

THE CHICAGO RACES.

MAGNIFICENT RACING CLUB HOUSE IN THE BREEZY CITY.

Pictures of Washington Park Club House—Gen. Phil Sheridan, President of the Association—Iko Murphy, Lucky Baldwin's \$6,000 a Year Colored Jockey.

It was a shrewd stroke of business to elect Gen. Phil Sheridan president of the Washington Park Racing club, in Chicago. Now York itself could not find so picturesque and so valuable a figure to set up at the head of any of its horse associations. But Chicago is young New York, with most things on a new, broad scale. It attains the best in whatever it undertakes.

About the last of the year 1882, a number of Chicago gentlemen, with the greatness of their windy city at heart, met and discussed plans for a horse club. Its objects were to promote good feeling, raise the standard of horses and horse breeding, and lastly, and perhaps away down in each gentleman's heart, great of all, "exhibiting horses at meetings," in other words, racing.

In 1883, January, the association took shape regularly, under the name of Washington Park club. Very soon after Gen. Sheridan was elected president of the club. He was not the general of the army then, but became so soon after, and since then he has not been too proud to continue the leading officer of the Chicago horse club. The general is 53 years old now, and good for many

many more Chicago horse races, let us hope. He was only 20 when he graduated at West Point. He took to horses away back, when he was a boy in Ohio. Gen. Hancock called him "A whirlwind with spurs on." He himself was the observed and admired of all at the recent summer races of the Washington club. He sat in the judges' stand and watched the running with deep interest, very gray as to his hair now, since the twins have made so many demands on him, but erect, jaunty and bright eyed as ever. The general looks like a rather tall man when he is sitting down. But when he stands it is perceived that his lower limbs are short. While he was in the judges' stand his brother, Michael V., wandered about among the horse-men.



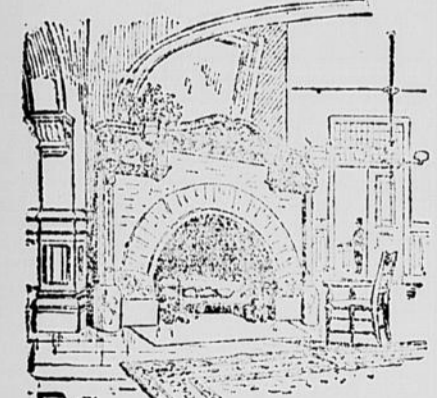
GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN.



CLUB HOUSE.

The grounds of the club contain eighty-three acres, and comprise one of the largest race tracks in the country. The landscape is beautifully laid out with trees, shrubs, walks, flowers, and miniature lakes. The grand stand has a seating capacity of 10,000. The club house proper has accommodations for members and their families, dining rooms for both ladies and gentlemen, and a sumptuous table service, whose silverware is stamped with a sirrup and whip bent in the shape of a "W." There are magnificent stables and plenty of lodging rooms for jockeys.

Fifteen thousand people attended the great race of the summer series lately. It was a running race for young horses. The old favorites were largely backed. There were nearly all the runners that had covered themselves with glory at the Louisville Derby—Ben Ali, Blue Wing, Preciosa, and others. Ben Ali, who won at Louisville, was first favorite in the letting. Everybody believed he or Blue Wing would come out ahead. The horses of two California stables occupied much prominence in the talk before the race. One owner was J. H. Higgins, to whom belonged Ben Ali and Ben Fox, the other was the eccentric Lucky Baldwin, with his racers from his Santa Anita stables. To him belonged Silver Cloud, the horse that, amid tremendous cheering and excitement, came in winner.



CLUB HOUSE FIREPLACE.

In a city as cold as Chicago artificial heat other than that obtained at the gorgeous club bar, is sometimes required even during races. To meet this need the office of the club house is provided with arrangements for an open fire. The fireplace is a fine specimen of American artistic accomplishment.

