

TWO!
Two on a cliff, with the kiss of the sea
Filling their hearts, and their lips and their
hair;
Two without shelter of rock or of tree,
Facing pure peace, or the sands of the sea;
But one in the soul that can lift them along;
One in the spirit, and one in the touch;
One in the melody, one in the song;
Who can wish more, or dare ask for as
much!

Two in a boat on the toss of the tide;
Two in sight of the leaf and the bird;
Two on the breast of the waves that are
wide;
Two on the narrow gold strips of the sand,
But one on the ocean of love and at rest;
One midst the rush, and one in the roar;
One like a bird winging home to its nest;
Who asks as much, or dare hunger for
more!

Two in the gold of the sun as it sets;
Two close together at death of the day;
Two in the world that forgives and forgets;
Two with the joy of the beach and the bay.
But one in the kiss, and one in the prayer;
One in the heaven, and one in the blue;
One in the light, and the life, and the air—
Who can ask more? Oh, my darling, can
you!

A COWBOY AND HIS VIRGIL.

An Amherst Graduate Who Turned
Into a "Blood and Thunder Kid."

The following story of John B. Finch, the
temperance orator, appears in The
Omaha Herald. It is a much better
story when told by Mr. Finch himself.
Mr. Finch enjoys hunting, and fre-
quently takes his horse and rides out on
the plains of Nebraska. One day about
dusk he came suddenly upon a deep
ravine. A spiral column of smoke
curled skyward, and told him there was
a camp below. The rider dismounted.
His scheme was to visit the emigrants
and get a drink—of water. He turned
to descend, when a cowboy, six feet tall
and armed from head to foot, stood
before him.

"Come down to the camp and see us,"
said the cowboy.

Mr. Finch decided that since he had
been invited it would be impolite for
him to decline.

"There are four of us now," said the
cowboy, complacently. "Come inside
and join us in a game of poker."

Mr. Finch was too well bred to refuse
so kind a request. He congratulated
himself that he was poor. He also
realized that life is sweet. The game
continued till an early hour. Mr. Finch
didn't lose much; he didn't have much.
Something seemed to strike the cowboy;
he started.

"Come outside by the fire," said he to
Mr. Finch. "I have something to show
you."

The stranger knew it would not be
obliging if he did not comply.

"I wish you would explain to me,"
said the cowboy, bringing a mysterious
looking book out of the tent, "this pas-
sage in Virgil. It always puzzled me in
college. I'm rusty in my Latin now. I
wish you would help me. Here it is;
construe, please."

Mr. Finch was perfectly willing to
do everything he could to help his un-
fortunate friend.

"Thanks. It's very clear to me now.
I feel relieved."

The two returned to the tent. The
cowboy reached under a pile of blankets
and drew out a neat roll of parchment,
daintily tied with a violet ribbon. It
was a sheepskin, an Amherst degree.
The cowboy's name was Edward Robin-
son. He was "Blood and Thunder
Kid," the bloodiest, most unprincipled
and most reckless cut-throat outside
the Lincoln jail. The story of the
cowboy's life was soon told. As com-
panions in college were evil. He looked
upon the wine when it was red. He
got his degree by a terrible brace.
He became a ranchman, a cowboy, a
cut-throat.

A Criminal Lawyer's Methods.

[Courier-Journal Interview.]

"In selecting a jury for an important
trial what characteristics do you look
for in the men who are examined for
jurors?"

"I try to get men about whom I know
something and whose mode of reason-
ing in regard to facts I am acquainted
with. When I have a given line of
facts to prove I want men on whom
those facts will impress themselves."

"Your long experience has no doubt
made you a good judge of human
nature?"

"That is a great point in criminal prac-
tice and I have studied it closely."

"Have you ever tried the art of read-
ing men's thoughts while addressing
them as jurors?"

"Oh, yes."

"Have you succeeded often?"

"Very frequently I have been able
to state to my perfect satisfaction how
the jury stood before they retired."

"Major, were you ever absolutely
certain of an innocent man being con-
victed?"

