bicycles, the result of the common council's deliberations. The new law is much favored, saving the clause compelling the carrying of bells, which will probably be struck out on the representations of the cyclists that the bell is an absolute nuisance. In short, the ordinance is as follows:

No person shall ride any cycle along any public sidewalk or footpath intended for pedestrians within the city.

Cycle is understood to mean any vehicle propelled by the feet or hands of the rider, excepting invalids' chairs.

No person shall ride a cycle upon any public street or place unless the same shall have been registered with the City Clerk, and shall have attached to the left handle bar the registered number supplied by that official.

The City Clerk shall keep a book in which shall appear the name and description of every cycle, with the name and address of the owner, for the registration of which twenty-five cents shall be paid by the rider.

Riders who sell or otherwise lose possession of their wheels shall at once notify the City Clerk.

No person shall ride a cycle on the city streets at a greater rate of speed than eight miles an hour, and no person shall ride with hands off the handle bars, nor coast within the city limits.

No person shall ride a cycle in the city unless there is attached to it a bell, of pure bell metal, weighing not less than two nor more than six ounces, which shall be sounded in case of danger.

Any violation of this ordinance shall be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, and in default of payment any person so convicted shall be imprisoned for a period not exceeding twenty-five days.

* * *

With the exception of the bell rule, the regulations proposed by the Rochester Council seem to be the simplest and most practicable of any so far brought forward. Those who are considering the question of cycle regulation for the city of Toronto should watch the operation of the new rules, which will probably take effect in the Flour City within a short time. It seems to the writer that the same rules would do away with many of the objectionable features of bicycling in the city. The fee imposed by the Rochester aldermen is merely nominal, and the advantage of numbered and recorded wheels will be apparent to every wheeling man and woman. Let us see what our own aldermen, when it comes to lawmaking on this subject, give us something at least as good as the authorities in the city named have promulgated.

* * *

Efforts are being made to float a company, which is to run a clubhouse on the Lakeshore road, west of the Humber. The promoters propose to issue 5000 shares at $10 each, and announce that plans for the building, which is to be especially adapted to the use of wheelmen, have been completed. So far as known, the scheme has met with rather scant encouragement. The average rider has no desire to limit his outings to one route, or to make one house his invariable stoppingplace, while those who would be most likely to join in the enterprise, under other circumstances, are already members of clubs. However, should the organizers succeed in their project, it can scarcely harm the wheeling interests of Toronto, and may be productive of good, so I will not attempt to throw cold water on the scheme.

IN HER SHIRT SLEEVES AND WHEELING WAIST COAT.

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Most elaborate arrangements are under way for the Wanderers' trip to Quebec on the occasion of the C.W.A. meet on July 1. The club will leave Toronto on the day before the holiday, at 2 p.m., arriving in the Ancient Capital at 9 the next morning. The C.P.R. will put on a train of elegant special coaches, with baggage and decked bicycle cars, as well as the flat car on which the big circus wagon for the Wanderers' band will be transported. This now famous band of the W.B.C. is to be one of the big features of the high old time all wheelmen expect to have at Quebec. "Collie" Ross, the club's impresario, will be in charge of the band and parade, while Billy Bland, Willie Moody, and the other funmakers who have made the name of the club known throughout the land, will be in line. Altogether, it is likely that the Toronto Wanderers will have one of the most enjoyable times in its history at the meet.

* * *

Wheelmen have to thank Inspector Hughes for his open letter to the school children of the city, in which he cautions them against throwing broken glass and other puncture-causing objects into the road, and requests them to remove such when found. The words of the inspector, reaching almost every child in the city, should be productive of not a little good.

IXION.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, spoke as follows on Sunday cycling and the Church:

"I should think it a very good plan for city churches to provide storage room for bicycles on Sunday, just the same as country churches provide sheds for horses, if the churches are so situated as to make it reasonable to expect that wheelmen will attend church and desire such accommodation. A bicycle is simply a kind of vehicle, a method of getting from one place to another. It is morally neither better nor worse than any other kind of vehicle. There is something much better to do than to take Sunday for excursions, whether in cars, steamboats, carriages or other vehicles. If by Sunday bicycling is meant Sunday excursions on bicycles, I disapprove it because the day can be better expended than in excursions. If by Sunday bicycling is meant using the bicycle to go where otherwise one might go legitimately in the enjoyment of a quiet but respectful Sunday, I see no more objection to using it for that purpose than to using any other means of transportation. I think the present passion for bicycling will pass away, as such passions for recreation generally do. But the bicycle is likely to remain, so far as I can judge, as a permanent addition to the practical conveniences of life and to healthful out-of-door recreation."

