### THE PERCHERON HORSE.

WHAT AN ENTHUSIASTIC UNITED STATES SENATOR SAYS OF HIM.

What Is Said of the Percheron Horse's Origin-Horses Used in Paris-Characteristics of the Percheron-Treatment of the Horse.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, is an enthusiast on the Percheron horse, and quite a romance is connected with his love for It. The first Percherons he ever saw were painted ones, and they formed a part of Resa Bonheur's noted picture, "The Home Fair. 11 which was hanging in Mrs. A. T. Stewart's picture gallery at the time. He was so well pleased with them. that he investigated their character and went personally to France to pick out some for his form. He has now rixty of these unimals, ranging in value from \$1,000 to \$3,000 each, and he is the president of the Percharon Horse society of the United States. While in France hast year he made a specch to the Percheron Horse Breeders' society of France, and he thinks that this horse is the best breed in the world for general purposes.

"It is," said he, "the horsesfor the farmer. He can take it from the lander wagon and use it in his carriers, and I have been told of instance; where hertheren horses weighing 1,760 pounds have come a mile in three minutes. They are, you know, a distinct type, and are sop-pood to have originated by a cross of the Arabian horse upon the heavy horse of Normandy. They came from La Perche, a province about sixty miles square, in Normonely. Here the breed has attained its preatest perfection, and it is here that the borse gets its name. How the Arabitor, got into France I do not know, but I soppose it came there either through the Par-Martel at Fount, or it may be that the Counts of November de Rotton brought them back from Palestine during the Cru-ades. But there is no doubt that the Arch blood is there, and in modern times, after excellence and identity of type had been recognized, this blood was re-enforced from time to time from the royal and antional stables of France.

"The horses have been noted for years in France as good draft horses, and they were, about ten years ago, in general use in Paris a commibus herses. At that time a team of them would take one of those heavy Touses, with scats both inside and on the roof and filled with passengers, and drag it along at the rate of eight miles an hour over the asphalt. During my teip to Paris last spring I noticed a decided sleterioration in the character of the horses go used, and I found that the Percherons had been replaced by others. Upon inquiry I was told that the great demand for the Percheron horse in America had risen the price from \$300 to from \$400 to \$1,000, thus making them too expensive for omnibus use. The horses now used in Paris emmbuses are the Boulomah, the Belgians and other heavy horses of Nerpunedy and Flanders which have no infile tration of thoroughbred blood.

"As to Percherons, there are millions of dollars already invested in the United and there is a contlemen name Dunhara who has made a fortune out of shem. He might be called the Percheron horse king. He has had as many as 500 Percherons on his farm at one time. His house on his farm at Wayne, forty miles from Chicago, is equal to Abbattsford in its appointments. It is bung with old tapestry, and has many studies of Rosa Bonheur. A great friendship exists between Resa Benheur and Mr. Dunham, and he lately got an Apache pony for her at her request and shipped it across the water for use in one of her paintings." "Tell me something of the characteris-

ties of the Percheron borse." "The horses are experally of a dapple gray, though they may be black, and now and then are bay or chestnut. They are a heavy horse, weighing 1,600 pounds and upward. They have a fine action, a fine skin, fine conts, great strength and great endurance for work and travel. They are noted for their decility and tractable ness, and may be said to be born broken to the barness. I harnessed a team of them for the first time one morning at 8 o'clock. At 9 they were drawing a plow as well as a well broken feam, and were only a little awkward. They played in the deld all day, only being rested now and then that their shoulders might not get sore. The next day my farmer drave them into the city of Detroit, and though clectric car, a street car or steam car, or the innumerable objects displayed in a Sam, checking his steed. the manuscratic objects displayed in a basiness city, they showed no fear—only a kind of landable curiosity. They would smell of a steam engine, and while I was blowing up stumps with dynamite this summer they stood by and watched the pieces blown up into the air without more than rabbing their eyes at the cound. I attribute this fact to their remarkable in-

TREATMENT OF HORSES, \* "What is your theory for the treatment of horsest How should they be man-

a cross word or been struck."

