

WILLING TO WORK.

The world is so crowded with indolent creatures, Unsteady and ready all labor to shirk, With delicate hands and with infantile features, 'Tis a pleasure to meet those willing to work.

Yes, really a pleasure to meet man or woman Imbued with an earnest desire to take Their place in the ranks with the helpful and human, Who lovingly toil for humanity's sake.

There are those who are ready for frolic and pleasure, And ready to eat of the fruits of the soil, And ready to dance to each rollicking measure, But never are ready to labor or toil.

They sit at their ease, while others about them Are busy and anxious, and burdened with care, And seem to imagine that, somehow, without them The world would of beauty be wondrous bare.

All hail to the workers, who dignify labor, With head, heart and hand well equipped for the strife! No charity ask they of friend or of neighbor, As bravely and boldly they start out in life.

They press in advance of the indolent creatures, They drive out the lazy ones ready to shirk, And stand in their places with resolute features, The honored and fearless disciples of work.

We welcome them out of the school and the college, We welcome them out of the mill and the shop, And say, "Here's success to superior knowledge, There's plenty of room for you all at the top!"

THE ASTROLOGER ROYAL.

It was a long spell of stress of financial weather that drove me to take lodgings in Little Morgan street.

Little Morgan is a diminutive thoroughfare uniting two of the more pretentious streets that cross Cherry street, and Cherry is a quite considerable avenue that runs up on the east side of New York, two blocks from the river.

Although considerable, however, it is but little known except to east side dwellers, and there are tens of thousands of New Yorkers who never heard of it. Naturally, Little Morgan street is still less known than its more important neighbor.

All these east side streets are a study to a philosopher. And this chiefly on account of their teeming population, and their busy industry. It is one of the most mysterious peculiarities of New York life—the steady never-ending industry that goes on in little ways and in unheard of places.

Property is valuable over there, and every inch of available house-room is tenanted by busy workers. Little Morgan street follows the rule, and its three story houses present positive beehives of indefatigable toil.

In the one which I occupied there was half-a-dozen families, all engaged in producing and manipulating something or other to enable them to earn a livelihood. It might be rags or it might be millinery, or paper flowers; there was money to be made in everything, and this little house contained a score of people making it.

Not that they turned out much at the end of the year—if their years ever had an ending or beginning; but they managed to pay their rent and get something to keep them from starvation and freezing to death; and it is quite astonishing how many people there are in a great city who are satisfied with this degree of success.

I took no special, or indeed general interest in the other tenants, having my own rather disturbed affairs to consider; and after I had occupied my little hall-room on the second story for several months, there was but one of them who ever entered my mind as the subject of thought.

He was an old man with a stubby gray beard, a bald head with a few gray hairs in the neighborhood of his ears and who wore, most times, an odd-looking peaked woolen cap and spectacles.

I saw him nearly every day, either coming from or going to his room in the garret. A man with rather an amiable expression of countenance, and also thoughtful looking. The people in the house called him "Old Simon."

One day I asked a young man who occupied a room next to mine—a reporter for a cheap daily paper, he was—what was the old man's trade or profession? The man in question grinned, and remarked that he looked like an "old fence," meaning thereby, as I concluded, a receiver of stolen goods. But he observed immediately after that he was only joking, and, said he, "the old 'duffer' calls himself 'The Astrologer Royal,' whatever that is."

The name stuck in my mind, and I caught myself frequently wondering what could have induced the quiet-looking, harmless old party to give himself such a quaint, sixteenth-century appellation.

One day the old fellow had a visitor. She was a decent looking girl, though with rather a wild look in her eyes, and somehow I thought I traced a likeness in her face to the "Astrologer Royal" himself, as I casually met her on the stairs.

She disappeared after that day, but a week or so later, as I went out pretty early in the morning, I met her returning and carrying a heavy bag by both hands, trying as well as she might to lug it up stairs.

I had not quite lost all my politeness during my sojourn in Little Morgan street—though the locality and its inhabitants were not encouraging to courtesy—and I offered my assistance. She accepted it willingly, remarking that "this brute of a boy that brought it wouldn't take it up without another dime."

On reaching the upper floor with the bag, my companion relieved me of it, and carried it into a room, of which she had the key. I rightly assumed that she intended lodging there. "I expect my uncle isn't up," she remarked, as I turned to go down stairs

again, after she had thanked me for my trouble. I observed that I thought it more than likely, as I seldom saw him stirring so early, and went on my way. After that, when I met this young person we exchanged greetings, and so, in a sort of way, became acquainted.