* * *

A rather curious effect of bicycle riding upon those who follow the practice long enough to acquire both ease and speed of motion is that thereafter they can take no pleasure in either riding or driving that noble but now rather old-fashioned animal, the horse. No matter how gentle the creature's gait may be, it does not compare for smoothness with that of the rubber-encircled wheel, and no matter how tender his mouth, he does not respond either as quickly or perfectly to delicate hints of the rider's will as does the more docile if not more intelligent steed of steel. In a carriage the bicycler of experience is still more discontented. The vehicle seems to be absurdly big and clumsy, and the dull inactivity to which its occupant is reduced, even though he holds the reins, gives him constant leisure to notice and worry about the comparative slowness with which he is getting over the ground and the narrow limits within which his excursion must be confined. Impatience soon proves to be more fatiguing than even the most vigorous work at the pedals, and there is, too, a cause of irritation in the knowledge that any attempt to attain the speed to which the wheel accustoms one will cruelly exhaust the strength of the best of horses. Thus does the new means of progression not only displace its predecessors from the world's interest and affection, but it makes the unfortunate beast positively disliked.—N.Y. Times.

WHEELING SHIRT AND STARCHED BOSOM.

Then ho! for the wheel, with its strength of steel,
Yet blessed buoyance of sky-born things!
And the rush of the near and crystaline clear
Sweet breath of the summer that sings in the ear
Like harps of a thousand strings!
Oh wild and free
Is the joy to me
To breast the breeze and whirl along—
To skim the ground
Till the pulses bound,
And the heart bursts into song!

Bicycle Superstitions.

These are the signs the stars unfold
To guide a rider gay and bold.

A yellow dog across the path
Is sure to bring bad luck and wrath.

A boy, some glass, a bit of stone;
A punctured tyre will be your own.

To pass a hearse is omen true
The world has had enough of you.

To ride at night without a lamp
Is sign of dungeon deep and damp.

To "scorch" is emblem at the most,
That you will get a nice brown roast.

To ride a tandem—it is said—
Is proof that you'll be quickly wed.

To see the moon o'er churchyard lone
Is sign you'd better be at home.

To see strange sights at twilight's edge
Is token you should take the pledge.

To make four centuries a month
Is proof, conclusive, you're a chump!

Which same has more of truth than rhyme
And I'll declare it every time.

The Woman That Was.

I've seen a heap o' curious sights, Mariar, in my time!
A blackbird that was jest as white 's milk, an' fer a dime
A feller let me in a show where mermaids was, 'n' whales,
An' cannibals from Borneo, 'n' monkey men with tails,
I've seen two-headed calfs, 'n' fish with wings, 'n' birds with none,
An' educated pigs that played on the melodeon.
But shucks! I see a sight to-day that beat 'em all, by gum
Down at the votin' place I see the Comin' Woman come.
We'd been expectin' of her, fer her name was registered,
And Elder Lijah Glover told ez how his wife had heard
Old Missus Bascom's sister say that Sairy Jones had sed
Mis Newcome 'lowed "she'd vote to-day exceptin' she was dead!"
Which she weren't—leastwise not a judgin' by the way she come,
A-straddle of a bysticle—ye orter heard it hum!
She 'peared to fly, by Jings! The ribbons on her neck stuck out,
An' she wore them things called "angel wings," we've heard so much about.
She went right thro' the crowd jest like my knife goes thro' a cheese,
An' strutted in the votin' room ez brazen ez yer please;
Jest like a man, b'gosh! Sech impernence ye never see!
An' I jest looked at Uncle Josh 'n' Josh he looked at me,
An' we both looked at the Elder, who sot like he'd seen a spook,
A-starin' out inter the room—we thought he shore was took
With apple plexy, paralyse or sum such thing, by chance,
'Til I noticed for the first time that the critter hed on pants,
It's shore ez I'm tellin' ye! She had a britches on,
An' she had em tucked up to her knee, jest like a boy, a swan,
That's a wadin' in a puddle. No, her laigs below wa'nt bare,
Fer she wore them canvas fixin's like the city hunters wear,
An' she hed a pa'r o' yaller shoes thet ended it a p'nt—
(I'd think the ornary things 'd squeeze her toes clean out o' jint),
An' a leetle cap stuck on her haid, no bigger'n a cup,
An' a belt instead of galluses ter hold her pant'loons up.
We sot there jest like ijuts 'til she got on her masheen,
Then seeh another scrambin' fer a peak ye never seen,
Ole Lijah bust his buttons off a settin' ter the deor,
But Parson Snow 'n' Deacon Gough wuz thar sum time efore!
Well, well! how things hez changed. I never thought I'd live ter see
A city gal with ritches on a votin' long with me!
I guess, now out, I'll stay to hum an' git a petticoat,
An' wash the dishes, churn 'n' ake, an' let you oss 'n' vote,
You want! Why, now, Mariar, I've a notion ye'd look peart,
Drest up in my ole overalls—now don't you look so skeart—
I'll git ye pants 'n' cap 'n' elt 'n' p'inted shoes, by gum,
Fer ye've got to be in fashun since th' Comin' Woman's come!
Well, thar—ole woman, don't yer fret,
I only was in fun,
I guess I'll run the britches yet an' ye go on an' run
Th' kitchen an' the dairy an' th' cradle bizness, too,
My Comin' Woman came to me 'way back in '92!

