

WEAR FALSE TAILS.

FASHIONABLE HORSES OWE MUCH TO DECEPTION.

Wigmakers Do the Work—No Trouble to Match Horses When the Tails Differ—Artifice Is Much in Favor in the Chicago Boulevards.

From Chicago Tribune: "Hello, John! Isn't that the mare I saw you driving this morning?" "Yes, certainly it is. What of it?" "Well! She had a short tail then, and now she is carrying a regular waterspout; what does it mean?" "Why, just this. I had her tail cut off so as to be in the fashion, and when it was done I didn't like it, and so I got a tall made, and ninety-nine people out of a hundred don't know the difference." And this conversation between two regulars in Grand boulevard opens up the question of what may be called a horse's toilet. A horse of beautiful conformation may or may not have a good tail. If he has not a full one to start with no amount of docking can disguise the fact. And more horses carry artificial tails than the everyday world knows of. Neither is it a recent fashion. Old-time horsemen like George Bishop or Dunn Walton will tell you that as long as they can remember, and their memories will go back half a century, the made-up tail has figured in the furniture of a first-class stable, and both of them have earned lots of money in setting up and straightening tails, and know what they are talking about. Fifty years ago, when the harness horse world knew nothing about class races, when every event was a match, artificial tails were in use, not so much as an adornment, but to befog the betting element. Those were the days of Moscow, Ripton, Flora Temple, Tacony, Lady Moscow, and Hero, the pacer, and all of their kind, were horses with bobbed tails, as any one who has seen pictures of Flora Temple, the first trotter to beat 2:20, or any of her contemporaries, can verify. Well, now and again a man with a fast trotter would make a match for a big stake, the said trotter being disguised on the day of the race with a false tail, and perhaps a forehead mark painted out. All's fair in love and war, and also in trotting matches. And the cult has survived to this day.

Leonard Jerome in New York had a four-in-hand team of fine looking bays, up headed, high steppers, and every one had the crowning glory of a horse—a full, flowing tail. Old John Baudouine, another four-in-hand whip of by-gone days, had a team of elabors, and was a road rival to Jerome. But one of his leaders, the best horse of the bunch, had a rat tail, and so the appearance of his team was spoiled. "Get a tall made for that offender," suggested a friend, and he did; not a taxidermist's cured tail, but a regular out-and-outer, made by a wigmaker. It cost a lot of money, but that didn't matter, and after that, on the question of tails, the Jerome and Baudouine teams were equal. That was about the time when all the carriage horses in Gotham were trotting bred, though many people seem to think that the use of the trotter as a heavy harness horse is of recent date. The carriage horses of that day were for the most part big animals, sixteen hands or over and according to their breeding they had good full tails or the reverse, and it was then that the false tails were first used, just as they are today, though few people knew of it. It was a date when breeding from old Abdallah stock and from Star mares was close up, and almost every horseman of middle age knows that Abdallah had a rat tail and perpetuated it, and a Star tail was as narrow and attenuated as a Jupiter foot. On the question of horses' tails, there are any number of people who have an impression that the short flag, or bobtail, is a recent adaptation of an English fashion. If it be an imported style, it is not at all of recent date, unless sixty or seventy years ago can be considered so. All of the old-time prints of famous horses show them with short tails; and if the manner in which the said tails were carried means anything, they were pricked and docked. An old-time dealer, who used to bring many a good load of horses to this city, always had every horse in the lot pricked and docked and pulled. They would arrive with full tails, standing well out, and purchasers could have them cut to any length desired—eight or ten inches or banded—it did not matter which.

