

THE FAMILY STORY



FASTEST HORSE EVER FOALED.

BUCK PATTERSON, owner of many cattle and many acres down in the Coast country, spent several days in San Antonio, taking in the races and other things, with myself as chaperon. The chief attraction at the races was the black pacer wonder, Joe Patchen. I have not, of late years, kept up with the horses, and my last impression of pacers was of the days when Sleepy Tom, Rowdy Boy, Mattie Hunter and Lucy used to travel around the country, putting in miles from 2:12 upwards. Thinking naught of the future, we thought such records marvelous.

Hence, when I saw Patchen slip easily around the half-mile track twice and the time for the mile was hung out, 2:08, I was prone to utter sundry yells, indicative of admiration and enthusiasm. But Buck was strangely silent and seemingly indifferent. I knew his love and appreciation for a good horse, his proneness to express himself very vociferously, and, wondering, asked him why he was as he was. Between heats of a slow class trot he told me:

"I've seen a horse that could pace a heap faster and keep it up a heap longer. I'm not yelling nor tearing my

been left with a cross bar over it, from post to post, about nine or ten feet from the ground. One night we tied a lot of ponies in there to have 'em handy next morning. We was all eating breakfast early, when here comes a nigger cook running down from the corral, his eyes just a-busting right out from his black face.

"Dat ar white pacer's up dar in de pen a-fightin' an' a-teazin' wid de ponies."

"We all slipped up a little draw what run back of the corral. I run round and got in the open gateway. The pacer see me right away, and broke straight at me, ears back and teeth a-showing. I took a skeer, turned round and jumped for that bar. I got a hot, and was a-drawing myself up, when he come a flying and pacin' right under me. I never knowed till then the quickness of a man's thinking. The horse went under me so fast no split timer ever made could a-caught it. Yet in that frazzle of a second, thinks I, 'I'll ride you now, d-n you.' I dropped, and lit right straddle of him, sorter back towards his rump. I flattened out right forward, stuck my heels in his flanks and got a saving holt with my arms round

quitting. If he sweat any, he cut the air so fast the wind dried it up, but the foam flew like whip lashes. I begin to think of all these here skeery stories about ghost horses, and witch horses, and a queer kind of sick feeling begun to spread around down in me some wheres. I lifted up my head, caught a look of where we was, and then you bet I was sure skeered, and it was solid, sure-enough thing to get rattled about, too. We was twenty miles away, and right in front of us, about a mile, was the Colorado River. I wouldn't a-cared a cuss for just water, but we was just a bulging straight for a place where I knowed the upland prairie broke right off short, and there was a straight fall down over a bluff of 200 feet. It wasn't no distance for that flying critter to cover. The place seemed to be coming up itself right at us. I loosened all holts, said a prayer and rolled off—ker-blum. I was 'tough in them days or something would a-broke when I hit the ground. I was a heap jarred, but I staggered up in time to see the horse pace right into the air off that bluff. Then there was nothing but the blue sky, the grass and the scattered trees whirling in a mad dance all around me. The fastest horse ever foaled had suicided. I fell down in a faint right where I was. The boys never found me till late in the day and they bring me to. If I'd a-stuck on—well, did you ever bust a red, ripe tomato against a rock wall—that's the way I'd a-looked at the bottom of them bluffs. This Patchen's pacer looks tame and slow to me. Fact is, that ride has spoiled me for speed. I've never rid nothing since so fast but what it seemed to sorter have a slowness about it."

—Globe-Democrat.

Royal but Poor.

Unless Queen Victoria on the one hand and the Czar on the other contribute toward the maintenance of Prince Francis Joseph, of Battenberg, and of Princess Anne, of Montenegro, whose engagement has just been announced, it is difficult to see how they will ever be able to maintain an establishment befitting their rank. The Prince has at the most an income of \$3,000 a year—probably not so much—while Princess Anne is the daughter of a ruler so poor that he is compelled to depend upon the bounty of the Czar, his patron, in order to make ends meet. It is probable, however, that Emperor Nicholas will dower Princess Anne to the extent of 1,000,000 roubles, just as he did in the case of Princess Helene when she was led to the altar by the Crown Prince of Italy. Anne, like her sister Helene, and their elder sisters, was brought up at the court of St. Petersburg under the personal supervision of the now widowed Czarina, her parents being too poor to defray the cost of her education. The late Czar became sufficiently fond of the girls to dower the two elder ones on their marriage just as his son has done for Princess Helene, and is expected to do in the case of Princess Anne. A million roubles, even with the present depreciated value of that much abused Muscovite coin, represents about \$350,000 in English money, so that that young couple may in the long run not be so badly off after all.—Chicago Record.

