

(WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.)

A GIPSY PROPHECY.

BY BRAM STOKER, M.A.

"I really think," said the Doctor, "that, at any rate, one of us should go and try whether or not the thing is an imposture."

"Good!" said Considine. "After dinner we will take our cigars and stroll over to the camp."

Accordingly, when the dinner was over, and the *La Tour* finished, Joshua Considine and his friend, Dr. Burleigh, went over to the east side of the moor, where the gipsy encampment lay. As they were leaving, Mary Considine, who had walked as far as the end of the garden where it opened into the laneway, called after her husband:

"Mind, Joshua, you are to give them a fair chance, but don't give them any clue to a fortune—and don't you get flirting with any of the gipsy maidens—and take care to keep Gerald out of harm."

For answer Considine held up his hand, as if taking a stage oath, and whistled the air of the old song, "The Gipsy Countess." Gerald joined into the strain, and then, breaking into merry laughter, the two men passed along the laneway to the common, turning now and then to wave their hands to Mary, who leaned over the gate, in the twilight, looking after them.

It was a lovely evening in the summer; the very air was full of rest and quiet happiness, as though an outward type of the peacefulness and joy which made a heaven of the home of the young married folk. Considine's life had not been an eventful one. The only disturbing element which he had ever known was in his wooing of Mary Winston, and the long continued objection of her ambitious parents, who expected a brilliant match for their only daughter. When Mr. and Mrs. Winston had discovered the attachment of the young barrister, they had tried to keep the young people apart by sending their daughter away for a long round of visits, having made her promise not to correspond with her lover during her absence. Love, however, had stood the test. Neither absence nor neglect seemed to cool the passion of the young man, and jealousy seemed a thing unknown to his sanguine nature; so, after a long period of waiting, the parents had given in, and the young folk were married.

They had been living in the cottage a few months, and were just beginning to feel at home. Gerald Burleigh, Joshua's old college chum, and himself a sometime victim of Mary's beauty, had arrived a week before, to stay with them for as long a time as he could tear himself away from his work in London.

When her husband had quite disappeared Mary went into the house, and, sitting down at the piano, gave an hour to Mendelssohn.

It was but a short walk across the common, and before the cigars required renewing the two men had reached the gipsy camp. The place was as picturesque as gipsy camps—when in villages and when business is good—usually are. There were some few persons round the fire investing their money in prophecy, and a large number of others, poorer or more parsimonious, who stayed just outside the bounds, but near enough to see all that went on.

As the two gentlemen approached, the villagers, who knew Joshua, made way a little, and a pretty, keen-eyed gipsy girl tripped up and asked to tell their fortunes. Joshua held out his hand, but the girl, without seeming to see it, stared at his face in a very odd manner. Gerald nudged him:

"You must cross her hand with silver," he said. "It is one of the most important parts of the mystery." Joshua took from his pocket a half crown and held it out to her; but, without looking at it, she answered:

"You must cross the gipsy's hand with gold."

Gerald laughed. "You are at a premium as a subject," he said. Joshua was of the kind of man—the universal kind—who can tolerate being stared at by a pretty girl; so, with some little deliberation, he answered:

"All right; here you are, my pretty girl; but you must give me a real good fortune for it," and he handed her a half sovereign, which she took, saying:

"It is not for me to give good fortune or bad, but only to read what the Stars have said." She took his right hand and turned it palm upward; but the instant her eyes met it she dropped it as though it had been red hot, and, with a startled look, glided swiftly away. Lifting the curtain of the large tent, which occupied the centre of the camp, she disappeared within.

"Sold again!" said the cynical Gerald. Joshua stood a little amazed, and not altogether satisfied. They both watched the large tent. In a few moments there emerged from the opening not the young girl, but a stately looking woman of middle age and commanding presence.

The instant she appeared the whole camp seemed to stand still. The clamor of tongues, the laughter and noise of the work were, for a second or two, arrested, and every man and woman who sat, or crouched, or lay, stood up and faced the imperial looking gipsy.

"The Queen, of course," murmured Gerald. "We are in luck to night." The gipsy Queen threw a searching glance around the camp, and then, without hesitating an instant, came straight over and stood before Joshua.

"Hold out your hand," she said in a commanding tone.

Again Gerald spoke, *volto voce*: "I have not been spoken to that way since I was at school."

