WASHINGTON ROCK, NEW JERSEY

ere on this glost rock, backed by this wo He viewed the heatile red coats of the foe, Led by Curawallis on the plains below, offing their movements, while concealed stoot.

## SKIMPSEY.

Whistling, all out of tune, a smatch of a wooden fance, with his pasked cap turned backward and thrust on the back of his bead, and his miserable thin legs in their dirry white breeches, all doubled up, ast Skimpsey. From under a plentiful crop on bright red hair shome his blue eyes—eyes that had a morry twinkle in them in spite of the fact that this was a big race day and a stake day at Monmouth park, and as yet Skimpsey had no hope of a mount.

For Skimpsey was a fockey and made his Hving on the race track. He had been a stable boy from the time he was old enough to lead a horse, and now he was eighteen and a full fledged jockey. Tem Ferrar was his name once, and Ferrars was the name run up on the track when he rode, but among the jockeysand stable hoys and the thousand and one lolterers about the track, he was Skimpsey. They had called him Skimpsey, in their own expressive fashion, ever since his father died and Tom had taken to saving money. This is very unusual in boys about the race track, and when Tom soddenly ceased betting and treating his friends to cigarettes and other various dissipations in which he had previously indulged, they regarded him with distruct, if not with absolute distile.

But if his 'unpopularity ever troubled Skimpsey, he naver allowed himself to show it. Always cheerful and good natured among the boys, and willing and respectful to his superiors, he soon won for himself a reputation as a conscientious and capable lightweight jookey. Consequently, his services were often in demand, and once or twice a week Skimpsey made his way to the sity and had in the lap of his mother, who lived in the humblest of flats in the poor part of the city, a very respectable sum of money. It was hard enough to resist the many temptations at the track, to bear the jokes and tannes of the other boys, but when at last he would place the money has more flower that he had robited the city of the world fence. He had been a trainer of race borses, and flately for the earth was a seamstrees, and, so we want of

is worth."

Now's the time, Skimpsey," added Rinton, "to make a reputation for your-self. The mare's well in it at ninety-eight pounds and ought to win. There are no other lightweights free: that's how you got the mount."

Skimpsey didu't, any how it.

"Senside."
"What on?"
"Maid Marian."

"She's no good; you're not in it."

"She's no good; you're not in it."

"Well, wait and see!" suso red Skimpsey. "Hinton says she's fit, and I geess Hinton knows!"

"That's so!" said one of the boys, and the group dispersed to watch the race which was going on.

Meanwhile Maid Marian, a superb chestnut filly, was being isd around the sadding patiock, and the second race having been decided. Skimpsey, in Mr. Melville's colors, with bis saidel on his arm, made his way to the weighting room to be weighted in.

As he was leaving the place he felt a hand laid upon his arm, and looking up be recognized Cripps, the bookmaker.

"Hefo, Skimpsey!" said that worthy pleasantly. "I see you're goin to ride Maid Marian."

"Yes."

"To win!"

"Yes."

"Well, Skimpsey, keep dark on this. You like money, and you'll make some by winning; but mind this, Skimpsey, ti'll hit me hard if you do. You'll make a coof thousand if you lose, understand!"

Yes, Skimpsey understood. He knew too much about the race track and its darker methods not to do so, but before he could find a voice in which to reply, the bookmaker had gone and the trampet had sounded to call the horses to the post.

Hinton, the trainer, gave Skimpsey a leg up, and taking Lady Marian by the head led her out to the track. "Remember, Skimpsey," he said, "lee her out early and ride to win."

Skimpsey knotted the reins and sat as groundly in the saidelle as any knight entering the lists. His freckled face was glow ling as red as his hair, and his blue eyes shoue with excitement. Then for an instant he remembered the words of the bookmaker. A thousand dollars! More than enough to make the coveted five thou sand! He need not pull the mare, only keep her from shooting her bolt at the right moment, is would be set down to a misconception of his orders, and that would be the und of Li. Only for a moment, however, was he tempted, and their he scorned the idoe. Putting the Maid Marian mito a canter, that shoules, and the starting bost.

