We're growing old. We had our dreams-those rosy dreams of They faded, and 'twas well. This after-

Hath brought us fuller hopes; and yet, forwe drop a tear now in this later time To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past— A saddened smile almost akin to pain; Those high desires, those purposes so vast, Oh, our poor hearts! they cannot come

again; We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this earth is, too; wine is best, maturest fruit most

sweet; Much have we lost, more gained, although 'tis true We tread life's way with most uncertain

We're growing old!

We move along, and scatter, as we pace, Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand; At last, with gray-streaked hair and hollow face,

We step across the boundary of the land Where none are old.

THE WHITE PHANTOM.

Major Merritt Hill, a "bold dragoon" in the service of his Majesty George III, found himself, one dark and blustering night in autumn, riding toward London on the old York road. He had supped with a friend who lived at a village some distance off the road, and he was unfamiliar with the coun-

Though not raining, the air was damp, and the heavy, surcharged clouds threatened every moment to pour down their contents. A good horseman cares as much for the comfort of his steed as for his own ease. To add to the discomfort of the evening there was some chance of meeting highwaymen; but Major Hill felt no uneasiness on that scoro, as, just before leaving his friend's house, he had examined his holster metals, and freshly primed them. A brush with a highwayman would enhance the romance of a night journey.

The Major's horse began to give unmistakable evidence of distress, stumbling once or twice, and recovering himself with difficulty. At last a dim light suddenly appeared at a turn of the road. The horse pricked up his ears, trotted forward with spirit, soon halted beside a one-story cottage. The Major rode up to the door and rapped loudly with the butt of his whip. The summons brought a sleepy cotter to the

door. "My good friend," said the Major, "can you tell me how far it is to the

"Eh? It be about zeven mile, zur," was the answer, in the broad Yorkshire

dialect of the district. "Seven miles!" exclaimed the Major, a tone of deep disappointment; "and my horse is already blown! My good fellow, can't you put him somewhere, and give me a bed? I will pay you liberally for your trouble,

"Eh! goodness sakes!" said the rustic. "I be naught but a ditcher. There be noa place to put the nag in, and there be only one room and one

bed in the cot," "What shall I do?" cried the Major,

at his wit's end. "I'll tell 'ee, zur," said the rustic. "There be a voine large house on the road, about a moile vurther on. It's nos an inn, but the Colonel zees company vor the vun o' the thing-'cause he loikes to zee company about 'un. You must a heard ov him-Colonel

Lawrence-as used to be a soger once." "Say no more," cried the Major. "I have heard of this hospitable gentleman, and his having been in the army gives me a sure claim to his attention. Here's a crown for your information,

my good friend." The Major rode off, feel ng an exhilaration of spirits which soon communica'ed itself to the horse, A sharp trot of a few minutes brought him to a large mansion, which stood by the roadside. Without dismounting he plied the large brass knocker till a servant in livery

made his appearance. "Is your master up?" asked the Ma-

jor. am the occupant of this house, said a venerable gentleman, making his appearance at the hall door, "I am a benighted traveler, sir, said the Major, touching his hat, "and

come to claim your well-known hospitality. Can you give me a bed for the night?"

"I cannot promise you a bed, sir," said the host, "for I have but one spare bed in the house, and that happens to be in a room that does not enjoy a very ring, inscribed with the names of Merpleasing reputation. In short, sir, one room of my house is haunted, and that

is the only one, unfortunately, that I can place at your disposal to-night."

"My dear sir," said the Major, springing from his horse and tossing the bridle to the servant, "you enchant me beyond expression! A haunted is the way. chamber! The very thing—and I, who have never seen a ghost! What luck!" The Colonel shook his head gravely.

"I never knew a man," he said, "to pass a night in that chamber without regretting it."