"Your hand must be crossed with gold."

"A hundred per cent. at this game," whispered Gerald, as Joshua laid another half sovereign on his upturned palm.

The gipsy looked at the hand with knitted brows; then, suddenly looking up into his face, said:

"Have you a strong will—have you a true heart that can be brave for one you love?"

"I hope so; but I am afraid I have not vanity enough to say 'yes.'"

"Then I will answer for you; for I read resolution in your face—resolution desperate and determined if need be. You have a wife you love?"

"Yes," emphatically.

"Then leave her at once—never see her face again. Go from her now, while love is fresh and your heart is free from wicked intent. Go quick—go far, and never see her face again!"

Joshua drew away his hand quickly, and said: "Thank you!" stiffly but sarcastically, as he began to move away.

"I say!" said Gerald, "you're not going like that, old man; no use in being indignant with the Stars or their prophet—and, moreover, your sovereign—what of it? At least, hear the matter out."

"Silence, ribald!" commanded the queen, "you know not what you do. Let him go—and go ignorant, if he will not be warned."

Joshua immediately turned back. "At all events, we will see this thing out," he said. "Now, madam, you have given me advice, but I paid for a fortune."

"Be warned!" said the gipsy. "The Stars have been silent for long; let the mystery still wrap them round."

"My dear madam I do not get within touch of a mystery every day, and I prefer for my money knowledge rather than ignorance. I can get the latter commodity for nothing when I want any of it."

Gerald echoed the sentiment, "As for me I have a large and unsaleable stock on hand."

The gipsy Queen eyed the two men sternly, and then said, "As you wish. You have chosen for yourself, and have met warning with scorn, and appeal with levity. On your own heads be the doom!"

"Amen!" said Gerald.

With an imperious gesture the Queen took Joshua's hand again, and began to tell his fortune.

"I see here the flowing of blood; it will flow before long; it is running in my sight. It flows through the broken circle of a severed ring."

"Go on!" said Joshua, smiling. Gerald was silent.

"Must I speak plainer?"

"Certainly; we commonplace mortals want something definite. The Stars are a long way off, and their words get somewhat dulled in the passage."

The gipsy shuddered, and then spoke impressively, "This is the hand of a murderer—the murderer of his wife!" She dropped the hand and turned away.

Joshua laughed. "Do you know," said he, "I think if I were you I should prophesy some jurisprudence into my system. For instance, you say 'this hand is the hand of a murderer.' Well, whatever it may be in the future—or potentially—it is at present not one. You ought to give your prophecy in such terms as 'the hand which will be a murderer's,' or, rather, 'the hand of one who will be the murderer of his wife.' The Stars are really not good on technical questions."

The gipsy made no reply of any kind, but, with drooping head and despondent mien, walked slowly to her tent, and, lifting the curtain, disappeared.

Without speaking the two men turned homewards, and walked across the moor. Presently, after some little hesitation, Gerald spoke.

"Of course, old man, this is all a joke; a ghastly one, but still a joke. But would it not be well to keep it to ourselves?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, not to tell your wife. It might alarm her."

"Alarm her! My dear Gerald, what are you thinking of? Why, she would not be alarmed or afraid of me if all the gipsies that ever didn't come from Bohemia agreed that I was to murder her, or even to have a hard thought of her, whilst so long as she was saying 'Jack Robinson.'"

Gerald remonstrated. "Old fellow, women are superstitious—far more than we men are; and, also, they are blessed—or cursed—with a nervous system to which we are strangers. I see too much of it in my work not to realize it. Take my advice and do not let her know, or you will frighten her."

Joshua's lips unconsciously hardened as he answered: "My dear fellow, I would not have a secret from my wife. Why, it would be the beginning of a new order of things between us. We have no secrets from each other. If we ever have, then you may begin to look out for something odd between us."

"Still," said Gerald, "at the risk of unwelcome interference, I say again, be warned in time."

"The gipsy's very words," said Joshua. "You and she seem quite of one accord. Tell me, old man, is this a put-up thing? You told me of the gipsy camp—did you arrange it all with Her Majesty?" This was said with an air of bantering earnestness. Gerald assured him that he only heard of the camp that morning; but he made fun of every answer of his friend, and, in the process of this rallery, the time passed, and they entered the cottage.