In this city today there are many well-known road horses flaunting splendid full tails which do not belong to them. But it is a delicate subject, and the mention of names would be offensive. But, for instance, a year or two since a member of the inner ring of Gas bought a roadster for a good solid figure. In conformation and color he was a perfect mate for one already in the stable. But the stable horse had a full tail; the latest purchase had a thin one. Today he carries as good a tail as his mate, but it's art, not nature. In New York there are many examples of the false tail. The trotter Hugh McLaughlin, which Charles Moser used to drive for a well-known Brooklynite, was a ratted horse, but few people knew it, for he had an artificial tail that was a triumph of the wigmaker's art. McLaughlin was by Aberdeen, and little can be said of Aberdeen's tail, just because there was little of it. One of the most natural looking tails ever seen in New York was made for a roadster owned by the late William Johnson, he who was warden of the Tombs in Sharkey's day. Johnson was

a trotter sired by Conklin's Star, and like all the Stars, he had a thin tail. At that time Barker, the theatrical wigmaker, was in all his glory, and Barker made a tall for Johnson's roadster that was a dream, it was so natural. It was one of your tails cut off a dead horse, boned and cured by a taxidermist. It was made hair by hair on a black net to fit on the roadster's caudal appendage, and when on it floated out full and free, as any well regulated tail should do. And that tail goes through Central Park today on the little mare first mentioned, and that in spite of the fact that it was made more than twenty years ago. A tall such as this is easily fitted. A cloth is wrapped around the stump, an end left loose. This is passed down the net, on which the artificial tail is built up. The loose end is pulled through at the bottom—the net is just a long, narrow bag—the cloth removed, the artificial appendage buckled on the crupper, and there you are. And if any driver gets tired of a short flag tail can be accommodated today with a regular waterspout.

THE RED FLAG.

A Danger Signal Was Hoisted Over the Melon Patch.

A man was out driving one afternoon and went beyond the limits of Westport, says the Kansas City Star. He was jogging along the road taking things easy, more interested in his fair companion than in the landscape. Suddenly he pulled his horse in. Down the road he saw a red flag fastened to a pole stuck in the fence post. He stared at it silently for some minutes. "What is it?" asked his companion uneasily. "I can't make out. Perhaps it's a rifle range. Maybe they're blasting. Anyway, it's a danger signal," he replied. He drove forward cautiously, stopping now and then to look at the red flag. There being no visible evidences of danger, he proceeded, and saw, hitched to the fence post by a long rope, the meanest mule in Missouri. It was humpbacked and skinnny. Its loose hide was scarred and worn bare in patches. Its ears were ragged and its eyes were red. Its hoofs were abnormally developed. The rope by which it was tied was short enough to keep it out of the highway—beyond that was evidently danger. An old farmer sat on the fence in the shade of an apple tree across the road. "What's that flag for?" asked the man who was driving. "That flag means keep away from the mule," answered the old man. "Then why in thunder, 'don't you tie him up in your barn or in a field?" asked the driver. "That mule," replied the farmer, "is better than a constable or a bulldog. See that patch of muskmelons? The boys 'round here use to skin that patch most regular, an' I couldn't keep 'em out. They'd win every dog I set to watchin' 'em, but they can't win the mule. I lost so much sleep watchin' the patch that I got nervous prostration. Then I thought of ole Bill there, and we put him out. It took six neighbors to do it. He didn't want the job. I don't know how we're ever goin' to get him back again—shoot the rope in two, I guess. But every one about here knows Bill, an' you bet them melons is safe while he's there. You see, his rope is just long enough to cover the patch. Well—so long."

Dickens and His Cat.

Charles Dickens was a lover of cats. He owned a large white one named Williamina who selected a corner of his study for her kittens and brought them in from the kitchen one by one. Dickens had them taken away again, but Williamina persisted in bringing them back. The third time of their removal she did not leave them in the corner, but instead placed them at her master's feet and taking her stand beside them, looked imploringly up at him. Most of the family were finally given away; only one remained. The little creature followed Dickens about like a dog and sat beside him while he wrote. One evening the author was reading at a small table upon which was a lighted candle. As usual the cat was at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book and relighted the candle. It was only when the light became dim again that he turned suddenly and found the kitten deliberately putting the light out with her paw. She was lonely, she wanted to be petted, and this was her device for bringing it about.

"Obey Your Orders."

