

NEWS FOR THE HORSEMEN

MELVIN MOODY TO MOVE HIS STABLE TO ADAMS.

HAS TWO GOOD NEW ONES

Plans and Dates for Racing and Fair Circuits—Phenomenal Growth of a Noble Wilkes Filly—Scarcity of General Purpose Horses.

Melvin Moody will not remain in Watertown with his stable this season, but expects to move shortly to Adams, where he will conduct the Manhattan hotel, confining his stable on the old White half-mile track. Mr. Moody's special way and the popularity he has already gained should make him a most successful landlord.

Alvin Moody returned yesterday afternoon from New York with two promising colts for the Moody stable, Flamingo, a chestnut trotter, bred by C. D. Bell at Sparkhill, N. Y., is a 3-year-old stallion with several generations of good trotting blood behind him. He is sired by the great Klatawab 80,758, 2-year-old record 2:05 1/2, champion 2-year-old pacer record of the world. Klatawab is by Etowah way, 2:28 1/2. Flamingo's dam is the celebrated brood mare Flamingo by Juro, 2:34 1/2. The other new one is the 4-year-old brown stallion Oro Bella, 38,948. He is a trotter and is sired by Bow Bella, 18,072, record 2:19 1/2 and sire of 44 in the 2:30 list. His dam is Oro-y-Plata, a full sister to Potomac, 2:28 1/2, sired by Prodigious, 2:50, record 2:16 and the sire of 49 in the list, by Paucost, 2:31 1/2, dam Helen T. by Electioneer, sire of 167. If good breeding counts for aught these two should be heard from in the 2-year-old stakes. They are owned by G. W. Hoover of Germantown, N. Y.

The old Central New York circuit, of which the Watertown Racing Association was formerly a member, but which has been out of business for the past two years, has been reorganized and dates announced as follows: Wilkesboro, Pa., June 24-28; Elmira, July 8-12; Oswego, July 10-13; Binghamton, July 17-20; Cortland, July 24-27; Oneida, July 31-Aug. 3; Rome, Aug. 7-10; Norwich, Aug. 14-17; Binghamton, Aug. 21-24; Wilkesboro, Pa., Aug. 27-31. It is said that the circuit has been formed with the assistance of men in control of the Southern circuit and the Great Fair circuit. The former opens at Norfolk, Va., May 13, closing four weeks later in Baltimore, Md., the Central New York circuit commencing the week following. The Great Fair circuit starts at Bethlehem, Pa., Sept. 4. Four days' racing is to be held at each town, with three races a day and no purse less than \$400.

Since the Oswego Driving club stirred things up in that peaceful city, the horsemen are beginning to murmur in the news of that place. It is expected that George Dubois will be located at the Wine Creek track the coming summer with a good string.

William Hegerly has purchased of Elliott Mort a high acting coach horse. David Owens has sold his cross matched coach pair to H. A. Downey. It is said that William Davis will be the choice for president of the Driving club.

William Nacey possesses a remarkably fast bay pacer. During the past week Royal F. Tallman sold to New York parties his slab-acting road pair Parson and Little Johnny Jags, price \$1,500.

Preliminary arrangements have been made for a fair circuit, including Oswego, and for which dates have been appointed as follows: Oneida, Aug. 23 to 24; Fulton, Aug. 26 to 31; Oswego, Sept. 4 to 7; Plattsburgh, Sept. 18 to 21; Watertown, Sept. 23 to 27; Hemlock, Oct. 1 to 4.

Hartford Ashley, of the Ashley Stock Farm, Foxboro, Ont., sends the Times the following clipping of the remarkable growth of a filly raised on his farm and sired by G. A. Hosington's Noble Wilkes of Adams:

"The Ashley Stock Farm of Foxboro, Ontario, has a filly foaled April 14, 1905, sired by Noble Wilkes, 2:13 1/2, that weighed 110 pounds when foaled and at the age of six months weighed 500 lbs., showing an average growth of 55 lbs. per month being over 2 lbs. per day. The next four months this filly increased to weight 300 pounds, an average of 50 lbs. per month, weighing at the end of 19 months 700 lbs. The dam is by Kharris, a son of Stamboul, 2:07 1/2. This filly is bay with star in forehead, standing 13 1/2 hands in front and 14 hands behind. Mr. Ashley drove this filly the day after she was nine months old to the city of Belleville and back before a bike road cart, a distance of 19 miles. She is nicely broken single and is being driven a couple of times a week, about 4 miles. She is a trotter and is entered in the Kentucky Stock Farm purse of \$6,000 and Kentucky Futurity purse of \$21,000.