One day we had quite a conversation on the door-step, and I ventured to satisfy a little curiosity I felt on the point, by asking her why her uncle dignified himself by the extraordinary title of "Astrologer Royal."

She laughed, and replied: "Why, you see, sir, he is an astrologer; and he says that his great, great, great—don't know many greats—grandfather, was the Astrologer Royal to some King of England. I've heard him tell it so many times I can't forget it—or I couldn't remember it."

"Do you mean that he practices astrology now?" I asked. "Oh, yes; he makes his living out of it, such as it is."

"Clearly, then, it is not a very lucrative profession."

"Well, no; not the way he does business."

"And how may that be?" "Why, he gets acquainted with people, and then he gets interested in them, and so he tells them all they want to know for nothing."

"Not much money in that," said I, laughing. The girl laughed. "By the way, it struck me just then that a sweet smile she had. And whether I expressed so much in my rather admiring gaze or not, I don't know; but she blushed suddenly, and remarking that she had something she must attend to, she left me.

I caught myself thinking of this girl a good deal that day; and indeed for many days afterwards. She was not pretty, yet there was something very winning and attractive in her. Her name was Myra, she told me, after a while—Myra Gaines. And her uncle's name was Simon Gaines.

I learned, later on, that he had a certain run of customers, on whom he used to call very regularly. After a while I found out, too, that some of these customers were business men in good position, who would actually, to some extent, guide their affairs by the old Astrologer's advice.

At last Myra took me to his room one day, and presented me in due form. He was good enough to remember that he had seen me frequently, and to enter into conversation with me. Naturally this turned on astrology, and old Simon explained this science—as he termed it.

"For you see there is no humbug about it, Mr. Malden," said he, earnestly. "There cannot be. It is all strictly mathematical. We get the place of the planets at the hour of birth from the astronomical ephemeris in the Nautical Almanac, and there can be nothing more scientific than that now, can there?"

I was obliged to admit that the Nautical Almanac was a strictly reliable guide.

"The only arbitrary thing about it is the meaning, the nature of the influence of the planets; and that was settled for us thousands of years ago by the Chaldean soothsayers. And it does seem to me that their word is as good as that of Moses and Abraham, and the rest of the Hebrew prophets."

And here the old gentleman gave a beneficent smile, which was quite reassuring—if one had any doctrinal doubts in his mind, which I am bound to say I had not.

Then he insisted on drawing my horoscope. I was fortunate to know the date and hour and place of my birth, and after figuring a little with the help of an old almanac, which he seemed to prize very highly, and a "table of houses," as he called it, which he described as simply invaluable, he produced my "Figure." It was a circular diagram divided into twelve parts, which were astrological "houses."

There were the house of "Wealth," the house of "Friends," the house of "Sickness," the house of "Death," and a lot more of them. In these he wrote the astronomical signs of the planets; and, in figures, their places in the heavens at the hour of my birth—that is, all the planets that were fortunate enough to have been above the horizon at that important moment. After that he studied the whole business, for a while; and then he turned on the information.

And what a yarn he did spin! I am bound to admit he told me any number of things that had actually happened, and laid out the geography of my life, to date, pretty accurately.

"And just here," he observed, placing his finger on the sign of Uranus, in the house of "Friends," "just here our lives seem to mingle—only for a little while, though," he added, musingly, and then he gave me a searching look, which made me wonder if I was going to come up some night and kill him with hammer, on account of suppositious money-bags, hidden away in that old cobweb-covered secretary that stood against the wall.

I noticed that he looked at Myra, too, who had been sitting near us, patching up some of the old gentleman's well-worn garments.

"You have had a rough time of it, my son," said he, presently; "but your troubles are pretty nearly over. You are going to have a great stroke of fortune after a little. But I shall not be here to see it."

The last remark struck me as exceedingly odd; and I looked at Myra, wondering how she would take it.

She had dropped her work, and was looking fixedly at the old man; and I noticed the wild look in her eyes, of which I have spoken before, was more than usually evident. A sort of cold chill came over me—what they call "goose flesh"—and I rose hastily, and made an excuse to go.

from her disturbance a little. "He has not been out, and has been fixing up his papers, and writing all the time. Every little while he stops and looks at some funny little things he has on the table, like sticks of white wax. He handles these, muttering to himself, and he won't let me go into the room, though I have looked into the door several times."