Major Hill laughed as he took his pistols from the holster pipes. "With these friends of mine," he said, "I fear neither ghost nor demon. Colonel Lawrence showed his guest into a comfortable parior, where a sea-coal fire was burning cheerfully in a

to a weary traveler stood upon a table. The Major's attention was drawn toward a charming girl of twenty, the daughter of the Colonel, who graced the table with her presence. Never, he thought, had he seen so beautiful, so modest and so fady-like a creature; and she, in turn, seemed very ravorably impressed with the manly beauty and

grate, and refreshments most welcome

frank manners of their military guest.
At length she retired. The Colonel.

compelled to ask him if he would not like to retire

Major Hill promptly replied in the affirmative, and the old gentleman, takmously marshaled his guest to a large, old-fashioned room.

with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I am afraid not," answered the Col-"I never knew a guest of mine to pass

a quiet night in this chamber." "I shall prove an exception," said the Major, smiling. "But I must make one remark," he added, seriously. "It is ill sporting with the feelings of a sol-dier; and should any of your servants attempt to play tricks upon me, they shall have cause to repent it."

And he laid his heavy pistols on the light-stand by his bedside. "My servants, Major Hill," said the old gentleman, with an air of offended dignity, "are too well drilled to dare attempt any tricks upon my guests.

Good night, Major." "Good night, Colonel." The door closed. Major Hill locked

Beside the door opening into the entry, there was another leading to some other room. There was no lock upon the second door, but a heavy table

He threw himself into an arm-chair before the fire, and amused himself with building eastles in the air, and musing on the attractions of the fair Laura, the host's daughter. He was far enough from thinking of spectral struck on his ear. Glancing in the direction of the inner door he thought he saw the heavy table glide backward caught up a pistol and challenged the intruder. There was no reply-but the door continued to open and the table to slide back. At last there glided into the room a tall, graceful figure robed ih white.

At the first glance the blood curdled in the Major's yeins; at the second he recognized the daughter of the host. Her eyes were wide open, and she advanced with an assured step; but it was very evident that she was asleep. Here was the mystery of the White Phantom solved at once. The young girl walked to the fire-place and seated herself in the arm-chair from which the soldier had just risen.

She raised her left hand, and gazing on a beautiful ring that adorned one of her white taper fingers, pressed it repeatedly to her lips. She then sank into an attitude of repose, her arms dropping listlessly by her side.

The Major approached her and stole the ring from her finger. His action disturbed, but did not awaken her. She seemed to miss the ring, however, and after groping hopelessly for it, rose and giided through the doorway as silently as she had entered. She had no sooner retired than the Major replaced the table, and drawing a heavy clothes press against it, effectually guarded himself against a second intrusion.

This done, he threw nimself upon the bed, and slept soundly till a late hour of the morning. After performing the duties of his toilet, he was summoned to breakfast, where he met the Colonel and his daughter.

"Well, Major, and how did you pass the night?" asked the Colonel, anxiously.

"Famously," replied Hill, "I slept like a top, as I told you I should." "Then, thank heaven, the spell is broken at last," said the Colonel; "and

the White Phantom has vanished. "By no means," said the Major, smil-"the White Phantom paid me a visit last night, and left me a token of the honor.'

"A token!" explaimed the father and daughter in a breath.

"Yes, my friends, and here it is." And the Major handed the ring to the old gentleman.

"What's the meaning of this, Laura?" exclaimed the Colonel. "This ring I gave you last week." Laura uttered a faint cry, and turned deadly pale.

"The mystery is easily explained," said the Major. "The young lady is a sleep-walker. She came into my room before I had retired, utterly unconscious of her actions. I took the ring from her hand, that I might be able to convince you and her of the reality of what I had witnessed,

The Major's business was not press ing, and he ready yielded to the Colonel's urgent request to pass a few days with him. Their mutual liking increased upon better acquaintance, and in a few weeks the White Phantom's ritt Hill and Laura Lawrence, served as a sacred symbol of their union for

The Meaning of Sealing Wax.

As many of our readers well know, it is the fashion now to seal letters with wax instead of the ordinary mucilage. But that the color of the wax posses a significance of itself is not so generally known. The ordinary red wax signifies business, and is supposed to be used only for business letters. Black is, of course, used for mourning and condolence. Blue means love, and in the four or five tints of this color, each stage of the tender passion can be accurately portrayed. When pink is used congratulation is intended. An invitation to a wedding or other festivity is sealed with white wax. Variegated colors are supposed to show conflicting

Money and in Debt.

