

Good Stories by Clever Writers.

THE OWNER OF CRESCUS.

George Ketcham an Interesting Personality. Owns Horses and Valuable Library.

It is a tradition in Toledo, the home of George Ketcham, owner of Cresceus, that once upon a time, when some one inquired of the late Valentine Ketcham why he continued to pile up the dollars for his sons to spend, he answered: 'If my boys get as much fun out of spending my money as I have in earning and saving it I shall be quite satisfied.'

The old gentleman may rest serene in his grave, for 'my boys' have had considerable fun with the millions the financier and banker left at his demise.

John the eldest died some time ago in Chicago, under rather sensational circumstances, after a more or less pyrotechnical existence. Valentine has not been before the public to any great extent, and when George built a theatre and was known to be looking after fast horses there were many who were confident they could see his finish.

However, the end that the croakers sought is not yet, and to day George Ketcham, at 40, besides being the owner of the fastest trotter on earth, is the proud possessor of what has been called by Mrs. Lantry the handsomest theatre in the world. In a recent speech at the opening of her new London theatre she said that many ideas of the English house were taken from the Toledo theatre.

This beautiful Toledo playhouse is called the Valentine, and in the foyer there hang two rather peculiar bits of data. One is a letter from the old Quaker, Richard Mott, introducing 'my young friend, Valentine Ketcham,' the other an old advertising dodger enumerating the wares of a general store.

Among exquisite pieces of statuary and hung beside magnificent paintings which ornament these walls, these mementos of the father's early struggles speak of the American pride in the pluck that wins. They also show the make-up of the man who said a few weeks ago in Cleveland, after coming in from a hard day at the track: 'I would rather drive Cresceus when he lowers the trotting record than go to heaven.'

Fastest Horse On Earth.

When the division of the Valentine Ketcham estate was made the Ketcham farm, from which probably every well-to-do family in Toledo has brought fruit, butter and eggs from the old capitalists himself, fell to George. The young man of that time was somewhat delicate, having been closely confined in his office as architect and draughtsman. By the advice of his physician he bought a horse or two and drove them purely as an incentive to be in the open air.

The game began to be interesting with the acquisition of Robert McGregor, the famous father of Cresceus. It was then that the men about the hustling Ohio town, who cured for a brush, used to drive up occasionally near George on the winter's speedway. They usually got what they were looking for.

When the years came the ambition to own a great trotting horse, and as Cresceus early showed all the points for making a record, Mr. Ketcham, who had bred and trained him, now allowed himself a word of praise for his stallion. At first even his best friends laughed at her when George quietly remarked that he had the fastest horse on earth, but their cynical grins turned to smiles of admiration when the sorrel began to smash the records as a three-year-old. Since that time he has justified all that his owner, Mr. Ketcham, and his caretaker, Tim Muren, have promised for him, and today he holds more world's records than any horse, living or dead.

His owner is impulsive [to a fault, a thoroughly good fellow, a] good friend, a bitter enemy. He is as quick to anger as he is to laugh at a joke. He has nerves and muscles of steel, and yet he says that tare an exciting race his only ambition is to get away somewhere where he can sleep and he has often lain down in the stable and slept for hours, watched over by Tim Muren.

Mr. Ketcham's residence in Toledo is not one of the show places, but it is first and last a home, filled with beautiful works of art and the luxurious belongings of the man who cares little for ostentation, but enjoys life to the fullest. His magnificent library is housed in the Valentine.

at the disposal of the office tenants at a times. There Mr. Ketcham keeps a librarian, whose sole duty is to take care of his books. He is well known to the trade as a purchaser of rare editions. Mr. Ketcham also has a large law library, which is much used by the lawyers who have offices in the building.

He has some marked peculiarities, one of which came out in a little chat a few weeks ago. 'I must go and write a letter,' he said, and then remarked in a sudden burst of confidence: 'I think I can tell you something that you will consider somewhat strange. You know my wife and I were children together. We sat in the same room at school, but neither during that notewriting age or later, when sweethearts, or in the 15 years of our married life, have I ever written her a letter. And in all that time I have never received a written line from her. We have found it necessary at times to use the telegraph wire and cable, but we have never written each a letter in four lives.'

Being asked what Cresceus was worth Mr. Ketcham answered that it almost impossible to set a price on him. I think him the most perfect animal ever born, and he has perhaps for me a sentimental value. However, some approximate prices may be put on him by knowing what he can earn. Cresceus earned \$60,000 last year.

Many of Mr. Ketcham's Toledo friends would like to see him mayor of that city, and last year he would have been the Republican nomination if he would have accepted it. As it is, the city is very proud of Mr. Ketcham and his trotter.

A teacher had told the children they could look up the definition of words in the dictionary, but must use their own words in writing out the lesson. She was surprised to have arsenal defined as a book of war stories. The definition in the dictionary was:—Arsenal—a magazine of war supplies.—Chicago News.

A Chinese Funeral.
A prominent Chinaman died the other day in Boston, and his fellow countrymen, according to their custom, prepared to bury him with the rites of their race and religion.

The coffin was placed on trestles in the middle of the street. At its head stood a small table on which platters containing roast pigs, a fowl and other food. At the foot lay a mat. From the houses on either side the friends of the dead man came, in white garments, to burn joss-sticks and offer prayers. The dead man son, also robed in white, came out alone, and loosening the long hair of his queue until it hung about his face, knelt sobbing on the mat.

The Chinese as we see them are a stoical people but it was plain that son was a mourner in fact as well as in name, and if bearing counts for anything, so, too, were some dead man's friends.