"I have known of several of such
cases, but I never knew of an innocent
man being hung. Innocent men are
very often sent to the penitentiary, be-
cause such men are conscious of their
innocence and make no effort to defend
themselves. Some of them consider
any step toward defense as an admis-
sion of guilt, while, on the other hand,
a guilty person will begin to prepare
for defense immediately after the com-
mission of the crime."

The Ink Plant.

[New York Star.]

There is in New Grenada a plant,
Coryaria Thymifolia, which might be
dangerous to our ink manufacturers if
it could be acclimatized to Europe.
Known under the name of ink plant,
the juice, which is used in
writing without any previous prepara-
tion, is a red color at first, but turns to
a deep black in a few hours. The juice
also is a steel pen less than common
ink. Qualities of the plant seem to
have been discovered under the Span-
ish admiral. Some writings, in-
tended for mother country, were
wet through with sea water on the voy-
age; while the papers written with ink
were almost legible, those with the
juice of this plant were quite unspoil-
ed. Orders were given in consequence that
this vegetable ink was to be used for all
public documents.

Goat's milk is extensively used in Eu-
rope for feeding the poor. It is said to agree with them much bet-
ter than the milk of cows.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

A Soldier's Valor and Poet's Fame
Linked in the Annals of War.

James E. Murdoch Describes the
Ride from Winchester and Tells
How Read's Poem Came
to Be Written.

[F. A. B. in Philadelphia Press.]

It was the night before the battle of Cedar
Creek. In the war office at Washington sat
Mr. Stanton in close conversation with Gen.
Phil Sheridan. There were some grave ques-
tions being discussed between them, for the
talk lasted long after midnight. Gen. Thomas
T. Eckert, superintendent of military tele-
graph lines, was in an adjoining room watch-
ing for sounds of alarm from the front or im-
portant telegrams from any of the advancing
armies in the field. A new day was fast ap-
proaching the dawn and the war minister
and the general still continued their earnest
conversation. A click of the instrument
caught Gen. Eckert's ear. It was Winchester
calling the war office. His skilled hand
touched the key in ready response and a mo-
ment later the words came:

"There is danger here. Hurry Sheridan to
the front."

Quick as a flash the message was handed to
the two men in the next room in close con-
sultation about the campaign in the Shenan-
doah valley. Sheridan went to the instru-
ment, and there was a moment of hurried
talk over the wires between him and his head-
quarters, when Secretary Stanton gave di-
rections to Gen. Eckert to telegraph the rail-
road authorities of the Baltimore & Ohio to
clear the road and to at once provide relays
of special engines to take Sheridan to the
scene of the coming battle as fast as steam
could carry him. Gen. Eckert worked the
wire himself, and gave hurried directions to
the railroad officials as to what to do in this
emergency. While he sat with his hand on
the key perfecting the train arrangements,
Stanton and Sheridan had a few hurried
final words, each countenance bearing the
marks of earnestness, not unmingled
with anxiety. The train schedule was
soon made, Sheridan left the war
office, and was driven to the sta-
tion with all possible speed. A panting en-
gine had just backed in as he arrived, and
jumping aboard, the engineer, instructed to
make the relay house in the shortest possible
time, pulled the starting-bar, and away sped
the train. It had a clear track and reached
its destination, thirty miles away, in much
less than an hour. Here an engine of the
main line stood waiting to take him to Har-
per's Ferry, seventy miles beyond. There
were no obstructions all the way up. Every
moving train had been side-tracked and every
other precaution taken to prevent accident
to the on-rushing engine bearing Sheridan
to the camp where his army lay. While
this train was making its run all was anxiety
in the war office. Every telegraph station
reported its progress to Gen. Eckert, and he
to Secretary Stanton, who still lingered
that he might know when Sheridan reached
his destination.

AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Three hours passed—dull, anxious hours
those waiting, every moment of which
seemed laden with lead. Harper's Ferry at
last reported Sheridan's arrival, and a fresh
engine stood ready to take him to Winches-
ter, thirty miles up the valley. Not a mo-
ment later the train was on its way, and
when Sheridan boarded the waiting engine,
and, an hour later, word speeds over the
wires, "Sheridan just reached Winchester."
The run had been made in the quickest time
ever known on the road, and the worn and
anxious officials at the war office
breathed a sigh of relief as the click of the
telegraph announced that the journey had
been completed.

