

IT WAS A GREAT HORSE.

A FORMER HIGH ROLLER TELLS A STORY OF THE FUTURE.

How Doc Streett's Speedy Animal Deceived a Good Many Horsemen Who Saw Him—Streett's Great Success in Catching Suckers in Various Parts of the South.

"Trottin' losses and trottin' ho-sen have gone ahead a heap in the last twenty-five years," said an aged Southerner who is now employed by one of the many trotting-horse drivers quartered at the Arlington trotting track at Baltimore. There is a tradition that the old man was, in days long since past, a high roller on the turf, but luck deserted him, and he is now, with the shadow of the grave upon him, forced to eke out an existence as a hanger-on of a racing table.

After delivering himself of the above sentiment the veteran was asked why he considered that trotting horses and trotting horsemen had advanced in the last twenty years.

"Why," was his reply, "look out yonder where they are working these hosses and take in the contraptions the hosses wear. Boots till you can't rest, toe weights, head governors, and what not! But there's a story behind my remarks. You've heard of Doc Streett? I hear he is running some thoroughbreds over to St. Asaph, near Washington. Doc, eh? I wonder why they named him Doc, but Doc he was the first time I ever laid eyes on him. It was in Tennessee. One evening I was standing in the door of a livery stable talking with the proprietor, a friend of mine, when a stranger drove up with a bay gelding hitched to a cart. The stranger was sleepy looking and slow of speech, and it took him a couple of minutes to explain that he wanted to leave the horse in the charge of my friend for several days while he went down the country on a little business trip. He asked that particular care be taken of the horse, as he was very speedy and was valuable. There wasn't anything remarkable about the animal except that he was as ugly a brute as I ever saw, and I said to myself mentally, 'If he's a trotter, I'm no judge.'

"The stranger had a drink with us, told us his name was Streett, and the next morning, after once more enjoining my friend to be careful of the horse, because he was very speedy, and asking that he be jogged a few miles daily, but on no account to start him up at anything like speed, he took himself and his red whiskers down the country. Did you ever have a man tell you to jog a horse and not under any circumstances let him step up to his clip? Of course you know the temptation there is to see whether the skate can go any and how he is gaited, and when nobody's looking there doesn't seem to be any great harm in straightening him out. I liked a trotter as well as any man in Tennessee those days, and I had some good ones of my own, too; and the livery stable man and I being good friends we concluded to have a drive together. I had a smart little mare with a lot of thoroughbred blood in her veins, and she was easily the champion of our vicinity. I hooked her up and my friend met me on a soft dirt road with Streett's bay.

"We jogged several miles, and my mare getting warm I called to my friend to let the old bay step along some and we'd see how good he was. The old fellow hopped and skipped like a jumping jack and managed to show a three minute gait. We had a great laugh on our way back to town and a much greater laugh when we got a letter from the owner of the gelding to take good care of the horse and jog him every day and be sure and not start him up.

"Well, in about a week Streett turned up and was at the stable in double-quick time. He fussed around his old crab until we were wild, and finally, in a bantering tone, I remarked:

"How well can he trot?"

"Oh, about thirty," was the reply.

"Thirty nothing," said I, "he can't beat fifty, and there's a dozen in this town, can't he?"

"Not for money," came the sleepy reply and I really felt sorry for the man.

"I'll match a mare of mine against him mile heats for \$500 a side," was my next reply.

"Waive the distance and I'll go you," he said, and fishing out some dirty bills he put up a forfeit of a hundred and agreed to post the balance in a week, when the race was to be trotted.

"We thought we had such a cinch that we didn't notice, rather, pay any attention, at the time, to the arrival of half a dozen strangers who came earlier than the usual crowd attracted by such contests for the race was well advertised and there were fully 5,000 persons at the old fair grounds on the day set for the match. I was to drive my own mare, and, being younger than now, was fond of applause. My candidate warmed up like a bundle of steel springs, while the old gelding was as tame as a skiver that I had seen on the track. The owner was in the sulky which I had borrowed for him for the occasion, and when we scored down for the word I was sorry for the poor fellow, for I could scarcely pull my mare up enough to make it an even go. We got the word, though, and I drew right away, and never saw the gelding the entire race. I heard the shouts of laughter from the crowd, though, and on turning to come back, saw the gelding hopping down the stretch.

