

KING OF IRELAND'S DAUGHTER.

Gray sails sailing west over gray water,
Gold rings and gold crown for the King
of Ireland's daughter.

Dark rose, dark rose, in the garden
blooming,
Break sheath and blow, rose! gray sails
are coming.

Why in thy long sleep ringest thou, O
spear?
Silk we wear instead of steel, now gray
sails are here.

Don your steel and take the spear, lay
the silk aside,
Lo! beneath the sails of gray sits a low-
born bride.

Lark rose, in the garden blowing,
Die, for thou hast bloomed in vain; gray
sails are going.

Gray sails going east over gray water,
Broken troth, broken heart, for the King
of Ireland's daughter.

—Nora Hoppers.

HIS LITTLE MISTAKE.

I was entering upon my last year at
New England theological college,
and sat one day in my apartments
puzzling over a problem in ethics
when there came a knock at the door
and Sam Desmond entered. Sam was
an old friend of mine from Chicago,
where our families had long been in-
timate until separated by circumstan-
ces.

I had not seen Sam, however, since
entering an Eastern college six years
before, but I had retained my old
liking for his cheery disposition when
we were boyhood chums, and was
unfeignedly glad to see him again.

Excepting his added years and a small
mustache, Sam appeared unchanged,
and we were soon talking over old
times with mutual enjoyment and
planning for the future on the foot-
ing of old friends.

I was pleased to learn that he
intended to take a course of
law at the college, and readily con-
sented to accompany him in search of
lodgings.

"I've brought my man with me,"
said Sam, "an old servant of the fam-
ily, who will be my valet and cook,
as well as guide, philosopher and
friend; and I want to find a comfort-
able suit of rooms where I can set up
bachelor's quarters. I am in no hurry
to begin studying, and may loiter
around and enjoy myself for a month,
so come on and I'll introduce you to
Washington."

Though I had some misgivings about
Sam's rather extravagant ideas of life
in a college town, I concluded that it
was no affair of mine, and his father
being a wealthy banker, I knew he
could afford any luxury he chose to
indulge in.

So we started out, and before night
Sam had engaged four handsome
rooms not far from his lodgings, but in a
more fashionable locality, and his
man Washington was at once install-
ed to prepare them for occupancy.

Meantime Sam put up with me and
I was soon, as I thought, fully con-
versant with his life for the years
during which we had been separated.
I gathered that after having fitted for
college he had suddenly conceived the
idea that he wanted to enter upon a
business career at once, and had for a
year held a position as clerk in a
bank, when he again changed his
mind and determined to take a course
in law.

Sam was soon established in his
lodgings, and I spent much of my
spare time in his rooms.

Washington, the valet, as Sam hu-
mously called him, was a brawny,
cool-natured fellow, who assumed the
full charge of his master's belongings,
and seemed entirely devoted to his
interests.

For two or three weeks all went
swimmingly. Sam made acquaintan-
ces easily, but as I was glad to no-
tice, used a nice discrimination in his
selection of friends. He was hospita-
ble to a degree and gave frequent
dinners to a select coterie, but be-
yond the fact that he treated his
guests to wine he was as circumspect
as possible, and I saw nothing ob-
jectionable in his mode of life.

One day, however, I made a startling
discovery. I had been requested by
one of the Faculty to visit Police
Headquarters and ask for a night
guard for the college buildings, and
while waiting in the station house
for the Chief of Police, I entertained
myself by glancing over the placards
posted on the walls offering rewards
for the apprehension of fugitives from
justice.

Imagine my consternation when
almost the first one I glanced at an-
nounced in flaming letters a reward
of \$1,000 for the arrest of one Samuel
Desmond, wanted in Chicago for rob-
bing a prominent banking house of a
large sum of money. The placard had
been issued not quite a month pre-
viously, and was illustrated by an al-
leged photograph of the man wanted.

To be sure, the photo was that of a
smooth-faced young man, whereas my
Sam Desmond was a mustache; but
perhaps the print was taken from an
old photograph, and, come to look at
the picture closely, the features cer-
tainly did resemble those of my friend.

The longer I looked the more con-
vinced I was. Horrible! Here was a
pretty state of affairs! Sam Desmond
a common thief? I could not believe
it.