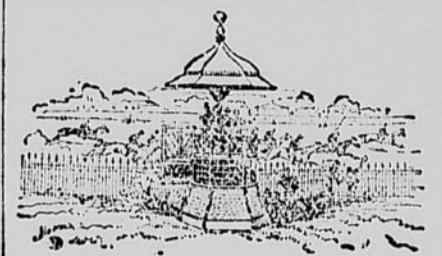
The race was intensely exciting. Lucky Baldwin has a certain little colored jockey whom he pays \$6,000 a year to ride his horses at races. He seems to be the greatest jockey America has produced. He is said to be superior to Archer, the Englishman. Either his luck or his skill is something marvelous. They call him the "wonderful little nigger." At the Chicago races Silver Cloud was not expected to win at all. But Iko Murphy, the little colored jockey, was upon his back, and he dashed in a length ahead of Blue Wing.

The Chicago Herald says of the scene that follows:

"As Murphy came in under the wire he was greeted with a storm of applause, and when he dismounted men ran up to him and patted him on the back. One man in a blue suit threw his arms around his neck as though he was about to chew his ear. The great jockey was presented with a beautiful saddle and was nearly borne off the track by men who thought he would win and had backed up their guesses with greenbacks and coin."

The result of the race was a surprise to the knowing ones who had bet their money on Blue Wing and Ben Ali. It was a surprise to Jockey Murphy, who said:

"I didn't expect the horse would win at all. After he had run a mile he saw that he was behind and then he began to sauk. That's an old trick of his, and I just touched him up and gave him a word of encouragement. The way he shot to the front nearly took my breath away, and I had to laugh to myself all the way down the stretch. The horse wanted some encouragement, that's all."



JUDGES' STAND.

"Lucky" Baldwin, who was about \$6,000 in stakes, did not back his horse to win. He had little hope of seeing Silver Cloud get a place, much less winning the race. After he had congratulated his jockey he riveted his plug hat on the back of his head and began to stroll about the grounds as though he were lost. Old horsemen who saw him said that the Californian was "kicking" himself.

"Silver Cloud won the race just because Murphy was on his back," said a man. "The next time I see that fellow on a horse I'm going to play him, no matter if it's a saw-horse he's on."

THE FRENCH EXILES.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCES WHO WERE BANISHED FROM FRANCE.

Culmination of a Threatened Danger to Our Troubled Sister Republic—The Princes Are Expected to Visit This Country.

Uncasy lies the head that has any aspirations for the throne of France, and restless, also, seems to be the republican form of government which it was expected would be sufficiently oily to quiet the troubled waters of French politics for all time. Looking at it from this distance, it does seem as if the government of France was not overburdened with popular approval, or its supporters would not be disturbed by the presence of a couple of representatives of what is believed to be effective methods of government. The three parties considered most dangerous to the republican form of government are the representatives of the Orleansist, Monarchist and Bourbon families. These factions are so antipathetic to one another as to prefer even anarchy to the success of the other.

The Orleansist party is rich, but not very numerous, and far from active. The Monarchist party is in favor of a king by divine right, but has none to go to. The members of this party have been brought up to hate and despise the house of Orleans, yet the elder branch having fallen, the hated head of that family is also the heir of Henry V and of all their kings. They prefer the republic, prefer anything to having the grandson of Louis Philippe and the great-grandson of "Louis Egalite" profane the throne of St. Louis.

The strongest party, the Bonapartists, want an empire, but are much in the same position as the Monarchists. The heir of the great Napoleon is the hated Pion-Pion, the most unpopular man in all France. Besides this, it is objected, his father married a German princess, he an Italian. Many ardent imperialists say that they can even place no hopes in the sons of a man like that until they have proven themselves possessors of the virtues that endeared the founder of their family to the French. Had the young son of Napoleon III lived, they say he would surely have been the emperor; but he never, handsome boy went to his death in Zululand to gain a title glory, and by his last acts endeared his memory to the hearts of his countrymen.

Nevertheless the French senate adopted a law on June 22 for the "expulsion of the princes." It is brief and as follows:

Art. 1. The territory of the republic is and shall remain interdicted to the chiefs of the families that have reigned in France, and to their direct heirs in the order of primogeniture.

Art. 2. The government is authorized to interdict the territory of the republic to the other members of these families. Such interdiction shall be pronounced by a decree of the president of the republic, issued in council of the ministry.

Art. 3. Whoever, in violation of the interdiction, shall be found in France, in Algeria, or in the colonies, shall be punished by imprisonment for from two to five years. At the expiration of his sentence he shall be taken again to the frontier.