The Buffalo Horse World says: Recent reports sent out by the bureau of animal industry at Washing-

ton, while not made in the spirit of the alarmist, indicate that this country faces a serious condition as regards its supply of horses. In no respect is this more acute than with general utility horses, from the free carriage horse down to the general purpose horse of the farm. Horses of this type are scarce and the demand for them is increasing.

On the Chicago market the average price of horses for general use has increased \$35 in five years and that of carriage pairs \$40.

Trade with Great Britain and Ireland, which took most of the export trade in horses of this class, has fallen from \$0,322,000 in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1900, to 1,483 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1905. This decrease is directly due to the scarcity and high prices of horses in this country.

Foreign buyers recognize the value of native horses and should prices again decline to the level of foreign buyers the surplus would be taken up rapidly. The striking feature of the entire situation is the horse market today is that the horse demand is consuming almost the entire supply; the export trade is a small factor, more than half the entire number of horses exported going to Canada and those being largely taken up by immigrants.

S. C. Averill of Syracuse has twenty-one horses at his Scottsdale farm between Oswego and Minetto.

Opportunity's Bald Head

By MARGARET RICHARDS
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With a weary little sigh Margaret Huston pushed aside the closely written pages. It was no use. The story would not go.

For six months now she had written stories—clever, harmless little things which her friends easily could have forgiven her had she not insisted upon regarding them all as legitimate "material." She moved in a world of fiction, she revelled in situations, incoherent plots ran riot in her brain.

But today as she pushed back her chair and walked with graceful, impatient movement to the open window, she found no solution to her problem. The story was at a standstill. Up to this point it had progressed smoothly enough. After a series of vicissitudes of the kind peculiar to young authors the hero had boarded an eastern bound express at San Francisco. The heroine, a victim of diverse and equally satisfactory misfortune, had unwittingly taken this same express at Denver. What the result would be was obvious but it was right here that the hero failed to rise to the occasion with his customary alacrity.

author, wrinkling her pretty forehead perplexedly. He could not see in the usual way the outlines of the situation, as various pictures of moonlight porches and palm sheltered corners flitted across her memory. "It is a situation that would have to work itself out." A sudden thought stained the white skin scarlet. "Oh, no, I never could do that," she whispered while the soft breeze fanned her hot cheeks. "But it would only be in the interest of art," instigated the tempter. "Artists must sacrifice themselves to their work." And John Sherwood's doom was sealed.

Short, sharp puffs of escaping steam, a jet, a faint vibration, and the New York train steamed slowly out of Ardmore-Hudson.

All unaware that he was but a paces in his fair lady's game, John Sherwood leaned forward in his seat and regarded her with wondering, delighted eyes. This sudden graciousness, this unexplainable nervousness, the flushed, half-averted face, how but one interpretation to his eager lover's heart. She was inexpressibly dear to him; this slender, capricious maiden, how dear he had never before quite dared to say, but now—

They had found seats on the river-side. The setting sun shot a quivering crimson shaft across the water and crowned the opposite mountains with soft golden light. She made mental note of the yellow splendor. Of course there was no river in her story, but western mountain ridges barked in sunset glory would be a fitting background for her hero's impassioned appeal.

John leaned toward her. "Margaret," he said impulsively, "did you ever hear why Opportunity is supposed to have a bald head?"

She turned her head with a resentful little frown. He was beginning badly. No bald head, even that of Opportunity, had a place in her picture of youth and shifting golden lights and passionate appeal; then, remembering her role of heroine, she nodded with a forced little smile.

With a faint, grinding protest the train stopped at DeGoes Ferry. A girl with two small children in tow entered the car; behind her trailed a woman in a somber widow's weeds. Margaret rejected the children as being too sticky, but the sunset, the widow's garb of woe in sharp contrast to the hero's impassioned declaration—

"Because Opportunity's head is bald," went on John's dogged voice. "No one can grab him from behind—after he has passed, you know—but in front his hair is long."

"Oh," she cried faintly. "Would he never have done with that head?" All her artistic sense arose in mute rebellion. Even the dimple in her chin retreated in sweet disdain.

as a boy and she had been the favorite of his world, but he had been so red and so embarrassed, to his unhappy end. "And now—this—being with you—is my opportunity—and I want to grasp it," he finished hoarsely.

"Youkers! All aboard! Next stop One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street!" With short, sharp puffs of protest, the engine prepared for its quick run into New York.

She looked drearily out of the window. The golden light had faded, like her errant fancy, and the Palisades stretched blue gray in the gathering dusk. She was tired of it all—of John, her stories—everything. His words had stirred faint, dreamlike possibilities in her heart, but that she did not know.