"A horze-should be treated just as you could a man or a boy. My carriage "No,2 said Sam; "I mean a rig'lar horses forced better at the hands of an old glass eyed hoss—a bline hoss w'at hed Englishmen, who knew nothing about a horse, than with any other driver I have ever had. When this man asked me how he should treat them he was sold to treat them just as he did himself, only a litele better. He was methodical in his ways, and he always feel the horses before he fed himself. In wacan weather he watered them whenever he got the chance, and in winter three times a day. Taxampeh as the horses could not scratch themselves, he gave them a good brushing every morning, and it is my rule in driving a norse that whenever I feel that I want a

may be suffering in the same direction. "The Percheroultorse," Senator Palmer went on, "has great powers of cudurance. He has a fine knee notion, and he is sofull of intelligence that men treat him better than they do a duffer herse. He has good wind and has all the nimbleness and speed of the English coach horse. Last year more than \$2,000,000 worth of these horses were imported, and I believe that they are going to prevail as the American

drink mig-clf I also feel that the horse

I paid a visit to Seactor Palmer's farm, near Detroit, last summer. It contains 657 acres, and the improvements agen it have cost the senator over \$100,000. He has nine miles of drives through its woods, eighty miles of underdraining, and a miniature lake which was dug by hand and which is kept full of water by a steam engine. He has a log cabin which cost \$12,600, and his animal hobbics are Percheron horses, Jorsey cows and Elenheim spaniels. His horses are named after the marshals of France.-Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

#### SLEEP AND DEATH.

When Sleep drops down beside my Love and me,
Although she wears the countenance of a friend,
A jealous foe we prove her in the end.
In separate barks, far out on Dreamland's sea
She lures our wedded souls. Wild winds blow free

And drift us wide apart, by tides that tend Tow'rd unknown worlds. Not ouce our strange ways blend

Through the long night, while Sleep looks on in

O Death, be kinder than my sister seems! When at thy call we journey forth some day Through that mysterious and unatiased strait To lands more distant than the land of dreams,

Close, close together let our spirits stay, Or else, with one swift stroke, annihilate!

—Ella Wheeler-Wilcox in Lippincott's.

#### A HORSE TRADE.

It not infrequently happens that a very insignificant and commonplace individual will, by some unlooked for accident, achieve notoriety, if not fame, shining with the luster of a tin plate on which the sunlight chances to fall. So it was with our unsophisticated friend Sam Dover. The fame of his exploit, or rather the exploit of his horse Witham Hinry, went abroad in the land, that is, Columbia county, where he lived, and, though the figure he had cut in the affair had been supremely ridiculous, he was the hero of the hour, and his name became inextricably interwoven with local history. Any ambitious historian who shall ever undertake to collect and edit the annals of said county will be doing a great wrong to posterity if he neglect to give Sam a conspicuous place among its celebrities, to which he is as justly entitled as many whose names are enrolled on the list of those who have won honorable mention in the world's history.

Though Sam had gained nothing pecunlarily by winning the race, and had lost his horse, he really felt as though he had somehow come out ahead, for who could tell but that the incident, which at the time had made him most miserable, might prove the first step toward a seat in the 'legislatur'," or even in the direction of the "gaverner's cha'r" itself. The boys," who had at first laughed at the whole thing, perceiving that the natives came from all parts to get a look at the man "w'at winned that race down ter 'Gusty," began after a while to think he

really deserved some credit for an affair to which he had lent no willing hand. Sam had made his return trip from Augusta riding double with one of his friends, who kindly accommodated him with steerage passage on his horse. He was a little the worse for liquor when he got home, but managed to pass himself off on his innocent old mother as a very much fatigued traveler, whereupon she insisted upon his inking a strong, hot toddy and going to bed, which was just the thing this deceitful son desired the

"An' w'at did yer do with yer hoss, Sammy?" asked the old lady the next morning while the two were eating their

"I got shet uv 'im, maw," replied Sam.
"W'at did yer git fur 'im?" "I got more'n he wuz wuth," said Sam, putting his hand in his pocket to finger what was left of the \$25.

"More'n he wus wuth," said his mother. "Then yer must er got a good figger for 'im, fur yer allers said es he wus a prime

"So he wus," replied Sam; "but, yer see, he had some tricks thar warn't no curin' 'im uv," thinking of the glass eye that he had carefully stowed away in a drawer up stairs. "Then I'm glad yer got shet uv him," said the old lady, perfectly satisfied.

During that period when he was suffer-ing from the jokes and jibes of his boon companions, Sam had often expressed a desire to meet that "feller Larkins," (ay-ing he would make his "durned eyes blacker'n they wus," if he ever got the opportunity, but when he really did meet him he had recovered from all hard feelings and had begun to look upon the horsetrader somewhat in the light of a

Sam was riding a mule several miles from home when a sharp turn in the road brought him face to face with this same Larkins. The latter was mounted on 3 black gelding whose coat shone like silk. "Hello!" said Sam, thinking of the threats he had made and a little taken

"Good mornin, stranger," said Larkins, just as though he had never seen Sam before. "Fine weather fur crap-

"Well-no," replied Larkins, drawing rein likewise and peering curiously into the other's face. "Anyhow, ef I hev ever seed yer afore I disremember. But, ther fac' is, I ain't much fur faces nohow, They bout all pears alike ter me. Yer see, I'm jest a leetle nigh sighted."

