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Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb.
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Suffering from the effects of early folly
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Is highly recommended by Prof. Fyde,
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will convince you that it has merit
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A STORY OF TEXAS.

All things have the comfortable as-
surance of coming to him who waits.
No mention is made of a girl who
waits. Had I waited for the recon-
struction of the adage there would
have been no episode to chronicle, and
my physician would have been saving
the reconstruction of his patient.

When exercise in the open air, es-
pecially horseback riding, was voted,
my heart gave a bound. I saw in this
prescription the fulfillment of my
dreams. I would at last have a pony
of my own, a real frolicsome one, full
of fun and mischief.

Promiscuous riding of anything I
could beg, borrow or hire had taught
me to experience slight discomfort
upon the back of a horse that per-
sisted in maintaining the perpendicu-
lar, and a half-broken pony I was de-
termined to have and break the other
half to suit myself.

It is a mystery to my friends and
relatives as to where I inherited my
passionate love and absolute fearless-
ness of a horse. Not from father cer-
tainly, who tightly holds the reins over
the back of any steady old farm
horse he may chance to trust with his
life, nor yet from mother, who is
equally as timid, yet exist it does as
tenaciously as if they had passed their
lives in painted hideousness in the
circus ring.

"Thought" is generally believed to
fly on invisible wings," had news with
equal rapidity, but neither can com-
pare with the speed with which a de-
sire to buy a horse reaches the ears of
dealers.

As soon as it was noted about that
I intended purchasing a four-year-old
pony four-year-olds of every descrip-
tion were fastened to the hitching
posts. Four-year-old ponies with their
teeth nearly gone, four-year-old ponies
with the army brand on them, four-
year-old ponies slightly lame, four-
year-old ponies nearly blind—in fact,
there never was anything but a four-
year-old pony that came in search
of me. So much they depended on the
naïveté of a girl.

They came in droves figuratively, in
duck fashion literally speaking, and
ranged from the mangy, disreputable
looking beast, feet laden with boots
and weights, to the trim little stepper
whose blue blood was apparent in
every line.

Lean ponies, fat ponies, frisky ponies,
staid ponies, sick ponies, well ponies,
pretty ponies, ugly ponies, but all were
ponies, yet who am I to judge in
judgment when my own blessed
father calls anything that wears har-
ness a "pony?"

Dealers, at all times nothing if not
obliging, are perfectly at home when
it comes to such a simple thing as
making a movable feast of a horse's
age.

One dealer remarked that his pony
was "going on four," then doubtless in
response to sundry tricks of conver-
sation added, "but she don't look it,"
and that was the only one of the cre-
ature's points upon which we could
agree.

Another enterprising vender of live-
stock represented his pony as "perfect-
ly quiet, stand without hitching," etc.,
and when I explained that I did not
care about a particularly quiet mount
returned in a few days with the iden-
tical pony clipped and mane and tail
banged and announced with evident
glee that he had something to suit me
now. "She's gentle and good natured,
miss, but it's in the corner of yer eye
ye'll have 'er be kapin' her, miss." Not-
withstanding all the adorning in-
formation I had received gratis, infor-
mation as varied as the dodo, I was
ungrateful enough to feel unsatisfied.
Like the "three young maids of Lee,"
"one was too 'poor and one too tall,
and one just an inch too short for
them all," so I concluded to inspect
the only mountain that had not come
to Mahomet, viz., the stockyard, and
there I met my fate.

It was only a wild little mustang
that stood peering between the bars of
the stockyard gate and shaking her
shaggy head defiantly at the passer-
by, but she captured my heart at first
sight and I was determined to possess
her against the better judgment of all
the rest of the party, who felt it their
religious duty to set as a brake, should
the situation become desperate.

She wasn't a beauty by any means.
(The pony of course). Her coat was
the roughest kind of rough, and burrs
galore bedecked her mane and tail,
but her head was up and her eyes were
full of fire as she surveyed the strange
scene and scented the polluted city
air, while an emphatic stamp and an
impatient snort proclaimed her dis-
pleasure at finding herself thus con-
fined, for this particular little pony
had journeyed all the way from Texas,
arriving the night before, and—had
been unceremoniously dumped down
into the stockyards.

