

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE HUSBAND.

At a Scrovis dinner recently the lady who responded to the toast "Our Husbands" gave the following verses:

Who weds because we are so dear
And then forgets when it is here—
The anniversary every year
The husband.

Who when he's donning evening clothes
Weds with an angel come to blows
And lets the whole house hear his woes?
The husband.

Who sometimes makes us quail and quake
With tales about the bread and cake
His mother used to make and bake?
The husband.

Who calls the landlord with a frown
And then slips out and goes to town
And while they talk that landlord down?
The husband.

But when the clouds are dark and gray
And rain seems not far away,
Who takes the helm and saves the day?
The husband.

Who grumbles lots, as well we know,
That here no wine shall ever flow,
Yet in his heart is glad 'tis so?
The husband.

And so, in water pure and clear,
Fit emblem of our sisters here,
I drink the health of those so dear—
Our husbands.

—Detroit Free Press.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"You see, my boy," said Uncle Hobart, "matrimony is a dangerous thing. You take a house for, say, a year, and if it doesn't suit at the year's end it is altogether different. You can neither sell nor exchange her—it's a life-long bargain."

"But, Uncle Hobart," said the nephew and heir apparent of that gentleman, "let's take another view of the matter. Suppose that she is all that is lovely, excellent and desirable?"

Uncle Hobart Renshaw rubbed his nose.

"As an inveterate bachelor of five and fifty he was naturally inclined to take the less sanguine view of the case."

"Paul," said he, "it's of no use to argue the matter. A young man in love is a young man mad for the time being. If you've made up your mind to get married, not all the arguments in creation will avail against it. Only be sure you make a right choice. Remember how much depends upon it."

Paul Fontaine laughed good humoredly. Like all young men, he thought so much caution quite unnecessary.

"There are two sisters of these Lindleys, you say?" said Uncle Hobart reflectively, polishing his glittering spectacle glasses.

"Two, sir—Emily and Esther."

"Both of 'em pretty?"

"As twin blush roses, sir."

"There you go!" said Uncle Hobart testily. "Right into sentiment, just like a three volume novel."

"Well, sir, isn't it natural enough to compare a pretty girl to a beautiful flower? If I could think of any other comparison—"

"You needn't trouble yourself," interrupted Uncle Hobart. "What I want to find out is what they are like."

"Esther is bright and sparkling; Emily is all softness and refinement. Esther is a brunette, with the bluest hair I ever saw. Emily has chestnut curls and blue eyes, and a lovely, fair complexion."

"Exactly," Uncle Hobart hummed an old tune which had been popular in his youth:

Black eyes most dazle at a ball;
Blue eyes most please when shadows fall.
"And which do you like best, Paul, eh?"

"They are both of them charming!" energetically answered the young man. "Upon my life, uncle, I sometimes wish that the Turkish system prevailed here, and that I could marry both of them."

"Difficult to decide which is the most fascinating?" questioned Uncle Hobart.

"But the thing is, my lad, which will wash and wear the best for everyday life?"

"That is a question which the future will decide, uncle. Unfortunately we have no chemical test to decide the matter."

"Think not?" said Uncle Hobart dryly. "Look here, Paul, up to the present time you have only seen these girls through the chiroscuro of visiting dress and company manners. What would you give to behold them as they really are—to get a peep behind the scenes?"

"Half that I am possessed of, uncle!" cried out Fontaine, with animation, "if only to be able to satisfactorily prove to you, sir, how pure and noble and high souled they are. But all this is nonsense. Of course it is an impossibility!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Uncle Hobart. "You say that up to the present these girls do not know me personally or of my connection with the board of health. Well, it is true that I am neither a wizard nor a magician, but I am what is quite as useful in this matter—a sanitary official. I go into people's back doors when I wish it. I stride remorselessly through their kitchens and cellars when I want to see for myself rather than trust my inspectors. I am at liberty to take a down stairs view of the world. Eh, young man, what do you think of that?"

Paul Fontaine stared.