In Franklin's "Memories of a Rear-Admiral," a good story is told of a naval officer whose tact enabled him to obey orders and to do as he pleased. Commodore Truxton distinguished himself during the war of the revolution, and subsequently commanded the naval station at Baltimore. Commodore Stewart commanded a brig which was fitted out there, and had been ordered by Truxton to proceed to sea on a certain day. Stewart reported on that day that it was impossible for him to sail, as he had not yet hoisted in his mainmast. "Obey your orders," replied Truxton. Stewart sailed forthwith, towing his mainmast astern. Fortunately the wind was fair, and when he reached a point beyond the limits of Truxton's command, he anchored, hoisted in his mainmast, completed his preparations for sea, and then sailed.

Disease in Books.

In order to prevent the spread of disease by means of library books, a sterilizing apparatus has been brought out in New York. It consists of a double-walled box of iron, in which are shelves for the reception of the books,

OUR FRIENDS, THE GERMANS.

Bonds That Connect Us with the Fatherland.

To war against Germany would be to war against our own flesh and blood. No European country, with the exception of Great Britain, has so large a representation in our citizenship as the fatherland. In the decade ending with 1890, over 1,400,000 immigrants came to us from Germany, more than a fourth of the total immigration from all Europe in that period. Several of our large cities, including Cincinnati and Milwaukee, have a larger percentage of German-born citizens than of all other foreigners put together. And these people are among our most loyal, substantial and valuable citizens. They are not wanting in love for the land of their birth, but they love the land of their adoption still more. They are true Americans. A common love of learning is another strand in the bond uniting us with the German people. Nowhere in the world is the leadership of Germany in various fields of scholarship so fully and frankly recognized as in the United States. We send many of our brightest young men to sit at the feet of her great teachers and to drink deep at her springs of learning. We glory in her unparalleled achievements in the domains of science and philosophy. Toward the country of Goethe and Schiller, of Luther and Humboldt, we can never be set in hostile array. But stronger, perhaps, than any other strand in the bond that unites us with Germany is our common trade interest. The shuttles of commerce, flying swift and fast across the seas for a hundred years, have woven us together by golden threads that may not easily be severed. Last year we sent Germany breadstuffs, manufactured products and other articles to the value of \$123,784,453. Germany sent us back in exchange chemicals, cloth and other useful things to the value of \$111,210,614. With no other country except Great Britain does our volume of trade reach such proportions as this. We export to Germany more than twice as much as we do to France, and more than twelve times as much as we do to Spain. And the volume of trade between America and Germany is more evenly balanced than between us and any other country in the world. We take nearly as much as we give. A friendship based on such considerations as these will not be lightly broken.—Leslie's Weekly.

WASN'T AWED

By the Engineer's Accomplishments—One Thing Fuzzied Him.

One of the delegates attending the recent convention of civil engineers in Detroit left this story, says the Detroit Free Press: "Just as was stated by the president in his opening address, the importance and accomplishments of civil engineering are not held in the popular appreciation they deserve. It is simply because the great majority do not understand. They approve of our works, but do not comprehend the knowledge required in producing them. When considerably younger I was up in the northern part of our state surveying the route of a proposed railway. An old farmer with whom I had stopped for a time admitted one day when he saw me figuring in the field that mathematics always seemed a wonderful thing to him. Being young and enthusiastic, I began to enlarge on its wonders, telling him how we could measure the distances to different planets and even weigh them, how we could accurately foretell the coming of a comet or an eclipse years in advance of its actual occurrence, determine the velocity of the fiercest projectile, ascertain the height of mountains without scaling them and many other things which I meant should astonish him. You can imagine how he set me back when he replied to this brilliant array of facts by saying: 'Yes, yes; them things does seem kinder cur'us, but what allus bothered me was to understand why you have ter carry one fur ev'ry ten. But if you don't do the durned thing won't come out right.'"

Unpleasant Choice.

learns many things from his guide—caution among the rest. One man, noticing that his guide tapped with his foot each hollow log and stump in a certain pathway, before stepping on or past it, inquired the reason. "Looking out for snakes," was the reply. "What kind of snakes?" asked the traveler, with an unpleasant sensation along his spine. "Moccasins," returned the guide. "What makes you walk on the logs, or so close to them, then?" demanded the uneasy traveler. "Why don't we walk off there, where the ground is solid?" "Well, you can try it," said the guide, launching a vigorous kick at a stump and then mounting it. "You moughtn't sink below yer waist,—and then agin you mought."