Don't Start Rumors

Damaging truths are bad enough. Damaging untruths—or truths perniciously exaggerated or purposely colored—are worse still. In these times, when business confidence is none too firmly established, it ill becomes any man to endanger by word or insinuation the confidence that may exist between creditor and debtor. Many a business has gone down in consequence of a run excited by false alarm; and the shores of commercial history are strewn with the wrecks of countless firms whose downfall was brought about by the sudden commercial demands of suspicious creditors.

Business is built on credit. Credit is built on confidence. There is no surer way of undermining a man's business than by giving credence to and circulating rumors about him. The man who stealthily applies the torch to a building is no more despicable than he who applies the firebrands of distrust to the reputation of a business establishment. It is with this thought that we say that those men who indiscriminately disseminate incorroborated rumors are guilty of an act for which there should be a fitting punishment.

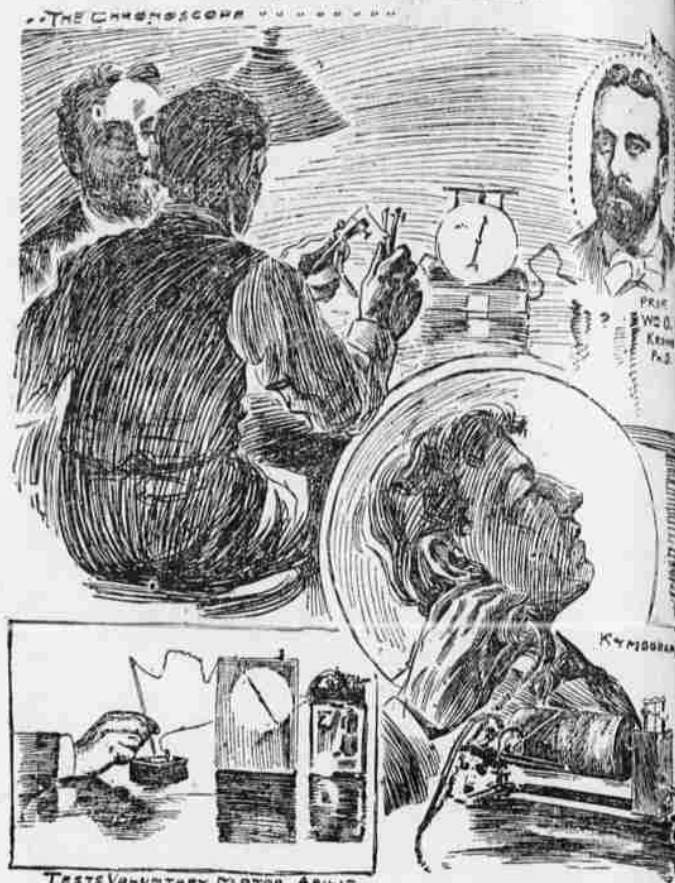
Barbaric Chinese Music.

Chinese music is described by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine as composed of almost unheard-of sounds to European ears. Chinese music has a sort of softness and melancholy in its tones that sometimes pleases, but it is so intolerably monotonous that if prolonged it becomes exceedingly irritating to the nerves. They have no semitones; indeed, they seem only to blow into the instrument or twang strings at random from the inspiration of the moment. However, it appears they have notes, though their compositions are not of much scientific value. You sometimes hear something like simple melody, not unlike that which runs through the chants of savages.

There is one thing about men and women that you can always depend upon: they are all fickle.

INSTRUMENTS WHICH DETECT THE APPROACH OF INSANITY

Invention of an Illinois Scientist by Which Experiments Are Being Successfully Conducted at Kankakee.



HOUSE ON WHEELS.

Curious Vehicle in Which Jonathan Olson Will Go Around the World.

An ingenious citizen of Altoona, Pa., has built an elaborate wagon for himself and family, in which he proposes to make a trip around the world. His name is Jonathan Olson, and he intends to start on his long journey this summer, and to finish it possible by the first of June, 1899. He will first go to Illinois, and then strike south to Texas. Voyaging across the Gulf of Mexico to South America, he will take a steamer thence to Spain. From this point the American travelers will start on their long wagon trip.