At any rate, I would sound my
friend on the subject and give him a
chance to escape if he were indeed
guilty. Perhaps he would confess all,
and if he did so, and was penitent,
I determined to do all in my power to
save him from capture and help him
to get safely away.

My errand done, I hastened to Sam's
rooms in great agitation. The culprit
was at home and lounged luxuriously
upon a sofa, smoking a fragrant Ha-
vana. I glanced around the richly
furnished room with a feeling of
loathing now that I thought I knew
whence the money came to furnish
them. And that colored servant, too!
I had never quite approved of Wash-
ington. Doubtless he was an accom-
plice in the master's crime!

"Hello, Frank!" shouted Sam as I
entered. "Just the man I wanted to
see!"

"Was I, indeed? We would see about
that!"

"Yes," continued Sam. "I was just
sending Washington over to your den
to ask you to make one of what to-
night!"

"Sam, I said to myself, 'you told
me, if I remember right, that you were
a bank clerk until lately, did you
not?'"

"What the devil has that to do with
the whist party?" he demanded.
"He had never until then struck me
so forcibly that Sam's language, when
speaking to me, lacked the reverence
due to my future calling in life."

"Sam," I said again, "is there any-
thing in your past life that you re-
gret? Are you ever filled with re-
pentance?"

He seemed to notice my solemnity for
the first time. "I say old man, what's
the matter?" he asked anxiously. "No
one dead, I hope!"

I thought he was trying to brazen it
out.

"Sam," I pleaded, "why don't you
confide in me? I will still be a friend
to you so far as I can."

He looked at me with a well-feigned
amusement before he replied, then
said, "I say, old chap, if you stick to
that phiz when you're a person, you'll
be a bully one for funerals, but, to be
frank, you won't be worth a continen-
tal for a wedding!"

This did not look much like repen-
tance, but I would give the misguided
youth all the chance I could.

"Sam Desmond," I said, "if you will
own up that you've done wrong and
make such restitution as you can, I'll
keep your secret and help you get
away."

He grew suddenly pale, and I was
sure I had touched him at last. He
glanced at me a long time before speak-
ing, and I saw his lips quiver.

"Frank, old boy," he said at last,
"I'm awfully sorry it was coming,
then," — if I'm not, I never
knew you drank before."

Good heavens! The insolence of
the fellow! This was too much, and
patience was no longer a virtue.

"Oh, I know it all," I blurted. "You
were a clerk in the Bank of C—, in
Chicago. You robbed the bank of \$10,-
000 and are now living on the pro-
ceeds of your theft. A reward of
\$1,000 is on your head. Now, if you
choose, to confess, for the sake of
your family and your old friendship,
I will shield you, otherwise I must
expose you!"

He sprang to his feet and paced up
and down the room, evidently greatly
agitated. I felt sure he was on the
point of a full confession and would
throw himself on my mercy.

"What shall I do?" I heard him
mutter to himself. "Poor old chap!"

Then he touched a bell on the table
and Washington's ebony face appear-
ed at the entrance. Sam gave the ser-
vant some instructions in a voice so
low I could not understand what he
said, and the darky remained in the
room, standing, I noticed, between me
and the door. Then Sam turned once
more to me.

"Frank," he said, "this is either the
result of too much drink or else
you're sick," and he touched his fore-
head meaningly. "At any rate I don't
think you're fit to be left alone. I'm
going for a doctor. Washington will
stay with you till I come back. Now,
if I were you I'd take a hot bath and
turn in my bed there—do, that's a
good fellow!" And the next moment
I heard his rapid steps going down-
stairs and out into the street.

I sprang up to follow, but found the
way barred by Washington, who
shoved me gently but firmly back into
my chair and held me there helplessly.

"Now, Mars' Frank," he said, "you
done jes set still till Mars' Sam
get back. Yo' ain't fit to go out by yo'self,
no how."

I see it all now. Washington was
in league with his master and had
been placed on guard over me while
Sam made good his escape. I strug-
gled desperately, but was powerless
in the hands of the negro, and lay back
exhausted in the chair recovering
breath for another attempt, when I
heard footsteps returning and Sam
entered with a companion.

"Frank, this is Dr. Bangs," he said
cheerily. "Just describe your symp-
toms to him, won't you? He thinks
you have probably a touch of grip.
Nothing serious, you know, but some-
times it goes to the head."