Art. 4. The members of the families that have reigned in France cannot enter the army or navy, or exercise any public function, or hold any elective office.

Art. 1. The territory of the republic is and shall remain interdicted to the chiefs of the families that have reigned in France, and to their direct heirs in the order of primogeniture.

Art. 2. The government is authorized to interdict the territory of the republic to the other members of these families. Such interdiction shall be pronounced by a decree of the president of the republic, issued in council of the ministry.

Art. 3. Whoever, in violation of the interdiction, shall be found in France, in Algeria, or in the colonies, shall be punished by imprisonment for from two to five years. At the expiration of his sentence he shall be taken again to the frontier.

Art. 4. The members of the families that have reigned in France cannot enter the army or navy, or exercise any public function, or hold any elective office.



PRINCE LOUIS.

The four persons immediately affected by the law are those whose portraits are given herewith: The Comte de Paris and son, the heads of the Orleansists, and Prince Napoleon and son, the representatives of the Bonaparte family.

The Comte de Paris, who served during our civil war in the army of the Potomac, has already been called an invitation to come over by some of his old army comrades, and it is fully expected that he will come. The comte has made friends on this side of the Atlantic, and his literary labors in the revision of his history of the civil war would be facilitated by coming here. The young Duc d'Orleans is 17 years of age. He has grown much of late years. His face is intelligent and full of resolution and vivacity, and his dark eyes look you full in the face with manly frankness. He is a resolute and decided disposition. He is an indefatigable walker, an excellent fencer, swimmer and rider, and a remarkably good shot. He speaks correctly and fluently four or five languages.

Prince Jerome Napoleon has expressed himself on several occasions during the past few years as anxious to come to this country, and will doubtless avail himself of the excellent opportunity for traveling offered by a forcible expansion from France. Prince Jerome is in his every taste and characteristic as different from the first Napoleon as one man can be from another. His cowardice made him cut such a ridiculous figure during the Crimean war that the sobriquet of Pion-Pion he won then has stuck to him ever since. He takes after the founder of his family in but one respect, his personal appearance. Of this resemblance Prince Jerome is very proud; he is rather taller than the "little corporal," and is just about as flashy as his famous uncle was in his latter years. His cheeks and lips are closely shaven, and his features large and rather handsome. No one who is familiar with the pictures of Napoleon I would fail to recognize his lineaments in the face of his heir. Both of the sons of Prince Napoleon may come to this country when they are expelled, and it is certain that Prince Victor, who is now making a tour of the world will be here soon.

Several republican journals, while insisting on the execution of the law in regard to the princes, now demand that the ministry shall show the same energy in dealing with the Anarchists and enemies of public order which it has displayed toward the royal pretenders.

For Governor of Alabama.



THOMAS SEAY.

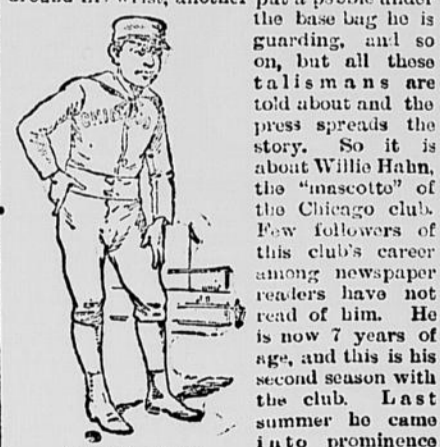
The result of this recent exciting convention of the Democrats of Alabama was the nomination, on the thirty-first ballot, of Thomas Seay for governor.

Thomas Seay is a native of Alabama and just 40 years of age. His father was wealthy and endeavored to give his son the best education money could buy, but the war broke in on his school hours and the youthful Seay dropped his books to take a musket. He fought through the war, after which he resumed his studies and was graduated from the Southern university at the head of the class of '67. He studied law and has been a successful practitioner since. In 1876 he was elected state senator and has been continuously re-elected, being at present the president of that body.

THE MASCOTTE

Who, it is Claimed, Brings Good Luck to the Chicagoans.

Of all the professions that have their little superstitions, base ball players are probably the only ones frank enough to acknowledge them. One player may wear a snake skin around his wrist, another put a pebble under the base bag he is guarding, and so on, but all these talismans are told about and the press spreads the story. So it is about Willie Hahn, the "mascotte" of the Chicago club.



