

RACING YOUNG HORSES.

Does the Campaigning of Youngsters Injure Them in Maturity?

A writer for the Boston Herald questions the truth of the statement made recently by a prominent horseman that "only one in a thousand horses is able to stand up under severe campaigning as youngsters and train on in after years."

"Let us see," says this writer, "whether the statement holds true. John R. Gentry was trained as a 2-year-old, campaigned as a 3-year-old and every year since, yet he trained on to be the fastest horse in the world and holds today the championship record of a mile in 2:00 1/2."

"The little race king Robert J. was trained as a 2-year-old, campaigned and trained as a 3-year-old, and notwithstanding that he has been raced every year since as few horses ever were, he trained on in after years to the remarkable record of 2:01 3/4 and during this year accomplished the wonderful feat of pacing the fourth heat of a race in 2:02 3/4."

"Star Pointer, the grand race horse, son of Brown Hal, considered by many the fastest living pacer, was campaigned as a 2-year-old, and although he has been a powerful factor in the active racing world ever since his colthood days, he now flourishes the triumph record of 2:02 1/2."

"Frank Agan, the Hoosier born pacer, raised by Mikagan, who in every race in which he has started this year has kept the wise ones more than busy in guessing whether he would win or be defeated, barely escaped being trained to a plow at the tender age of 2 years, but better counsel prevailing he was trained to a cart about three months as a 2-year-old, trained until he paced a half in 1:12 3/4, a fourth in 35 seconds. This surely was severe, but in his 3-year-old form he was out racing with young and old horses, was timed separately in a race in 2:12 3/4, and during this year won \$1,810 and took a record of 2:10 3/4, which was much severer work than he had in his 2-year-old form. Every year since Frank Agan has been found wherever the pacing battles were hottest, and despite those facts he trained on in after years to 2:03 3/4, which at the opening of 1896 was the pacing stallion record of the world."

SAGE TALKS FOOTBALL.

The Eccentric Financier Sees a Gridiron Game For the First Time.

Russell Sage, the great New York money king, witnessed the recent football game between the Carlisle Indians and the Yale team. It was the first time he had seen anything of the sort, and he had a great deal to say about it after ward.

"It was simply great," said the old man. "You see, the fun of it for the spectators was that the Yale men had come to the battle trained in the fine points of the game and backed by the great reputation of the college for skilled football. They thought they had an easy thing, and it became apparent that they were taken by surprise by the Indians' game. It was clear that they hadn't prepared to meet such plucky and puissant foes as those young Indians proved themselves to be. They hadn't been playing five minutes, in fact, before the sympathy of the spectators was all on the side of Carlisle."

"The fleetness of foot of the Indians was amazingly exhibited a few minutes after the game opened by Cayou, the left half back. The way that redskin got the ball and dashed off with it was wondrous. It was simply superb to watch him. He was a clean cut capture of the leather, and he ran like a doe or a thoroughbred horse, outdistancing his fiercest pursuer with ease. Everybody was astonished at the speed he developed, but the Yale men most of all. A gentleman sitting beside me, an expert judge of play, said that in all the great games he had witnessed he had never seen anything so excellent."

"I am not a betting man, but if I were I would surely bet that the Indians will win if they play Yale again. In every other point save that of kicking, at which Yale excelled, the Indians were the superior players, and in running they were away, away ahead of the Yale men. They were excellent at catching the ball too."

"Yes," said Mr. Sage in conclusion, "I guess we'll see the Indians play the Yale men again, and when they do I am going to get all my friends to go and see it, and of course I am going along too. So in Mrs. Sage, it is a stirring fight, and nobody who has the chance should miss it."—New York Sun.

Australian Cricketers in Trouble.

It is reported that the Australian cricketers who have toured England and this country in a most profitable trip lasting more than a year have angered their friends at home. As the story goes, the Australian team was made up of the crack players from the various colonies, and permission for them to leave their respective teams was obtained through the stipulation that they should return home at a certain time, in order to be on hand for the annual intercolonial championship matches. But the Australians had such a good time that they had such a good time that they neglected their leave of absence, and the mothers at home had to get along without them. Now it is said that the Governing Cricket association of Australia may suspend the men from all playing privilege.—Exchange.