"If you are a doctor," I said fiercely,
turning to the stranger, "you can
easily satisfy yourself that I am per-
fectly well, but if you want my pri-
vate opinion, it is that you're an ac-
complice of this thief here," and I in-
dicated Sam by a contemptuous nod.

The doctor first felt my pulse, which
I permitted, though boiling over with
rage and chagrin.

"Too fast," he murmured; "very
rapid, indeed! Face flushed, but no
signs of alcohol. Humph! Feel any
pains in your head and bones?" he in-
quired.

"No," I shouted, angrily. "I don't
feel any pain in my bones, but, by
G, sir, I'll make you feel a pain in
yours, if this farce isn't ended pretty
quick!"

Dr. Bangs retreated hastily and con-
ferred with Sam in a low tone.

"No, it isn't drink," I heard him
say, and then followed some hurried
directions of which all I could catch
were a few disjointed phrases like
"violently insane" and "better send
for an ambulance."

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THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

No man not even the college gradu-
ate acquires through the teaching of
others the power which makes him
what he is; no man ever acquires any
real mental power except by his own
efforts; and no man ever attained dis-
tinction in art or literature except by
what he taught himself.—Robert Wal-
ter.

Blessings on the woman who, in the
darkest hour, knows how to be as the
sunlight in her hope and trust, and to
be well-nigh a divine embodiment of
courage and fortitude.—Sarah K. Hol-
ton.

A true poet, a man in whose heart
resides some influence of wisdom, some
tone of the eternal melodies, is the
most precious gift that can be as-
signed on a generation.—Carpenter.

They are poor that have lost some-
thing; they are poorer far who losing
have forgotten; they most poor of all
who lose and wish they might forget.
—Jean Ingelow.

Give no reason for your decisions.
For they are sure to be right, while
your reasons are sure to be wrong.—
Lord Mansfield.

It is with genius as with a fine fash-
ion, all those are displeased at it who
are not able to follow it.—Pope.

By the word education I mean much
more than an ability to read, write,
and keep common accounts. I compre-
hend, under this noble word, such a
training of the body as shall build it
up with robustness and vigor—at once
protecting it from disease, and enab-
ling it to act, formatively, upon the
crude substances of nature—to turn a
wilderness into cultivated fields, for-
ests into villages and cities. I mean,
also, to include such a cultivation of
the intellect as shall enable it to dis-
cover those permanent and mighty
laws which pervade all parts of the
created universe, whether material or
spiritual. This is necessary, because,
if we act in obedience to these laws,
all the restless forces of nature be-
come our auxiliaries, and cheer us on
to certain prosperity and triumph;

but, if we act in contravention or de-
fiance of these laws, nature resists,
thwarts, baffles us; and, in the end, it
is just as certain that she will over-
whelm us with ruin as it is that God
is stronger than man. And, finally, I
mean such a culture of our moral af-
fections and religious susceptibilities
as, in the course of nature and Providence,
shall lead to a subjection of all
sentiments to the will of heaven.—
Horace Mann.

None love their country, but who love
their home;
For freedom can alone with those
abide.

Who wear the golden chain with hon-
est pride,
Of love and duty at their own bedside.
While mad ambition ever doth career
its own sure fate in its own reckless-
ness.

In vision of the dark night,
I have dreamed of joy departed—
But a waking dream of light and life
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah, what is not a dream by day,
To him whose eyes are cast,
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past.

—Edgar Allan Poe.

What is this world? A dream with-
in a dream—as we grow older each
step is an awakening. The youth
awakes as he thinks from childhood—
the full-grown man despises the pur-
suits of youth as visionary—the old
man looks on manhood as a feverish
dream. The grave the last sleep;
no; is the last and final awakening.
—Sir Walter Scott.

It is not expensive to become a
noble in Bavaria. To be made a
simple "Von" costs a matter of \$375;
to be raised to the "Ritterstand," \$500;
to be made a "Freiherr," \$1,200; to
be made a "Graf" costs \$2,500; while to
be made a prince only costs \$5,000.

These prices are only for one person,
but the government kindly makes re-
duction in the case of whole families
wishing to turn noble all at once. Thus
for \$10,000 or \$15,000 a small family
can be made princes, though they are
not permitted to use their title with-
in the kingdom of Bavaria.

"I believe in publicity in regard to
municipal affairs," says Seth Low,
"and I want the representatives of the
newspapers to feel free to come to the
mayor's office to ask about any mat-
ters in which the people of the city
may be interested."