Eighteen or perhaps twenty miles of turn-
pike stretched away up the charming valley
that had been made desolate by the torch
and tramp of armies. As that charming re-
gion, clad in the garb of summer, lay between
the mountains, its bright colors reflected in
the rays a beautiful sunshine, it was but a
sad reminder of the once great granary
that for more than three years of conflict had
furnished food supplies to the Confederate
army. Sheridan had laid it waste. He had
climbed with and beaten Early at Winches-
ter, and while he was being carried with all
possible speed back to the scenes of his opera-
tions, the tide of battle was ebbing and flow-
ing upon a new field, and the fate of the day
hung trembling in the balance. For several
weary, doubtful hours the two armies had
been in deadly conflict. When Sheridan
arrived at Winchester the roar of artillery
and the roll of musketry could be distinctly
heard from the field of carnage along Cedar
creek. Down the valley came the awful din,
echoing louder and louder through the still
summer air as the battle grew fiercer.

There was but short delay at Winchester,
the chief town in the lower valley. There
Sheridan mounted his favorite war horse,
a large, beautiful, snappy, black charger, who
had borne his master through the heat of
many conflicts. He is dead now and his
body has been preserved, that men yet to
come may see the animal whose endurance
has been recorded in verse. Through the
town and out over the turnpike which leads
up the Shenandoah, Sheridan rode. Who,
knowing the man, or aught of his character,
cannot picture the restless rider urging his
horse to the best to reach the field where the
fate of his army was still pending in the
hazard of war? He had only covered a few
miles when the moving mass of debris that
always surges to the rear of a battle field
when the conflict is severe and doubtful, met
his trained eye and told more plainly than
words what was going on in front. It was a
signal of distress, and none knew it better
than he. The sight fired his heart, and new
and only added fresh impetus to his foaming
horse. He reached the field after a sleepless
night and a terrific journey, and the battle of
Cedar Creek was won.

MR. MURDOCH'S LETTER.

This is the true story of Sheridan's ride—I
might almost say official story. If he did not
stop to gather the stragglers, as a poet's
license has pictured, he did carry back the
tide that was floating to the rear, because his
presence had given fresh stamina to some
wavering battalions. The manner of the
man, his dash and courage, his reputation
and successes, all combined to give heart to
those who had drifted back, believing the bat-
tle had been lost.

I have been sitting face to face to-day, the
whole afternoon, with the man who vouches
for the above written words. He is a strong,
positive character, just passing three score
and ten, years crowded with wonderful ex-
periences. As he told this story, he warmed
with the fire of the event and his blood was
hot with indignation, for he had just read a
statement that Sheridan got drunk at Win-
chester and did not go to the battle field, where
the poet's pen has pictured him.

"Ah, but I'll put an end to all cavil about
this story," said he. "What I have told you
got directly from Gen. Eckert himself, who
sat with his hand on the key, arranged and
watched every stage of Sheridan's ride from
Washington to Cedar Creek. He now man-
ages the Western Union Telegraph company

and will bear witness to these facts. But I
read with all the spirit I could command:
"The first that the general saw were the
groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told
him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the lines 'mid a storm of
hurrahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray.
By the flash of his eyes and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day.'"

"The sound of my voice uttering the last
word had not died away when cheer after
cheer went up from the great concourse that
shook the building to its very foundation.
Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men
their hats, until worn out with the fervor of
the hour. They then demanded the author's
name, and I pointed to Read, who was
sitting in a box, and he acknowledged the
verse. In such a setting and upon such an
occasion as I have been able only faintly to
describe to you, the poem of Sheridan's ride
was given to the world. It was written in
about three hours, and not a word was ever
changed after I read it from the manuscript,
except by the addition of the third verse,
which records the fifteen mile stage of the
ride.

"But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, thro' the flash of the morning
light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass with eagle flight;
As if he knew a terrible need,
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
"This Mr. Read wrote while on his way,
shortly after I first read the poem, to attend
a birthday reception to William Cullen
Bryant.
"Mr. Read read the poem, thus completed,
at Mr. Bryant's birthday party. The great
old man listened to every line of it, and then,
taking the younger poet by the hand, said
with great warmth:
"That poem will live as long as Lochin-
var."