Local Anesthesia.

An English physician has discovered a way of producing local anesthesia without the loss of consciousness or the use of ether or chloroform. He uses moderate currents of electricity frequently interrupted.

Taking His Measure.

Dudeleigh—I-aw, would like some collars. Salesman—Yes, sir. What size, please? Dudeleigh—I-aw, guess fourteen inches is about the pwopah thing. Salesman—Yes, sir. Height or length? Dudeleigh—

Willie's Criticism.

Willie—Say, pa, are you a self-made man? Pa—Yes, my son, and I'm proud of it. Willie—But, pa, why didn't you use a looking glass?

FEAR OF DEVIL FISH.

MARINE MONSTER DREADED BY SEAMEN.

Onychoteuthis to Loligo—Not One Species, but Several, Each Peculiar to Some Different Part of the World—Salvage—Horrible Adventures.

Among such primitive peoples as still exist, not the least curious or notable trait which universally obtains is the manner in which all things unknown, or which they are unable to comprehend, are by common consent ascribed to the devil. Not to a devil as one of a host, but the devil par excellence, as though they understood him to be definable only as the master and originator of whatsoever things are terrifying, incomprehensible, or cruel. Many eminent writers have copiously enriched our literature by their researches into this all-prevailing peculiarity, so that the subject has, on the whole, been well thrashed out, and it is merely alluded to en passant as one of the chief reasons for the epithet which forms the title of this article. Now it will doubtless be readily admitted that sea-folk retain, even among highly civilized nations, their old-world habits of thought and expression longer than any other branch of the population. This can scarcely be wondered at, since to all of us, even the least imaginative, the eternal mystery of the ocean appeals with thrilling and ever-fresh effect from time to time that we come into close personal relations with it. But when those whose daily bread depends upon their constant struggle with the mighty marine forces who are familiar with so many of its marvels, and saturated with the awe-inspiring solemnity which is the chief characteristic of the sea, are in the course of their avocations brought suddenly in contact with some seldom seen visitor of horrid aspect arising from the gloomy unknown depths, with one accord they speak of the monster as a "devil fish," and the name never fails to stick. So that there is not one species of the devil fish, but several, each peculiar to some different part of the globe, and inspiring its own special terror in the hearts of mariners of many nations. Of the devil fish that we in this country hear most about, and is indelibly portrayed for us by Victor Hugo, the octopus, so much has been written and said that it is necessary now to do much more than make passing allusion to the family. But the cephalopoda embrace so vast a variety that it seems hardly fair to single out of them all the comparatively harmless octopus for opprobrium, while leaving severely unmentioned the gigantic onychoteuthis of the deep sea, to say nothing of many intermediate cuttle fish. From the enormous mollusc just mentioned—which is, not unreasonably, credited by seamen with being the largest fish in the ocean—to the tiny loligo, upon which nearly all deep water fish feed, hideousness is their prevailing feature, and truly appalling of aspect some of the larger ones are, while their voracious voracity makes them veritable sea scavengers, to whom nothing comes amiss live or dead. When a youngster I was homeward bound from Saint Ana with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campeche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster some eighteen feet across, and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head. There, what appeared to be two curling horns about three feet apart, rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eye as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming are ghastly, green and cruel; but this thing's eyes were all these and much more. I felt that the book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet. Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water, soundlessly, to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates. Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the daytime. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous splash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that bat-like leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe-inspiring horrors capable of playing gambling. At another time, while mate of a barque loading in the Tonalá river one of the Mexican mahogany ports, I was fishing one evening from the vessel's deck with a very stout line and hook for large fish. A prowling devil fish picked up my bait, and feeling the hook, as I suppose, sprang out of the water with it. I am almost ashamed to say that I made no attempt to secure the thing, which was a comparatively small specimen, but allowed it to amuse itself until, to my great relief, the hook broke and I recovered the use of my line, my evening's sport quite spoiled. These ugly monsters have as yet no commercial value, although from their vast extent of flat surface they might be found worthy of attention for their skins, which should make very excellent shagreen. A closer acquaintance with them would also most probably divest them of much of the terror in which they are held at present.—Cornhill Magazine.