WILLIE HAHN.

Few followers of this club's career among newspaper readers have not read of him. He is now 7 years of age, and this is his second season with the club. Last summer he came into prominence when in the close contest for the championship he was always on hand cheering the home nine. He was dubbed the "mascotte" because the boys began to believe that through him came their good fortune. His acquaintance with the club began in the summer, when he used to sit for hours watching the game. His bright, wistful face, as he stood watching the players as they went in and out of the gate when the grounds were opened for practice, attracted the attention of Williamson and Kelly, who invited him in one morning out of kindness to satisfy his curiosity. He has never missed a game since he was accepted as an indispensable adjunct to the success of the club, and in the recent battle with the Detroit club carried him with them to that city, and in their opinion it was his quizzed presence that brought them victory.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

PORTRAIT AND SKETCH OF THE CHIEF SOUTHERN POET.

His Four-Roomed Cottage Among the Sweet Smelling Georgia Pines—His Picturesquely Adorned Study—The Poet and His Books.

A feeling of regret and sadness filled the hearts of those who read recently that Paul H. Hayne, the southern poet, had been suddenly attacked with blood clot on the brain and died next day. Mr. Hayne has long been almost an invalid. He has had slight hemorrhages from the lungs for years. It is only the watchful care of a lovely and loving wife that has kept him able to do any literary work at all.

The whole country will share in the regret at the announcement of Mr. Hayne's death. Gradually he was becoming more and more favorably known as a poet, and his literary contributions were more and more frequent in the best periodicals of the country.

Paul Hayne's history is rather romantic. He comes of a South Carolina family of long descent. His uncle it was, Col. Robert Y. Hayne, who had the memorable controversy with Daniel Webster in the United States senate on the occasion when "Black Dan" passed his celebrated encomium on Massachusetts and said: "There she stands, look at her!"



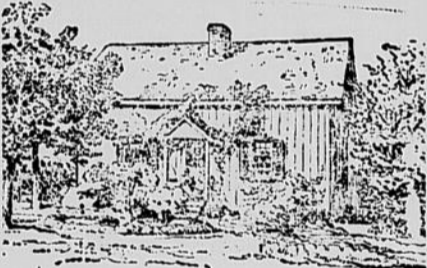
PAUL H. HAYNE.

But he did not have so bad a life of it at first. He was born in Charleston in 1830. His family was well-to-do and he enjoyed all the advantages of wealth and a choice society.

At the time Hayne passed his young manhood there, Charleston was also the center of a literary life which has never since been equaled. It was the home of John C. Calhoun, of Gilmore Sims and of Legare. From these Hayne drew incitements to his young ambition. A good-looking, gallant youth he was, slight and graceful, with piercing black eyes and a clear, dark complexion, whose freshness he retained at the age of 60.

He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He never practiced his profession. Probably in those days he was too busy in doing "sonnets to his lady's eyebrow" to look after clients. He was married at 23 to his devoted, sunny wife.

He was and is still an ultra-southerner. When the war broke out he entered the Confederate army as a member of Gen. Pickens' staff. His health had never been robust, and the exposures of a soldier's life did not help it any. After that, troubles came thick and fast. His mother had been wealthy "before" do wah." That swept away all Hayne's future was not promising. He was too much of a poet to enter on a business or professional career and recoup himself from his losses.



COPE HILL, HAYNE'S HOME.

Under the circumstances, he certainly did the wisest, wholesomest thing. He retired to the lands known as the "Pine Barrens," sixteen miles from Augusta, Ga. In the midst of the oak and pine trees he built a cottage of four rooms, and lived there and wrote poetry. He is a lover of nature, and, like Bryant, the poet of nature. But he had printed verses long before this, in his youth. His first volume was published in Boston, when he was 25 years old. Before the war he had printed three volumes. During the years following 1860 he published his most famous poems. Stirred in all the depths of his soul, he wrote war lyrics. "Beyond the Potomac" was the one most widely circulated. He has issued two volumes since living in the lonely, sweet-smelling woods at Copse Hill.



THE POET'S LIBRARY.