Emory Storrs enjoyed an income of \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year, earned at the Chicago bar, and yet he was always out of money and in debt. It is said that he habitually drew on Samuel W. Allerton, a millionaire friend, who never At length she retired. The Colonel. who had found a listener, was inclined to prolong the session into the small hours of the morning, but finding that dinner to Lord Coleradge, an unfriendly Sheriff seized the viands. Pleasures of Walking.

We have people amongst us who consider walking to be vulgar, and who imagine that they would lose ing up a silver candlestick, ceremo- their dignity if they left their carriage. They do not object to be driven through a country, either in diligence A comfortable bed invited to repose; a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and everything was cozy and quiet. The Major looked around him in this season's exhibitions; but to ask them to tread the same quartz-grit on "I am deeply indebted to you, Colo-nel," said he, "for affording me such comfortable quarters. I shall sleep like them an indignity which their lofty souls resent. After all, if we are not mistaken, the free, unfettered tramp, onel, with a grave shake of the head. if he has anything like an observant spirit, has the best of it. He can make levies on all nature. For him the sunshine has a greater joy, and the moon in the falling twilight a less cold smile. The jolly miller can give him the merry laugh and the frankest hosto roll past in his carriage without tive ease. having tasted such Arcadian sweets. For him is the flower-fringed by-path in the sheltering wood, and for him the moss-wreathed wayside well. "The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song" are his by prescriptive right, and if he can bear with him a pure heart, a love for honest labor, and a reverence for the Giver of all good, we think that he is happier than his richer neighbor, who dare not go afoot. No one looks so kindly and so lov-

ingly on nature as he who walks. A long stretch in the open country, in the face of the bugle-breezes of morn, placed across completely barricaded it. in the full glory of noonday, or in the lustre and sacred tender, fading shadows of twilight, is a human experience that tends alike to bestow physical strength and intellectual power and joy. The man who walks abroad with a keen eye and a recepvisitants, when a very slight noise tive soul will get in one day more of the beauties of nature in all their rounded perfection-in color, in tint, and in sound—than he could obtain by from its place. Quick as thought he the study of books through many a silent and thoughtful night.

No matter what the season of nature, and no matter her mood, she is always shining and fair, even when she fails into her Winter sleep of untainted and untouched silence, covered over with snow-wreaths of exquisite purity, curve and grace. And what for matchless outline and tint can equal a snowwreath lying across your path on a crispy, clear Winter afternoon, with the Western sky all ruddy and aglow like molten ore, and the solemn pine-trees lifting their dark green feathery branches midway between the unsullied stretch of snow and the deep szure of the holy twilight coming from the east, bringing with it all the silent, friendly stars? Do you think that the term 'friendly' is out of place with reference to the stars? I hope not. How those glorious lights took down upon us with lingering, loving tustre from the midnight skies! Each one seems as if it were an friends. There is Orion, in his massive actually drowned. grandeur, moving round our sleeping world like a sentinel from above, maestic, solemn, awful-a constellation whose position seems to be assured through countless ages. Then there are the Pleiades, those sweet seven sisters of the heavens, whose pulsating rays compass every color of the rainbow as they exist in the heavens.

Butchers' Brown Paper.

The Sheriff of Columbia county, N. Y., owns a large straw paper mill near Chatham Four Corners. It is a long, large building, built solidly of stone in several sections. The men who built it intended it for the manufacture of paper bags, and filled it with the most expensive machinery. They invested over \$100,000, and borrowed large sums of money from various banks in the neighborhood. Then it was found that the bags wouldn't stick together, and the mill failed, and some of the banks failed with it. Much of the machinery was afterward sold, but a part remains to show its former glory. The Sheriff has far more room than he needs, although his mill turns out a car load of paper a

There are several other mills of the kind in the county, and they prove a blessing to the farm hands, who get poor pay in summer and no work at all on the farms in winter. During cold weather they are busy in the mills and leave them when the spring planting

The straw paper is made from rye straw, for which the farmers get about \$15 a ton. The straw is thrown into a great vat, where it is mixed with lime and covered with water. It is there of it. It is now thrown into a cylinder rollers which squeeze out the water, and other rollers which polish it. It is then straw paper. It is used by butchers in wrapping up meat.

wind as a Fertilizer.