"I don't understand how—"

"But you will, doubtless, when I tell you that the Lindleys' house is in my district; that I have decided to go there tomorrow morning to see personally that all the drainage is perfect. If you choose to volunteer a little help, I'll disguise you as one of my men and—"

"With all my heart, uncle!" cried the young man, with glittering eyes and heightened color. "I fear no ordeal to which you can subject Esther and Emily. Believe me, the metal will ring true!"

"Well, we'll see," said Mr. Renshaw. "In the meantime suppose you ring for tea."

Mr. Hobart Renshaw was a man of property, but he was also a man of peculiarities. One of these was to earn

his borough surveyor's salary as honestly as if he depended on it for his daily bread.

People call him a miser, but little cared he for that. The widow, the fatherless and he that was ready to perish could tell a different tale, and Hobart Renshaw, quaint and eccentric though he was, could read the book of human character with an almost unerring eye.

"Run, Betty, run! It's that nuisance of a drainman again. It does seem to me as if he came about a great deal of tenor than it is at all necessary."

The Lindleys were people who kept up a grand appearance upon a comparatively disproportionate foundation. Their sitting room was elegantly furnished; their hall upholstered in Persian patterned Bassels, with rosewood rack and Gothic hall chair, but the kitchen was a gloomy, subterranean apartment, scantily furnished and uninviting in aspect.

Moreover, the Lindleys were struggling to keep up appearances on a moderate income, and Betty, the little workhouse girl, in her print frock and thick shoes, was the only servant they kept.

"Dear me! what is the young man sticking his nose in here for?" cried out Esther indignantly. "Does he expect to find drains in the fireplace or under the washbasins?"

"Please, sir, the sink's in the cellar, sir. This way, sir!" said Betty, clapping on ahead and turning open a cellar door whence rushed out a blast of shrilly damp air.

At the one glance into the kitchen had been enough. Esther, in a greasy pink dress, and her hair in a bristle of curl papers, sat before a tray, with a bowl in her lap, eating a 10 o'clock breakfast, while her pretty feet, thrust into a pair of badly worn slippers, displayed sundry unmentioned holes, and a soiled pocket handkerchief tied around her neck did duty in place of the neat collar or frill generally supposed to be necessary.

Mrs. Lindley was bending over a huge kettle of bubbling and boiling preserves upon the range, and at the washtub stood a slight, trim figure, with an apron tied around her waist and sleeves above the elbow, Emily herself, scrubbing away with the energy of a laundress, and her shining hair wound in lustrous braids around and about her small head.

Uncle Hobart, following closely at the heels of his nephew, was just in time to hear Esther's petulant voice from the other room sounding shrilly on their ears.

"It's too bad, mamma! The toast is scorched to a cinder, and the coffee isn't drinkable. I must have some fresh made!"

"Oh, Ettie, don't!" coaxed Emily. "Mamma is so tired, and she has so much to do! Won't a glass of milk do?"

"No, it won't! I must have coffee, and decent coffee, too!" asserted the brunette, tapping her pretty foot on the floor and knitting her jetty brows.

"Then I'll make it," said Emily, "if you'll wait until I get these collars rubbed out."

"I'd be ashamed to turn washerwoman," grumbled Miss Esther.

"I'm not ashamed of anything that is useful!" cried Emily, with spirit, "when papa works so hard and the washing bills are so heavy. It won't hurt either of us to do a little honest work and spare mamma all we can."

"Do leave off moralizing and get my coffee!" snarled Esther, who had evidently risen in an amiable mood.

And the borough surveyor and his bogus assistant, having no excuse for remaining longer, heard nothing more.

Paul Fontaine was silent as he walked along the street, but Uncle Hobart chuckled softly to himself.

"Nothing like an inside view!" said he. "The 'up stairs angel' often turns into a down stairs demon, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Paul, my boy, beware of brunettes. There's mischief behind the arch of those black brows. If you're determined to have a wife, take the one at the wash tub, the little girl who wanted to help her mother."

"I believe you are right, Uncle Hobart," said Paul.