Skimpey, he nover allowed himself to show it. Always cheerful and good matured among the boys, and willing and respectful to his superiors, he soon warm of the many that the matured among the boys, and willing and respectful to his cupreriors, he soon warm of the many and capable lightweight jokey. Consequently, his services were often in demand, and once or twice a week Skimpey made his mother, who lived in the himmised his way to the city and laid in the lap his mother, who lived in the himmised his way to the city and laid in the lap his mother, who lived in the himmised his way to the city and laid in the lap his mother's shad the transpired stand of the chart fence is more once, it was a seamatrees, and, as her wan face and bent form attended the stand the better. He had been a trainer of reas better. He had been a trainer of reas better. He had been a trainer of reas breass, and fundly articuled an official postulation on the reac trans. Byting sandtenly, the misses and dollars cannot have a security of over \$0.000 and it was to make up this deliciency, by or estore known, that Skimpsy and the Mark and the security of the mother's name and to his own, that Skimpsy in a savings bank on Breadway. And no it was to make up this deliciency, but the control of the mother's name and to his own, that Skimpsy in a savings bank on Breadway. And no it was to make up this deliciency, but the control of the mother's name and to his own, that self-port on the board fence. He should be when the delivery name and to his own, that self-port port his board fence. He should be shown that his was to make the country of the same and to his own, that Skimpsy in the same and the his mother's name and to his own, that Skimpsy in the same and the his mother's name and to his own, that Skimpsy in the same and the his mother's hand the same and to his own, that Skimpsy in the same and the his mother's hand the same and to his own, the same and the his mother's hand the same and to his own, the same and the his mother's hand the sam

want the mount?"

Skimpsey tried to say something, but failed dismally, and his freekled face turned redder than ever in his delight.

"It's \$50 to ride, and \$250 if you win," said Hinton, and Skimpsey's mind reverted to the money to the savings bank, now only short \$500 of the \$5,000.

"Mind, Ferrars," said Mr. Melville, Maid Marian's owner, "you're to ride to win. Get well off and stay near the front till the last turn, and then lot her out for all size is worth."

"Now's the time, Skimpsey," added Minton, it's make a reputation for yourself. The mare's well in it at ninety-eight

From across the track where the grand

From across the track where the grand From across the track where the grand stand atood came the sound of a distant roar. The last race was over, and the people hurried away from the track in the trains, in carriages and on foot, all bound for home. Standing about a humble cot in the rude wooden quarters stood half a doan men with heads uncovered, rough fallows most of them, but subdued in the awful presence of death. For Skimpsey, too, had left the track and gone Home. got the mount."

Skimpsey didn't care how it came about. He only knew that he was to ride Maid fur home. Standing about a humble cot in the rough of the Sosside, to make fifty dollars anyway, and perhaps two hundred and fifty. His bits eyes fairly dance for joy at the prospect. How his mether would bless him if it could only put the large sum into her hand!

The Sesside was third on the programma, and there was still another take to be run off bafors it. Skimpsey strolled over to where three or four stable boys lay on the grass discussing the vari-

ATTORNEY GENERAL OLNEY.

Mr. Olney was perticularly averse to the publication of his portrait, and as RICHARD OLNEY. he had not been be publicated to a proper the portrait, and as the different properties of the publication of his portrait, and as RICHARD OLNEY. he had not been the editors were in a quandary. He finally waived his objections, however, and sat for the portrait. This picture insident is an index to one side of the attorney general's character. It shows that while he is a man of very strong convictions he is still open it to argument.

Richard Olney is probably the best paid lawyer in New England. He has practiced at the Boston bar for over 50 years and has for some time been attorney for a number of great railroad corporations, including the Boston and Maine, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. This practice is said to not him an income of \$50,000 a year.

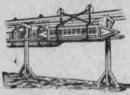
Mr. Olney has never before held office, although he was once an unsuccessful candidate for attorney general of Massachusetts. He has always been a Democrat, and twice declined to accept a place on the supreme bench of Massachusetts. He is a warm friend of General P. A. Collina, and this friendship is supposed to have some influence in his selection for attorney general, although he has a summer home near Gray Gables and has often met Mr. Cleveland at Binzard's Bay.