The use of wind in fertilizing the ground is remarkably illustrated, according to M. Alluard, by the very fertile valley of Lamagne, in Auvergne. The prevalent winds there are west and

Bee-Hunting in Australia.

In Australia, the native adopts a very peculiar plan for discovering wild honey. He knows that bees never wander very far from home, seldom more than two miles; and he also knows that when a bee is laden with honey it makes as nearly as possible, a straight line for home. All that is necessary, then, is to find a bee that is well laden and follow it. But that is more easily said than done. Any boy who has tried to follow the big and gray-colored bumble-bee to its nest knows how great a task it is. But that is a mere trifle to following the sober little honey-bee, which can be lost, like a dream, against a gray-colored hill-side. In order to be followed, the bee must

small tuft of white cotton to the bee's pitality; while the grandee is permitted | back, and thus follows it with compara-But the question now comes up, how is the cotton to be put upon the bee's back? The gum is quickly found-it is on almost any tree; the cotton grows right at hand. The bee, too, is found in almost any sweet flower, buried head first in the dusty pollen, drinking in the

have a distinguishing mark that can be

easily seen, and with such a badge, the

Australian provides it. He gums a

nectar and showing quite plainly whether its honey-sac is full or empty. It moves a little in its eager haste to a quick dab will fasten the cotton on its back .- Do not try it. As the little boy told his mother, the bee is a very "quick kicker."

Watch the Australian,-and he is a very stupid fellow, too, in most things. He fills his mouth with water, has his snowy tuft of cotton ready gummed, finds his bee, gently drenches it with water spurted from his mouth, picks it up while it is still indignantly shaking itself free from the water which clogs its wings, and with a dexterous touch he affixes in an instant the tell-tale cot-

Very much out of patience no doubt with the sudden and unexpected rainstorm, the bee rubs off the tiny drops from its wings, tries them, rubs again, and soon-buzz! buzz! away it goes unconsciously leading destruction and pillage to its happy home.

Arabs Catching Sharks as Lden.

somewhat similar to playing a heavy salmon only no rod is used. A hook of soft iron wire is made very sharp and baited with a lump of garbage of some kind, usually a piece of shark too rancid, even for a slave, and the line, which is small and very slackly spun, is wound round for some little distance from the hook with thin sheet lead, both to protect it from the teeth of the fish and to act as a sinker, and the other end is made fast to a huge calabash which acts angel's eye gazing on us with watchful as a float. When a shark takes the bait care. And, as we mark the constella- he tows the calabash about, but can not march across the dark, solemn dome of fisherman then sets off after him in their them a personality, and treat them as line they play their captive until he is

The shark that was now on the hook half dozen men who formed her crew thrown into the water. "Give way, my lads!" said the lieutenant, and both boats dashed away, the crews straining every nerve to save the swimmers from their dangerous position, the water literally swarmed with sharks, and in a few minutes the men were picked up and their canoe righted. The Englishmen, like all their nation, fond of sport, next went after the float, which could be seen being towed hither and thither as the shark tried to free itself from the incumbrance, but the Arabs, when they saw their intention, shouted and gesticulated to prevent them from doing so, and the second cance put off from the dhow to assist in playing the

shark With some little trouble the line was secured, and after about two hours' hard work, during which Johnny Shark several times nearly mastered his captors, he was at length killed and dragged upon the rocks, where the English, as he was such a huge monster, had the curiosity to measure him, when he proved to be the enormous length of thirty-three feet ten inches. This was the largest shark they had ever seen, though both boats had had oars dashed occasion the same whaler, when board- a rain. ing a dhow at night from the ship, had her rudder carried away by one.