Old Simon's room was directly over mine. While these words were being said by Myra we had ascended the stairs, and I had entered my room and lighted my lamp, she was standing by the door. Just as she finished speaking we heard a crash overhead, as if some one had fallen. With one look at each other we hurried up the stairs, and approaching the door of the old man's room, I opened it hurriedly.

He was standing with his back to the door, and did not hear us enter. He had on his long dressing-gown and cap, which he always wore in the house, and was leaning over the table in the middle of the room.

With one hand he held the candlestick firmly, and with the other he was about to burn in the flame one of the small white "funny little things," of which Myra had spoken to me.

They appeared to me to look like sticks of lunar caustic; but there was something in the position and action of the old man, standing thus in the dead night, his position presenting the appearance of one about to do some terrible thing, that made me make up my mind it was not that he held in his hand, whatever else it might be.

The noise we had heard appeared to be explained by the fact that a heavy chair lay overturned upon the floor. It seemed to me that he must have faltered, and drawn back from executing his intention, and have thrown down the chair by a sudden involuntary movement.

We stood silent, her hand clasped in mine, gazing horror-stricken—for no obvious reason, and expecting—we knew not what.

"Surely," I thought, "there can be no harm in burning that little white substance, on fire. At that moment it touched the flame. In an instant there was a terrific explosion."

I had just time to drag Myra from the room and slam the heavy door, and then from within there rose the most appalling screams, confused sounds, as of persons wrangling in deep and angry tones, and a succession of fearful explosions that speedily waked every one in the house, so that the little hall was crowded with excited and frightened people, mostly in their night attire.

I could no longer bear the suspense, but opened the door wide. I was thunderstruck. From the terrible noises I expected to find the roof blown off, and the room full of fire, and the light from the lamp flashed upon them.

There was total darkness. Some one brought a lamp, and taking it in my hand I entered. On the floor lay the body of the old man, his face blackened beyond recognition, his right hand blown off, and the stump seared as though with a hot iron.

The candle was melted down in its socket, and the candlestick itself was a mass of molten iron. The solid old mahogany table was burned black, the top being actually charcoal.

There was not the slightest sign of fire, and no other damage done whatever. On the table, however, I saw a number of small objects, which shone brilliantly as the light from the lamp flashed upon them.

Acting on a sudden impulse, as I placed the lamp on the table, and while every one else was surrounding the prostrate form of the old astrologer, I swept those shining objects into my coat-pocket, without any one observing me.

The old man was, of course, stone-dead. A doctor was sent for, and that was all the information he could give. A coroner's inquest held the next day fared no better, and the occurrence was set down as a terrible mystery.

The tenants, many of them, moved away, scared by the horror of that night. Myra mourned her uncle, for she really loved the old man; and clung to me as though I was the only friend she had in the world, now that he was dead. I found a respectable boarding place for her and another for myself near by; having first, however, made it pretty certain that we should not long live separate.

For I knew already that I loved her; it did not take me long to find out that she loved me. And the shining objects I had secured proved to be diamonds, worth about fifty thousand dollars.

When I had sold them for that sum, I told Myra, and gave her the money; informing her that in the absence of a will, and the old man having no other relatives, she was the heir-at-law.

A suggestion on my part, that in view of her unexpected accession of fortune, she might decide to make other dispositions of herself than she had previously indicated, as her intention was met after such a fashion that I never ventured to repeat it.

And so Myra and I were married, and have lived comfortably and happily ever since on the income of the diamonds. "The Astrologer Royal" gave his life in creating. The secret of their manufacture died with its discoverer.

Original Forests.

If the original forests of the States of Indiana and Ohio were standing to-day, their valuation would be many times greater than are the farms which they were sacrificed to improve. In making their farms the settlers in those States destroyed millions and millions of dollars' worth of black walnut. Miles and miles of fence were laid with black walnut rails. An old farmer says that only thirty years ago he began making his farm, and that he worked eight years in clearing it of the walnut timber, eighty acres of which he burned up. After thirty years of cultivation the farm is worth \$8,000. If it had its walnut timber back it would be worth more than \$100,000.

It is asserted that it was Colonel Cleary who, when up in a balloon, yelled, "Be jabers, if yes don't pull it down I'll out the ropes."

An Uncommon Proceeding.

"How cold it is growing," said Miss Wait, the teacher of the common school in the then brisk little manufacturing village of Shattuckville, Franklin county, Mass., as she tied on her soft blue hood, buttoned her warm flannel cloak, looked at the window fastenings of the not over-comfortous or attractive but snug school-room, looked over her desk and carefully shut the lamp of the air-tight wood-stove preparatory to quitting her domains of labor for the night.