"I suppose I've made a mess in saying it," he went on, embarrassed and passionate determination struggling together in his voice, "but I—" She turned to him in a little gust of indignation. "Yes, you have made a mess of it," she whispered hotly. "You might have done it differently. You have spoiled it all—my story—everything!" She sat erect and rubless; a rising sob shook her voice, but she proudly choked it back.

With a desperate, wistful hope that he had not heard right, John looked apologetically at her flushed, indignant face. She could not have meant it all—she would turn and explain away his doubt in her pretty, imperious fashion—and then she slowly realized that her silence stung him.

Intervale, Spuyten Duyvil, King's Bridge, glided swiftly by. Morris Heights, High Bridge—"Hundred and Twenty-fifth street!" shouted the brake man aggressively. An aged man came slowly down the aisle, beckoned on the young couple and seated himself in front of them. He arranged the blind to his satisfaction, rubbed his spectacles, took out a newspaper, and, laying his hat on the seat beside him, leaned back in his corner with a long drawn sigh of comfort. Except for one long wisp of white hair in front his head was absolutely bald.

A smile suddenly crept into Margaret's eyes, the corners of her mouth twitched convulsively, the dimple in her chin displayed itself in sudden sympathy; she glanced swiftly at her companion. Then the smile on her lips died away and her heart stood still.

He was evidently hurt to the quick. His face—John's laughing face—was grim and stern; his mouth was one straight, unforming line. She had broken his heart. Not that alone, but he knew now just how unworthy she was of his great, honest love. Hot tears stung her eyes. She was nothing to him; now—nothing to John—and she had thought she did not love him.

"Oh, John, I do! I do!" she whispered brokenly.

she begged him, humbly, to forgive her. He stopped her with quick, loving words. "My sweetheart—my precious sweetheart," he said softly, his low voice barely audible above the rumbling of the train. "Do you not understand? I love you—that's enough. It seems to me I have always loved you, but I did not dare hope for you—until today—and now!"

The lights of the great city flared in the sky as the train glided smoothly into the Grand Central station. Under cover of the confusion he bent and pressed his lips lightly to her glowing lips, then regarded her with radiant, triumphant eyes.

The old gentleman in front carefully covered the head so the Opportunity's own and beamed on them in parting benediction. Margaret gazed him an answering smile. "You are eloquent enough now, at all events," she said with sudden mischievousness. "I admit that I was pretty bad," she laughed, "but don't you think that for a luncheon you yourself were rather?" "You see, he wasn't bald after all," she interrupted irreverently.

The women of the Cromwell family. It reads like one of life's little ironies that Oliver's wife and eldest daughter should actually take a journey to Hampton court to be presented to his majesty the King. Tradition declares that later on, when the shadow of a death such as had befallen no other English monarch loomed darkly over that same King, Elizabeth pleaded for his life. It may very well have been so. The protector's wife and mother would willingly have had fewer honors and more security. The latter, whom he had brought up to Whitehall to be near him, was wont to exclaim at every gun she heard fired, "My son is dead!"

It was in that son's arms that the venerable dame expired at the age of ninety-four, desiring him to bury her in some quiet cemetery and by no means in Westminster abbey. But Oliver would have it otherwise, and so that royal sepulcher the remains of Elizabeth were borne with all the pomp that belittled the obsequies of a queen. Also, poor woman, she was not permitted to rest in peace. With the restoration came a royal mandate for the casting forth of certain bodies whose unauthorised dust might not mingle with that of England's highest. Twenty-one corpses were exhumed and thrown into a pit. The mother of Oliver Cromwell does indeed sleep beneath the shadow of historic Westminster, but it is in a disconsolate grave—London Queen.

In Methusalem's Time. Kind Old Lady—What ails the baby? He looks healthy, I'm sure. The Nurse—Oh, he is, the little dear. But he's peevish today on account of cutting his whiskers.—Puck.

A small teaspoonful of powdered gum arabic with the same amount of glycerin, stirred into a tumblerful of cold water and drunk slowly, will often work wonders in quenching thirst.

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Some Large Brewers Claim Purity and Sterilization and little else. We Guarantee Purity, Sterilization and Excellence of Materials. Superiority of Quality is the Test.

MOST beer, no matter by whom brewed, is clean, pure and sterilized. These primary conditions prevail in nearly all breweries. Many pure, clean beers, however, are not good beers.

Clean, pure beer may be made from almost any cereal—and may be aged and sterilized, but it will not necessarily be good beer.

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must and does command a higher price than any other beer, and has a greater sale than all other bottled beers.

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