—Frank H. Mayer in Wheel Talk.

MID-OCEAN MYSTERIES.

Prominent People Who Have Disappeared and Never Been Heard of Again.

Many as are the mysteries of the ocean, there are few that appear more powerfully to the imagination than do those strange and unaccountable disappearances of people from shipboard, without any clew as to why and how they have vanished from human ken. In some instances they may be attributed to accident, such as is believed to be the case with the New York banker, Adolf Ladenburg, who is credited with having been pitched over the bulwark during the night by a sudden lurch of the ship Niagara, on which he was coming up from the West Indies to New York. In other instances they are ascribed to sudden and temporary aberration of mind, while in many there is absolutely no motive or cause that can be discovered, even the very method of disappearance remaining a matter for mere conjecture and speculation.

Of the latter kind was the disappearance at sea of Prince Frederick William, Landgrave of Hesse, the chief of the non-reigning branch of his house. Being threatened with the blindness which is hereditary scourge of his family, he started on a voyage round the world, attended by a large suite of officers, gentlemen-in-waiting and servants. Everywhere in India, in Australia, and in Cochin-China he was received with the greatest distinction, and had apparently recovered health and spirits, keenly enjoying his trip. But on his voyage from Batavia up to Singapore he left his companions one evening immediately after dinner, saying that he felt drowsy and was going below to lie down. No one ever saw him after that. He was observed to enter his cabin and to close the door. When the valet came that night at 10 o'clock to undress his master the cabin was empty, and search in every nook and cranny of the steamer revealed no trace of him. The general belief is that, during a moment of temporary insanity, he must have squeezed himself through the large porthole of his cabin. But, as the weather was calm and all the passengers were on deck, it seems almost incredible that no one should have heard the splash that must have been caused by the fall of his body into the water.

Lady Brassey, first wife of the Sun-beam," had been greatly upset by the sudden death on board of a young Englishman whom she had picked up at Bennres and attached to her suite in the capacity of private secretary. Three days after he had been buried at sea she complained of feeling ill and remained in her cabin. But when her daughter Muriel, now Countess of Delawarr, went below to see how she was getting on, in the dusk of the evening, she found that Lady Brassey had vanished, and nothing more was ever heard of her, the presumption being, of course, that she either had fallen or jumped overboard.

The late Earl of Aberdeen, elder brother of the peer who is now Viceroy and Governor-General of Canada, disappeared in a most mysterious fashion years ago on a voyage from New York to Brazil, from a sailing vessel, on board which he was serving before the mast, and which reached port in safety, but without him. He was very eccentric, and had been roaming around the world for years without letting his relatives knew of his movements; hence it is not beyond the realm of possibility that he may be still alive somewhere or other. Notwithstanding all efforts, to discover traces of his fate and of the manner in which he quitted the ship while at sea, no clew has ever been obtained thereto, nor is there any absolute certainty of his death, indeed, he is just as likely to turn up some day as Archduke John of Austria.

The Archduke, after having in the most romantic fashion divested himself of all his honors and titles as a prince of the reigning house of Austria-Hungary, and assumed the name of "John Orth," sailed some four years ago on board his good ship, the Marguerite, from La Plata for Valparaiso. His vessel was freighted with merchandise, and he had on board a crew thoroughly devoted to him. The Marguerite was spoken half-way between La Plata and Cape Horn, but after that passed out of human sight forever and was never heard of again, all the efforts made by the Austrian, the Chilian and other South American Governments to find some trace of the Archduke's fate proving futile. That there exist doubts as to the death of this mariner prince, who is acknowledged to have been far and away the most brilliant member of his house, is apparent from the fact that while the Supreme Court of the German Empire has admitted the claim of insurance for the loss of his vessel, it has, for reasons withheld from the public, ordered the policies to be paid, not to the executors of his estate, but to a lawyer holding his power of attorney. Moreover, the heavy insurance policies upon his life have never yet been paid by the companies, while the premiums are still regularly met by this same lawyer, who acts as the Archduke's representative in Europe.

