

A REMARKABLE FRIENDSHIP. Existing Between the Famous Trotter Rarus and His Dog Companion.

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his remarkable friendship for a dog, says a writer in the Atlantic Monthly. When the horse was in California a freeman gave to Splan a wiry-haired Scotch terrier pup, who was then two months old and weighed when full-grown only two pounds. Splan in turn gave the pup to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall.

But to this terrier, who is described as possessing "almost human intelligence," the trotter took a great fancy, which the dog fully returned. They became fast and inseparable friends. "Not only," said Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup until I sold Rarus they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there trying to get out, while the horse, during the entire journey, was uneasy, restless, and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought we had better keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate at his side watching Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat and was unheeled, the dog would walk up and climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress. In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him, and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public Jim invariably knew what it meant, and it enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On the occasions the horse was shown the halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish these events from those in which the sulky was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter-stretch, and then, when the halt was made in front of the grand stand, Dave would stoop down and in a flash Jimmy would jump on his back, run up to his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people."

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner, Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was a bull terrier in charge, and one day when, for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him, but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall and would have made short work of the bull terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms.

A Napoleon in His Way. A well-known mad doctor has just died at Vienna. He had a large practice, a great reputation, and a curious, indeed a unique, experience. Napoleon was the great kingmaker of the century. Prof. Leedendorf was the great kingbreaker. No one medical man has had so large an experience. When in 1876 Sultan Mourad V. was to be deposed and Abdul Aziz set up on the throne the professor was sent for to Constantinople, examined his royal patient, and promptly declared him mad. There was no appeal from the decision. Later on, when Louis II. of Bavaria was getting unusually eccentric, his Ministers did not dare take any steps. They sent to Vienna for the professor, who seems to have had no difficulty in pronouncing him mad, and the members felt their responsibility at an end. Sometimes he would be sent for to St. Petersburg. The Romanoff family had failings. And the professor had to give his verdict. On all these occasions he got great fees. It was easy work. No doctor, not even a mad doctor, could doubt the insanity of the patients.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Match is Off. A certain well-known New Yorker, who has to hustle for his bread and molasses, this summer fell in love with a girl, and ever since August has been on the eve of proposing to her. His income is \$2,500 a year, but he wanted to be certain that he could pay all the expenses before rushing into the fray. He estimated that the rent and running expenses of a suburban residence would cost \$1,800 a year. He allowed \$350 a year for his personal expenses, and thought the girl could get along on a like sum. To be sure, he didn't expect to save any money while living at this rate, but like other young men had abounding faith in a special providence which would cause a long-forgotten uncle or other relative to die some time and leave him a fortune. So he asked an intimate friend of his lady-love how much the latter spent on her wardrobe during the year. The friend said: "Why, she told me only day before yesterday that her clothes cost \$1,600 a year, but she did think she could get along on \$1,500." The engagement has not yet been announced.—N. Y. Sun.

A New Rose. An entirely new rose, called the "rainbow rose," was exhibited at a recent flower show in San Francisco, and received the first prize. It is small, of a delicate shade of rose-pink, with darker bars running lengthwise of the petals.

An Old Subscriber. A Worcester (Mass.) journal claims to have a female subscriber who has been reading the paper for eighty-four years.

Senator Wolcott Tells a Yarn.

When United States Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, was in Chicago, he was, like every other distinguished visitor, taken to the Auditorium. He saw everything from foundation to copstone, and was then escorted to Mr. Peck's office, to tell the latter what he thought of it all. Wolcott is as full of fun as a goose is full of grease. After expatiating in most glowing terms upon the wonders of the great building, and speaking of the projectors and builders in terms which brought a modest blush to President Peck's face, the senator closed his encomiums with a story. "When I lived in New York some years ago," said he, "there was elected to the state senate a coarse, illiterate fellow from the Hudson River districts named Morrissey. It wasn't John Morrissey, of course, but another Morrissey was a rich liquor dealer, who wore loud clothes, costly jewelry and a blazing diamond. He was an Irishman and a jolly sort of chap, but with a very dense intellect. Like many others of his kind, he was fond of big words, and affected always the language of culture without knowing its use or its meaning. One time the senator came down to New York with some committee or other and stayed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Everything was new to him. He stared about a good deal, but was too shrewd not to attempt to conceal his curiosity. One morning the senator was missed. He had been seen but a moment before. So it was not thought that he had left the hotel. Search was made every where, but without success. Finally one of the committee found the senator on the top floor of the hotel wandering aimlessly about. 'Why, Morrissey, what in the world are you doing away up here,' exclaimed his friend. The senator drew himself up with a 'What's-that-to-you air,' and after a pause said with dignity, 'Sure I've been spending an hour in these cuspidors, wandering pro and con!'"