She was a perfect picture of con-
fined, unconquered freedom, and the
fiery look in her two brown eyes boded
ill to the person who should attempt
to restrain her with bit and bridle.

The expostulations of my friends I
drowned in a laugh. To think that
this pony with her four sturdy little
legs, abundant mane and tail, and,
above all, such a capital place to hang
a saddle, would not suit me. It was
ridiculous!

I insisted that all she needed was
exercise and good treatment, but final-
ly consented to entrust Texas to the
tender mercies of a member of the
party who was an enthusiastic fox
hunter and bore the proud record of
being able to break "anything."

Closely following this move I heard
a rumor to the effect that if it made
no difference to the county he, like
Mark Twain, would prefer leaving the
roads uphoisted instead of paved.
I suppose I was the proudest girl

in the State when my pony was terror-
ized over to me. I think I was proud, but
I really can't remember. The feeling,
whatever it was, was so quickly
drowned by stranger ones.

Her stable had at its entrance a
short bridge, up which she was deter-
mined she would not walk. Upon its
removal she promptly adopted the
method of entrance to which she af-
terward adhered, that of standing sev-
eral feet away and leaping in. At the
first of these remarkable performances
I was leading her, on the next occa-
sion I would be afraid to say exactly
how far in the rear I brought up.

I left her enjoying her repast and,
after I had finished mine, returned in
habit to take the initiatory trip. I
saddled and led, or rather jumped her
out. All was serene. We had gone
but a short distance and I was con-
gratulating myself upon having as fine
a little hackney as any in the coun-
try when her ponyship decided to re-
turn, and taking the bit in her teeth
she proceeded to make short work of
the distance between herself and her
feed box. Expostulations were of no
avail in the face of that deep-seated
tyranny, and I was finally forced to
use the whip. With outward submis-
sion but inward rebellion we wended
our onward way.

Three weeks followed, weeks of un-
alloyed bliss and several other things.
A friend desiring to take a ride,
dismounted one day for her pleasure.
Texas contemptuously "sized her up,"
scornfully shook her head at the un-
familiar touch upon the reins and re-
fused to move and again I pleaded.
Then a wicked gleam came into the
brown eyes and she started off at full-
speed, then stopped, looked back to
be sure of an audience, and, selecting
the muddest place in the road, delib-
erately lay down, pony, girl and sad-
dle in one delirious jumble.

She always knew when she had gone
far enough, and unfortunately for me
she regarded traveling as something of
which a little goes a great way.

No earthly power could persuade her
to proceed when she had made up her
mind to stop. She would wheel
around in a circle till one might im-
agine they were crossing the English
channel. She would plunge, rear
back, but that was the extent of the
performance so long as you tried to
urge her forward.

She would begin with a "take-your-
own-time-my-dear" air, "don't let me
hurry you in the least," for well she
knew human nature could not long
hold out in the face of such evidences
of equine depravity. When you had
exhausted your choice vocabulary and
were tired mentally and physical-
ly she would wheel and start for home,
prancing and changing her gait every
few steps, as though the only earthly
object she desired to attain was the
striking of a pace that was agreeable
to her rider.

How that pony must have enjoyed
our brief sojourns, and how she must
have laughed at me in her sleeve.
As days passed she would not leave
her stable, where good food and treat-
ment abounded, and furthermore
whenever she was saddled she would
persist in lying down to roll.

If there is one thing of which I am
proud it is my saddle, and it is a
beauty, of English make with buck-
skin seat and leaping pommel, but I
never saw a saddle that looked quite
so well after it had been rolled in
many times.

The infallibility of flesh and blood
mentioned elsewhere in the narrative
of this precocious animal caused me
to determine to send the pony back to
the youth of hunting proclivities, he
having in a rash moment asserted that
she would make a capital hunter,
with instructions to take her "any-
where, everywhere, out of the world,"
and I further vowed that I would not
take her out of the stable in the in-
terval. Texas' fates were against me,
and the week of waiting she assidu-
ously devoted to demolishing her box
stall bit by bit.