Nor is the fate of Sir Roger Tichborne the only English peer who stands in danger of being divested of his title and estates at any moment by an appearance of the rightful lord. There is, for instance, the present Lord Belhaven, who succeeded to a peerage only in consequence of the late lord's younger brother having disappeared while on a trip from San Francisco to New Zealand. The last holder of the title had no son, but seven daughters, and spent a large sum of money in placing the ancestral castles and estates in proper repair, relying upon his brother and heir presumptive to provide for his girls, whose annuities he left as charges upon the estate. Owing to the disappearance of this brother, the peerage and property have passed to a distant cousin, who has declined to do anything whatsoever for the girls, the latter being consequently left in straitened circumstances. Legal proceedings have already been instituted by the widow and her daughters, and matters threaten to be still further complicated by the recent appearance upon the scene of a couple of claimants to the peerage, one hailing from India and other from New Zealand, each asserting himself to be the missing brother. This Belhaven peerage is particularly unfortunate in this respect, as in the last two centuries tedious and costly litigation has attended the succession in almost every instance.

Had not Sir Roger Tichborne disappeared at sea while on a journey from Valparaiso to Australia, the English Government would never have been compelled to spend $500,000 in legal proceedings against the imposter, Orton, who declared himself to be the missing baronet. His claim was one of the most clever and impudent swindles of the century, even the mother of the real Sir Roger being taken in thereby. Of course it ultimately came out that the "claimant" was nothing but an ex-butcher boy of Wapping, London, and of Waggawagga, Australia, and he suffered a long term of penal servitude for his brazen attempt to foist himself upon one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the English aristocracy. After his liberation he came to this country, and for several years kept a saloon on the Bowery.

Then there is Lord Edward St. Maur, son of the "Sheridan" Duke of Somerset, who vanished at sea on his way from Bombay to Aden at the close of a hunting expedition in the northern part of India. His disappearance resulted in the ancient dukedom passing into the possession of the twelfth Duke's younger brother, with whom His Grace was at daggers drawn, and upon whom he vented his spite by leaving every stick of the property within his power to divert away from the title. There have lately been reports of the appearance in the counties in which the ducal estates are situated of an elderly man who claims to be the missing Lord Edward St. Maur, and, as such, the rightful owner of the dukedom and its large property. He accounts for his long disappearance, which has lasted over thirty years, by the fact that he never really sailed from Bombay, but that he was first severely wounded by a bear up in the Himalayas, and then detained in captivity by some of the fierce Hill tribes until he finally succeeded in effecting his escape. Probably he is an impostor, like the pseudo Sir Roger Tichborne, but, not wishing to incur the fate of the latter, he has until now refrained from instituting legal proceedings, beyond warning the various tenants of the ducal estates that they were paying rents illegally, and might be called to pay them a second time to himself.

Should he ultimately pluck up sufficient courage to bring the matter into court, it is probable that several persons in this country would be called upon to decide against or in favor of his identity. For Lord Edward, a man of great brilliancy who had inherited much of the charm and comeliness of his mother, the celebrated Queen of Beauty of the Eglinton Tournament, spent some time in the United States during the Civil War, first as secretary to Lord Lyons, at Washington, and subsequently as guest of Jefferson Davis at Richmond and of General "Dick" Taylor at the Confederate headquarters. The General, by-the-bye, began his acquaintance with Lord Edward in a rather characteristic manner. For he began by declaring that there was no such man as "St. Maur" in the British peerage, implying that Lord Edward was an impostor, and then on having his doubts set at rest by Mr. Davis' letter of introduction, and on being informed of the fact that the twelfth Duke of Somerset had transformed the historic name of Seymour into St. Maur, relieved his feelings by denouncing the change as being preposterous and foolish, winding up with a more mollified, "Well, young man, after all, it is not your fault."

EX-ATTACHE.

WHERE LOVE DOTH DWELL.

For thirty years I dwelt within the sound
Of earth's most mighty city—that shall yet,
Some dim and distant day no more be found,
Save by gray ruins where its stones were set;
And there I wrought my toil, and deemed it pleasure;
And there the changeless gold, desired so much,
Grew ever, as I toiled, to fuller measure,
Till I was envied for my "Midas touch!"

