

MR. SCHOENFELD'S LUCKY ERROR.

He Forgot He Was Betting Pounds, Not Dollars, but Jangler Won.

While Mr. Schoenfeld, the horse owner of Indiana, was in England in 1892 he picked up some pretty good horses. Just as the horses were being taken down to the ship the colt Jangler fell sick and had to be left behind.

Mr. Schoenfeld remained in England to visit some of the tracks. So he placed Jangler with Alfred Day at Newmarket, with instructions to get him in shape by early fall. He then started to do the races, saw the Lincoln handicap open the legitimate season, attended the spring meetings at Newmarket, Epsom and Sandown, spotting the winners of the City and Suburban, the Great Metropolitan and the Derby, generally having a pretty good time and luckily winning enough to pay expenses.

The British bookmaker does most of his business "on the nod" with regular race goers, weekly settlements being made on Mondays. Mr. Schoenfeld was soon recognized as a responsible bettor and could bet away freely on credit.

During these months he had heard now and again from Alfred Day that Jangler was doing nicely, coming back to his feed and form, and one letter intimated that he would, if placed right, soon be good enough to win a nice stake. Later Mr. Schoenfeld received this telegram:

Have entered colt, Egham Plate at Windsor; think he will about do; put 20 each way.

Being in London on the day of the race Mr. Schoenfeld went down to Windsor. Strolling into the betting ring about 10 minutes before the start, with the amount he intended betting buzzing in his head, namely \$100, he halted in front of a bookmaker with whom he had a business acquaintance.

"Thompson, how much will you give me on Jangler?" he said in as offhand a manner as possible.

"Give you tens," was the response.

"That isn't enough. He's a rank outsider, but he's the last on the card, and I take a fancy sometimes to back the end one."

"Well, I'll give you eleven," said Thompson.

"No," replied Schoenfeld; "give me 12 to 1, and I'll bet you a hundred."

"Done!" said the pencil, and Mr. Schoenfeld walked away toward the saddling paddock to see how Jangler looked. While there it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had bet £100 and not dollars on an untried colt. Pushing his way back to the bookmaker he asked, "How did you understand my bet, he gasped, 'dollars or pounds?'"

"Why, pounds, of course," said the booky. "We don't know anything about your Yankee currency over here."

"Why, I meant dollars," replied Mr. Schoenfeld. "Can't you alter it? I don't want to risk \$500 on this colt."

"Very sorry I can't oblige you; but, you see, it was several minutes since you made this bet, and I made my other prices accordingly. You'll have to stand it now."

Before he could reach a point where he could see, the winner flashed past the post, but for once the British crowd forgot to shout the name of the first horse. "Some doubt about who's got it, I suppose," thought the speculator so, calling to a man who could see the winner's number hoisted, he asked, "Who's won—can you see?"

In a few seconds the reply came, "Some bloody dark 'oss from Alf Day's stable—name o' Jingles, or Jangles, or summat like that."

With a deep sigh of relief, Mr. Schoenfeld mentally wrote down \$6,000 on the credit side of Jangler's account and went back to town to have a real good time.—New York Times.

WHIP AND SPUR.

Trotting as a pastime is gaining daily in favor with English sportsmen.

Cleveland S. trotting record 2:24, pacing record 2:11½, will start in the 2:24 class this year as a trotter.

Main S. 2:08½, measures 15½ hands at the withers and 16 hands behind and weighed 900 pounds just before her fastest mile.

The United States law prevents the importation of any stallion having less than four standard crosses. The law went into effect last March.

Nancy Hanks measures 15 hands and three-quarters of an inch forward and a quarter of an inch less behind and weighed 850 pounds before her fastest mile.

A Preposterous Objection.
In a certain district in Derbyshire a Methodist lady is a candidate for the board of guardians. We are greatly surprised to learn that some objection has been offered to her candidature on the ground that, while personally eminently suitable for the position, there is no need to have a lady on the board of guardians. That argument fairly takes our breath away. Surely those who use it have forgotten that the great majority of paupers are women and children. Does anybody seriously argue at this time of day that a pack of men are the most suitable persons to make arrangements for women and children?

As a matter of fact, we could, if necessary, mention most ridiculous incidents that have occurred when unhappy boards of guardians have had to deal with feminine and infantile questions. No, no! Let us admit the superiority of man in his own sphere, but when it comes to feeding, clothing and otherwise ministering to women and children man is decidedly out of it. If there is any public body in the land of which women ought to be members, it is the board of guardians.—London Methodist Times.