Home Sweet Home

During the early part of this summer boiled for twenty-four hours by steam | Charles King, living near Clinton, disheat, until all the stiffness is taken out | covered that his father, whom he had not seen or heard from for more than with wire sides and long iron teeth thirty-five years, was living in Tennes-projecting on the inside. This revolves see at a point not far distant from Nashwith great rapidity and throws off most | ville. The elder King had at one time of the water from the straw by centri- lived in Western Ohio, and some thirtyfugal force. The damp, soft straw is five years ago mysteriously disappeared, then placed in a vat and covered with after a family quarrel, and was never water. In this vat are rollers fitted with heard from until his son, a short time knives, which cut the straw into very ago discovered his whereabouts from a fine pieces. The comminuted straw or pension report and wrote to him. The pulp is then pumped into a large stor- father, being convinced that the correage vat, from which it is run into a spondent was really his own son, sent trough in which a wire cylinder re- for the latter with his family to come volves. A suction pump draws the and take possession of a farm that Le pulp against the wire, and it forms a had for him in Tennessee. The son thin coating on it. This is carried off took his family and left for the South by felt belting, and passes between to meet his father, and reports sent rollers which squeeze out the water, back gave a cheerful description of his

Later news tells, however, of a difficulty with his father and a threatened visit from the Ku Klux, and it is evident that King is ready and willing to return at any time. He writes that he has received notice to leave that section and return north, and the language of the notice is such as is not likely to be

FASHION NOTES.

-Bonnets seem to have reached their greatest height, for this season at least. -Braids, galloons and strings of big beads are the favorite dress trimmings. -Shirt fronts are plain, and are made of three and four thicknesses of linen.

-Jet and other bead embroideries are worn to excess here and on the

-Tan-colored undressed kid gloves are worn by fashionable men as well as -Skirts tunics and polonaises are all

made with plaits or gathers at the waistline. -Arabian Moorish and Egyptian

London interiors. -Linen collars of the all-round type are being worn once more by English women; and I notice with the high straight collars now worn, attached to the dress, a band of lace is usually placed turning down over it, the linen collar showing above; the same at the

wrist. -The fashion of stripes has even extended to black materials of light texture, and though patterns of spota, etc., are still to be seen, stripes predominate. Black woolen canvas stuffs are 61tremely serveicable, and when trimmed with silk or woolen lace make pretty | defying the judges. secure the delictous liquid, but perhaps | dresses for walking or making calls in a quiet way.

> -A striking coaching-dress is composed of black canvas over orange silk striped with tilleul color, the pale grayish yellow-green of the lime-blossom. Knots of velvet ribbon in the two tints fasten the folds of the dress here and there; another knot upon the dainty little black lace bonnet, and a few more adorn the sunshade.

-Some very stylish dresses have been made of woolen lace entirely, lined with electric-blue surah, dnished with a broad, soft electric-blue sash, arranged as drapery, with a mixture of lace. The bonnet and a small visite are mad to match, but the bonnet is fancy Tuscan straw, lined with silk and trimmed with an electric-blue aigrette.

-The most fashionable cloth dresses are made with vest and several rows of her day, and was well known to Western narrow gold cord or flat braiding, or are gold embroidered to simulate vest. cuffs and high collar, and sometimes in designs also round or pyramidal upon the lower front of the skirt, which is The way the Arabs catch sharks is laid in clustered plaits, and has hip and very curious and interesting, and is back drapery closely laid and moderate in size.

-There has been an attempt to discard all drapery from the overdresses of cloth and wool or silk costumes intended for the promenade, and instead to have the overdress or polonaise as long as the underskirt. These dresses have the appearance of one skirt and a jacket, and will be becoming to short figures, but will not look graceful on large or slender women.

