

A HORSE TRAINER IS NOW A SAUCER

He Handled the Famous Horses of England's Stables—Life and Experiences of an Apprentice Jockey Described—How the Boys are Taught to Ride

By Mrs. B. G. Stone.

A DRUFFIN, a jockey, horse trainer for his majesty, the king of England, and now with the British tramp steamer Leyland Brothers, lying at the O. W. P. dock, has had a varied and eventful career.

At fourteen he began training for a jockey under the late Joseph Dawson of Newmarket, one of England's greatest trainers in his day. In an old country training for a jockey is a profession just law or medicine requires training, and while the jockeys do not go to college yet they go through quite as rigorous a course.

After completing his course Mr. Druffin trained horses for Count Skeewis, of Norway and also Colonel Lee Gollis, who left England to come to America. Kitchener to the Boer war, Captain Andrews and Mr. Clayton, of Epsom, among the famous racing horses. Mr. Druffin has trained also Thurling, Boehmond and Mead. The latter, during his career as a racer, and under Mr. Druffin's training, won the Prince of Wales stake, the Jockey Club cup and the Payne stakes. Mr. Druffin was the head trainer for horses owned at Edgerton House, Newmarket. Two of the world celebrated horses under his training were the 2,000 guinea Jubilee, winner of the 2,000 guinea derby and St. Ledger, who was afterwards trained for a year and an equity of \$25,000 of our money, to a horse breeder in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic. This horse was bred by Perseimon, one of the greatest English racers.

Travel in Australia.

Mr. Druffin later traveled to Australia with the horses Prudent and King and El Diablo, the latter belonging to Mr. North, a well-known Australian "Niter King" because he made his money in that commodity. From Australia he went to New York and while there met "Boss" Croker at Tammany hall. In Mr. Druffin's judgment the best horses in England today belong to Mr. Croker.

Returning to England Mr. Druffin trained for Foxhall Keene's head training, George F. Keene, who owned the best horses for Mr. Lordillard, the great tobacco king of the United States, for Lord Rossmore, and for other rich owners both in this country and England.

There is a great difference in every

self was in the yard, quaintly dressed in her calico working dress and sun-bonnet. She smiled a pleasant greeting and walked over toward the buggy.

Tom, now never for anything, spoke somewhat tremulously: "I came to see if you wouldn't like to ride out this evening." "Oh, yes, indeed, I would like to ride this evening," she answered laughingly, "but how kind of you to take me in your nice new buggy. I guess you won't care if I go just as I am," and she sprang in before he had time to be astonished. Tom Miller followed silently, and they drove off. Tom didn't talk, but the young lady chattered gaily. Finally she said: "Are you sure had better take me back, the folks will be worried, and I dare say my husband will be wanting a divorce when I run off and take a ride with another man," and she laughed heartily.

"Why I never even told them where I was going," she said. "I was just in the mood to be a little private, and no one in Greensburg could have discussed their family affairs. This worried the neighborhood, too."

Tom had a purpose, to be sure, in going that buggy. He wanted to get acquainted with Miss Johnson, and he knew no better way than to take her riding, but how should he ask her to take a ride with him, and he ventured an excuse. They were sitting on the porch, and he joined them. "Sarah Johnson had not a ride," he exclaimed, and he made his call short, without stating his errand.

One beautiful morning in the Johnsons, in all the dignity of his new buggy. Then he thought to prepare his excuses, but he found the girl alone, and everything favorable for his suit. He had a long talk with her, and she was sitting on the porch, and he joined them. "Sarah Johnson had not a ride," he exclaimed, and he made his call short, without stating his errand.

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LAZY MAN'S COURTSHIP

By Ethel S. Dean.

PEOPLE called Tom Miller lazy. Every day, with his hands in his pockets and a big yawn plodded up the road from his farm to the little village store at Greensburg. Sometimes he stayed there one hour, sometimes two, and sometimes half a day at a time. While the farm—all those good old farmers in the neighborhood scorned that patch of weeds.

"Why," said old Deacon Billings, "that's as good a farm as is anywhere around. Oh, I mind well how that farm used to look, when it was a garden, and the runt of it, and every enterprising man in the neighborhood approved of Deacon Billings' verdict of judgment—Ben Williams with a low bow, Jake Leshi oneekeeper with a grunt, and Uncle Andrew with a hearty laugh and clapping of the hands.

Folks said Miller never worked. Tom of his showed it, too. He never had a decent crop. But loafing at the Greensburg store, he was almost any time, leaning against some substantial support, such as a barrel in the store, or some good, strong box, his hands in his pockets, his feet crossed, while the face almost hidden by his hair, he looked interested in the youth, contentment nor disgust. It never effort to show emotion.