Glass Cups For Tea.

The old adage that history repeats itself is again illustrated in the latest fad of having glass cups on the tables of those who desire to be in the fashion. We understand that the proper thing now at the tea table is to have the cups made of glass of different bright colors, with plain white saucers. This certainly does brighten up the table and add greatly to its attractiveness.—House Furnishing Review.

IRELAND'S CAUSE.

True Source of Her Sons' Unfaltering Patriotism.

It Springs from Something Far Greater Than the Hope of Material Advancement—The Great Principle for Which the Irish Are Contending.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

He knows not what liberty is who never was enslaved.

The Irish are often told to let the struggle for independence cease and be thankful for whatever favors England may see fit to grant them.

This recalls an encounter that happened between Sir Robert Peel and Archbishop Whately.

When that staunch supporter of the crown reproached the Irish people for not offering a thanksgiving when they had obtained Catholic emancipation, the patriotic churchman replied: "Why should they be thankful for that which they had to wring from you; you would not give it until forced to do so. I might as well thank an ox for a beef-steak."

It is not by choice that this ceaseless battle has been raging; the essence of patriotism exists and is the same in every race.

Its outward form is attachment to the old homestead or love of country. In many a breast it glows, and radiates towards a country whose breath it has never felt, but from which it has derived many blessings.

The magnet turns toward the pole without guidance, similarly an irresistible influence attracts us to the land of our ancestors.

This is the secret of the magnificent patriotism of the Irish-American.

The love of Ireland which time and fortune cannot efface must indeed have a deep foundation.

When a little urchin on the streets of New York strikes his irreverent playmate for sneering when he makes the cross at mid-day he echoes the lesson imparted to his forefathers by the sainted Patrick. The Irish valor at Fontenoy was a revival of the patriarchal Bryan, who did making that sacred sign whilst repulsing Danish invasion. I ask those who sneer at Ireland's demands to put prejudices aside and consider what prompts those demands. If reasonable inquiry reveals any motive unworthy of the highest manhood, then I shall agree that those demands are disputable.

On the same basis of fairness when they find themselves in error they must make honorable reparation for the many ills that they have sent abroad. What is this sentiment for which men have fought and bled, and women wept and prayed? The crimson stream of Emmet did not flow for nothing; the flood of O'Connell's eloquence had a source higher than the applause of the multitudes whom it swayed, and we must believe that this manifestation of deep sympathy with Ireland that surges over every city and village of the union represents principles that nothing but extermination can suppress.

The motives that inspire men to strong action are few in number.

They look for comfort, wealth, ease and power. Will any one of these alone account for the struggle against England's rule. No. Surely no such reward can be expected from that humble isle whose towns are depopulated and temples demolished, and whose sons and daughters have been made to groan in poverty.

Does the love of power account for it? If so, what is the prospective field for the exercise of that power? Power goes with conquest. Rome's invasion of Gaul and Britain, and England's subjugation of Ireland show to what it aspires and upon what it feeds. It means extended dominions for lordly sway, and enforced servility of greater numbers. Its ravenous maw will swallow everything within reach of its far-reaching grasp. Often the morsel is indigestible, as in the present case of Ireland and regurgitation is inevitable.

To suppose that the struggle for liberty and the exercise of power have anything in common would be the last idea of a bankrupt mind or a decaying intelligence. Ireland's geographical position alone would counsel submission instead of aggression on the part of those at home and abroad. It is sometimes alleged that in the event of satisfying Ireland's wish Great Britain would be at the mercy of foreign hordes collected by the Celt to wreak vengeance for centuries of oppression. A British statesman has just made the gratuitous assertion that though Irishmen might not take arms with other countries against England, that Irish sympathy would certainly be in favor of any invading forces. Against this bug-a-boo much could be said. The Irish nation is too sincere to make a pledge and not fulfill it. As the whole world can attest, it is not vindictive.

Religion forbids that and magnanimity scorns and the Irish are bound by both.

If England will not believe this let her look to the opinion which other nations have of Irish character. Its faults are not denied, but still an Irishman in any part of the world where intelligence rules is accredited with being truthful, sincere, generous and faithful.

Irish-Americans can surely have little to gain by espousing this course. Directly they would secure nothing whatever, indirectly they can only enjoy the satisfaction of helping others to obtain what was at one time their undisputed possession. Besides, their endeavors are applauded by the whole American nation, who are certainly distinguished as the constitution plainly shows, by a peaceful and gracious bearing toward every other people.