-A handsome visiting toilet is of bronze French moire, covered with a gets Bersan, Favor, Whizgig and Bentions, and learn of their slow, silent sink it for any length of time, and the tunic of crape of the same color dotted nie E. Mr. Patton gets Freeman, march across the dark, solemn dome of fisherman then sets off after him in their with gold; this tunic comes down in Tenstone, Gold Flea and the brood heaven, we learn unconsciously to give canoe, and when they get hold of the straight panels, between which showed mare, Gold Bug, and her yearling and network; the bodice of French moire has a narrow pleated plastron of the dotted crape, epaulets was proving a tartar, and before the and a belt of velvet. The bonnet is a two boats came near the canoe which Papillon capote, peaked high up in was playing him was capsized, and the front, of bronze and gold tulle, lined with pale blue velvet and trimmed with but will race his stable at Jerome Park,

hop blossoms and foliage. -Another tollet is of maroon faille, covered with fine pale buff crepon, fallroon moire at the side. A short Span-colt Walter H. for \$10,000. It is ish jacket of faille is dotted all over doubtful if there is any colt of his age with brown beads; it opens over a plea- superior to him. He is possessed of a ted vest of the crepon. Capote of fine buff straw, lined with maroon velvet to carry weight, go a distance and and trimmed with the same, and with travel well in heavy going. He is by and trimmed with the same, and with an enormous cluster of roses and brown and green grasses in front; no strings.

-A new waterproof apron for the use of equestriennes has been brought over from London, invoiced the "Norpa" It rolls up in a small compass, and buttons on the front of the saddle, where it is to be held in place by small straps. When wanted it is easily unbuckled, and, opening out wide, covers the knees and the off-side of the saddle far enough to conduct the raindrops downward, instead of allowing them to soak into the leather. It is fastened over the knees by three wide hooks. one of which attaches to a button of the habit, while the other two are fastat by the ravenous brutes, and on one an effectual protection to the knees in

-For the most dressy costumes repped silk takes the place of cloth in combination with velvet or with plush. The soft velountines are the heavily ribbed silks that are now preferred to satin as parts of the intricate combinations with velvet. plush, fur, lace, embroidery and beading arranged by ingenious Paris modistes. No two of these are alike, and no rule applies to their general make-up, except the tendency to straight, long, yet graceful effects, with fewer flounces and less of the patchy look seen formerly in combination dres-The fancy is retained for plain fabrics for the waist and figures for the lower skirt; for instance, black repped silk is used for a basque, festooned apron and black draperies, with a skirt of black velvet that has small gold-colored crescents of satin sunk in its close black pile. The basque is curved away in front to disclose a soft vest of goldcofored repped silk, and there are drops of jet and gilt beads on the curved front of the basque. There are also cash-mere beaded velvets used for all the visible parts of the skirt front, with a basque and over-skirt and striped velvet for the lower skirt. Wood beads are placed around the foot of a brown repped silk skirt that is worn under a velvet garment that has a basque waist The prevalent winds there are west and southwest, and traverse the chain of the Domes, where are vast deposits of volcauic ashes. Much of this dust is thus carried to the Limagne Valley, and settles there of litself, or is caried down by rain or snow. As it contains a large amount of phosphoric acid, potash and lime, it is highly fertilizing, and its more fina state favors ranid assimilation.

misunderstood.

A bundle of hickory withes was also placed at his door, with the explanation accompanying them that they were intended to be used in flaying King alive in case he delayed his departure. King is an old soldier and has plenty of what is vulgarly known as "sand," but is thought the odds against him will cause his return. HORSE NOTES.

-Milton Young's race-horses are in poor condition compared with their early spring form.

-W. L. Scott's runners, with the exception of Charity and East Lynne, have been sent home to Eric.

-A. J. Cassatt has sold the 3-yearold colt Longview, by Longfellow, to La Masney Bros., of Brighton Beach. -It is reported that Mr. Lorillard has changed Walter H.'s name to Gor-

don, after Mr. Skipworth Gordon, of Baltimore. -P. Lorillard paid \$3500 for the 3year-old brother to Glenmore at Sheepshousehold fancies are all the rage for head Bay, Sept. 21st. The figures were

\$1500 over his entered selling price.

-R. Porter Ashe, the owner of Alta, the victor in the special stakes for 3year-olds, at Sheepshead Bay, is said to have won \$12,000 from the book-

-William Bedford, the white-haired owner and driver of Sorrel Dan and Eddie D., the pacers, was killed at Evansville, Ind., on Sept. 20th, by a victous bull.