"The story of Sheridan's ride, above written,
was but a tithe of the good things he told
me. The recital of this matter naturally led
up to all the incidents connected with it.
"I was not with Sheridan," he said, "at
this time, but was at the headquarters of the
army of the Cumberland. Soon after the
battle of Cedar Creek I came up to Cin-
cinnati and was visiting Mr. Cyrus Garrett,
whom we called 'Old Cyclops.' He was T.
Buchanan Read's brother-in-law, and with
him the poet made his home. The ladies of
Cincinnati had arranged to give me a recep-
tion, that finally turned into an ovation.
I had given a great many readings
to raise funds to assist the
Soldiers' Aid society, and they were
going to present me with a silk
flag. Pike's opera house had been secured,
the largest place of amusement in the city,
and they had made every arrangement to
have the reception a very dramatic event.
The morning of the day it was to take place
Read and I were, as usual, taking our break-
fast late. We had just finished, but were
still sitting at the table chatting. Mr. Gar-
rett, the brother-in-law, who was a business
man and guided by business habits, came in
while we were thus lounging. He wore an
air of impatience and carried a paper in his
hand. He walked directly up to Read, un-
folded a copy of Harper's Weekly, and held it
up before the man so singularly gifted as both
poet and painter.

"The whole front of the paper was covered
with a striking picture representing Sheridan
seated on his black horse, just emerging from
a cloud of dust that rolled up from the high-
way as he dashed along, followed by a few
troopers.
"There," said Mr. Garrett, addressing
Read, "see what you have missed. You
ought to have drawn that picture yourself
and gotten the credit of it; it is just in your
line. The first thing you know somebody
will write a poem on that event, and then
you will be beaten all around."
"Read looked at the picture rather quizzically,
a look which I interrupted by saying:
'Old Cyclops is right, Read, the subject and
the circumstance are worth a poem.'"
"Read, no," said Read, "that theme has been
written to death. There is 'Paul Revere's
Ride,' 'Lochinvar,' Tom Hood's 'Wild
Steed of the Plains' and half a dozen other
poems of like character."

"Filled with the idea that this was a good
chance for the gifted man, I said: 'Read, you
are losing a great opportunity. If I had such
a poem to read at my reception to-night, it
would make a great hit.'"
"But, Murdoch, you can't write a poem as
you would a coat. I can't order anything
in a few hours that will do either you or me
any credit," he replied rather sharply.
"I turned to him and said: 'Read, two or
three thousand of the warmest hearts in
Cincinnati will be in Pike's opera-house to-
night at that presentation. It will be a very
significant affair. Now, you go and give me
anything in rhyme, and I will give it a de-
liverance before that splendid audience, and
you can then revise and polish it before it
goes into print.' This view seemed to strike
him favorably, and he finally said: 'Well!
Well! We'll see what can be done, and he
went up-stairs to his room."

THE POET AT WORK.

"A half hour later Hattie, his wife, a bril-
liant woman, who is now residing in Phila-
delphia, came down and said:
"He wants a pot of strong tea. He told
me to get it for him, and then he would lock
the door and must not be disturbed unless
the house was afire."

"Time wore on and in our talk on other
matters in the family circle, we had almost
forgotten the poet at work up-stairs. Dinner
had been announced and we were about to
sit down, when Read came in and beckoned
me to come. When I reached the room, he
said:
"Murdoch, I think I have about what you
want." He read it to me, and with an en-
thusiasm that surprised him, I said it is just
the thing.

"We dined, and at the proper time Read
and I, with the family, went to Pike's opera
house. The building was crowded in every
part. From the stage were sitting 300
named soldiers, each with an arm or a leg
off. Gen. Joe Hooker was to present me with
the flag the ladies had made, and at the time
appointed we marched down the stage to-
ward the footlights, Gen. Hooker bearing my
flag, and I with my arm in his. Such a storm
of applause as greeted the appearance, I
never heard before or since. Behind and on
each side of us were the rows of crippled sol-
diers, in front the vast audience, cheering to
the echo. Hooker quailed before the warm
reception, and, growing nervous, said to me
in an undertone:
"I can stand the storm of battle, but this
is too much for me."