I knew she needed exercising and
that the only hope of saving the barn
lay in getting her out of it, so one af-
ternoon I resolved to martyr myself to
the cause (Texas was the only cause
about our ranch in those days), and
donning my oldest habit I repaired to
the stables. Afterward more repairing
was done, and I was the subject.

After maneuvering worthy of a dip-
lomate we succeeded in getting out of
the stables intact, when, with one foot
in the stirrup and grasping the pom-
mel, I prepared to spring. Texas re-
lieved me of the necessity. The sad-
dle turned and that spring brought us
to glorious confusion and found us
on the ground a first-class cross, with
Texas' body for the long arm and
mine lying across under her for the
other.

Naturally a hanging saddle with its
contents lying about—prematurely
made a combination beyond the pony's
powers of appreciation, and I was the
recipient of several well-directed kicks
aimed at different portions of my an-
atomy.

With one foot still in the stirrup
and the other tangled in the remains
of my habit I was unfortunately not
in a position to return the compli-
ment. I think she understood that
my remissness was not from any lack
of good breeding or of willingness. It
was a sadder and wiser girl that
emerged from the debris with a broken
saddle, a torn habit and a useless
ankle, the result of a severed ligament.

And now from the depths of an easy
chair, with my injured foot on a pil-
low, I sorrowfully pen these words
and reflect with Artemus Ward, "it
would have been money in my pocket
if I had never been born."

I know of a saddle pony for sale
cheap.

Another bad thing about bad hab-
its is that they are all borrowed.

NO THANKS, NO TIPS.

An Attempt to Inculcate Gratitude
in Metropolitan Waiters.

Waiters in the most exclusive of the
restaurants have come to look upon
the tip as so certainly their right that
they have come to assume an air that
is offensive in the extreme, says the
New York Times. There is no ac-
knowledgegment from them for this
courtesy on the part of the diner now
unless he gives them a bill, when of
course the waiter is obsequious in the
extreme and generally offensively so
when the bill is of an exceptionally
large denomination. There is now no
"thank you" for a tip in silver. The
waiter merely grabs it as a thing that
belongs to him.

Naturally there has come a revolt on
the part of the diners, and several
waiters in fashionable resorts have
been receiving a much needed lesson
within the past week or two. Men
have begun to call waiters back to
them when there has been no "thank
you" in acknowledgment of a tip and
on one pretext or another have asked
that the tip be returned as if to ex-
amine the chance or increase the tip.
Then these men, who only demand that
a waiter shall at least profess to be
thankful for the gift, have quietly
pocketed the coin after telling the
waiter that as he had neglected to re-
turn thanks for the pour boire he was
therefore not entitled to it.

This plan has worked well, though it
has made the waiters who have thus
lost their tips through a lack of cour-
tesy surly and inclined to break crockery
as a means of relieving their minds,
which latter is of course only biting
off one's nose to spite his face. Club-
men who are used to respectful treat-
ment at their clubs are determined to
wrest the "thank you" from the waiter
or withhold the tip, and the plan to
force the acknowledgment is spread-
ing rapidly as a means of curbing
the discourtesy of waiters. The plan
meets with the approval of the man-
agers of the restaurants, who hope to
see it universally adopted until surly
waiters have learned that the tip is not
theirs of right, but is a matter as be-
tween a man well served and his servitor.

Where is Wireless Telegraphy?

Wireless telegraphy is an art which
for several years has been fruitful of
promising and even startling results.
It has attracted the most earnest ef-
forts of as able a group of trained in-
vestigators as is anywhere to be found.
But we have yet to learn that wireless
telegraphy has been of any tangible
use to the world in any of the crises
that have blackened the last year of
the dying century. The British forces
in South Africa have been living in a
hornet's nest for the last six months,
very largely on account of utterly in-
efficient means of communication, hard
to establish and easy to interrupt. To
take the lesson to ourselves our forces
in one uncomfortable annex have been
bothered not a little in spite of all
that a most capable but badly handi-
capped signal corps could do. And
finally who can tell the precious ser-
vice that would have been rendered if
the gallant little band of marines be-
leaguered or immolated in Peking had
taken with them, as might easily have
been done, apparatus which would
have kept them in instant touch with
Tientsin and the ill fated relief col-
umn?—Electrical World and Engineer.