Mr. Olney descends from a "fighting" Baptis family. His ancestor implanted the church in America, and other sheestors hewed their way through columia wars. He is a quiet and studious man and has given his time almost uncassingly to his profession ever since be was admitted to the bar and to law partnership with Judge Benjamin F. Thomas in 1859. He was born in Oxford, Mass., Sept. 15, 1855, and was graduated from Brown university in the class of 1854.

Mr. Olney is married and has an elegant residence on Commonwealth avenue in Becton. Mir. Olney is a lady of fine presence and of unusual intellectual attainments. As she is a charmer catertainer, as the irrepreted as a des

Three Miles a Minute.

Preparations are now being made at Passaic, N.J., to test a novel invention, which, it is claimed, will findly solve the rapid transit problem. It was designed by Mr. Alfred Spear and is an elevated electric rallroad running on a single track, from



She Had Been Whipped Before.

After being unughty, little Florence, two years old, was told she would have to be pruished. She ras to a large chair, elimbed hastily into it, seated horself firmly, grasped each arm of the chair, and with a look of mingled definers and mlachief, said, "Now you can't, mamma."—New York Tribune.

A Prolific Race.

The proportion of Hebrews in the popula-ion of England has more than doubled in 0 years without counting immigration.

STAGE HEART DISEASE.

Be Finally Surrendered to the Importantities of the Newspaper Men.

Attorney General Oloney will long be momentated as the one member of President Clereland's cabinet who was very backward in coming forward. Mr. Olney was not only the last official family, but he gave the gentlemon of the present be invested for the official family, but he gave the gentlemon of the present be invested for many moons in the world plan to right of privacy which surrounded his pertrait, and as the publication of his portrait, and as the had not been photographed for Soyears and would not admit actions or reporters to his office or home the editors were in a quandary. He finally waived his objections, however, and as to the portrait. This picture incident is an index to one side of the attorney general's character. It shows that while he is a man of very strong convictions he is still open to argument.

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use a theatrical expression, the doctor "stack."

He declared his utter inability to convey to me an idea of the manner in which a patient breathes when suffering from excitement or fatigue. That was unfortunate, for it was on that symptom I most relied to indicate to the andience what was Miss Multon's physical condition, her eloquent language making plain her domestic woes. I berged the doctor to show me how I should breathe, but he shook his head and said, "No, not you must see a subject." At his next visit I saw he was vexed, and pretty soon he informed me that the only heart subject he had found was a man bearded to the eyes; but, said he, while he savagely buttoned his cost, "Til find you a subject, or that man's beard shall come off, for you must see that movement of tostril and mouth."

Not more than two hours after there was a violent ring at the bell, and, glancing from the window and seeing the doctor's carriage, I hurried to the hail, and, looking down, saw a very cruel thing. The doctor and a woman were standing at the foot of the long, long stafrease. Then he caught her by the arm, and, starting by her side, ran her up the whole long light of stairs. Shall I ever forget that woman's face as she stood swaying, clinging to the door frame! Her ghastly, waxen paller; the strained, scared look in her eyes; the dilating nextrils; shove all, the movement of the muscles about the mouth, which contracted the upper lip at every hurtling, gosping breath!

The doctor pushed by her and hastily whispered, "You are a student and not well enough to attend"—I don't know whether he said class or lecture. I was only sure of the word student. So, burning with shame, I took my cea, and going forward I felt her pulse and asked her a few appropriate questions. We were alone then for a few moments, and she told me her pitifully commonplace little story. I questioned her closely as to how ancer or surprise affected ber, and finding she was very poor and had a child to care for, I slipped a bill into ber hand as she rose t

She was thanking me quietly when her eyes fell upon the figure on the bill. Instantly over bet neck, her face, her ears there flamed a color so ferely, bothy red it seemed to scorch the skin. Her very wrists, where they were bared above her gloves, were red. Her hand flew to her side in the very grsture the doctor had been teaching me. She gave a little laugh, and nervously remarked: "I—I feel so—but and—prickly. I suppose—I'm all red! You see—it was—the aurprise—that did it! Don't look so—frightneed, miss. I haven't no pain. I sain't red, neither, am I, now?" Heaven knows she was not. Her versiljes were white. So, with thanks and pallid smiles, the poor soul removed herself and her fell disease from my presence, and I had received my second painful object lesson.