"And," continued Mr. Wolcott, "as I wondered 'pro and con' through the 'cuspidors' of the Auditorium I thought of poor Morrissey and what a treat it would have been to him to take the same journey.—Chicago Herald.

Saved by the Governor. In one of the Indiana prisons is a convict who is serving a life sentence for the commission of one of the most horrible of crimes, says the Indianapolis News. It has been said that no man is so bad that he has not friends. The friends of this man from the beginning of his sentence have never ceased to work for his pardon. Influential citizens and public officials have been induced to write personal letters to all the governors who have held office since the term of confinement began. Petition after petition has been prepared and hundreds of signatures secured. It is related that at one time a governor was almost persuaded to pardon the man. The sentiment in his favor seemed fairly overwhelming. As a last precaution he sent for his private secretary to talk over the whole case with the prisoner himself. The prisoner told his story forcibly, but so glibly as to indicate that he had carefully prepared it and committed it to memory. As his recital closed he drew a photograph of a beautiful young woman from his pocket. "The first thing I shall do when I am released will be to marry this girl," he said.

"Who is she?" asked the visitor. "She is Miss M.," he replied, "and is the daughter of one of the richest and grandest families in the city of. She will marry me the minute I am set free."

"How do you happen to know her?" "Oh, that's all right. She visited the prison one time and I got acquainted with her. She fell in love with me at first sight. Don't worry about me. I'm solid with her."

The secretary looked at the photograph again. The face shown there was delicate and refined, and every line indicated the confiding trustfulness of innocent girlhood. He looked at the prisoner. Evil and sin was stamped upon every feature. When the secretary made report to the governor he told the story of the photograph. The chief executive pondered over it awhile, then, bringing his fist down upon the desk with a force that set all his light furniture rattling, he said: "The photograph settles it. That sweet girl and the happiness of her home and friends must not be subjected to ruin and misery by any act of mine. The prisoner must serve his time."

A New Jersey Accommodation Train. The days of old in which knights were bold have passed, but fortunately the successors to some of these old covens are occasionally to be met with, even in these degenerate times. Some little time since a pretty little German-town girl sat in a bob-tail car, and opposite her was a young man who made many apparent attempts to begin a flirtation. Next to the young lady was an awkward looking youth, brawny and tall, who evidently lived on a farm in New Jersey. He observed the ogling of the man across the car for some minutes, while his face assumed an expression of great disgust. Turning to the young lady he stammered: "Don't you want that fule to stop?" The young lady said she did. The Jerseyman arose, and without further ado grasped the flirtatious youth by the neck with one hand, yanked the bell-strap with the other, opened the door, jammed the prisoner through it, and as he went out administered a parting kick. Then the farmer sat down again by the young lady, murmuring: "S-s-sorry I d-d-didn't hev a c-cage 'n' a chain—I'd eer liked ter t-t-take it h-home for a p-pet.—Philadelphia Press.

Man's Mental Superiority. Mrs. Hayseed (on a crowded New York thoroughfare)—Sakes alive! How air we goin' to git across the street? Mr. Hayseed (pointing to an elevated railroad station)—Now, see here, Amandy, you must stop actin' as if you was never in a city before. Can't you see that bridge?—N. Y. Weekly.

HORTICULTURISTS.—On July 7, 8 and 9 there will be a meeting of no little importance to our local horticulturists and no less to our average citizen who takes pride in our city's growth and that of the country. The State Horticultural Society and the State Board of Horticulture will for the first time hold meetings outside of Portland. No little responsibility rests with our people in regard to this matter. It behooves us to make an effort to entertain the members and friends of these organizations in a manner that shall be highly creditable to our community. Though horticulture in its various phases is not a strong feature to our industries locally, it is one that is worthy of more and better attention than we are giving it. This coming meeting will be attended by live horticulturists from all parts of the state, and the questions discussed will be such as are of present interest to all persons growing fruit. That the attendance from a distance will be good there is no doubt. Now, if our people will just turn out and give the speakers and visitors a generous reception all will carry away with them a favorable impression of our city and vicinity that may be of no small significance in our future welfare.

The total vote of the state two years ago was 60,208.

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