Specialties of Street Venders.

"Have you ever noticed," said Al-
bert Ford of Chicago "how in certain
communities certain specialties are sold
by the vendors? For instance, here in
New York hot corn at 6-cents an ear
seems to be a rare specialty. In Atlantic
City, where I was recently, a certain
peculiar candy called seaside taffy
holds the palm. In Chicago we go in
strongly for buttered corn balls. In
southern cities black 'mammies' sit
around and deal you out fried chicken
and 'coln pone.' I wonder what it is
that in each community causes the
street vender to sell different commodi-
ties? There ought to be pretty good
material for a psychological article by an
expert to explain the why and where-
fore of certain communities requiring
certain kinds of food of the street
venders."—New York Tribune.

Rites in Coffins.

Thousands of Mauser rifles have been
brought into China in coffins supposed
to contain the bones of deceased Chi-
nese being returned for internment in
their native land. George Wyndham,
undersecretary of state for war, recent-
ly announced that since 1895 English
firms had sold to the Chinese govern-
ment 71 guns of position, 123 field guns
and 297 machine guns, with ammuni-
tion for each class. He also said that a
German firm in 1890 sold China 400
Mausers. Russian advisers are to
the effect that 900,000 Mausers have
been imported within the last three
years.

A Convict's Pet.

A convict in Sing Sing prison who
was in the bird business in New York
and has made the taming of birds a
study has while temporarily engaged
at work outside the north prison wall
caught and tamed a young robin, which
comes to him when he whistles to it
and fearlessly perches itself upon his
finger. Sometimes it goes to his cell at
night and perches on his bookshelf. It
goes out with him in the morning and
stays near while he is at work.

Argyll Needs Money.

The English death duties are proving
a great hardship on the new Duke of
Argyll. He has just issued in Gaelic a
manifesto to his tenants who are in
arrears for rent begging them to pay
up and calling their attention to the
fact that he himself had a large sum
of money to pay the government on
the occasion of succeeding to his fa-
ther's title and adding that for many
years to come he will have no benefit
from the rents of the estate.

Krause Conservatory Of Music

Fall Term

Commences Saturday, September 1st, 1900.

13 Free Scholarships

offered for open competition amongst the Conservatory
students.

Examinations

1st, 2nd, 3rd, final and artists course of Toronto College
of Music, will be taken at Krause Conservatory of Music.

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work in Rudiments, Elements, History and Harmony, it's
under special instructors engaged by the Conservatory.

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direction of Miss Mabel L. Campbell.

Students

who intend competing for any Conservatory honors
must enroll at office as students of the Conservatory on
or before Saturday, Sept. 15th.

Conservatory

will be open on and after Monday, Aug. 27th, for en-
rollment of students, payment of fees and any business
in connection with Conservatory.

New Conservatory Prospectus

consisting of 48 pages of artistic merit will be forwarded
to any address, post paid, on receipt of a postal with
address.

Fall Term, Saturday, Sept. 1st, 1900.

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the work of cooking and preparing meals
is made the lightest by using a



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The thermometer,
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improvements save time,
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who have used it a whole season and know
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DEAR SIRS:

Having purchased one of your Columbia Corn Harvesters last season will say,
they are the best we have ever seen at work, having seen all the leading machines
working in the field. We cut over one hundred acres last season. Machine runs
easy, no side draft, knocks off very few ears, ties all and makes a perfect bundle.
Works perfect in either planted or drilled corn. Cut drilled corn over twelve
feet tall after it had been killed by frost and knocked down flat by storm, picked
it up and done good work. It can be easily adjusted to make any size sheaf, and
the drive wheel is so made that it will work in very soft ground.

Yours truly,
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Fireworks each evening. "The armoured train's attack on the Boer strongholds,"
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