In fitting out his house on wheels Olson has shown rare taste. He has finished the inside in polished maple, and has adorned it with hand carvings of his own design. In the course of an eccentric life he has picked up many beautiful pieces of bric-a-brac, which he now turns to the adornment of his wagon house. The interior of the house, besides having three rooms, is well conceived in point of convenience. In one room the family cook, and in bad weather they dine there also. But the dining room is out of doors when the wagon can be pulled up in a pleasant place. Five days out of the week there is a halt, where the cloth can be spread under the trees and a good cool drink obtained from a spring.

The second room has a couch and small table. The table can be used for a breakfast tray or it can be cleared at night and used for parlor games. It also does duty as writing table, or for books and a smoking set. On one side of the room there is a dressing table that takes up the entire wall. It has twenty drawers, a broad shelf and a mirror with shelves overhead. Here the entire winter and summer wardrobe is stored.

In pleasant weather there is no sleeping done in the house. Hammocks are slung under trees and the family

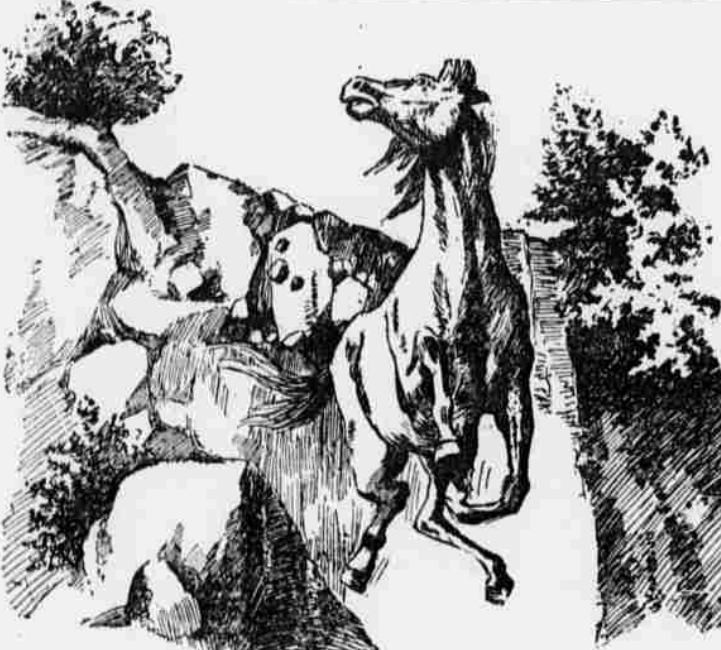
decorations made from simple pieces of wood skillfully inlaid. The ingenious arrangement of all is a sliding door, by which the whole side of a "house" can be opened. The doors slide to one side, and finally come completely off the runners. They can be taken and laid under the cart or used for tables under the trees.

Olson will travel with three horses, often resting one by hitching it to the back of the cart. When the wagon is closed it does not look like any other wagon. It is longer and broader, as there is an air of mystery about its retained windows. The wagon is built and finished with the best wheels and axles.—New York Journal.

A MONUMENT OF LOVE.

Story of the Building of the Famous Moorish Palace of the Alhambra.

The Alhambra of Spain has attained a fame equalled by no other palace on earth. This marvelous creation, Moorish fancy is situated in what was in its time one of the strongest and largest fortresses in the world. Capable of containing an army of 40,000 men, it was at once the admiration of the Moors and the dread of the Spaniards. The Moors called it the Malak Fortress, and had a superstition that when it fell the Moorish power in Spain would come to an end. The belief was justified by the event, for Kal-al-Hamrah, the Red Castle, was the last Moorish stronghold to surrender to the Spaniards, it being given up the year before the discovery of America, and the eight centuries of constant warfare between the Moors and the Spaniards were brought to a close. The palace within the walls of the fortress was the work of Ibn el Ahmar, and was inspired by his love for his wife. Teleka was her name, and say Zeleka, and others give her more names than one, but, no matter what was her name, she found life



SUICIDE OF THE WHITE PACER.

clothes over no second grades. I've rid this horse I'm talking about, and I reckon I'm the only man what ever did. It was nigh about twenty-five years ago, and I was working for old Calico Ferguson, down close to where Schultenberg is now. What's the reason they called him Calico? Why, he always rode a spotted pony. There wasn't no town around there, nor no railroad. The Dutch hadn't come in and took up the country. It was all clear, open range and no fences. We always had line riders out, so's to keep the cattle in, and stop them from drifting off to nowhere. I was a stout feller then, stuck on myself, and didn't believe there was anything with hair and hoofs on what I couldn't ride. If there was any pony around what had a name of being unridable, I went over there, if it was 100 miles, and rid him.