As she had picked up her rubber overshoes and stopped to draw them over the shapely kid boot, she cogitated:

"Oh, dear! Tommy Howe's red toes sticking so pathetically through those old gaping shoes fairly haunt me. I wonder if in this prosperous, busy village, there is no way of getting that poor child decently clad. I must think it over and see what I can do about it."

Twenty-four hours later the leading man of the village, and the owner of the little factory there, who, years before, when a poor boy, had stranded down from Vermont to this little hamlet, eccentric and brusque, but kind-hearted, keen-eyed, and observant of all that was going on in his domain, was walking along the street and met a bright-eyed and sprightly lad of 12 leading ahead with that amusing, unconscious consequential air that a boy carries with his first brand new pair of boots.

"Old Sam" Whittier as this gentleman was familiarly called, not by reason of advanced age by any means, but because of his supremacy as the mill owner and employer of all the help in the hamlet, took in the situation at a glance, and called out to the absorbed child:

"Hullo, youngster! where d'ye get them fellers?"

"Teacher gave them to me, sir," and the lad's tattered cap came quickly off, and he stood with it in his hand.

"Does she buy boots for all the boys in the school?" was growled out.

"Guess not but she bought Joe Briggs a speller and Jue Cass an arithmetic, and she gives away stacks of slate-pencils and paper and ink and such things."

"What made her buy them nice boots for you?"

"She said she wanted to, sir; and when I said I had no money to pay her for them, she said she'd rather be paid in perfect lessons, and I will try my best to pay her for them in that way you may be sure, sir."

"Pretty good sort of a teacher, is she, bub?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I guess she must be the best teacher that ever lived, sir—she tells us about so many things that we never knew before; and she wants us to be good and honest and not tell lies, and she says we will be men and women by-and-by, and she wants us boys to know something so we can own factories our own selves some time. The other teachers we've had only heard our lessons and let us go, but she's so different!"

"Well, well, bub. I shall have to think this business over a little. Now run along, and go to scratching over them 'perfect lessons.' I don't suppose you'll find a person in Shattuckville a better judge of perfect lessons, or how much they are worth, both to the teacher and the scholar, than 'Old Sam' Whittier. So, bub, look after your wares, and I shall look after you."

The next morning a little note written in a coarse business hand was dispatched to the teacher by the hand of one of the children. It ran as follows:

"MISS WAIT: I have heard of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part as teacher toward your scholars. I would like to inquire of you personally as to particulars. Will you do me the favor to run over to my house directly after the close of your school this afternoon."

"WHAT can I have done?" thought the little teacher, in such a perturbed state of mind that she corrected Johnny Snow's mistake in his multiplication by telling him seven times nine was fifty-four. Indeed, she let the mistake go so long that every little hand belonging to the secondary primary class was stretched up in a frenzy of excitement.

"Let me see; what is it I have done the past week? I switched Bobbie Baker pretty smartly, to be sure—and I kept Sam Woodruff after school—and I kept Marion Fisk in from recess for whispering; but I must keep order. Well, dear me, I have tried to do my duty, and I won't waver," and Miss Wait, resolutely went back to "seven times nine," and so proceeded in the usual routine.

But she ate no dinner that noon, and had a decided headache as she crossed the big bridge over the hill to the mill-owner's residence.

"I shall not back down in anything where my clear duty and self-respect are involved," thought she. "I have set up a certain ideal as to what a teacher of these common schools ought to be, and I will, God and my mind, god courage and health not forsaking me, bring myself as near to it as possible. Moreover I will not consider in the premises whether the scholars are children of the rich and learned or of the poor or ignorant. For the time being God has placed in my care ragged, dirty little wretches of a factory village, as well as clean, well-dressed, attractive children."

"Good evening, good evening, ma'am," said "Old Sam" Whittier, in his gruff way, meeting the teacher at the door. "As I said in my note to you, I heard to-day of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part. I saw, ma'am, little Tommy Howe in a new pair of boots this morning. Do you know how he came by them?"

"I bought them for him, Mr. Whittier," wondering whether the local magnate suspected the poor child of stealing. "Oh, you did! Are you in the habit of furnishing your scholars with such articles? Was the providing of boots a part of your business contract with the committee? If it was, I can put you in the way of buying boots at

wholesale in Boston, where I get my supply for my store."

"It will not be necessary, sir," replied the teacher, with dignity. "I thank you for your kind offer, however."

"Why did you furnish boots in this particular case, if I may inquire?"