"But tell me, Paul, how you came to choose me instead of Esther?" questioned the blue eyed bride as they stood together by the sea at Brighton the week after their wedding.

"Esther is so much prettier, so much lovelier than me. Every one likes Esther better than they do me. And do you know, darling, I half think that Esther was just a little disappointed that you didn't prefer her."

"Do you think so?" said Paul carelessly. "We can scarcely account for our preferences. Esther is very brilliant and beautiful, and when first we became acquainted I was fairly bewitched by her. But now I value the steady shining star of your love above all the will-o'-the-wisps in creation!"

But he never told her of his amateur sanitary inspection and Uncle Hobart's test of character.—London Tit-Bits.

Neatly Trapped.

Dr. Black, once the leading minister of Glasgow, and another clergyman, having a holiday in Cumberland, attended a little Scotch church and purposely went late and got into a remote corner of the church so that they might not be seen by the officiating minister. They learned, to their dismay, that they had been "spotted" when they heard the minister say in the intercessory prayers, "Lord, have mercy on thy ministering servants who have popped in on us so unexpectedly, one of whom will preach in the afternoon, and the other in the evening!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Present Moment.

The mill cannot grind with the water that is past. As little can it grind with what is to come. It can grind only with what is passing through it. We cannot make no use of time past. As little can we make no use of time to come. We can make use only of the passing moment.—Ram's Horn.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A DEAL IN PEANUT BRITTLE.

The Trading Venture of a Youthful Member of the Gratebar Family.

When they put the price of peanut brittle down to 12 cents a pound in the big stores, Maude Gratebar, the oldest of the Gratebar children, had an idea. Peanut brittle costs 20 cents a pound in the grocery stores and confectionery stores up around where the Gratebars live. Maude's idea was to take some of her money—she is thrifty and always has a little money—and buy peanut brittle at one of the big stores at 12 cents and job it out to the children at 20. She thought that she could rely on the trade of the Gratebar household, where she was well known, and the sequel showed that her confidence was not misplaced.

Maude bought three pounds of peanut brittle at 12 cents a pound, 36 cents; car fare added, 10 cents; total investment, 46 cents. Sold at 20 cents a pound, this would manifestly bring in 60 cents, so that Maude expected to make 14 cents on the deal. Trade opened very briskly. Philip and George and Clara, the other Gratebar children, transferred their entire trade in peanut brittle to the home store. Maude sold in any quantity asked for—a single penny's worth, if desired. This made it very handy for George and Clara, the two younger children, who could run into their mother's room and ask for a penny and then scoot into Maude's room and buy peanut brittle with it.

Maude used a toy scale and weights that had been given to one of the children as a Christmas present. This was bad, for the weights had never been sealed, and despite her thrift Maude is generous, and what between the unsealed weights and her own generosity, whenever the children bought 1 cent's worth she really gave them nearer 2 cents' worth, so that when the peanut brittle was half gone, and she should have had 30 cents, she really had only 21. But this loss might have been recovered and the deal still closed at a profit if Maude had not begun to give credit. Maude knew well enough that that wasn't business, but what could she do when little Clara came along and said mother'd gone out, and she wanted a cent's worth of peanut brittle and asked Maude to trust her for it till mother came in. Could Maude refuse to trust her own little sister for a cent's worth of peanut brittle? Why, certainly not. She let her have it.

At the end of a week George and Clara had run up a joint account of 10 cents. Then Maude shut down on them absolutely. No more peanut brittle, except for cash and the payment of all back indebtedness. That threw them all back upon their mother. Called upon for 10 cents all at once instead of for pennies separately, Mrs. Gratebar investigated. She found the two younger children in debt to Maude, and Maude herself uncomfortable over the situation. Philip had bought 10 cents' worth of brittle, so that the total cash receipts had been 81 cents. But even counting what the little children owed as good there wasn't brittle enough remaining on hand, even if sold for cash and at full price, to make good the original investment.