"Leave it to me," said I. "I am an old
hand behind the footlights. I dropped the
strain from you." So quickly I divined upon
my knee, took a fold of the silken flag and
pressed it to my lips. This by-play created a
fresh storm of enthusiasm, but steadily
Hooker and he presented the flag very grace-
fully, which I accepted in fitting words.

MURDOCH'S READING.

"I then drew the poem Read had written
from my pocket, and, with proper introduc-
tion, began reading it to the audience. The
vast assemblage became as still as a church
during prayer-time, and I read the first three
lines without a pause, and then read the
fourth:
"Under his spurring feet the road
Like an arrow Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape bowed away behind,
Like an ocean lying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark, fed with fur-
nace-fire
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire,
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray
With Sheridan only five miles away.
"As this verse was finished the audience

broke into a tumult of applause. Then I
read with all the spirit I could command:
"The first that the general saw were the
groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done—what to do—a glance told
him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the lines 'mid a storm of
hurrahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course
there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to
pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger
was gray.
By the flash of his eyes and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day.'"

"The sound of my voice uttering the last
word had not died away when cheer after
cheer went up from the great concourse that
shook the building to its very foundation.
Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and men
their hats, until worn out with the fervor of
the hour. They then demanded the author's
name, and I pointed to Read, who was
sitting in a box, and he acknowledged the
verse. In such a setting and upon such an
occasion as I have been able only faintly to
describe to you, the poem of Sheridan's ride
was given to the world. It was written in
about three hours, and not a word was ever
changed after I read it from the manuscript,
except by the addition of the third verse,
which records the fifteen mile stage of the
ride.

"But there's a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway, leading down;
And there, thro' the flash of the morning
light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass with eagle flight;
As if he knew a terrible need,
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.
"This Mr. Read wrote while on his way,
shortly after I first read the poem, to attend
a birthday reception to William Cullen
Bryant.
"Mr. Read read the poem, thus completed,
at Mr. Bryant's birthday party. The great
old man listened to every line of it, and then,
taking the younger poet by the hand, said
with great warmth:
"That poem will live as long as Lochin-
var."

Teacher Talks About the Greenness of the South.

"In Texas I told the people that their state
was big enough for three, and they held up
their hands in horror and said: 'No, only
one state.' I said: 'Gentlemen, there are at
least six states, who will want to be senators
of the United States, and they will be more
powerful than your desire to keep the state
in its present form.' In Texas as in every
one of the southern states where I lectured
I received with more than hospitality—
with cordiality, and the managers of the lec-
ture tour had no reason to complain. I do
not desire to go among a people more friendly.
I spoke in every one of the southern states
through which I passed, and I had not the
most remote conception that I should be so
well received. There are a great many foolish
people in the south. There are some in the
north, but I was surprised and delighted to
see how all the people had survived the sec-
tion feeling. The war and all its issues are
substantially forgotten, and they are busy in
building up again what had been wasted and
destroyed, and there is now more material
wealth in the south than there ever was. I
appealed to audience after audience, if they
could, would they bring back slavery, and
there was not a single instance where they
did not say that they were delivered from a
great curse and that they would not bring it
back again. I had no trouble in speaking
there, and when I told them that I hoped
Gen. Butler would be the Democratic nomi-
nee for president they received it with good
nature, as you do. More than that young
men in the south who used to have their liv-
ing as pleasure-seekers are now workers.
Manufacturing is springing up so generally
that the attention of political economists has
been directed to it and they are going to show
that untaxed industry in this land can take
care of itself. I also found in the south great
interest in schools. They don't fare as well in
this respect as we do in the north, but the
wish of the people is for schools and they are
pushing them out in every direction. The
prospects of the south are admirable in that
direction, and I can say the same as regards
religion. New Orleans is retaining its old
ascendancy as a commercial center.
"As regards the negro, I received testi-
mony most welcome. The colored people are
increasing. The mixture has declined
through the south; the white folks are white
and the black folks are black. We are not
going to have as much mixture as we used to.
Education is going on and the southern peo-
ple of good sense and feeling are desirous of
having the black people educated. When the
colored people own land they prosper. The
white people object to selling it to them, and
for the same reason that people in New York
and Brooklyn do not like to sell land to be
occupied by an objectionable class. I was
asked as to my views about social equality. I
replied that the theory of religion was that
all men were equal, but that practice indi-
cated that social equality should begin at
home, that men should grow into relation-
ships that are necessary. The road of the
colored people up to equality is by intelli-
gence, virtue and religion, and they are
traveling on that road. I believe that they
have achieved liberty, responsibility and as
much social equality as is good for them."