"The lad is very poor. His mother has her hands full with the smaller children. Tommy is learning rapidly; I see marks of rare intelligence in him. It would be a pity to have him taken out of school at this time when he is so much engaged. Should he continue coming clad as he was in such weather as this he would be ill soon. I could not take the risk in either case."

"Are you able to let your heart get the better of you in this way?"

"I have my wages only," replied the young woman, with dignity.

"Then you probably will have to re-trench not a little in your own expenses."

"If I do it will harm no one's purse or pride but my own. In this instance it may be the matter of a pair of gloves or an ostrich tip with me. With him the act may make a difference that shall be lasting through time and eternity."

"You have been attending that school over at South Hadley, I hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been through it, or graduated, as they call it?"

"Oh, no; I have attended but two terms. But I am fully determined to complete the course."

"Hum—all right. Miss Wait you seem to be doing some good work among the children over the river there. I am going to think it all over; but look here—if any more of those little rascals need boots, let me know. I shall consider it a privilege to provide them. You know I can obtain them at wholesale—hal hal! and the now greatly relieved teacher's interview with the mill owner ended.

"If she goes on teaching on and off, and then taking a term on and off at Mount Holyoke, she can't graduate for years," mused Old Sam Whittier, as he watched her tripping on over the hill; "it's ridiculous."

And so it came to pass, when Miss Wait was paid her small salary at the end of the term, she found in the envelope containing the order on the town treasurer a check with a slip of paper pinned to it, reading thus:

"This may be uncommon proceedings, but I thought it over and have concluded that you had better go right along in your studies at South Hadley until you graduate. After that, with your pluck and principle, you will be able to invest in boots or books, or in any way you see fit.

Very truly yours, SAMUEL WHITTIER."

I leave this true little sketch without comment. It carries its own lesson, both to struggling young teachers with hearts and brains, and to prosperous men of affairs who may lend a helping hand to deserving ones.

"Have you noticed the growing use of quinine?" a druggist in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue hotel, New York, asked. At the same moment he bowed and smiled to a tall, red-whiskered man who strolled in.

"Just watch this customer," he said. The man was very thin and cadaverous looking. Without saying a word he walked up to the soda fountain, and the boy drew out a pill box, poured three pills into the palm of the customer's hand, set a glass of mineral water in front of him, and turned to the next customer. The tall man swallowed the pills, drank the water, turned on his heel, and stalked away with another pleasant nod to the proprietor.

"That costs him a dollar and forty cents a week," said the proprietor, "and before long it will kill him. He started to take one five-grain pill every night about six months ago; he now takes fifteen grains a night before he goes home, so that it will trace him up for his dinner. Within a month he will be taking twenty grains a night. Of course he takes it home beside what he gets here. I've gone out of my way three or four times to warn him but his answer is a simple one; he says quinine makes him feel cheerful and strong, and that it has no ill effects. He tried stopping it once, and caved in; hence he wants to know why he should stop. You can't combat such reasoning as that."

"Have you many such regular customers?"

"Well, to be accurate, we have only three men who come in every day and pay at the end of the week, but there are many others who take their quinine as regularly as most drinking folks take whiskey. It is certainly a great temptation to weakly organized and frail people. All they have to do is to swallow a pill or two, and they feel robust, wide awake and cheerful. The practice grows on them continually, and it seems to be spreading, for our sales of quinine are constantly growing. A good proportion of the custom comes from women who grow fatigued or weary while shopping, and who, instead of buying nutritious luncheon, resort to the insidious quinine pill."

A grocer displays the suggestive sign: "If you want soft soap do not fail to give me a call; I'm sure I can give satisfaction."

HORSE NOTES.

—Robert Bonner has been driving Pickard on the road.

—Maud S. and her driver, W. W. Bair, have parted company for the season.

—The Suffolk and Point Breeze entries close at Broad and Chestnut streets on October 5.

—The fund for the benefit of the mother of Jockey Moran foots up the respectable total of \$2464.

—Whitesocks, the winner of the 2.40 class at Cleveland this week—best heat 2.23½—is by Alcantara.

—The well-known ch. g. Sir Roger has been purchased by James Potter, of Providence, R. I., for \$3000.

—R. J. Cadogan recently sold a 6-week old filly, a full sister to Bayonne Prince (record 2:21½), to Mr. Backman for \$1000.

—It is said that Harry Wilkes, Maxey Cobb and Majorica will trot for a purse at Fleetwood Park at the end of this month.

—Jack Phillips' colt by Nutwood, out of Ella Madden, ran against a fence and broke his neck at Suffolk Park recently. Phillips valued the colt at \$2000.