Things were getting complicated, and Mrs. Gratebar acted promptly. She paid the children's debts, and then at once bought the entire remaining stock of brittle and divided it among all the children. Mrs. Gratebar paid 10 cents for this remainder, so that after all Maude closed out the deal at a small profit, but it wasn't enough to pay for the bother, and that would have been sufficient to deter her from all such ventures in the future, even if this had not been the express understanding with which Mrs. Gratebar came to the rescue.—New York Sun.

Rose Colored Snow.

Said James in amazement,
"I thought you told me
That rose colored snow
On the ground I could see!"

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Strolling through the city's streets on a sunny day a merry band of boys and girls issuing from Sunday school, each bearing a picture paper in hand, attracted my attention. One among them, a sturdy lad of 6, led by the hand a little tot of 4. Great pools of water flooded the crossings. At each one the little fellow lifted his wee charge, and staggering beneath the burden, bore her safely over. Both by instinct and training the American boy early learns this lesson of care and attention to his girl playmates. Perhaps to this we owe the fact that the whole world over American men are held to be most chivalrous toward women, the most unselfish of husbands, the most indulgent of fathers, the most attentive of brothers and the most devoted of friends, thus causing the lot of American women to be looked upon as enviable by the women of all other nations.—Home Queen.

Revenge.

Customer—Waiter, what is there for dinner today?

Waiter (under notice to leave)—Oh, the same as usual—tough steaks, leathery fowls, sinewy beef and flavorless mutton.—London Tit-Bits.

The most cultivated minds are usually the most patient, most clear, most rationally progressive, most studious of accuracy in details.—James Martineau.

In Brazil there are said to be 800 languages and dialects spoken by the Indians.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Pillsbury learned to play chess while he was a clerk in a Boston dry goods store.

Archbishop Ireland is the only archbishop who wears the button of the Loyal Legion.

General Cassius M. Clay has tired of having governesses in his house for his young wife and has sent her to school.

Abram S. Hewitt, the well known New York reformer, was professor of mathematics at Columbia college 50 years ago.

W. R. Hearst of San Francisco has one of the largest and most valuable collections of extra illustrated books in the United States.

F. Marion Crawford is a broad shouldered six footer, with azure eyes. He is 41 and is a prodigious linguist, a marvelous musician and an expert fencer.

Paris de Chavannes, the famous French painter, is a tall, erect, broad shouldered man, with a snow white beard and hair closely cut to his handsome head.

M. Louis Coulon, a lawyer residing in Montlucan, France, began shaving when he was 12 years old, owned a beard a foot long by the time he had reached 14, and it now measures nearly eight feet in length.

General Sherman's daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Sherman Thackara, is a woman of literary attainments and has contributed some practical articles on training school work to the magazines. She lives very quietly in the City of Quakers.

Mark Twain has been quite an inventor. His first patent, taken out in 1871, was a strap for suspending trousers. He has been assignee of quite a number of patents, several of recent date. His patent scrapbook has been a success.

Among living statesmen Mr. Goeben writes probably the worst hand. He is said to have taken up one of his memoranda, and, after reading, "A man who writes like this ought to be in the public service."

Liliulokalani, the deposed queen of Hawaii, had a perfect passion for the collection of rope knots made by sailors of different nationalities who visited her domain. The result is what is said to be the largest and finest collection of the kind in the world.

It is a curious fact that Li Heng Chang, who is not a tobacco smoker, has one of the finest collections of smoking utensils in the world. He has pipes of all ages and from all parts of the world. He keeps adding constantly to his treasures in this line.

Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley, the wife of the African explorer and new member of parliament, has not a green gown, hat, wrap or garment in her wardrobe. For some unknown reason Sir Henry has a strong dislike or superstitious aversion to that color.

The last race at South Bend, Ind., Oct. 4, had to be finished by moonlight.

Monroe Salisbury has acquired the racing qualities of Oakland Baron, 2:14 1/2.

Rankin, who took a record of 2:24 1/2 in a pacing race at Sidney, O., is a broncho.

The difference between a cheap purse and a cheap race does not seem to be appreciated by some.