Unquestionably then Irish patriotism springs from something else than mere material advancement.

A voice is heard from within saying: "there is a principle for which you must fight or relinquish your claims to manhood."

Over the verdant hills and plains of that island far away there hovers a spirit that ennobles the human heart wherever its influence is felt.

From its own shores it comes, it comes.

have made your race the admiration of thoughtful and discerning people. You have been dutiful citizens in new abodes, through the principles of right and justice inherited from that soil upon which the banner of freedom has ever striven to upraise its defiant folds. Your trust in the wisdom of God has made you patient and forbearing, and filled you with that forgiving spirit which finally triumphs. Remember that your origin is hallowed by that atmosphere of holiness which has inspired thousands of saints. Upon many a battlefield your sturdy sinews have wielded the sword because your Celtic heart told you that it is noble to fight for the right. You have known the happiness of aiding the wretched from other forlorn lands out of the fulness of your great good nature. The eyes of many peoples are watching with sympathetic solicitude your every act in this glorious conflict. Show yourselves worthy of your descent, magnify a thousand times the grand qualities bequeathed to you, and reassured with all the majesty of a pure conscience and of invincible heroism that liberty and life cannot be separated, that your success has so far added strength to your purpose, and that no defeat can deter your onward march to victory.

This inward voice is the true source of that sublime fidelity to Ireland's cause which has made her children in America the light and hope of her future. It is against the spoliation of a priceless heritage that the voice of resistance has been raised. The same lesson issued from the lips of Cicero when he said his best service to his country was to see it made free. "Only these two things I crave, first that at my death I may leave the Roman people free; second, that every man's lot may be carved out to him according to his merits as a citizen of the republic." Irish patriotism is its own justification and reward. RICHARD E. MAYNE

Growth.

The growth of higher feelings within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength; we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy, than a painter or a musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula.—George Eliot

Busy and Happy.

He whose heart overflows with love and sympathy will always find abundant resources for his spare time. The means of doing good and scattering happiness are so plentiful and so varied that those who find pleasure in them will of necessity be busy and happy.

DOMESTIC READING.

A vast distance separates a high failure from a low success.

We have been a thousand years trying to bombard man into love; better try to love man into love.

Virtues are dangerous if not accompanied by humility; we lose our reward through the vain glory they produce.—St. Bernardine of Siena.

We cannot enter Heaven as those who pass in a crowd. God deals with souls as men deal with sovereigns, which they examine and weigh one by one.

The spirit of poverty is the root of obedience, the mother of renunciation, the death of vain complacency, the ruin of vanity and cupidity.—St. Francis.

To love God as we ought we should have three hearts in one: a heart of fire for God; a heart of flesh for our neighbor, and a heart of iron towards ourselves.—St. Labre.

If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it he is sinking to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts; they are worse, a great deal worse.

O Immaculate Virgin, Queen of Martyrs, I conjure thee by the sorrows thou didst endure during the awful passion of thy amiable Jesus give to all of us thy maternal blessing.—St. Paul of the Cross.

It is a great mistake to think that clouded and heavy looks, mournful tones, and great protestations of humility are signs of deep contrition. Even in its lowest depths, the spirit of penitence is the spirit of praise.

Do not think of what may happen to you to-morrow, for the same Eternal Father who cares for you to-day will care for you to-morrow and always; either He will not send you trouble, or, if He does, He will give you invincible courage to bear it.

All the little trials of body and mind are the first steps of that sublime and holy ladder which is mounted by great and generous souls. Step by step they climb to the top, on which is found pure suffering devoid of all earthly and heavenly consolations.

A loquacious young man came to Socrates to learn the art of oratory. Socrates asked him double price. "Why charge me double?" asked the youth. Socrates replied: "Because I must teach you two sciences—the one how to be silent, the other how to speak."

The merit of crosses consists not in their weight, but in the way in which they are borne.

Love cannot be idle. He who loves God cannot live without giving Him continual marks of affection.

One "God be praised" in moments of trial is worth a thousand thanksgivings when everything goes smoothly.

Put in practice these precious words: Suffer, be silent. By doing so you will become in a short time holy and perfect.

How beautiful is the starry firmament! Yet it is but the portal of the blessed country where we hope to go one day.

He that resists the grace of God can have neither rest nor peace. "Who hath resisted Him and hath had peace?" (Job ix. 4)

Do that which you judge to be right, whatever the vulgar may think of you; if you despise their praise, disregard also their censure.