-James Murphy, Superintendent of the Lexington (Ky.) Race Course, Thomas Smith and William McNamara have been ruled off the turf for life for -The Clingstone-Majolica race holds

fire. Mr. Gordon says the purse must not be less than \$3000, while Mr. Strause is satisfied with the New York Driving Club's offer of the net receipts. -It is pretty well understood that Drake Carter will not be seen again

gelding is quite lame and has given his trainer considerable trouble for some time past. -Frank Harper, Nautura farm, Woodford county, Ky., has sold to P. Corrigan, of Kansas City, Mo., the 2-

during the present season. The old

year-old bay colt Freeknight, by Tenbroeck, dam Belle Knight, by Knighthood, for \$5000. -The white pacing mare Lady Elgin, 2.24½, was drowned, August 27, on the farm of J. W. Givin, near Des Moines,

Ia. Lady Elgin was a game mare in horsemen. -Miss Woodford struck herself slightly at the finish of the second heat of the Long Island stakes. Nothing definite is yet settled concerning the

proposed match between Miss Woodford

and Modesty. -Mr. Brank Siddall, of Philadelphia, has purchased the pacing horses, Westmount and Lorene, from J. M. Hill, the Chicago theater manager, now in New York, A check for a good round sum changed hands. Westmount has a record in double harness of 2.011, and Lorene has paced a quarter of a mile in

private in 0.311. -Messrs. Morris and Patton have dissolved their partnership in horses by mutual consent. Mr. G. B. Morris oth hy Mr. Patton, it is said, will not race, but confine his attention to breeding. He owns the stallion Duke of Kent, by Bonnie Scotland, and some fine brood mares. Mr. Morris will not go West,

Baltimore, and Washington. -The Rancocas Stable purchased from D. O'Connor, after his victory in ing loose, with a very wide sash of ma- the Adieu Stakes, the 2-year-old bay fine turn of speed, has shown his ability Voltigeur, dam Beware, by imp Billet.

-Free Knight, the full brother of Freeman, and a half-brother to the great Freeland, made his maiden effort on the turf at Lexington, in the Clark Stakes for 2-year-old colts. The race was taken by the favorite, O'Fallon, who got off in front, and, being well ridden by Wethers, he won quite cleverly. Free Knight, however, beat all the others, finishing a good second. -At Sheepshead Bay, on the 19th,

there was an immense attendance; the

weather was fine and the track very fast. The third race was the great Long Island sweepstakes for all ages of \$250 each, with \$2,500 added; \$2,000 to ened to buttons placed for them on the first and \$500 to the second, to each side of the jacket, thus forming which is added the Woodlawn vase, presented by the Dwyer Brothers, of Brooklyn, to become the property of the subscriber winning, the race two years in succession; two mile heats, Starters: Caramel, Miss Woodford, and faille francaise, Bengaling and rich Binette. First Heat-Caramel got a start of two lengths, Binette second a half length in advance of Miss Woodford. Caramel, in the back stretch, increased his lead to four lengths, Binette being now a length and a half in advance of Miss Woodford. Passing the stand on the first round all were running easily, with Binette leading by one and one-half lengths. Caramel second, about a length ahead of Miss Woodford, which was under a strong pull. In the stretch the race was too hot for Caramel, which took a back place, and Miss Woodford commenced to come up and decres the four lengths which Binette led her by. As they went down the bend McLaughlin commenced to whip the mare, and used all his art and with such success that, entering the straight. Binette only led by a length. Kelly was sitting quite easy on the filly's back, while McLaughlin was riding the mare for all she was worth. About ten strides from the finish they were even, basque and draperies of brown repped and the mare won the first heat by a silk. Another brown dress has plain brown velvet with wood beads for its ahead of Caramel. Time, 3:55. Second Heat-Caramel was with

drawn. Binette got a length of the start, and maintained it along the stretch. In the bend at the stables, McLaughlin did not think it wise to let Binette get too far ahead, and so brought the mare up, when they raced side by side. This was a splendid sight, Coming into the bend, the mare showed her splendid staying powers, and with a burst of speed, which seemed marvelous, passed her opposing half-sister, and won by a length and a half. Time,