—J. B. Ferguson last week purchased from J. S. Shawhan, at Lexington, Ky., the 2-year-old filly Blue Hood, by imp. Blue Mantle, dam Bayadere, for \$775.

—Fanny Witherspoon's two miles in 2.45 at St. Paul, Minn., on September 15, is the best on record, beating Monroe Chief's 1882 performance by one second.

—Having passed through an arduous campaign the crack 3-year-old Joe Cotton has been let up in his work, and will not appear on the turf again this year.

—At Sacramento, on September 12, Antevolo, by Electioneer, dam Columbine, by A. W. Richmond, trotted in 2:19½, thus beating the 4-year-old stallion record.

—Norman Smith succeeds K. K. Alcock as trainer of George Lorillard's Westbrook stable. Alcock will probably go to California and train E. J. Baldwin's Santa Anita stable.

—In the Great Eastern handicap at Sheephead Bay recently, W. L. Scott started five 2-year-olds, which is the largest number ever started by an owner in any one race in this country.

—At the Fair Grounds at St. Paul, on the 4th, Fanny Witherspoon trotted two miles, with only one break, in 4:45, beating by two second Monroe Chief's record of two years ago.

—Freeland's performance at Brighton recently, when he beat Miss Woodford and others, ranks as the best mile and a quarter of the year, although the time, 2:08, is not so good as Getaway's 2:07¼ at Saratoga.

—As a result of the raids on pool-sellers at Beacon Park, Boston, the races of the concluding day of the meeting were declared off, there being no money in the affair for the management without the pool-selling.

—The New York Driving Club will give \$2,000 for a race between Majorica and Phallas, Majorica and Harry Wilkes or Majorica and Clingstone. The owner of Majorica says his horse will start against any of the others named.

—Nettie Leaf, the winner of the 2-year-old Breeders' stakes at Cleveland, is a beautiful filly, 2 years old, almost red bay in color, and with the action and gait of a great trotter. She is by Nugget, dam Zelinda Wilkes, by George Wilkes, and is owned by C. F. Emery.

—The burning of Cooper's stables last week is supposed to have been caused by an incendiary. The horses burned include Aberdeen, b. c., 3 years old; Joe Hooker, pacer, and the old bay gelding Lew Lewis, record 2:28, by Bacon's Ethan Allen.

—Harry Wilkes, like Majorica, both geldings, were sires before emasculation. The bay gelding Billy Wilkes, a coming performer, was got by Harry Wilkes when a 2-year-old. Billy is only one of a number of promising youngsters who owe their paternity to the champion of the France string.

—There are five entries for the double-team race at the Chicago meeting, which commenced on September 22. They are: I. Cohnfeld's Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium, C. Swartz's Charlie Hogan and Sam Hill, J. Brenneck's Gray Eagle and Black Bird, D. W. Woodmansee's Prince Arthur and Butterscotch, and Budd Doble's Editor and Dink Stauffer. Jimmy Dustin has already gone to Chicago with the Cohnfeld team.

—At the Doncaster September meeting on the 18th, the race for the Doncaster cup was won by W. F. Anscombe's 3-year-old bay colt Hambleton. Mr. J. Lowther's 3-year-old chestnut colt King Monmouth came in second, and Mr. Craig's (formerly J. R. Keeue's) 5-year-old chestnut horse Blue Grass third. There were but four starters.

—The Dwyer Brothers' stables consists of Miss Woodford, 5 years; George Kinney, 5; Barnes, 5; Panique, 4; El-mendorf, 3; Detective, 3; Portland, 3; Brambleton, 2; Inspector B., 2; Lulu, 2; Millie, 2; Ferona, 2; Hawley, brother to Vigil, 2; Lydia sister to Barnes 2; Rutland, 2, and twenty-two promising yearlings are to be sold, and the brothers will leave the turf. The Dwyers started racing in 1876, and won \$17,960 the first season. In 1880, when they first became famous as the owners of a great stable, the earnings amounted to \$77,902, and the yearly figures since then have been as follows: 1881, \$88,146; 1882, \$74,340; 1883, \$138,000; 1884, \$95,000. The winnings this year amount to about \$100,000. The brothers looked upon Luke Blackburn as their greatest race horse, while many turfmen believed that Hindoo belonged to the highest type of the American race horse. Miss Woodford has won a larger amount of money than any other of their racers, and has also landed the richest single prize, the Lorillard Stallion stakes, at Louisville, amounting to over \$18,000.