Mary was sitting by the piano but not playing. The dim

twilight had waked some very tender feelings in her breast, and her eyes were full of gentle tears. When the men came in she stole over to her husband's side and kissed him. Joshua struck a tragic attitude.

"Mary," he said, in a deep voice, "before you approach me, listen to the words of Fate. The Stars have spoken and the doom is sealed."

"What is it, dear? Tell me the fortune, but do not frighten me."

"Not at all, my dear; but there is a truth which it is well that you should know. Nay, it is necessary so that all your arrangements can be made beforehand, and everything be decently done and in order."

"Go on, dear; I am listening."

"Mary—Considine, your effigy may yet be seen at Madame Tussaud's. The juris-imprudent Stars have announced their fell tidings that this hand is red with blood—your blood. Mary! Mary! my God!" He sprang forward, but too late to catch her as she fell fainting on the floor.

"I told you," said Gerald. "You don't know them as well as I do."

After a little while Mary recovered from her swoon, but only to fall into strong hysterics, in which she laughed and wept and raved, and cried, "Keep him from me—from me, Joshua, my husband," and many other words of entreaty and of fear.

Joshua Considine was in a state of mind bordering on agony, and when at last Mary became calm he knelt by her and kissed her feet and hands and hair and called her all the sweet names and said all the tender things his lips could frame. All that night he sat by her bedside and held her hand. Far through the night and up to the early morning she kept waking from sleep and crying out as if in fear, till she was comforted by the consciousness that her husband was watching beside her.

Breakfast was late the next morning, but during it Joshua received a telegram which required him to drive over to Withering, nearly twenty miles. He was loth to go; but Mary would not hear of his remaining, and so before noon he drove off in his dog-cart alone.

When he was gone Mary retired to her room. She did not appear at lunch, but when afternoon tea was served on the lawn, under the great weeping willow, she came to join her guest. She was looking quite recovered from her illness of the evening before. After some casual remarks, she said to Gerald: "Of course it was very silly about last night, but I could not help feeling frightened. Indeed, I would feel so still if I let myself think of it. But, after all, these people may only imagine things, and I have got a test that can hardly fail to show that the prediction is false—if indeed it be false," she added, sadly.

"What is your plan?" asked Gerald.

"I shall go myself to the gipsy camp, and have my fortune told by the Queen."

"Capital. May I go with you?"

"Oh, no! That would spoil it. She might know you and guess at me, and suit her utterance accordingly. I shall go alone this afternoon."

When the afternoon was gone Mary Considine took her way to the gipsy encampment. Gerald went with her as far as the near edge of the common, and returned alone.

Half an hour had hardly elapsed when Mary entered the drawing-room, where he lay on a sofa reading. She was ghastly pale and was in a state of extreme excitement. Hardly had she passed over the threshold when she collapsed and sank moaning on the carpet. Gerald rushed to aid her, but by a great effort she controlled herself and motioned him to be silent. He waited; and his ready attention to her wish seemed to be her best help, for, in a few minutes, she had somewhat recovered, and was able to tell him what had passed.

"When I got to the camp," she said, "there did not seem to be a soul about. I went into the centre and stood there. Suddenly a tall woman stood beside me. 'Something told me I was wanted!' she said. I held out my hand and laid a piece of silver on it. She took from her neck a small golden trinket and laid it there also; and then, seizing the two, threw them into the stream that ran by. Then she took my hand in hers and spoke: 'Naught but blood in this guilty place,' and turned away. I caught hold of her and asked her to tell me more. After some hesitation, she said: 'Alas! alas! I see you lying at your husband's feet, and his hands are red with blood.'"

Gerald did not feel at all at ease, and tried to laugh it off.

"Surely," he said, "this woman has a craze about murder."

"Do not laugh," said Mary, "I cannot bear it," and then, as if with a sudden impulse, she left the room.

Not long after Joshua returned, bright and cheery, and as hungry as a hunter after his long drive. His presence cheered his wife, who seemed much brighter, but she did not mention the episode of the visit to the gipsy camp, so Gerald did not mention it either. As if by tacit consent the subject was not alluded to during the evening. But there was a strange, settled look on Mary's face, which Gerald could not but observe.

In the morning Joshua came down to breakfast later than usual. Mary had been up and about the house from an early hour; but as the time drew on she seemed to get a little nervous, and now and again threw around an anxious look.