How He Fought the Rheumatism.

[Chicago Herald.]

In a Detroit hotel I met a warped, wiggly
man, who said he had been all twisted up
by the rheumatism. "Great God!" he exclaimed,
"I have gone through a hundred helms. My
fingers, you see, are pretty crooked, but once
they were all at right angles; every joint was
twisted out of true. But the worst was in my
legs; my knees were the same way, and in
my feet all the joints slipped past each other.
For four years I suffered what cannot be
described, every moment praying for death.
My only relief was business, and I kept right
on buying timber land and working camps
when I would have given the whole state of
Michigan to be in hell, just for relief. I
made \$5,000 one day in a timber trade; it was
one of my worst days, and if the \$5,000 hadn't
encouraged me a bit I certainly should have
committed suicide."

A Hotel or a Fort?

[Chicago Herald.]

On writing of military titles in the west, a
San Francisco journalist is reminded of the
visit of an English lord to Sacramento during
a session of the legislature many years ago.
His lordship put up at the Orleans. His
chaperon introduced him to Col. J. Y. Mc-
Duffy, Gen. Wright, Commodore Farragut,
Col. Gift, Gen. Allen, Adj. Gen. Drum, Col.
Kewen, Maj. Jack Stratman, Col. Bowie,
Gen. James A. McDougall, and so on, when
his lordship asked him, "Lad, is this a hotel
or is it a bloody old fort?"

Narrow Gauge.

Colorado has 2,000 miles of narrow gauge
roads in operation; Texas has 1,100; Mexico,
1,100; Arizona has 700 under construction,
and Utah about 1,000 projected.

The Albion (Mich.) ladies' brass band is a flourishing institution. The base drummer- ess is a widow with nine children.

THE SAW-DUST RING.

Notes From an Interview With a
Circus Manager.

Big Risks and Large Salaries—Circus
Vocations From a Humanitar-
ian Point of View—
Hard Work.

[New York Sun.]

Circus equestrianism demands a peculiar
aptitude, and even with that, many years of
patient study and laborious practice before
excellence can be attained. People outside
the business wonder sometimes at the seem-
ingly large salaries we get. They do not
know how hardly and at what risks they
are earned, and what has been gone
through to qualify for them. It takes seven
or eight years steady work, in public during
summers and in private through the winters,
for a young man or woman to become suf-
ficiently proficient to earn more than a more
living salary. Season after season their com-
pensation increases slowly, according to the
progress they make in their art. And all the
while they are in training, and after they
have attained the long-contended-for prize of
a good position, they are liable at any mo-
ment to be thrown out of work and perhaps
crippled for life, by the stumble of a horse,
the slipping of a foot, an unlucky wrench in
the air, the momentary carelessness of a ban-
ner holder, that prosaic and common field,
the rheumatism, or some other one of many
hazards to which they are daily exposed.
Should they not be well paid to counterbal-
ance such contingencies?

I could tell you of a charming young wo-
man, the daughter of an old circus man, who,
three or four years ago, as the result of prac-
tice from almost her infancy, seemed to
have a brilliant future in the ring before her.
All who saw her ride said she was bound to be
the American equestrian queen, for she had
all the requisites of grace, daring, skill, and
beauty. One day she met with an accident,
an unlucky fall from a badly-trained horse.
It might have been more serious in some
respects, but certainly not so far as her pros-
pects were concerned. When she got well
she was found to have a slight but incurable
limp, enough to quite unfit her for ever rid-
ing in the ring again. On the street, or on
the stage, where she found employment at
one-quarter of what she could have earned
in the ring, you would not notice any differ-
ence in her walk, but she can never again safely
stand upon the back of a horse or leap over a
banner.