"Well, don't yer ric'lee' that hoss with telligence, in the first place, and again to glass eyes yer stuck me with bout a ye'r the fact that these herses had never heard

"A hoss with glass eyes," repeated Larkins, looking puzzled. "Yer mean one er these here hosses with white lookin' eyes, I reckin; they's mos' gin'rally called wall gyed hosses. I never did like them sort, an' I don't b'lieve i ever owned one uv 'em."

glass eyes stuck inter his head." "Yer don't say! An' did yer git stuck on a hoss like thet? Well, thet was a cute

trick, terber sho'," and Larkins chuckled with great apparent enjoyment. "Yer done it yerse'f," said Sam, beginning to get out of temper at the cool

way in which the other ignored the trans-"Me!" exclaimed Larkins; "why, yer don't mean to say yer think I'd cheat a man thet way, do yer? No stranger," shaking his head slowly, "I ain't thet kin'er man. I've been a dealin' in hosses all my life, but I never was up ter a trick

like that-I ain't smart enough. I tell yer, fur a fac', of I ever sol' yer a hoss I don't ric'lie it."

"Yer didn't sell 'im; we swapped. But I reckin yer'll ric'lec' ther hoss' name, ef yer don't ric'lec' me," "Mebbe I mought; w'at wus his name!"?

"William Hinry." Larkin's face seemed suddenly to brighten with the light of remembrance, and he extended his hand to give Sam's a

friendly shake. "Yes," he said, "I does ric'lee' that trade now, an' how I got stuck in it. But I bears no ill will; a man mus' take w'at

comes in a hoss swop 'thout grumblin'."
"Stuck!" repeated Sam, in amazement.
"Yes, stranger, I was stuck bad, that's
sartin; but es I said afore, I bears no ill will. Ther ole crittur yer got off onter me was orfully spavined an' wasn't no matter er count, nohow. I got rid on 'im far little er nothing. I tell yer fur a fac, he wasn't wuth more'n his side w'uld f.teh in ther tan yard." "Spavinedi" soil Sam, "et he was

spavined I never knowed it; an' thet hoss

I got from you had glass eyes, es I tole yer-they dropped right out'n his head." "Yer don't say!" ejaculated the other, with a look of astonishment. "Well, I decla'r! ter think how long I had that hoss an' never foun' that out."

"Didn't yer know he wus stone bline"" "Know it! why of course I didn't; I wus allers fa'r an' squar' in my dealin's, an' ef I'd knowed thet hoss wus bline and hed glass eyes—they wus cur'us lookin' eyes, I ric'lec'—I'd er ruther cut my throat then er traded 'um es a soun'thoss, Ef I wus a sw'arin' man I c'uld do a leetle cussin' right now on 'count er ther feller w'at sole 'um ter me. But how did yer fin' it out, anyhow?"

Sam then related his experience on the race course, taking considerable credit to himself, though he knew he was entitled to none, and Larkins laughed until the tears ran down his brown cheeks. "W'at d'yer think of this here hoss I'm

on now?" asked Larkins. "Well, he looks like he mought be a tolerable good crittur," said Sam, "but

he ain't got but one eye."
"Ef I ric'les's 'right," replied Larkins, "but it's been so long that mebbe I've fergot-the hoss I got from you didn't hev but one eye, an' I kin teil yer thet was his leastes' fault."

'I don't min' thet so much," said Sam, poking his switch close to the horse's eye and making him blink; "a hoss with one good eye is better'n a hoss with two glass ones w'at he can't see out'n.' "Thet's so, for a fac," said Larkins,

"an' this here hoss hes got a good eye, as yer kin see fur yersif." "Will yer swap 'im fur this here mule?" asked Sam.

"W'at, even;"
"Yes." The'r mule's got two good eyes an' thet oughter make it even." "Yer think so? Lemme tell yer, I have been a lookin' et thet mule's eyes, an' she'll be stone bline in less'n three ye'r -fur a fac', "

'How'd yer know thet?" "Thar's signs, yer see. You don't know nothin' 'bout 'em, but I does, es does ev'ry man w'at hes hed ter do with hosses an' mules es long es 1 hes.'

"Wat's ther signs?" "Well, I c'uldn't jis' tell yer. A feller hes ter l'arn 'em by practeese, yer see." Sam sat silently contemplating the black horse with a longing eye for some time, then he said: "Since yer won't swop even, tell me wa't yer will do."