HOME-MADE PHILOSOPHY.

The man with a crooked knee has a hull lot of ups un downs in life.

Salvashun un patent mediseen almernecks are free, un are seldum apperecheated. If salvashun was sold at one thousand dollars cash, everybody wud be layin' up munny to buy a supply of it.

A bear is allers lean durin huckleberry harvest. There is a time fur awl things, even fur beazle lie un huckleberries.

A hornet thinks it is cheaper to build a new house every spring, than to clean up the old one. A hornet makes hizz own paper, un snaps hizz stinger at the American paper trust.

Luv is no more than a selfish desire to make yoor own seleckshun in selecktin a wife or husband. If she has got munny, yoor luv seems to grow more abundant.

Wen two ant colonies go to war over the possesshun ov a werm, God seems to be on the side ov the strongest, jist the same as in human affairs.

There are sum things durin sum timze that pay better un more promptly than prayer. No contrary cow wuz ever yit known to git her tail twisted in answer to prayer.

Life iz like a game ov checkers—it takes skeemin and deceevin to git inter the king row, and skeamin and deceevin to keep the other feller out ov the king row, soze yoo kin jump him easy.

Awl wuz not gold in Alaska that glittered in the sooze paperze, but many a man hadter go awl the way ter Dawson City to git the dazzle took outter hizz eye.

Men who are supposed to drink in the musick wen the singer has a likwid voice, but the most ov 'em go out between reets to drink in somethin that iz more satisfyin to the stomachick.

Wisdom sours un sobers a man down to lookin the naked truth in the face with painful awe; but it is possibull for a fool to be merry over the loss ov brains.

The plan ov salvashun has been made so plain that no two preachers kin see the same color at the bottom; but they do seem to agree on the point that there really must be a bottom to it sumwhere, ov some color.

If it wuz possibull for a man to cum back from the grave after bein dead for a thousand yeeze, what a grade liar we wud call him if he told us ov it.

People never git to old and toothless to chew the rag. If old age wuz as full ov wisdom as it is full ov argamint, the U. S. Senate wud do sumthin more than agitate her jaw.

The grasshopper is a grate jumper, but never knoze ware heeze good to light till he gets thare. Some good people jump inter det jist ax blindly.

The roosterze crow is a boastful threath throwd out for the benefit ov other nearby roosterze; but the industrious old hen simply brags ov wot sheeze already dun.

When yoo meet a man hooze very smille sets your teeth on edge with a desire to shuv in his face with a brick, don't have anything to do with him. The averidge man iz jist as mean ax he looks.

A grate many people have a hull lot ov religyun stored away so carefully that they can't find it at awl wen some poor son-ov-a-saddeuces cumz along beggin for old kloze un cold grub.

A grate many people believe in a devil, un act like one, as near as they kin without a tall.—Finnickey Finnukin in Pa. Grit.

Grant's Friendship for a Turk.

When General Grant visited Jerusalem, he found Reouf Pacha in the position of governor of that wonderful city, says Sidney Whitman, F. R. G. S., in Harper's Magazine. A strong friendship sprang up between the thin-lipped tactician general and the suave, courtly, and yet most simple-minded pacha. It is many years ago now, but Reouf still loves to talk of his meeting with Grant as one of the few truly great men he had met in his life. And as for Grant's opinion of Reouf, I understand from a good source that, before leaving Jerusalem, Grant assured him that if he were again elected president of the United States he would ask the Sultan to send him as Turkish minister to Washington.

Cause for Worry.

Alice—Oh, dear! I wish I knew whether Jack really loves me as much as he says he does! Bess—I wouldn't worry about it, dear. Alice—I can't help it! If he does I'm afraid he is foolish; and if he doesn't he is deceiving me.

Pen Versus Sword.

The warriors about the sword leaps out.

And glory close attends it; They main, they kill, they fight until A pen scratch quickly ends it.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NO "CRIMINAL SUGGESTION."

Hypnotists Dispose of the Idea That There Is Any Such Thing.