Gerald could not help noticing that none of those at breakfast could get on satisfactorily with their food. It was not

altogether that the chops were tough, but that the knives were all so blunt. Being a guest, he, of course, made no sign; but presently saw Joshua draw his thumb across the edge of his knife in an unconscious sort of way. At the action Mary turned pale and almost fainted.

After breakfast they all went out on the lawn. Mary was making up a bouquet, and said to her husband, "Get me a few of the tea-roses, dear."

Joshua pulled down a cluster from the front of the house. The stem bent, but was too tough to break. He put his hand in his pocket to get his knife; but in vain. "Lend me your knife, Gerald," he said. But Gerald had not got one, so he went into the breakfast room and took one from the table. He came out feeling its edge and grumbling. "What on earth has happened to all the knives—the edges seem all ground off?" Mary turned away hurriedly and entered the house.

Joshua tried to sever the stalk with the blunt knife as country cooks sever the necks of fowl—as school-boys cut twine. With a little effort, he finished the task. The cluster of roses grew thick, so he determined to gather a great bunch.

He could not find a single sharp knife in the sideboard where the cutlery was kept, so he called Mary, and when she came, told her of the state of things. She looked so agitated and so miserable that he could not help knowing the truth, and, as if astounded and hurt, asked her:

"Do you mean to say that you have done it?"

She broke in, "Oh, Joshua, I was so afraid."

He paused, and a set, white look came over his face. "Mary!" said he, "is this all the trust you have in me? I would not have believed it."

"Oh, Joshua! Joshua!" she cried entreatingly, "forgive me," and wept bitterly.

Joshua thought a moment and then said: "I see how it is. We had better end this or we shall all go mad."

He ran into the drawing-room.

"Where are you going?" almost screamed Mary.

Gerald saw what he meant—that he would not be tied to blunt instruments by the force of a superstition, and was not surprised when he saw him come out through the French window, bearing in his hand a large Ghourka knife, which usually lay on the centre table, and which his brother had sent him from Northern India. It was one of those great hunting knives which worked such havoc, at close quarters, with the enemies of the loyal Ghourkas during the mutiny, of great weight, but so evenly balanced in the hand as to seem light, and with an edge like a razor. With one of these knives a Ghourka can cut a sheep in two.

When Mary saw him come out of the room with the weapon in his hand she screamed in an agony of fright, and the hysterics of last night were promptly renewed.

Joshua ran toward her, and, seeing her falling, threw down the knife and tried to catch her.

However, he was just a second too late, and the two men cried out in horror simultaneously as they saw her fall upon the naked blade.

When Gerald rushed over he found that, in falling, her left hand had struck the blade, which lay, partly upwards, on the grass. Some of the small veins were cut through, and the blood gushed freely from the wound. As he was tying it up he pointed out to Joshua that the wedding ring was severed by the steel.

They carried her fainting to the house. When, after a while, she came out, with her arm in a sling, she was peaceful in her mind and happy. She said to her husband:

"The gipsy was wonderfully near the truth; too near for the real thing ever to occur now, dear."

Joshua bent over and kissed the wounded hand.

AMERICAN TROTTERS IN AUSTRIA.

A gentleman living near Vienna writes as follows: "I must confess the exporting of trotters from your country has not so far been very considerable. It is to be regretted that Austrian and German people do not realize the necessity of paying big prices for extraordinary performers, such as are readily obtained with you. However, it would certainly pay breeders in your country to give a little more attention to the European, and especially to the Austrian, demand. The trotting interests here are gradually assuming large, and, I might even say, very large, proportions. "The public in general are very much interested, and, as an evidence of this I can state that Mr. Prince Smith, who is the owner of the stallion Amber, has won this year by Amber, in Austria, Hungary, and Italy, over 20,000 florins in prizes, which is equal to \$8,000 of your money. In addition, Amber has realized for him quite a large sum of money through private betting and the bookmakers. Now, Amber secured these large results showing only twice a mile in 2:20. None of the other heats were under 2:25. Do you not think such results should be sufficient to induce others to bring over from your country trotters who can beat Amber's record with ease? There are certainly many of your horses who could, and who, possibly, are at present outclassed. Amber is at present considered the phenomenal trotter of all Europe. His owner has only lately refused an offer of 40,000 francs for him. "I am convinced that any one bringing over entire horses or mates with satisfactory speed will make a brilliant success of it. By a few fortunate races the entire expense will be covered and a good profit secured. Did my own profession not prevent me, I should have long ago visited your country, and returned with a couple of horses on my own account."