"The more pitchful he was the more fun it was for me. There were lots of wild mustangs running around there then, mighty hard to catch and mighty bad nuisances. We couldn't let our own ponies out on the range loose but what these wild ones would come around and call them off. When a broke pony takes up with a wild bunch he's sure to be lost forever more. Now there was one bunch what everybody knowed, for it was led by a stallion as white as milk. It made no difference how bad this bunch was skeered or how fast they was running, this white pony was always in the lead, and always a pacer. Nobody ever see him break a pace, no matter what was doing. Everybody noticed him and hoped for him, but nobody could ever get close enough to rope him. Fellers come from everywhere after him, but all they ever got was a see."

"Well, one season, old Ferguson had a big corral built of upright posts to do his branding in. It was all done but a gate, and for that an open space had

his neck, for I expected to feel the most topkitch, joltful pitching ever felt by man. He pitched a pitch. Just sorter squatted, give a sorter squeal and took out straight north, pacin' like the wind. He was a-going so fast it would a-took two men, a quarter mile apart, to tell about. One to say, 'Here he comes' and t'other, 'There he goes.' I heard a yell back to me, and turned my head a little to look. Here comes the boys after us on their ponies, a-giving them the quirt and spur every jump. The ponies' necks was stretched and they was running their darndest, but, Lord, Lord, Whitey was pacin' ten feet while they was running five. I didn't look round no more. If the wind had caught my face, I'd been strangled. The boys' yells growed fainter and fainter, until right soon I heard nothing but a zooling and a humming in my ears. It was the easiest ridin' I ever rid, and the swiftest. It was like riding a straight streak of lightning, sitting in a rocking chair. He was so easy gaited you would a-put a marble in the hollow of his back, and it wouldn't a-been jostled off. He was the smoothest pacer in the world, and if old Jehu had a-seen him he wouldn't a-bragged about his team no more. I begun to think it was near time for him to sorter slacken, but the further he went the faster he went. We passed what I knowed was bunches of grazing cattle, but they looked like flying red and white streaks. We passed birds a-flyin' the way we was going, went right past them, and I never was on a railroad train what could even keep up with them. We passed two or three line riders. They give a yell and put their ponies after us, but it was like a three-legged terrier trying to run down a skeered jack rabbit. When we come to a ditch or low place he'd rise in the air and light a pacer on the other side. I never heard him breathe hard once, or show the least sign of



JOHN OLSON'S COTTAGE CAB.

"camp out." The third room is a general store room. Here the hammocks are kept, and here chairs are stored and tables piled up. Anything that is wanted can be brought from the storeroom at a minute's notice. There is one chest devoted to dress goods, calico, bunting, denim and useful articles for wear and for fancy work. The wagon can stop at a town any time to replenish supplies, but the owner plans it so carefully that, except for food, there need be no halt for a month at a time.

Provisions are purchased of the farmers, who, it is expected, will supply butter, eggs, vegetables and chickens cheap in return for the privilege of looking through the novel house. The kitchen is one of the best rooms of all, for it is arranged ship-shape. Cups are hung from hooks and plates set in little grooves. Pans are on the walls, and everything is polished bright.

The floors are plain boards, laid nicely and oiled, so that the rooms look as neat as those in any house. The "cabin" or living room has the look of a stateroom on a yacht, and this effect is heightened by some very clever wall

the great fortress rather dull, and, to please her, Ibn el Ahmar began the elegant palace as a home for her and refuge for himself from the cares of business and the fatigues of war. It proved too long and expensive an undertaking for his life and pocketbook, but his son and grandson each was bountifully supplied with wives, when they were anxious to please, so it was continued by the one and finished by the other in 1314, over sixty years from the time when its foundations were laid.

Cornstalk Pith.

The reason for the general use of this material as a lining for war vessels is found in its capacity for absorbing large quantities of water in a very short time. But the stalks cannot be all used in this way, and did it ever occur to you that the pith is just as thirsty for stable and barnyard juices as for salt water?

The Revised Version.

The fin de siecle lover puts it thus: "I love the very ground Miss Bloomer bikes over."—Times.