This certainly has been the worst year for bookmaking that has occurred since the art was developed.

Mrs. John A. Forepaugh, Philadelphia, has bought Pearl, 2:27 1/2, from Wood Campbell of Cleveland.

At Fleetwood recently Nathan Straus drove his roadster Cobwebs to a pneumatic tire wagon a mile in 2:31 1/2.

Miss Woodford, bay mare, by Saff Purdy, went a heat in 2:09 1/2 at Baltimore, clipping 4 1/2 seconds off her record.

John Seely, Joe Patchen's first trainer and driver, has a "counterpart" of that famous horse in Frank Patchen, 2 years old.

Hay in certain localities of Indiana is so scarce that farmers are turning their horses loose to starve or be taken care of by the humane.

San Bernardino, Cal., is to build a mile race track in the form of a figure 8, on the model of those in Melbourne and Sydney. It will be the only one of the kind in this country.

A horse never intentionally steps upon a man. In consequence of this there is a standing order in the British army that if a trooper should be dismounted he must lie still. It has been found that the whole squadron will pass over him without doing him injury.—Horseman.

Lions, tigers and other rapacious animals resort to the nests of the pelican to drink water, which they do without any attempt to injure the little fledglings.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Watts—Do you think a man can be a Christian on a dollar a day? Potts—I don't see how he can afford to be anything else.

WHEN WRINKLES SEAM THE BROW

And the locks grow scant and silvery, infirmities of age come on apace. To retard and ameliorate these is one of the benign effects of Houghton's Bismuth Balm, a medicine to which the aged and infirm can resort as a safe, reliable and invigorant. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and neuritis, improves digestion, stimulates and overcomes malaria. A wrinkleless brow is a sure promoter of slumber.

Alonso—You never heard of women cashiers running off with their employers' money. Henri—Not often; but when it does happen they take the employer too.

PINEOLA COUGH BALSAM

is excellent for all throat inflammations and for asthma. Consumption will invariably derive benefit from it, as it quickly soothes the inflamed membrane, soothes the cough, restores the appetite, and restores the system to its normal state. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of cough, cold, croup, whooping cough, and all other respiratory troubles. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of cough, cold, croup, whooping cough, and all other respiratory troubles. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of cough, cold, croup, whooping cough, and all other respiratory troubles.

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BRUISES.

No set of men in the world more aptly illustrate a certain important point than prizefighters. The point is with regard to the punishment they give and have to take. Whether victors or vanquished, they come out of a contest bruised from head to foot. That such men should be seen with all the blue spots cured seems marvelous, until we know that they have used St. Jacobs Oil. Everyone knows the virtue of the great remedy and that it will cure bruises, and the moral is all can profit by the example. If the fighter knows that he can be so easily cured, it is a lesson to all subject to hurts, they will lose no time from work if they use it.

JEWELRY NOVELTIES.

The English walnut and the hickory nut in enamel are mounted as stick pins.

Silver, gold and platinum wires, with or without the addition of precious stones, bent into the shape of rosacove form pretty patterns for brooches, earrings and studs.

Flower vases of chased gold and silver are made in many original shapes. Some consist of several cornucopias symmetrically arranged. One shows three sea nymphs holding up pretty elongated shells.

Flocks of butterflies and dragonflies have settled down to the jewelers' showcases. The dragonflies are newer and especially interesting. They are all in enamel and frequently studded with precious stones.—Jewelers' Circular.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure!

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Taylor, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KINMAN & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 1, 1891.

FITZ.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first dose. M. J. H. Kline, 1515 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GRAMA for breakfast.

My daughter was troubled with scrofula. A swelling formed in one of her ears and broke open. It discharged freely and the whole side of her head became affected. The trouble continued ten years and she lost the hearing in that ear. After an attack of typhoid fever she was left very weak. She coughed and raised a great deal. We resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking six bottles she was greatly improved. Now the sores are perfectly healed and she has good hearing in that ear.—Mrs. M. WILKINSON, Parham, Tenn.

From Infancy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. It is prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

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