Trotting in Austria.—Herr Victor Silberer, editor of the Vienna *Allgemeine Sport Zeitung*, writes that next year the American class-system will be introduced on the Austrian trotting tracks. Although a zealous promoter of all branches of sport, Herr Silberer finds time to make scientific experiments. He has a big balloon, and during the last four years has spent all his leisure in scientific aerial ascensions and has produced some very good photographs, taken from the basket of the balloon. His special study is endeavoring to reach certain points with the balloon by using different currents of air.

THE AMERICAN EXHIBITION,

London, England, 1886.

During the twenty years or more that have passed since the idea of great international exhibitions first seized upon the popular mind there have been not less than a dozen World's Fairs held in different parts of the world. Three of these have fallen to the lot of the United States, and in one, the Centennial Exposition of 1876, popular enthusiasm was so aroused that the display of the resources and manufactures of the United States astounded those representatives of foreign countries who had crossed the ocean to view that wonderful collection gathered from all the nations of the earth. But of the throngs that crowded Philadelphia in the summer of 1876 only a small percentage were foreigners. It was to an audience of Americans that exhibitors displayed their goods, and, accordingly, it was domestic, not foreign, trade that chiefly felt the stimulus of the Exposition. Besides the three great World's Fairs held in the United States there have been many in foreign countries. These offered opportunities for the United States to extend their foreign trade. But in what way have we availed ourselves of these opportunities? What was the extent of the United States section at Paris, Vienna, Melbourne, or Antwerp? Visitors from the United States have invariably been surprised by the meagre displays made by the nation whose enterprising merchants are supposed to invade every country in the world in search of new markets.

It is not merely as a matter of national pride that these opportunities for securing foreign trade should be improved; it is a matter of business policy. In an editorial dealing with the American Exhibition in London the *New York Herald* of Jan. 20, 1885, said: "There has never yet been a first-class exhibition of American articles anywhere out of this country, and the commercial results of this undertaking can hardly be overestimated." It was in this belief that the projectors of the American Exhibition in London began, some three years ago, their arrangements for offering to American manufacturers an opportunity to display their goods to all the peoples of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Before beginning the active work of preparation for the Exhibition, it was thought best to get some expression of opinion from the United States' consular representatives abroad, regarding the probable benefit that might accrue to the nation from such an exhibition in London. In every case the responses gave the most hearty endorsement.

M. S. Brewer, Esq., Consul-General at Berlin, wrote: "Every effort which tends to bring the productions of our country to the attention of people of other lands should be encouraged by us, with a view of extending and increasing our export trade. There is no place in the world where such an exhibition can be held with better prospects for success than London." Other Consuls speak in the same strain.

Stephen B. Packard, Esq., U. S. Consul at Liverpool, writes: "I entertain no doubt concerning the great value of the proposed exhibition of the product of manufacturing industries of our country. Those of our countrymen producing goods and wares will see the importance of showing such manufactures to the civilized world, which they would have the peoples of the world to approve and buy. There is but one London, and through it the representatives of the trade in the world's industries pass unceasingly."

No class of men could be better fitted to judge of the value to the commerce of the United States of an enterprise of this character than our foreign consuls. Their position as the guardians of American business interests abroad renders it important that they should be well-informed as to the needs of foreign buyers and the best methods of opening foreign markets to American exporters. When, then, the project of an American Exhibition in London received so hearty an endorsement from the entire consular corps of the United States, its projectors set all doubt aside and entered actively upon the work of preparation.