"Do riders ever take apprentices? Well,
occasionally, but rarely in this country. They
are shy of it. Teaching a boy or girl to ride
is a very long job, generally a thankless and
seldom a profitable one. A parent will teach
his own children, of course, and the best
riders come from old circus families in which
riding may be said to have become a heredi-
tary trait, and learning the business of the
ring is commenced in childhood and is com-
paratively easy for them. Others get into it
by degrees, knocking around a circus as help-
ers of some sort, or as tumblers, and so on,
until they find their way to riding if they feel
that is their vocation. There are some ap-
prentices, but not many. One thing that
mitigates against them is that the law respect-
ing the public employment of children pre-
vents their doing anything for their teachers
until years after they should commence their
training. A child may sell papers in the
streets, suffer hunger and cold, be blighted in
soul and ruined in body, and that is all
right from the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. C. point
of view, but it is monstrously and out-
rageously wrong for it to do a little dance or
a perfectly safe tumbling act on a carpet in
the ring, or, as it gets older, to go around the
ring standing on the broad pad of a perfectly
trained, sure old horse, where it is just as-
sured from harm as it would be in a box.
It is long after childhood, after the years in
which the law protects them, that they are,
if at all, put to the dangerous work of the
profession, or even allowed to attempt it. The
risks they knowingly take in their daily
work, and the consciousness that at any mo-
ment they may be made dependent upon the
kindness of others, undoubtedly have that ef-
fect upon them, and there is not one real per-
former worthy of the name who would treat
a child with wanton cruelty. If you hear of
one who jabs a boy with an elephant prod or
willfully jerks him off a horse to hurt him,
you may set it down that that fellow is no
good in the ring himself. Oh, no; I'm not
specially alluding to riding if they feel that
is their vocation. There are some ap-
prentices, but not many. One thing that
mitigates against them is that the law respect-
ing the public employment of children pre-
vents their doing anything for their teachers
until years after they should commence their
training. A child may sell papers in the
streets, suffer hunger and cold, be blighted in
soul and ruined in body, and that is all
right from the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. C. point
of view, but it is monstrously and out-
rageously wrong for it to do a little dance or
a perfectly safe tumbling act on a carpet in
the ring, or, as it gets older, to go around the
ring standing on the broad pad of a perfectly
trained, sure old horse, where it is just as-
sured from harm as it would be in a box.
It is long after childhood, after the years in
which the law protects them, that they are,
if at all, put to the dangerous work of the
profession, or even allowed to attempt it. The
risks they knowingly take in their daily
work, and the consciousness that at any mo-
ment they may be made dependent upon the
kindness of others, undoubtedly have that ef-
fect upon them, and there is not one real per-
former worthy of the name who would treat
a child with wanton cruelty. If you hear of
one who jabs a boy with an elephant prod or
willfully jerks him off a horse to hurt him,
you may set it down that that fellow is no
good in the ring himself. Oh, no; I'm not
specially alluding to riding if they feel that
is their vocation. There are some ap-
prentices, but not many. One thing that
mitigates against them is that the law respect-
ing the public employment of children pre-
vents their doing anything for their teachers
until years after they should commence their
training. A child may sell papers in the
streets, suffer hunger and cold, be blighted in
soul and ruined in body, and that is all
right from the S. F. T. P. O. C. T. C. point
of view, but it is monstrously and out-
rageously wrong for it to do a little dance or
a perfectly safe tumbling act on a carpet in
the ring, or, as it gets older, to go around the
ring standing on the broad pad of a perfectly
trained, sure old horse, where it is just as-
sured from harm as it would be in a box.
It is long after childhood, after the years in
which the law protects them, that they are,
if at all, put to the dangerous work of the
profession, or even allowed to attempt it. The
risks they knowingly take in their daily
work, and the consciousness that at any mo-
ment they may be made dependent upon the
kindness of others, undoubtedly have that ef-
fect upon them, and there is not one real per-
former worthy of the name who would treat
a child with wanton cruelty. If you hear of
one who jabs a boy with an elephant prod or
willfully jerks him off a horse to hurt him,
you may set it down that that fellow is no
good in the ring himself. Oh, no; I'm not
specially alluding to riding if they feel that
is their vocation. There are some ap-
prentices, but not many. One thing that
mitigates against them is that the law respect-