Meantime a crowd—of white men—was gathering on the sidewalk, and in a while was pressing close the coffin and commenting aloud and cracking jokes. In the very midst of the service a photographer pushed to the front, and shoving some mourners aside ordered others to stand where they were while he took a picture of the ceremony for an afternoon paper.

Let us suppose for a moment that the scene is shifted from Boston to Pekin, that the mourners are Americans instead of Chinamen, the rites Christian instead of pagan; now crowd the spot with a mob of uninvited strangers, who chatter in a strange tongue and laugh, and having satisfied their curiosity, go away. Is it hard to imagine the feelings of the dead man's son in either case?

The relations of a native of any country to the stranger within his gates call for the finest courtesy. To ignore peculiarities of dress and manner; to discover without impudence the wants of a foreigner who cannot speak the language, and to help him—this is indeed to be a gentleman. How often do we find ourselves falling short of that high standard!

An All-Around Bit.

The government officials of a certain island had a hard taskmaster. Those who were under him the servants in his own establishment being no exception. His valet was expected to be on duty three hundred and sixty five full days in the year.

Being detailed to accompany a scientific expedition on an extended cruise, the officer went a little in communicating the news to his personal attendant.

'Well, James,' he said, 'how would you like to go with me around the world?'

'Do we go from east to west or west to east?'

the valet.
'Yes.'
'We lose a day in going that way, don't we?'
'We do.'
'Well, sir, I'd like it first-rate. It would give me one day off.'

NO JOY IN LIFE

SO SAY THE SUFFERERS FROM CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA.

A Trouble That Makes the Life of its Victims Almost Unbearable—Causes Headaches, Heart Palpitation, Dizziness, a Feeling of Weariness, and a Dislike for Food.

From "L'Avenir du Nord," St. Jerome, Que.

Sufferers from dyspepsia or bad digestion are numerous in this country. Almost daily one hears some one complaining of the tortures caused them by this malady, and it is no uncommon thing to hear a sufferer say "I wish I was dead." And no wonder, the suffering caused by bad digestion cannot be imagined by any one who has not suffered from it. The victim is a constant sufferer from headaches, heart burn, heart palpitation, and nausea. He has a bad taste in his mouth, is unable to obtain restful sleep and has always a feeling of weariness and depression. But there is a sure cure for this trouble and it is found in the greatest of all known medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Among those who have been cured of this distressing malady by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Alfred Chasbot, a well known farmer living near St. Jerome, Que. To a reporter of "L'Avenir du Nord," Mr. Chasbot told the following story of his illness and subsequent cure:— "For three years I was an almost continual sufferer from the tortures of bad digestion.

After eating I felt as if some heavy weight was pressing against my chest. I was racked with violent headaches; my temper became irritable; my appetite uncertain; my nerves were a wreck and I was always troubled with a feeling of weariness.

I was able to do very little work and sometimes none at all. Although I tried many remedies I was unsuccessful in my search for a cure until a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Any doubts I may have had as to the merits of these pills were soon dispelled, for I had not been taking them long before I noticed an improvement in my condition. I continued the use of the pills some weeks when I considered myself fully cured. Today I am as well as I ever was in my life, and would strongly advise all similar sufferers to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am sure that they will find them as beneficial as I have.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They make new, rich, red blood, strengthen the nerves and thus tone up the whole system. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes

for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

To View Eclipses From Above the Clouds.
In the midst of the excitement caused by the automobiles, Bame Plu au, neChief of the French Commission which went to Sumatra to study the eclipse and who has just returned to Paris, comes out in a statement in which he goes on record as believing that balloons will play a great part in the study of the next eclipse, which takes place in 1905. He proposes to ask M. Santos-Dumont to cooperate with him in the observations of the future. M. Senaque, the astronomer who accompanied M. Pluvial to Sumatra, spoke before the Society for Aerial Navigation. He urged the collaboration for scientific purposes of the members of the society and the astronomers. After the lecture he said:

Our mission to Sumatra was the most favored of any sent out by the various Governments, but we were unable to complete our interesting researches on account of the heavy mist. Prof. Ballard, whom we know as America's most celebrated astronomer, and who also went to Sumatra to take observations, was unable to see the sun for a single instant. Other expeditions had equally bad luck. The entire fifteen expeditions which were sent to the island cost at least \$150,000 each. All of this money was practically lost. A common balloon would have been of no use, but if M. Santos Dumont had been there he undoubtedly could have saved the day. Thus he will be asked to help next time for the glory of France and French science.

Thoughts.

When a man is very anxious to explain that his conduct is all right, depend on it he is a little suspicious of himself.

He that will make a good use of any part of his life must allow a large part of it to recreation.

There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not.

Distinguished ancestry does not always imply distinguished progeny.

A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise kept is a debt discharged.

No one can tell the unending power for good which each of us may have in our homes, among our fellow men, by faith in them—how far we can strengthen their feeble desire for God and all good. Care, then, for the soul of people and for the soul of what they do, as well as of what they are.

'I'll have to leave your service, sir said the coachman to the trust magnate. 'I'm sorry to hear that, John. Why?' 'Every time I drive you out, sir, I hear people say, 'There goes the scoundrel!' and I don't know which of us they mean.'



Complete EXTERNAL & INTERNAL Treatment FOR EVERY Humour.

CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, **CUTICURA OINTMENT** to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and **CUTICURA RESOLVENT** to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET of these great skin curatives is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, bleeding, crusted, scaly, and pimply skin, scalp, and blood humours, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE USE CUTICURA SOAP Assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chaffings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the BEST skin and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.