COMPLETED PROVERBS.
"Fore you run in double harness,
look well to the other horse," but see
to it that the other horse doesn't have
a chance to look well to you.

"Pity is akin to love," but kinship
does not always signify friendship.
"It is hard to pay for bread that has
been eaten," but not so hard as to get
bread to eat that has not been paid
for.

"Only that which is honestly got is
gain"—the rest is velvet.
"Labor overcomes all things," even
the laborer.

"Employment brings enjoyment,"
when it brings the means to enjoy.
A wise man is moved from his
course neither by force nor en-
travoy, but the same often applies to
a mule.

"Possession is nine points of the
law," and frequently all the profits.
"Every man for himself, and the
devil take the hindmost," is the cry
of those who are well in front.

"In matters of taste there can be no
dispute," for every man is so firmly
convinced that there is no standard
by which his taste can be measured.
"Whatever is best administered is
best" for the one who administers.

"Ignorance is the mother of impud-
ence," no father is named.
"A man who will not see will make
his foes flee," but what if his foes be
made of the same metal?

"Let a child have its will and it will
obey," but its parents will.

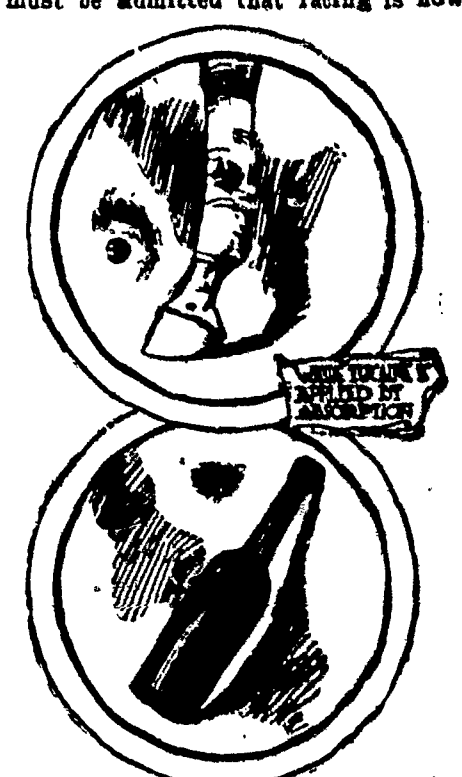
HORSES ARE DRUGGED.

NATURAL SPEED INCREASED AT THE
WILL OF TRAINERS.

Alcohol, Cocaine and Injected Cocaine—These
Unfair Methods Did Not Originate in
America—They Have Existed for Many
Years in England.

So much attention has been paid of
late to the charges recently given
voice in London that American thor-
oughbreds are often drugged for the
purpose of effecting their natural
speed, increasing or decreasing it, as
the trainer may desire, and also by
Lord Durham's strictures on American
jockeys, that the impression has been
given to those who are not well in-
formed in such matters that this
method of obtaining an unfair advan-
tage in horse racing found its origin
in this country and heretofore has
been a feature peculiar to the turf in
the United States.

Nothing could well be further re-
moved from the truth, although it
must be admitted that racing is now



THE VIKING RACE.

better safeguarded in England than
here, and in consequence the "sport of
kings" is there conducted on a cleaner
basis than here. Horse racing offers
so many opportunities to gain unfair
advantage with the promise of large
financial returns that unscrupulous
men are always to be found who are
willing to risk discovery and disgrace
for the chance of reaching the coveted
prize. This has always been so, and
they will be officials of rare wisdom
who in the future can make it impos-
sible.

Turf scandals have been known ever
since horses were first brought into
speed contests. Brides with poison
on the bit have accounted for many
defeats of splendid thoroughbreds by
inferior animals. This is a crude
method, however, and is now seldom
resorted to even by those of the most
brutal instincts. At one time a train-
er wishing to accomplish a coup in the
betting ring would select a thorough-
bred known to be capable and enter
him for a race, in the running of
which he would wear what are known
as boots on the fore legs. These boots
would be heavily weighted with shot,
and would so anchor the horse's feet
that he would show far beneath his
true worth. This operation might be
repeated until a time would come
when a raid would be made upon the
bookmakers' "layers of odds" they
are now called. With the wagers
properly made, the heavy boots would
be removed and the thoroughbred
would run away from horses that had
previously defeated him with ease.