It is unnecessary to give in detail here the plan of organization of the American Exhibition. That has already been made public through the columns of the daily press. A brief account of the progress already made will suffice. Grounds to the extent of twenty-three acres have been secured at Earl's Court, London, within a short distance of South Kensington, and in direct communication with the underground railways. Contracts have been closed with responsible firms to erect upon these grounds such buildings as shall be necessary, the buildings to be constructed of iron and glass. Having made these arrangements for the accommodation of exhibitors, the management proceeded to call the attention of American manufacturers and exporters to the opportunity thus afforded them to carry their trade into the Old World, and open up markets not before entered by American exporters. It was not a difficult task to convince clear-sighted men of business of the advantages to be derived from an exhibit in London. Aside from the cosmopolitan character of London, for it is the *cosmopolis*, as it is the metropolis of the world, it will next year be peculiarly favorable for the holding of an exhibition of this character, since the British Colonial Exhibition, to be held simultaneously with, and a short distance from the American Exhibition, will draw hosts of Colonial people to London, and, as is well-known, the British colonies are now the most profitable customers in our foreign trade. The first efforts of the Exhibition management to awaken interest among American exporters brought in a large number of applications for space, which are now so numerous that the first allotment of space is to be made before the close of the current year.

The managers of the American Exhibition in London have been greatly encouraged by words of sympathy and commendation from men of the highest standing in this Republic. The Director-General of the Exhibition, Mr. John R. Whitley, of London, while in this country some weeks ago, received a letter from Gen. A. T. Goshorn, the Director-General of the Centennial Exposition, in which he says: "The enterprise is novel in its character and organization. I feel assured that it will be of great value to the business interests of this country, and especially to those industries that may be properly represented in the Exhibition. There are sufficient assurances that the Exhibition will be successful, and that exhibitors will find it profitable to be with you." The grand success that the Centennial Exhibition attained under the able direction of General Goshorn renders his endorsement of the greatest weight.

Hon. Jos. R. Hawley, United States Senator for Connecticut, and formerly President of the United States Centennial Commission, writes as follows to Mr. John R. Whitley: "You have remarkable advantages of convenience and economy in the grounds offered you free of cost, the cordial cooperation of great railroad corporations, the liberal offers of builders, and the tenders you have received for concessions. I am much pleased with all I have seen and heard of you, and cordially wish you the success I see you are determined to conquer."

These letters are but two of many received by the gentlemen connected with the management of the American Exhibition. With endorsement from men like these, no doubt as to the excellence of the enterprise or fears as to its ultimate success can for a moment be entertained.

The value of a proper and truly representative exhibit, showing the state of the arts and manufactures of the United States to-day, and giving a clear idea of the vast undeveloped natural wealth of our country, is incalculable. Americans themselves are hardly aware how great has been their progress in the arts. It is not in the purely utilitarian arts now, as it was twenty years ago, that Ameri-

cans excel. The fine arts are now cultivated to a greater extent than in Great Britain. American art is no longer a term of reproach. The canvases of our painters hang in the Paris Salon side by side with those of the greatest artists that an Old World civilization can produce. Since the time of Story and of Powers, American sculptors have not been distanced in the pursuit of art. In printing, lithography, wood-engraving, and all the component arts of book-making and illustration, Americans are immeasurably in advance of the entire civilized world. An opportunity is now at hand, which, if properly improved, will gain for us that recognition from the peoples of Europe that our advancement demands.

In many other ways the American Exhibition in London will redound to the advantage of the United States. Of its effect upon our export trade it is unnecessary to dilate. It will afford to manufacturers an opportunity to display their goods before an audience of millions, and the result of so grand an advertisement upon our national trade will be marked and immediate.

From no part of the American Exhibition may greater results be expected than from the official exhibits of the various States and Territories. These exhibits are intended to show the natural resources of the country. They will, in a sense, furnish an index to the vast quantity of natural wealth lying undeveloped in our newer States and Territories, needing only the quickening touch of capital and labor to grow into productive industries. If proper exhibits are made of these resources; if the precious minerals of Colorado, Idaho and Arizona; the coal and iron fields of Alabama, Kentucky and West Virginia; the agricultural possibilities of the Southern and Western States are shown by representative exhibits, the amount of capital attracted to aid in our national development will exceed a hundred thousand fold all the cost of making the exhibits. In attracting a better class of immigrants these exhibits will prove valuable. The State which, possessing great advantages, shall place evidences of these advantages before the world in London in 1886, will attract a class of immigrants immeasurably in advance of those brought from all quarters and all classes by the agents of rival steamship lines. The Southern States, that have so long neglected the work of securing immigrants, have seen the value of the American Exhibition, and will be represented there by official exhibits.