"We both cooled out in the field, and I was too busy to notice the strangers mixing with the natives and offering to bet on the old gelding to win the race. I did notice, however, a remarkable lot of activity in the vicinity of the gelding and heard the clink of a hammer as though shoes were being fastened. I noticed also as we went out on the track that the gelding didn't look like the same horse. He had on an open bridle instead of blinds and his head was much higher than in the first heat. He also wore a pair of toe weights.

"When he turned half way up the home-

stretch and jogged toward me he went like a machine, and when we scored down there was no more hopping and skipping; the old fellow's actions were like machinery. I almost fell out of the sulky. I got so dizzy, but that dizziness was nothing to the sensation that ensued when that old gelding stopped round me on the turn and went sailing up the backstretch, trotting like a house afire. I realized that I'd been taken in, and I don't for, and if the earth had opened up and swallowed me I'd have felt grateful. There were my friends looking on, and to a man they had their money on my mare. I drove hard for the heat, but I might as well have chased a shadow, and I was beat, and beat good. It was only a jig for the bay to win, and win he did. We felt a little ugly at first, and at one time it looked like a fight, but at last we concluded to make the best of it and acknowledge that we had been caught in our own trap. I found out afterward that the gelding wouldn't or couldn't trot a bit without the toe weights, and you had to snatch his head up and keep it there.

"That sleepy old Streett went all through the South and Southwest and never failed to catch a sucker. Wonder if he remembers me and my little mare, and whether he still wears those red whiskers? They were lilacs for fair, and suited his peculiar style of beauty."

THE DEVIL AND MR. BOOTY.

Sworn Testimony That the Former Flew off With the Latter.

The following is from the British Naval Chronicle of the year 1807:

An abstract from the Journal of the ship Sphinx, in the Year 1808, up the Straits:

May 12.—When we arrived at Manson we found three ships lying there from London, commanded by the Capt. Bristol, Brown, and Barnaby; all going to Lipari to load.

May 13.—These three ships sailed in company with the Sphinx (wind N. W.) to Lipari, where they anchored in twelve fathoms water (wind S. S. W.).

May 14.—The four captains and a Mr. Bell, a merchant, went on shore upon the Island of Mount Stromboli to shoot rabbits. About three o'clock they called their men together to go on board their respective ships, when to their inexpressible astonishment they saw the appearance of two men, coming very swiftly through the air toward them; one of them appeared to be dressed in black and the other in gray clothes; they passed close by with the greatest rapidity, and to their extreme consternation, descended, amid the burning flames, into the mouth of that dreadful volcano, Mt. Stromboli. At their entrance there issued tremendous noises; the flames rushed out most terribly, and Capt. Barnaby cried out, "The Lord bless me! the foremost of the two, in black clothes, is old Mr. Booty, my next door neighbor at Wapping; but I do not know the other."

He then desired them all to write down in their pocketbooks, or note it on some hung, what they had then seen; which was immediately done by the three captains and Mr. Bell, and likewise entered in the different ships' journals at the same time.

When these four ships had taken in their loadings at Lipari, they sailed together for London. When they arrived in the River Thames, at Gravesend, Capt. Barnaby's wife came from London to him. He then sent for the other three Captains to come on board his ship to congratulate him on his wife's arrival. After they had thus met a little conversation passed between them in the cabin, when Mrs. Barnaby suddenly started from her chair and said to her husband, "My dear, I'll tell you some news. Old Mr. Booty is dead!"

He directly answered, "We all saw him go into hell!" and told her what they had seen, as before related, to her serious alarm.

When Mrs. Barnaby had returned to London she went to an acquaintance and related this serious event—that her husband had seen the soul of Mr. Booty go into hell on the 14th of May last. This gentleman then mentioned the same to Mrs. Booty, widow of the deceased, who immediately took a writ out of the King's Bench Court in the penal sum of £1,000 damages, and arrested Capt. Barnaby for delation upon her late husband's soul.

Capt. Barnaby gave bond to stand trial; and he then took out of the Court of the King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, summonses for all the people that had attended the late Mr. Booty in his last sickness and at the time of his death; also the sexton of the parish who buried him, and the clothes he last wore before his sickness, he had taken care of, to be introduced in court on the day of trial.