Cornell's Athletic Prospects.

The prospects for next year's athletic team at Cornell are bright. At a recent meeting of this team Thomas Fennell was elected captain. Besides the old men who were members of the team last year several valuable track men have entered the university this fall. Among these are Dean C. Brimstone, who ran the 100 in ten seconds, Davidson of Rochester, who won the half mile at the intercollegiate events last spring, and Rosecrance, a pole vaulter. Rosecrance has a record of ten feet.—Exchange.

A Valuable Prescription.

Editor Morrison of Worthington Ind. "Sun" writes: "You have a valuable prescription in Electric Bitters, and I can enthusiastically recommend it for Constipation and the Headache, and as a general system tonic it has no equal." Mrs. Annie Smith, 2363 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, writes: "I can't get any sleep at all, and as a headache which never leaves and will not be relieved by any other means, but I have taken your Electric Bitters and I am so much better that I can sleep now." Get a bottle at F. S. Duffy's Drug Store.

QUAD'S QUEER TALES.

Along With the Time Table.

The day coach was well filled with local passengers, and among them was a woman about 40 years of age, who said to the conductor as he took her ticket:

"I'm livin' jist outside of Big Fork."

"Yes'm."

"I've got 160 acres of land and a good cabin up thar."

"I see."

"My ole man got drownd in Bar river last 'yar, and I'm all alone."

"Yes'm."

"I'm powerfully busy when I'm home, but as it'll be three hours before I get thar yo' might jist do me a favor."

"I will, ma'am. I understand what you want. I think the right sort of man is up at the front end of the car, and I'll speak to him."

"Five minutes later he came back, followed by a man about 40 years old, who looked like a farmer, and pausing beside the woman he said:

"This is the man I was speaking about."

"Stranger, what might be yo'r name?" asked the woman as she moved along to make room.

"Harkins, ma'am," he replied.

"And mine is Stebbins. Hev yo' ever bin jined?"

"Yes, but I lost her two 'yars ago. She was bit by a snake."

"And my ole man was drownd. Would yo' jine agin?"

"Mebbe. Would yo'?"

"I kinder think I would. What's yo'r age?"

"Forty-two. What's yo'r's?"

"Jist 41 yesterday. Ar' yo' a hard workin, good tempered man?"

"That's what they calls me. Reckon yo' kin run a horse?"

"Fur shore. Ain't that ole reptile up thar a preacher?"

"Looks to be. Shall we be jined?"

"If yo' say so."

The "ole reptile" turned out to be a preacher, and with the train running at 30 miles an hour and the passengers standing up in their seats to witness the

A QUEER AUTHOR.

The Expert Witness Who Had Read "Lived" and His Doubts.

Several years ago a suit of Goldsmith versus the Chicago City Railway company was on trial. A pompous and pretentious doctor was placed on the stand by the plaintiff. He described the injuries sustained by the plaintiff as permanent and employed a large number of long medical terms, concluding with the statement that the plaintiff's legs were atrophied and that this condition of atrophy resulted from the fall the plaintiff sustained.

In the cross examination A. S. Trude, the defendant's attorney, asked the witness if such physical condition had ever arisen in his practice.

"No," replied the pompous doctor, "but I have read of a number in the medical books."

"Are you familiar with medical allowed by a man about 40 years old, who looked like a farmer, and pausing beside the woman he said:

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"THIS IS THE MAN I WAS SPEAKING ABOUT."

Politeness Killed Him.

There was this about Buffalo Jim of Kansas: He was a natural born cavalier. He'd fight a crowd of a dozen men as soon as one, and he was king bee in every border town, but when it came to the female sex Jim put up his guns, removed his hat and left himself defenseless. He had been after Black Tom for several weeks, hunting him from one town to another, and at length some one posted the fugitive as to Jim's chief characteristic, and he took advantage of it. He was at Roaring River when Jim rode into town at a late hour one evening and located him and made a call at the shanty. His hail was answered by a woman, and as the man saw her he put away his guns, doffed his hat and smilingly said:

"Excuse me, ma'am, but I'm looking for a critter called Black Tom."