Larkins pushed his hat up and scratched his head, while he appeared to earnestly consider the matter.
"I'll tell yer w'at I'll do," he said, slowly, after a few minutes occupied in this way: "Since we'se ole frien's, cs yer mought say, an' hes hed dealin's afore,

I'll let yer heve this hoss fur ther mule

an' twinty dollars." "Twinty dollars!" exclaimed Sam. "Pears like yer wanter stick me agin." 'twis me was stuck in 'tother trade."

giving his tail a jark, seeming to fear that | selves have but an imperfect idea of the

"How ole is he?" asked Sam.

ye'r," was the reply. "I s'pose that mule, now, ain't less'n twenty. But yer can't tell nothin' 'bout a mule-he mought be ten ur he mought be a hunderd, an' yer w'uldn't know ther def'rence. A mule's a mule, an' yer've got ter take 'im onsight an' onseen, es yer mought say." "I'll tell yer w'at I'll do," said Sam:

"I'll give yer ther mule au' \$10, an' thet's fa'r enough." "Oh, come now," said Larkins, "yer wanter stick me ag'in."

"Stick yer?" "Terber sho' yer does. This here hoss is with two sich mules es thet, an' yer knows it-fur yer ain't no fool w'en it min't one ter be run off by a thrip ur a sevenpence, so I'll tuck ther mule an \$15 an' ther hoss is your'n."

After a little consideration Sam, taking the man's word for it, and believing he taken up a fashionable fad with alarming really had beat him in a horse trade be-fore, slipped his hand into his pocket and without knowing how, and with the refore, slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills, which he counted

"Thar ain't but \$14 hyer," he said, "an' thet's all I've got." "Oh, well," said Larkins, "as I said

afore, I ain't one ter be run off'n a trade by a thrip ur a sevenpence, an' I aia't a-goin' ter stan' on a doller nuther-soil's a trade," and dismounting he took the saddle off the horse and laid it on the ground.

pocket without counting it, when the two rode off in different directions, Larkins looking over his shoulder when he had lids.—New York Sun. gone a little way to call out : "I'm afraid you've done stuck me again, an' this here tradin' sperrit is a-goin' ter ruin me yet, but I can't he'p it."

gaged. He had a switch in his hand, and gave his new horse a sharp cut with it which seemed to have about as exhilarat ing an effect on him as it might have had

"Durn ther hoss !" said Sam, laving on the switch two or three times, and finding the animal didn't quicken his gait, "he' the crawlin'est crittur I ever seed.'

Then he began to think that perhaps he hadn't stuck Larkins so badly in this last trade. The mule he had parted with was steed he bestrides to have so much ears and so kttle tail as the former is generally blessed with. However, he rode on to the village tavern, where he found some of his cronies idling about.

"Hello, Sam!" said one of them, "got yer another glass eyed hoss?" "He ain't got but one eye," replied Sam,

"but that's a good one." "Well, he's a right nice lookin' crittur. anyhow," said another, "an' he's es slick an' shiny as a greasy nigger. Git down, Sam, an' le's have some fun."

Sam dismounted and tied his horse to the rack, and the young men went into the tavern, where the sounds of much merriment were soon heard.

There had been signs of coming rain his head bowed patiently, taking what the Herald, god sent until it ceased, when he shook himself and looked wistfully with his one eye toward the tavern door. By and by one of the noisy crowd looked

"Hello!" he said, "it's been a rainin', an' a rainin' hard," The next instant he called out to Sam. tiresome .- Chicago Herald.

"Come here, Sam," he shouted; "w'at's ther matter with yer hoss?"

Sam came to the door, "That sin't my hoss," he said, looking at the animal tied to the rack. The black horse had changed his color and was now a dirty red, "Dut whar is my hoss! Durn it! some feller's been here an' stole my hoss an' left that crittur"-and then, I'm sorry to record it, that good boy, Sara-Dover, said some very bad word, and going in front of the horse, as the representative of the supposed thief, shook his fist in his face. But he had hardly done so when he started back,

By this time all the company within the tavern had assembled at the door. "Wat's ther tentier, Same" asked one "Wat's come er yer black hom." said

But Sam said not a word. He steed looking in the horse's face, and his quertioners came out and did the some. "Well-I'll-be-durned," and one of them, "ele Zeke come back, aute ca i'm a

"Ole Zeke?" said another.