When the trial came on the different persons, with the black clothes, and were brought into court and court and were there met by Capt. Barnaby the captains of the other three ships, and the men of the four boats, with Mr. Bell, who were all on the said Island of Stromboli and saw the two apparitions descend into the burning flames on the aforesaid 14th day or May last. Ten of the men of the boats made oath that the buttons on the coat which the apparition had on were like the one present, being moulded covered with black cloth, the same sort that the coat was made of. The different persons who were with Mr. Booty at the time of his decease made oath that his death happened at 8 o'clock at noon on the 13th of May last which was in the year 1686. The jury then asked the Captain of the Sphinx if he knew Mr. Booty in his lifetime. He answered that he never saw him in his lifetime, but plainly observed the dress the apparition had on, which Mr. Barnaby said was Mr. Booty, in company with another unknown.

The Judge then spoke: "The Lord grant that I may never see such a sight as that, for I think it impossible for thy ten men to be mistaken!"

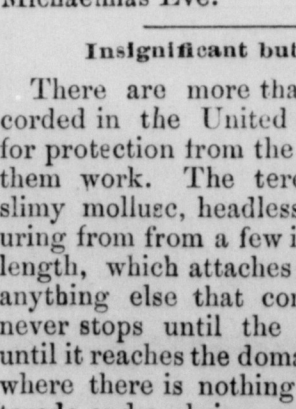
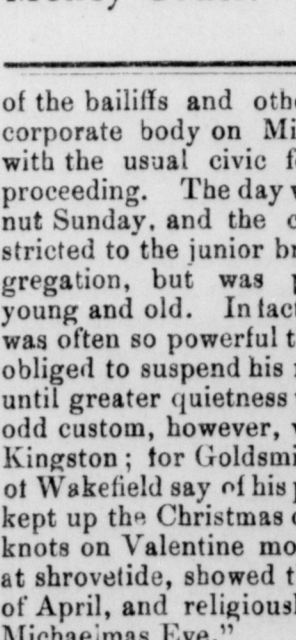
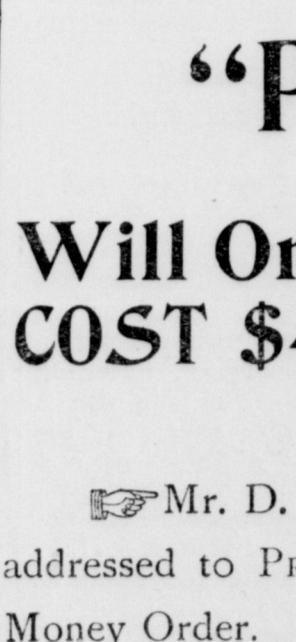
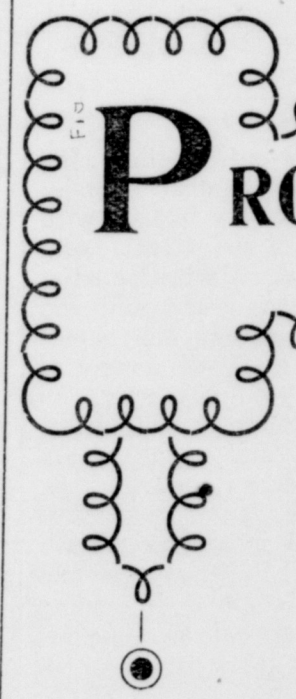
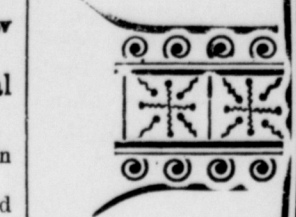
The jury then gave their verdict against the widow Booty, plaintiff to pay the costs of the court. The foregoing are facts extracted from journal of the ship Sphinx's voyage to the Straits in the year 1686.

The above trial is now to be seen on the records of the Court of the King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, the Mrs. Booty, plaintiff, against Capt. Barnaby, defendant.

These letters are written on parchment in Latin, in the lawyer's old text-hand writing, and are kept in a glass case in the Clerk's office, where, for the sum of one shilling, they may be seen by all whose doubt or curiosity may induce them to it.

Cracking Nuts in Church.

Until a recent period the congregation of the Kingston-on-Thames, England, parish church used to crack nuts during the performance of divine service or the Sunday next before the eve of St. Michael's day. The custom was thought to have had one original connection with the choosing



PROGRESS' Great Offer.



PROGRESS will give to every yearly subscriber a beautiful **CRAYON PORTRAIT**, enclosed in a 26 x 30 Gilt and oak frame. The engraving given above is a fac-simile of our **SAMPLE PORTRAITS** that will be shown you by our Agents. We would draw special attention to the fact that every Portrait will be enclosed in a **FRAME** that sells in this city for **Five a Seven Dollars**. There have been several offers, in the way of enlarging Pictures, but we stand prepared to give you the best yet offered, and guarantee **First Class Work** and prompt attention. The artists in charge of our work have been selected from the foremost in their line in Boston.