"Legends and Lyrics," which appeared in 1872, is considered the best collection of his works. He is undoubtedly the chief living southern poet. His style is characterized both by strength and daintiness of expression. He ought to have lived many years yet, and done his best work still.

The family at Copse Hill consists of three—father, mother and son. William, the pretty

boy of a few years ago, is now a grown man. They have never been anything but poor, yet they are very happy. The way sweet Mrs. Hayne decorated her husband's study partakes of the heroic. "She patiently cut picture after picture from magazines, from illustrated papers, anywhere she could find them, and pasted them upon the pine wood wall till it was all covered. There is infinite variety in this pretty and pathetic monument: of a wife's love. A copy of an old church painting of Christ hangs not far from a picture of a horse race.

Mrs. Hayne also, with her own hands, upholstered the chair in which the poet sits among his books. She even made the book case, which was originally a number of pine boxes.

Mr. Hayne's poems are admired and appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic.

ABBE LISZT, THE PIANIST.

The Closing Days of a Romantic and Remarkable Life.

A strange yet strikingly attractive career is that of brave old Franz Liszt. His life is full of romances and ups and downs, yet on the whole it is a pleasant story. One remarkable feature of his character is the affection he inspired in all his pupils and friends. No musician of his time has been so generally loved. Women and young ladies, especially, adored him, and he returned their enthusiasm for him with chivalrous regard. During his long career he has known all sides of life. If the object of existence here be varied experiences for the development of the individual, then Liszt fulfilled it. He has been commoner, noble, husband, father, monk and famous musician.

Franz Liszt is a Hungarian by birth, though his fame as a pianist has made him a citizen of the world. In 1811 he was born on the estate of the famous Prince Esterhazy, at Raiding. From his father he inherited musical talent. His father held some position on the Esterhazy estates. He cultivated the little Franz' musical powers so assiduously that when he was only 9 years old he played at a public concert in Presburg and astonished his audience. He attracted attention from high and low.

Two Hungarian noblemen played fairly godmother to the rising genius, and paid for his musical education. Such things do not happen often in our time to young geniuses, musical or otherwise. The fairy godmothers seem to have no more money than they want for themselves.

Liszt studied in Vienna, and afterwards in Paris, where, when only 13, he became the darling of the nobility and gentry. His father remained with him constantly, and while he lived kept the marvelous, beautiful boy from being spoiled. But he died when Franz was 16, and thence the musician became his own master. His was the gorgeous, impressionable, artistic temperament, giving way with wild abandon to whatever impulse happened to be on top. Young Liszt plunged alternately into mad dissipation and fervid religious mysticism. His friends feared that it was all day with his musical career. But one day, when he was 20, he heard Paganini, the violinist, play, it unlocked his prisoned gifts and fired all his soul with ambition.

"I will be the Paganini of the piano," said young Liszt to himself.

He kept his word. From that time on till, old and full of honors, he is waiting for the summons to the "chamber invisible," Liszt has been the Paganini of the piano. He has played before all the crowned heads of Europe, and has received a title of nobility and decorations without number. Up to 1847 his life was a series of triumphs. Then he suddenly tired of wandering and went to Rome and took orders as a priest in the chapel of the Vatican.

For many years Abbe Liszt has lived quietly at Vienna. His native country granted him a pension of \$3,000 annually, many years ago. Besides being the greatest piano player of the century, he is also an admirable musical composer.

Unsolving the Great Riddle. An endeavor is at last being made to solve a riddle which has been a mystery to man for centuries. It is that the great Sphinx of Egypt give up its secret and tell why it was erected. A party of explorers, under the direction of Mariette, have been excavating for some time around the base of this colossus.

Our picture of the Sphinx may not be as pleasing as the one of this ancient lady usually presented through engravings, but it has this merit, that it is made from a photograph. It may not show the old dame at her best, but it is at least accurate.

These excavations have brought to light the remains of a temple said to be the oldest in the world. It was found about forty rods to the south of the right foot of the statue. It bears no resemblance whatsoever to other known Egyptian temples.



THE SPHINX AND EXCAVATIONS.

In a few months the wonderful Sphinx of Gizeh will stand, perhaps for the first time since the days of Moses, free from the sand under which it has been buried; and we may discover the wherefore of its existence—or we may not.