At a recent meeting of the British Medical Association, held in Edinburgh, the subject of hypnotism was a principal topic of discussion, and many interesting statements were made by physicians and other scientific investigators concerning it. That it has been usefully employed in curing some persons of the morphia habit and of the drink habit seemed to be established, but as to its general value as a therapeutic agent there was much difference of opinion, and no conclusion was reached. An interesting point that was left unsettled was: "Does the hypnotizer infuse power into the mind of the patient, or merely evoke it?" Instances were given of cases where there was actual transmission of power from the hypnotizer to the hypnotized, but in the large majority of cases no such transmission occurred. Naturally the "criminal suggestion" feature of the subject was most debated, and Dr. Bramwell, an eminent London physician, stated that he had not during his nine years' experience with hypnotism ever seen an instance where a patient had received the least suggestion of an act that would be repugnant to him in his normal state. To a question by one of the members, "Whether the hypnotized patient could be got to sign a check for £500 under the statement that it was only for £5," Dr. Bramwell replied: "Absolutely and certainly not. A hypnotized subject did not lose one single power which he had in the normal state; on the contrary, he gained others." This is quite interesting and goes far to disprove the sensational stories that have appeared in the newspapers from time to time concerning hypnotism as a defense in criminal cases. Novelists have also been active in disseminating the belief that persons can be influenced by hypnotic suggestions to perform acts they would not perform when in a normal condition. Dr. Bramwell and other scientific investigators have now quite effectually exploded this delusion.

A SIRDAR'S BULLET.

Gen. Kitchener's Singular Experience in the Campaign of 1888.

The Sirdar of the army in Egypt, on whom the eyes of Englishmen are now turned from every quarter of the empire, has had a very extraordinary experience, having swallowed a bullet with which he had been wounded, and which he now preserves as a memento. During the campaign of '88 Major Kitchener was hit in the side of the face by a bullet, during a skirmish near Suakin, and was taken down the Nile, and thence to the Citadel hospital at Cairo, where, despite all the efforts of the surgeons, the bullet could not be located, the X-rays being then unknown. On the authority of Sergeant Bilton, late of the medical staff corps, who is now in London, and who was then specially detailed to look after the injured officer, the wound was a healthy one, and very soon healed, and the medical officers came to the conclusion that the bullet had worked its way out without being noticed on the passage down the Nile. Bilton one day tempted his patient's appetite with a tasty beef steak, which the major had no sooner attacked than he put his hand to his throat exclaiming: "Bilton, if there's no bone in the steak, I've swallowed that bullet; I felt it go down." This proved to be the case, the bullet passing through the alimentary canal without injury to the distinguished officer.

Hebiling Spurgeon.

The recent autobiography of the late Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon contains an account of what may be termed an early business venture, and its influence on his character. Spurgeon was brought up on Watts' hymns; but not altogether willingly. His grandmother coaxed him with money to learn them. At first she gave him a penny, but when she saw how easily it was earned, the old lady reduced the prize to a halfpenny and then to a farthing. There is no telling how low the amount per hymn might have fallen, but just at this time his grandfather made a discovery which seemed more desirable to Spurgeon. He discovered that his house was overrun with rats, and offered his grandson a shilling a dozen for all he could kill. The occupation of rat-killing gave him more money than learning hymns. "But," Mr. Spurgeon characteristically says, "I know which employment has been the more permanently profitable to me."

A Big Boiled Dinner.

Cooks in large hotels and boarding houses may think they get up meals on a big scale, says the Portland Transcript, but when it comes to wholesale cookery the little village of Lias, on the London & Southwestern Railway, England, surpasses them all. At a barbecue held there not long ago an ox was boiled—not roasted—whole; and this is how it was done: A large hole was dug in the ground and lined with brick. Inside this a tank large enough to hold the ox was built. The carcass was then lowered into the tank, having first been placed in a case formed by heavy cross-bars, to which chains were attached. Pulleys from a scaffolding above were used to raise and lower the ox. Many vegetables, such as carrots, onions, cabbages and potatoes, were boiled with the meat. The boiling required seven hours.

Love at first sight often causes the victims to wish they had consulted an oculist.