We want your name on our subscription list, and will make you the following offer:

"Progress," for one year, with **LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AND FRAME** when he takes your order and the Picture is delivered, **Will Only COST \$4.00,** and these are the terms we will give you, **Pay the Agent \$1.00** when the Picture is delivered, **\$3.00** by our carriers, or by mail free of charge.

Mr. D. L. ASPINWALL has no longer charge of this department, and all orders, and any communication should be addressed to **PROGRESS**. Send in your Photographs at once, accompanied by \$1.00, sent either by Post Office or Express Money Order.

of the bailiffs and other members of the corporate body on Michaelmas day, and with the usual civic feast attending that proceeding. The day was known as Crack-nut Sunday, and the custom was not restricted to the junior branches of the congregation, but was practised alike by young and old. In fact, the cracking noise was often so powerful that the minister was obliged to suspend his reading or discourse until greater quietness was obtained. The odd custom, however, was not peculiar to Kingston; for Goldsmith makes his Vicar of Wakefield say of his parishioners: "They kept on the Christmas carol, sent true love-knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes at shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas Eve."

Insignificant but Destructive.

There are more than 1,000 devices recorded in the United States Patent Office for protection from the terebro, and none of them work. The terebro is a gelatinous slimy mollusc, headless and legless, measuring from from a few inches to four feet in length, which attaches itself to wharves or anything else that comes in its way. It never stops until the wharf collapses, or until it reaches the domain of a fellow terebro where there is nothing more to cut. The terebro and a shrimp called the limnosia to-

gether cost San Francisco £50,000 annually.

ITS FAME SPREADING.

A New Remedy in General Use in Manitoba And the Northwest.

WINNIPEG, May 27. The effects of the regular ways of sickness which sweeps over this portion of the Dominion in the spring are noticeable in the increasing amount of the druggists' sales. There has been quite a run on the kidney remedy now so well known under the name of Dodd's Kidney Pills. The recovery from Bright's disease of Mr. Arthur Coley, of Somerset, through their use, an account of which appeared in the papers, gave a considerable impetus to the sale, and the remedy has become indispensable in many Manitoba households, its fame having penetrated into the remotest parts of the province and North West Territories.

Extinguished With Beer.

A few weeks ago a fire broke out in the barracks at Glencarse, the depot of the Royal Scots regiment, close to the cañteen. The alarm was sounded, the engine brought out—and then it was remembered that there was no water to lay on, all the pipes being frozen. What was to be done? The fire was making rapid progress and there

was no time to be lost. Great barrels of beer were near at hand, the only liquid ready for use. There was no help for it and in a few minutes the brown streams were playing on the flames with all the force and effect of water, and the fire was soon distinguished.

To Indicate the Currents.

The currents of the ocean are not as well known as they ought to be, and measurements and researches are continually being made as to their strength, direction, etc. The hydrographic bureaus of England, France, Germany, Spain, and the United States are now using regular bottle mails to establish data relative to ocean currents. The ordinary bottles formerly used will not do, as but few of them are ever picked up. Either they break or they sink in the salt water eats through a flaw in the cork, or barnacles fasten themselves on the under side until the bottle sinks. The bottles used now are large, and specially ballasted so that they always swim upright. A small sign is attached to the neck to attract attention, the inscription thereon showing the letters H. O. and a number. When such a bottle is sighted in mid-ocean the ship's officers only need to take down the number of the bottle, which is allowed to drift on. If position and time of sighting such bottles

are reported to the hydrographic offices in sufficient numbers, it will be possible, it is believed, to calculate the swiftness and establish the direction of ocean currents almost accurately.

The Minister's Wife.

It was Monday morning and I felt a little worse for wear after a hard Sunday's work, preaching twice and making an address. I remarked to my wife, "I always feel a little worse on Monday than any other day in the week."

She replied: "I do not."

"No," said I, "but you do not have to preach twice on Sunday."

"True, I do not preach twice on Sunday," came the quick retort, "but I listen to you!"

Warned by the White Rag.

In Holland it is customary, when there is infectious disease in a house, to notify the fact to intending visitors and the public generally by tying a piece of white rag round the bell-handle.

Less and Less.

A few years ago the Peter's Pence from France averaged three million francs. In 1863 the sum was one million eight hundred thousand francs, and last year it fell below a million.