But never was I miser I—from my store
I gave with secret largesse sums untold,
But still success succeeded more and more;
And still my wants were few, my fancy cold.
At last there dawned a day when I was smitten
With sudden sense of sadness and of ruth;
I paused a while and pondered. It was written
That I should wake to grasp my fleeting youth!

Toil seemed no more a pleasure; through my blood
Pulses of ardent sumfer made a thrill;
Emotions caught me on their whirling flood,
For youth within my veins was burning still.
I turned my feet aside from those dim places,
Those gray, unlovely buildings, and the throng
Of ever-hasting forms and eager faces,
And sought the brilliant sphere ignored so long.

And there I gazed on Beauty that was crowned
With priceless jewels flashing in the light;
Their gay and silvery laughter floated round,
And lips were rosy-red, and eyes were bright.
There Music tranced me with her witching voices,
And sculpture charmed me with her snowy grace;
There shone the radiant realm where Art rejoices,
And Wealth must seek it with adoring face.

Then came a wish to wander—to behold
At least one wondrous world that God had made,
And man had altered while the centuries rolled!
So I went roaming where my fancy bade.
I looked on endless frozen steppes, on drear
And sunburnt deserts, on the polar snows,
And on the tropic palms—nor was I weary
The world is wonderful wher'er one goes.

At last there dawned a day when I was smitten
With sudden sense of dread—for all my bliss
Hung on a woman's smile—but it was written
That Love, who sought me late, should grant me this!
I named her, very soon, my "Rose of Sharon,"
And knew that I should love her till I crossed,
Prone in the shrouded barge of grim old Charon,
The gloomy ferry where our love is lost.

She had no dazzling beauty, but I saw
Her face was fresh and dainty, and her hair
Was dark, and very soft; 'tis hard to draw
A woman's subtle charm—but she was fair;
Enough, at least for me!—enough to fetter
My not too careless fancy once for aye!
And then her heart was kind; and what is better
Than kindness in a woman—can you say?

One day when we were sitting, looking where
The after-glow diffused it peerless rose,
Its exquisite effulgence through the air
With the bright magic only Nature knows.
She turned on me her eyes—her eyes that often
Were dreamy as a poet's, yet were fond,
Whose deepest, darkest, grey so well could soften,
E'en after straining to the Veiled beyond!

And then she laid in mine her little hands,
And soft indeed her eyes were as she said:
"Love! thou hast wandered over many lands,
O'er many a glitt'ring sea thy bark hath sped;
Wilt thou then settle now, in rosy tether?
Or must we hold and share a roving rein,
And still, like gay Bohemians, linked together,
Go wand'ring onwards, where our minds are fain?"

I turned and closer clasped her little hands;
With voiceless inner sob, I smiled, and said:
"Love! I have wandered over many lands,
O'er many a glitt'ring sea my bark hath sped;
But so that thou and I be still together,
I care not if we share a roving rein,
Or if we settle in a rosy tether,
Or if we wander where our minds are fain!"

"Ah God!" I cried, "I care not!—it is well,
So that I ever be where Love doth dwell!"

—ALICE MACKAY, in Blackwood's Magazine

Who Paid For the Drinks?

"Who's paying for that last round?" asked the barkeeper, looking in the direction of a table where three men were seated.

"That question reminds me of something that happened to my uncle years ago," said the stout man of the party, "and to the day of his death, two years ago, he never figured out who it was that paid for what he once got drunk on.

"Just before the beginning of the Mexican war," he went on "my uncle happened to be in a little village on the border. Just across the line on the Mexican side there was another village perhaps half a mile away. The war feeling had begun to develop and the usual depreciation of foreign currency resulted. In the American village a Mexican dollar was good only for 85 cents, and in the Mexican village it was vice versa.

"Luck had been against the old man, and he found himself with one American silver dollar. He made up his mind to spend it for liquor and then put a bullet through his brain. He went into a saloon and bought a glass of whisky, tendering the American dollar in payment. The man behind the bar took it, and as the drink came to 15 cents, gave him a Mexican dollar in change. My uncle picked it up and walked aimlessly along for some little distance, and, without noticing it, entered the Mexican village. He entered a saloon there and called for whisky. He paid for it with the Mexican dollar, and received an American dollar in change.

"A happy thought came to him. He spent that whole day traveling back and forth between the two villages, and when evening came, he had had about forty drinks of whisky but he still had a dollar in his pocket!

"Next morning he was so busy trying to figure it out that