The auture before the production of the

James Parton's Dally Life.

James Parton would not do hanty work. He was methodical, patient, regular and persistent, and in time be had become so able to control his mind that it responded to his will like the body to his mind. He did not tax himself to work out great feats within a short time, or if he was hard pressed be gave himself rest as soon as the strain was over. He did not burn midnight oil, neither did he resert to wine or tobacce as etimulants to his brain. He was one of, the most temperate men I have ever known. He kept his faculties every day as near as he could at their best, and life flowed on from day to day with an evenness and a quietness that made his home life hot only pleasant for others, but beautiful in itself.

only pleasant for others, but beautifff in itself.

His habits were to breakfast about half past 7, then to work in his gatden in the sammer for an hour, and then to shut himself in his workroom, where he could be sure to be undisturbed until half past 12. Then he dined, and after that, in his later years, took a nap. Then he was ready for callers or visits to friends, or for the reading which might be required for the work of the next day. After tea he was usually the companion of his family, hearing his wife or niece read aloud some book or magazine, and this was his daily round, unless broken in upon, month after month, year in and year out. He did not often go to Boston or New York or seek a large number of literary acquaintances, and yet he was never unsocial. He was the light and life of two clubs in Newhuryport, and he was extremely fond of a good square talk, in which he was fired up to his utmost.—Rev. J. H. Ward in New England Magazine.

What Dog Stories Lack.

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Presumably a wholly satisfactory dog story has yet to be written. It is gather strange that so faithful, so beloved, a friend and companion as the dog has always been to mankind should kaye so little, comparatively, written about him. When we come to consider that companionship and loyalty, we are compelled to set it down as a remarkable piece of ingratitude upon the part of man, not to made his friend the dog more of a figure in the literature of fiction. Mrs. Barbauld is said to have written the first dog story. We have never seen it. The story of Rab is of course familiar to all. Yet, however much of a classic it may have come to be recognized, it is at best fragmentary, and we must confess that we do not share that enthusiasm which is popularly expressed over it.

It can be taken for granted that nobody but a lover of the dog will write of the dog. The fault that we have to find with stories about dogs is their invariable lack of tenderness. When the dog comes to die, his biographer invariably dismisses that event with a casual "Poor oid doggy! He has gone where good doggies go—the good old doggies' heaven." It is as if the biographer were ashamed to speak what his heart prompts: as if he were controlled by that same curious, awkward, wicked sense of pride which makes the simple fellow feign a snicker or a laugh during the progress of an emotional drama, at the very moment, too, when a lump is in his throat and his eyes are briniful of tears.—Chicago News-Record.

She Got a Seat.

# She Got a Seat.

She Got a Seat.

A very pretty girl stepped into a crowded car on the College avenue line. She belonged in the high school and wasn't in the habit of standing up. The car-was full, but overybody else had a seat. Seven men held down the most available ones, and, strange to relate, not one of them appeared to be aware that a young woman was compelled to stand.

The pretty girl, with a quick glance of disgust about the car, took in the situation and blushed somewhat indignantly. She had a long distance to ride and couldn't cling gracefully to a strap. Two squares had been traveled when an idea

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pare lines stock, and are of any desired thickness, width or leugth, having also a diving power equal to say other of equal surface, and while it is not claimed for them that they are adapted to all kinds of work, they are found to serve well as straight driving belts of not less than five inches in width.

Where they have been tested side by side with leather belts for strength and durability, they are alleged to have proved equally satisfactory, adhering very closely to the pulley, generating no electricity while rounning, being also flexible and unaffected by temperature within ordinary limits, though there is one place in which they cannot be used, and that is where they have to run in water, or where they would be constantly subjected to moisture. It is admitted that this kind of belting is best adapted to heavy driving belts, and for this purpose it is not only much the cheapest material, but when once in position will run until worn out.—New York San.