This came to be looked upon as a
clumsy method, fraught with unnece-
ssary danger. Then a scheme was de-
vised for using soft metal between the
hoof and the shoe. Loss of speed
would result, and the reversal would
come after the horse had been reshed
in a proper manner. Vigilant racing
officials soon discovered the secret of
this piece of dishonesty, and it, too,
became unpopular.

It was nearly a decade ago that mys-
terious stories began to be told about
saddles with electric battery attach-
ments and the wonderful speed de-
veloped by their use. A few such sad-
dles have been made and used, but
not many. The drugging of horses
was found to be safer and more ef-
fective. Drenching was first resorted to.
Just before being sent to the
starting post the horse was given a
dose, carefully estimated as to quan-
tity, of whiskey, brandy or some simi-
lar liquor. The result would be a
stimulation of strength and speed, un-
less an overdose was given or the start
was so long delayed that the effect
wore away. In either of the last
named circumstances the liquor
would accomplish just the opposite of
what was desired. This method of
drenching is still sometimes resorted to,
although it is now looked upon as
crude. At one time the Jockey Club
ruled against it, and punished all of-
fenders vigorously. Now it is regard-
ed more leniently, and some owners
"drench" their horses without any at-
tempt to keep their methods secret.

His Own Favorite.
Almost every dishonest trainer has
his own favorite drug and his own
method of administering it. Horses
that suffer because of weakness or
soreness of the forelegs receive local
applications of anaesthetics that re-
sult in their hammering along over a
hard track without feeling the pain
that would be theirs had they not re-
ceived the attention of the veterinary
surgeon. In defence of this practice
the argument is advanced that the
thoroughbred has been saved unnece-
ssary pain. The crime lies in the act
of running a horse that is physically
unfit to compete. Cocaine is the drug
now generally used as an anaesthetic
to be applied to the forelegs. Ban-
ages are wrapped about the legs above
the ankle joint, and these are stuffed

with the drug before the time when the
ordinary process of the race is accom-
plished. The result is that the horse
is not in a condition to receive the
benefit of the cocaine, and is in a condi-
tion to break a leg. Such an accident
often happens after cocaine has been
administered. One of the trainers who
that cost the life of a promising colic,
key, is generally believed to have
been due to the deadening effect pro-
duced upon the forelegs of the horse
mount by cocaine. It is almost impos-
sible to use bandages upon the fore-
legs, for which reason a spray of
ether, cocaine and opium is used.
These methods are not intended to in-
crease speed, but merely to render the
thoroughbred oblivious to pain.

Thoroughbred Speed.
For the purpose of increasing speed
a preparation of which cocaine is the
main ingredient is used, being ad-
ministered hypodermically. The in-
jection is often made back of the hip.
From this point the drug is taken up
more rapidly and a quicker effect is
obtained. Unfortunately for the dis-
honest trainer, a noticeable swelling
is produced, which does not disappear
for several hours. When there is fear
of detection the injection is made in
the neck, where it is covered by the
mane. It requires only ten minutes
for the drug to take full effect, and the
reaction does not come for at least
half an hour. This makes it possible
for a horse to be sent out for a race
filled with stimulated energy and
strength that will not disappear until
there has been ample time for the
contest to be decided. It happens at
times that an overdose of cocaine is
injected, when a thoroughbred may
have established a record for ex-
treme docility becomes excited and
creates more trouble than it does
fratious two-year-olds. Filled with
an ambition to run, he will if pos-
sible get from under the control of his
jockey and tear around the track, of-
ten covering miles before the drug
loses its potency.

Susceptible to the Drugs.
Thoroughbreds are just as suscep-
tible to the drug habit as are human
beings. When a horse has run a
series of races under the effect of cocaine
or any other stimulant it is impos-
sible for him to do himself justice un-
less he has had the injection which
renews his vigor. This adds another
opportunity for fraud and accounts
for the reputation some racers have
for in and out racing. It frequently
happens that one day a horse will be
so sluggish that he is barely able to
maintain a position in the rear of the
pack, and the next day will be full
of fire and dash, and will go down
in front of his field at the start, re-
maining there to the finish. It is a
good betting proposition that the
horse, being accustomed to drugs, was
started first without his medicine, and
then was sent out under