LIGHT AND AIRY.

To His Uncle.

I do not pledge thee, dear, in wine, Though thou art dear to me, And everything I have is thine Or soon is going to be.

I do not pledge thee, dear, in wine, My pledge to thee is known. I gladly give thee what is mine To keep as though thine own.

I do not pledge thee, dear, in wine, For summer's not remote, And as I feel, thy warm sunshine Pledge thee my ownest.

—Detroit Free Press.

Distressingly Worldly.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly (making a pastoral call)—It has been a long time, Mrs. Upjohn, since I have seen Miss Bella at church.

Mrs. Upjohn (shaking her head sadly)—I fear, doctor, Bella is incorrigible. I have had several elegant new dresses made for her lately, but she doesn't seem to have any desire to go to church—to look well in them, you know. I'm afraid she is getting hopelessly worldly.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Thing.

The garden hose, the firebrand, The bootjack and the gun, As cat dispensers I have tried, And found success in none.

But their extermination's sure If you will loudly play Upon an old accordion "Te-ty-ra Boom-de-ay." —Boston Courier.

Between Ladies.

"You demand high wages," said the mistress of the house, "but I am willing to pay good wages to a good girl. You are prepared to give satisfaction, I suppose, in the matter of references?"

"As to references, mum," replied the young woman in the gay bonnet haughtily, "I don't require 'em. References is out of place between ladies!"—Chicago Tribune.

Two Pronunciations.

We once pronounced it "row," my love, When gliding o'er the lake. We were both belle and beau, my love, And played "Give kiss and take."

But poverty and care, my love, Have made it different now. An unromantic pair, my love, We both pronounce it "row." —Life.

Her Plan.

Little Girl—Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen.

Neighbor—So you've got a hen sitting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens.

"No, ma'am, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that wants ter set, and ma thought, if you'd lend her some eggs, we'd find a nest ourselves."—Walt.

Weat!

Mary Jane sat alone with her beau For six hours, with the gas turned down lean. When he said he must go, It affected her sea.

That she wept, and exclaimed, "Eau nean, neau, neau!" —Truth.

A Wise Boy.

"I told you," said the teacher apologetically to Tommy, "that I should whip you if you did not tell your father you had run away from school, didn't I?"

"That's all right," responded Thomas. "I didn't tell him. One of your lickin's is a picnic by the side of one of dad's."—Quips.

Just the Same.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going a-milking, sir," she said. "But there's never a cow in yonder glade." "But the pump's beyond it, sir," she said. —Washington Star.

Much Worse.

Said one, "The greatest misfortune that can happen to an actor is to lose his voice." To which an actor replied:

"No, sir. Our greatest misfortune comes in when we have to play the part of a king or an emperor on the stage and go to bed without supper."—Margherita.

Stood and Delivered.

Of strawberries he bought a box And put the man's demands on the stand. Which showed that while he had the rocks He also had the sand. —New York Press.

Not Him.

Mother—William, didn't I say I'd whip you if you put another rubber button on the stove?

William—Tain't me, ma. It's a smoking one of the cigars you bought him for his birthday.—Life.

In Doubt.

Tell us, ye guiding winds, If for a time you'll pause, Whether to don our flannel again Or creep into our gapes. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Very Curious.

May—Carpets are curious things, mamma. Mamma—Why so?

May—Although they are bought by the yard, yet they're worn out by the foot.—Boston Budget.

Before and After.

He flew upon the wings of love To buy his girl a diamond ring. But after they were married he Flew back to see how much 'twould bring. —Club.

Plenty of Company.

Mrs. Suburb—What is your objection to the country?

Domestic—I am afraid I'll be lonely. Mrs. Suburb—Impossible. There are 16 in the family.—New York Weekly.

You Bet.

The time is coming on, alas! When we shall hear once more The festive arch's joyful yell. "Hey, Chimmie, wot's de score?" —Brooklyn Eagle.

Horrible.

"I don't believe that girl will ever learn to walk," said a young man.

"Worse than that," was the reply. "She will never learn not to attempt it."—Boston Globe.

Always So.

Whenever the piano ceased, There was a great furor, And those who understood it least Were loudest to encore. —Kansas City Journal.

Who Was It?

Miss Sniplett—Men are such fools! Miss Darley—Ah, who has proposed to you now, dear?—B. K. & Co.'s Monthly.

Spring.

We've put away our heavy clothes, And we are feeling blue; We wish we had not done it now—Acht! Acht! Acht! —Clothes and Furnishes.

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