He never did, he could. When the Turner barn burned he was the only one near, but all the horses were saved. He never tried to save one thing from the fire. Then Jim Jones' little Jesse fell in the cistern, and he was the only one who rescued him, but he that brave little Miss Hartford rescue the child. Some one asked him how he allowed it, he drawled, "she was already in the notion, so I waited to see if she could."

One day the Johnsons moved on the farm next to the Miller place. Of course, they were strangers, and he went on his way to the store, exerted himself enough to be a little curious and to look in. He found the place a little time he plodded by, until it became a habit and no longer required exertion. He soon became so interested in the Johnsons, though it worried him somewhat to see them work so hard and fast.

There was a big family of the Johnsons, and they seemed to have gay times. There was a girl there that is, one of the big ones, and she was a great housewife of boys.

They moved in March. During that month Tom Miller was almost every time he caught glimpses of the young lady now and then, and every time he had a word with her. One day she was cleaning the yard, another time she was cleaning house or planting flowers or working in her garden. One day, the first part of April, he went up the road and saw her planting beans in her garden, and he was in the lot adjoining his land.

All unconsciously he began to walk faster, and in "Can you use these cabbage plants for your garden?" he asked. She straightened up, with her hands full of cabbage plants, and smiled a cordial recognition.

Then they resumed their work. Tom Miller never could talk much, and now, although he wished so hard to "strut" on the other side.

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THURLING, WINNER OF THE WARCKSHIRE STAKES.

MR. DRUFFIN AT HORSE'S HEAD.

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INDOING OF PROFESSOR BINGS

By William Wallace Cook.

PROF. AMOS BINGS was a little thing, but he was a scientific man. He had a habit of wearing a top hat that ever struck this rodeo. He drifted into camp on his uppers and very much down on his lack, as balmly as a Chinook wind and about as refreshing. He was a habit and we acquired him. For many a week if you wanted to stand pat with the boys all you had to remark was that the professor says this, or the professor does that. Whatever the professor said and did ranked pretty high before he worked that grand horse pocus in the mill. After that things were different. He weighed in when he wanted to, and his magnificent nerve held him together. Nor was he ever known to dodge a calamity, except when he needed any thing. Armed with a cold-chisel and a pound hammer, he wandered through the hills.

"Just prospecting," he used to explain, as he dragged himself into camp simultaneously with the sounding of the alarm when we got together. "He would add, 'The love of gold is the root of all evil and heaven forbid that I should be the cause of turning any more evil loose in the world, than there is in it already. I'm prospecting for the remains of an elephants' tusk the Sunday footgear. About a little who was doing some courting over Phoenix way. But Bings was such a quaint little fellow, and he had the heart to grumble or to make a too rigid examination of the backs of the monte deck.

Soon as he had made himself respectable, the professor proceeded to show the new scene into the grove. Armed with a cold-chisel and a pound hammer, he wandered through the hills.

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CARNATION

By Florence McIntyre.

O THOU beautiful rose-tinted darling, So dainty, so sweet, and so gay, With thine own breath of an angel from heaven, are ever giving away.

Your petals are fringed by the fairies, And curled by the gnomes of the wood. As a hiding place for them to sleep in, When you go on your mission of good.

Sometimes 'tis a lover who gives you As a token, to his lady fair, Then the fairies will sing all the sweeter, For the perfume you give to the air.

And again you may go to the prison, On mission of pity and love, Then O sweet one, try to be even sweeter, And tell of the Christ and his love.

Or, if a hot fevered hand clasps you closely, And the eyes are all tear-dimmed with pain, You may lessen by perfume the anguish, And give rest to the poor tired brain.

If placed in the white waxen hands of the sleeper, As they rest on the cold silent heart, O then is the time of all others, To help soothe the sorrowing heart.

By giving with your sweetest glances, And with the smile that is so dear, That God in his power is mighty, And we all come to the same quiet bourne.

All must rest in the same quiet slumber, While the angels are busy at their work, But that we like yourself, can give sunshine, And soothe some other one's lonely pathway.

When a small man is put into a big place he immediately tries to fill it by swelling up.

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Vacation time, vacation time

Is drawing on apace.

Where mountain rivers race, We'll soon be climbing distant hills.

Or lounging by the sea, Cut loose from care for a little while And happy as can be.

Vacation time, vacation time, We need to hear the call Of shady lanes and flowered vales Or of the birds singing in the trees. Through the window some the drone of bees.

And rest from far away, In the picnic lands of long ago Where little children play.

Vacation time, vacation time, The birds sing in the trees Or life and love and happiness— Brings back the charm of another day— A day of girl and boy, When every word we whispered then Was eloquent of joy.

Vacation time, vacation time, The gladdest of the year, When all the world around, about Is brimming full of cheer.

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MINES MAKE TOWNS.

Butte Built in More Ways Than One on a Square Mile of Copper.

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