"Yes, he's here," replied the woman.

"I've been tryin to shoot him fur the last two months," continued Jim.

"Yes, I know. Are you in a hurry about it?"

"I wanted it off my hands, you know, but bein you are a woman, I might put it off a day or so to oblige you."

"I'd like to hev you wait till tomorrow if it ain't askin too much. Tom has gone to bed drunk and it's a job to rouse him out."

"Of course I'll wait. Was he sorter expectin me?"

"I think he sorter was."

"Is he in shape to die?"

"Purty fair shape."

"I shall be sorry to pop him over, sorry on your account, ma'am, but business is business. May I take it that you agree with me?"

"You may. I shall be sorter lonesome without Tom, but I can't reasonably ask you to let up on him."

"Not reasonably, ma'am; not reasonably. I've told everybody that I was gwine to pop him over, and I've got to do it or be called a duffer. You see the situation, and I hope you ain't blamin me!"

"Not a bit. If you call tomorrow!"

By this time Black Tom had crept out of the back door of the shanty and around to the corner, where he had a fair shot at the man on the horse, and at the crack of his pistol Jim fell from his saddle, and his career was ended.

M. QUAD.

In Training For A Teacher.

The young Sunday school teacher leaned forward and looked into the eyes of her class of youngsters with a troubled look in her face.

"So many of you," she said, "are absent today. Where is Johnny Goodboy?"

"He was arrested for train robbery, ma'am," answered a tiny voice. "He was 8 years old, and the boys guyed him case he hadn't had his name in the papers yet."

"And Jimmy?" asked the fair young teacher.

"Surely he must be ill!"

"He's feelin pretty bad, ma'am," said Tiny Tim. "He got sentenced to Elmira for that last burglary, and the judge wouldn't send him to Sing Sing case he was only 6. He cried himself sick over it."

"How about that dear little curly haired Freddie Angelchild?" asked the teacher hopefully. "Certainly he will not yield to sin and evil. He is 9 years old now."

"Oh," said Tiny Tim, "he's in training for congress. He's not going to be bad until he gets a good chaust."—New York Herald.

Learning Early.

Mamma—Johnny, I fear you were not at school yesterday.

Johnny—H'm! I'll bet the teacher told you. A woman never can keep a secret.—Boston Transcript.

The Secret Out.

"Uncle Simon, why does all the world love a lover?"

"Because they know he will be spending money as long as he can raise a cent."—Chicago Record.

The Same Old Fight.

"Politics," said Uncle Eben, "makes strange bedfellows. But hit am allus de same ole fight ez ter which is gwinter git all de kivers."—Washington Star.

A Matter of Doubt.

I dunno dat I thankf'ul 'kase I livin'; 'kase I got ter git a turkey for Thanksgiving, 'En dey roos' so high 'Dat dey tech de sky, 'En I 'traid de dog'll see me w'en de moon go by!

I dunno dat I thankf'ul 'kase I livin'; 'kase I got ter git a turkey for Thanksgiving, 'En I 'traid he'll gobble gobble, 'En de folks'll see me wobble, 'En dar'll be a lot o' trouble by an by.

I dunno dat I thankf'ul dat I livin'; 'kase I 'binges ter have a turkey for Thanksgiving, 'En dey roos' so high 'Oh, my! Oh, my! 'Dat I 'traid de dog'll ketch me w'en de moon go by!

—Atlanta Constitution.

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burque, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this Ideal Cough Remedy. Trial bottles see at F. S. Duffy's Drug Store.

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Wilmington, N. C. 1:30
New Bern, N. C. 2:15
Beaufort, N. C. 3:00
Morehead City, N. C. 3:45
Savannah, Ga. 4:30
Wilmington, N. C. 5:15
New Bern, N. C. 6:00
Beaufort, N. C. 6:45
Goldsboro, N. C. 7:30
Wilmington, N. C. 8:15
New Bern, N. C. 9:00
Beaufort, N. C. 9:45
Goldsboro, N. C. 10:30
Wilmington, N. C. 11:15
New Bern, N. C. 12:00
Beaufort, N. C. 12:45

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