"Yes, thet's him."
"Terber sho' it is," said Sam, "an' Pd like ter fin' ther feller w'at brought 'im here an' tuck my black hoss,"

"W'at w'ald yer do, San?"
"I'd give 'ha thir durnedes' lickin' yer ver seed a man git." "Well, I dunno of yer able, but yer his jis' pitch in an' try of yer hin lick yerse'f. It'll be bout an even fight, I reckin, an'

I won't bet on nary one uv yer."
Sam looked at the speaker in a bewildered way. "W'at do yer mean, Peter "Jes' this here: thet thar's ther hoss yer tied thar yerse'f; ther rain's jis'

washed ther paint off'n im-that's all. Look a here," and Pete rubbed his hand Sam was satisfied with the result of t his experiment, and, refusing to answer my questions mounted Zeke and role

tion as to the final outcome—or rather, outco—of his speculations in horseffesh. The tried to persuade himself that he had done very well to get steady old Zeke back, notwithstanding the invariable result of his calculations, which resolved themselves into about this form:

Obi Zeke + \$25 - William Hinry, Willinn Timry - breath of life = O \$25 and wo glass eyes carried over. One mule ? 14 - Old Zeke, which always left Sam one mule † \$14 any way he could fix it, with an actual gain of two glass eyes that he had no earthly use for, unless he should bestow one of them on Zeke, who would probably, if consulted, beg to be Times Democrat.

Mineral Wealth of Siberia.

It is one of the fluest undeveloped countries in the world, and it is really difficult to exaggerate the enormous wealth of this "Stick yer! Why, shake alive, man! gigantle region. The soil is of almost in-was me was stuck in 'tother trade,' exhaustible wealth and the crops magnifi-Sam got down and examined the horse, cont. There is almost no limit to the pro-looking in his mouth, in his one eye, and duction of the land. The Russians themthere might be something deceptive in immensity of their natural wealth, and that beautiful black appendage.

"Oh, he's all right," said Larkins; it at all. Siberia, so far from being a "ain't no glass eyes nor nothin' er that region of desolation and of death, is a sort 'bout 'im." northern Australia, with larger rivers, more extensive forests, and mineral wealth Well, I reckin he's somep'n over ten | not inferior to that of the inland continent.

from end to end with railways, and in this matter the Russian government is showing a large and wise policy. The magnificent water communications-for it is irrigated from end to end with some of the largest rivers in the world, navigable for thousands of miles through fertile and richly wooded lands destined to be the iome of millions of colonists and a canal is now being made between the Obl and the Yanisci, which will enable goods to be conveyed by water the whole way from Tiumen to beyond Lake Baikal. At Tiuman there is a railway which passes through the Ural mountains to Ekalerine burg and Perm, through the heart of the -English Paper.

Another Fashionable Pad. The shop mirls and East Side belies have call that every one sees the blacking as for as the girls themselves are discomitted The apparatus for this is on sale in every drug store, and is simply a pencil of black cosmetic exactly like what men use on their beards and mustaches. It is thacking on a barks of groups. The fashionable women use it to touch the lashes of the way that will make them conspicuous Some who think their eyes too sumligan. The change of saddles and bridles was soon made, and Sam handed the money over to Larkins, who shoved it into his old trick of the stage. But the girls who

The English Engagement State. An engagement slate is one of the things which the very English girl finds Sam rode along pondering over the little it necessary to have on her deck. They transaction in which he had just been enthe ancient devices invented for ink stands are brought out and used for them. For instance, one of them is imbedded in a tangle of curved notting and has two lawn tennis racquets crossed above it and a tiny ink stand concealed in a ball, which lies in a racquet in frost of it. The cugazement "slate," be it under by I, is really a eard, with blanks for cools day in the week. A porcelain tablet would be much more convenient, and, as it could be cleaned, would enable one to keep a rocord for a fortnight without any trouble, but

A Peculiar Masonic Lodge,

There is in London a passonic lodge membership to which is litabled to men possessing either literary or artistic qualifleations. It is called the folio of the Quartner Coronati, and Sir Charles Warren was president and Walter Besant treasurer, from its foundation in 1884 until recently, when Sir Charles was compelled by the constitution to retire. He was presented on his retirement with thirty books, all written by members of the lodge. - New York Sun.

A Car of Wood Pulp. A manufacturer in New York state is engaged in drafting a design for a car to since the early morning, and while the roisterers were making it lively within doors, Pluvius commenced to pour dawn his showers without, and the horse, which | track it would simply bound into the air Sam had forgotten all about, stood with and settle down into its place.-Chiquee

> Inventor of the Chestaut Ecll. The credit of inventing the chestaut Sugar Cured Meats, Hams, Bacob, Lard, etc., ctc. Fresh Oysters in Can and Bulk bell is now ascribed to Senor Robledo, formerly Spanish minister of the Later of who used to use it in the cortes ten years ngo when any speaker's remarks became

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