Whatever be the point of observation, whether it be that of the business man seeking individual benefit, or of the citizen regardful of his country's good, the American Exhibition in London will be found worthy the support of all people of the United States, and by their hearty support alone can it be made capable of fulfilling its high promise of good to the Nation.

THE GRIFFIN MACHINE.

The Griffin Machines have for several years been used by trackmen, and are now on a large number of the best tracks in the country, including all the members of the Grand Circuit. To this class of customers the machine needs no introduction. It stands on its merits, and the known fact of its large instrumentality in reducing the records of the past few years. Good as this machine has been for this work in the past, the constant aim has been to make it still better, and the makers look confidently for the time when its use on every track will be considered a necessity, and no owner of fast horses will consent to having them pushed to their best on tracks not prepared by these machines.

The general public, however, are not so familiar with these machines, their fitness for ordinary road work, and the fact is confidently asserted that in all cases a saving of one-quarter, and in many a full half, is made by the use of these machines over the ordinary methods of working dirt roads. To this class, and in especial, the Mayors, Street Commissioners, Supervisors, etc. (those more directly interested in the road work of our towns and cities) is directed particular attention to these machines. Since the Company has obtained control of all the Griffin patents, the difficulties which had heretofore stood in the way of this being a perfect road machine have been obviated.

They are ready at any time to back their claim that this is the best thing before the public for road work. The machine is now made so stiff and firm, with its iron sides, that it never needs any weights to work the hardest roads without "chattering." By the system of levers adopted, by which drag and scrapers are raised and dropped, there is never any delay or trouble in passing high crossings. Drag and scrapers are held firmly to their work, and all materials used in construction are had with special reference to durability and the wear and tear of road work.

Read what Street Commissioners, proprietors of stock farms, and others, say of the Griffin Road Machine:

OFFICE OF THE LEDGER, NEW YORK, June 4, 1880—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in stating that I have used your land leveler on the exercising track on my farm, and that I consider it to be by far the best scraper or leveler I have ever seen. I would not be without it for twice its cost. Yours, ROBERT BONNER.

STONY FORD, ORANGE CO., N. Y.—Dear Sir: I can unqualifiedly recommend your machine to be the most useful and labor-saving invention for leveling and putting race-tracks in perfect order.

The spring of 1878 I used it on my track, and in two days the work was satisfactorily completed, with a saving in time and money of more than the original expense of the machine. I, therefore, recommend it as not only labor-saving, but perfect in the performance of the work for which it was constructed. CHAS. BACKMAN.

LEXINGTON, KY., Sept. 3, 1880—Gents: The work done by your machine cannot be equaled by any other method or machine I ever saw for fitting tracks. It leaves the track perfectly level and safe, taking out ridges and filling up low places, and on every racing or trotting track, public or private, there ought to be one of these machines. Yours, L. HERR.

LEXINGTON, KY., Aug. 25, 1880—We, the undersigned owners and trainers, having seen the Griffin Track Machine in operation on the track of the Kentucky Association, would say that it is the best thing we ever saw for leveling tracks, and leaves the track in a nice elastic shape for race-horses.

J. MURPHY, J. MCGINTY, J. PILGRIM, F. TAYLOR, S. HOUSTON. ERIC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, Secretary's Office, Sandusky, O., Oct. 12, 1880—Gentlemen: We had one of your machines during the Erie County Fair, Sept. 21 to 24 last, working on our race-track. It gave entire satisfaction, doing its work thoroughly and at a great saving in time and cost over the ordinary way of scraping and leveling tracks. I can heartily recommend it for track work. HENRY MILLER, Supt. Track.

UTICA PARK ASSOCIATION, UTICA, N. Y.—SETH GRIFFIN, Esq.—Dear Sir: We used your Track Scraper during our races in August and since, and take great pleasure in recommending the same to any party who may wish to use a scraper of any kind to prepare and put a track in perfect order. Our only regret is that we have not had the same in previous years, as we have no doubt we could have more than saved the price of it each season, and what is more, we should have had our track in much better condition. We do not think it possible to put our track in as good condition as we can with your machine with one-quarter of the expense. Yours, M. G. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

These are a few out of hundreds of testimonials received by the Griffin Company. The splendid condition of Narragansett Park, Hampden Park, and other fast and safe tracks is eloquent testimony of what the Griffin Machine can accomplish. For prices, address Chas. T. Ely, General Manager, Elyria, O.