## Coming Into Port,

I have weathered the coming cape of storms Where the winds of passion blow; I have sheered by the reefs that lash to

The shallows they lurk below; I have joyed in the surge of the whistling

And the wild strong strees of the gale, As my brave bark quivered and leaped alive,

To the strain of its crowded sail. Then the masterful spirit was on me, And with Nature I wrestled glad;

And danger was like a passionate bride, And Love itself was half mad.

Then Life was a storm that blew me on, And flew as the wild winds fly;

And Hope was a pennon streaming out, High up-to play with the sky.

Oh, the golden days, the glorious days That so lavish of life we spenti

Oh, the dreaming nights with the silent

Neath the sky's mysterious tent! Oh, the light, light heart and the strong de-

sire, And the pulse's quickening thrill,

When Joy lived with us and Beauty smiled. The youth had its free, full will!

The whole wide world was before us then, And never our spirits failed.

And we never looked back, but onward, onward.

Into the Future we sailed.

Ever before us the far horizon Whose dim and exquisite line

Alone divided our earth from Heaven,

Our Life from a Life divine.

Now my voyage is well-nigh over, And my staunchest spars are gone

And my sails are rent and my barnacled bark

Drags slowly and heavily on. The faint breeze comes from the distant

With its odor dim and sweet, And soon in the silent harbor of peace Long-parted friends I shall greet.

The voyage is well-nigh over, Though at times a capful of wind

Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails And furrow a wake behind.

And the sea has become a weariness And glad into port I shall come,

With my sails all furled and my anchor dropped

And my cargo carried home.

## JOHN'S DAUGHTER.

"You will care for my child! You will not let my little one suffer?"

My old friend and college chum, John Harmon said this as he wrung my hand. I repeated my promise that in my own home-nest, where there was a nursery full of little ones, Susie Harmon should hold a daughter's place.

We were standing on the wharf waiting for the signal that it was time for my friend to step aboard an outgoing California steamer. He had lost his wife within the year, and soon after was beggared by a fire that totally destroved the cotton mills in which he had held the position of superintendent for ten years. With his home desolate, his purse empty, he resolved, as many a man had done before him, to seek his fortunes in the modern El Dorado, and dig for gold in her mines.

The only drawback to this scheme was the difficulty of taking his 3 year old daughter, who had been in the care of hired nurses since her mother died. I, who shared every thought of John's At first I believed it a hoax. John

marriage and the gentle wife and loving heart, but I said nothing of it to mother so early called to heaven. John

She dearly loved those talks, and no memories were more precious than my took him on his way homeward. It to us one day, taking from his pocket a description of her father's pain in parting from her, and his desire to win money in California only for her.

Time softened Susie's grief, and at 18 she was one of the sweetest, most winning girls I ever met. Without being a wonder of erudition, she was from here." well educated, had a fair musical talent, and a sweet, well educated voice. She was tall and graceful, and when she was introduced to society with Joanna, my now, and your asylnm is not very far

handsome brunette daughter, both became popular. Albert and Will, my boys, were older me, and Will at college, the winter

debut. Susie became, if possible, dearer than

ever. Spring had come, when one evening Albert came into my library, where I was nodding over a book, having worked busily all day. He fussed about the books in a zervous way, quite unlike it have been a kindly act for me to hide his usual quiet manner and finally said, abruptly:

"Father, you have often said Susie is as dear to you as one of your own children.'

I looked up amazed at this opening speech.

"Weli?" I asked.

"Will you make her your daughter in fact by giving her to me for a wife?"

Dear! Dear! To think I had been so blind. Susie had in truth become so as much astonished as if Albert had fallen in love with Joanna.

But I soon found, when Susie's blushing face was hidden upon my breast, that she, too, had given away her heart, and I was only too well pleased that no stranger had won the precious gift.

In September they were married, my son and the child of our adoption, and I gave them a house next our own for a home, having old-fashioned ideas about such matters, and believing it is better for young married people to live by themselves and assume housekeeping cares.

The new home was a gem of neatness under Susie's dainty fingers, and the spirit of perfect love kept it ever bright. Having been brother and sister for so many years, Albert and Susie thoroughly understood each other's dispositions, and I have never known domestic happiness more perfect than theirs.

Susie's first child, named for her father, John Harmon, was two years old, when one morning the mail brought me a letter in an unknown hand from Cincinnati. I opened it, and upon a large sheet of paper found written, in a scrawling hand, these lines:

"DEAR SIR: Will you come to me at 47 M------ street without letting Susie JOHN HARMON." know.

Caring tenderly for his comfort, I was evening when we reached the rail- bit of white tissue paper. Unfolding skins, way depot of our own town, and, as we it, a woman's hairpin lay on the palm had been long oramped in the car-seats, of his hand. "See here, I wouldn't I proposed to walk home.

"Is it not too far off?" John asked. "I thought the asylum was a long way "Oh, the whole place is changed

from the little village you left!" I an- stance. A year ago I was in Colorado, swered. "We have a great town here from here.'

He let me lead him then, willingly enough, and we were not long in reachthan the girls; Albert in business with ing Susie's home. She was alone in the cheer ul sitting-room as we entered, when Joanna and Susie made their but obeyed my motion for silence as I placed John in a great arm-chair, after

It would take me quite too long to removing his hat and coat. He looked I picked it up and put it carefully into tell of the pleasures of the young folks wretchedly old and worn, and his my pocket. I no longer felt the dread-taste. during this winter, but Joanna was won clothes were shabby, yet Susic's soft ful oppression of loneliness. The little from us by a Cuban gentleman, and eyes, misty with tears, had only love in hairpin gave me an absolute sense of their expression as she waited permission to speak. "John," I said to him, "if I had

found you in a pleasant home, happy and prosperous, and I had known that Susie was poor, sick and blind, would her misfortune from you, and passing by your home, to have placed her in the care of charitable strangers?"

"Fred, you would never have done that!" he said, much agitated.

"Never!" I answered, "You are right. But you, John, ask me to take goes in search of her. Up, up he from Susie the happiness of knowing a father's love, the sweet duty of caring for a father's effliction.

"No, no, Fred, I only ask you to put no burden upon her young life, to throw much one of our children that I was no cloud over her happiness. I am old and feeble: I shall trouble no one long." "And when you die, you would de-

prive your only child of the satisfaction of ministering to your wants-take from her her father's dying blessing."

He turned his sightless eyes toward me, his whole face working convulsively. "Where is she, Fred?" You would

not talk so if you did not know my child what a prowess and influence they still loves her father."

"I am here, father?" Snsie said; and I stole softly away, as John clasped his dining room with Johnnie, and I was John calling:

"Fred! Fred!"

I hurried to the room to find him struggling to rise, Susie vainly trying to calm him. "I want my child!" he cried, delir-

iously; "you promised me my child!" I saw at a glance that the agitation of the evening had brought back the wandering mind of which he had told me. Albert and I relieved Susie, who left us quickly.

Some finer instinct than we possessed guided her, for she returned with Johnnie, and whispered him to be very good and kiss grandpapa, she put him in her father's arms. In a second his excitement was gone, and he fondled the curly head, while Johnnie obediently pressed his lips upon the withered cheek. So many instruments as adorn the torin a little time, they feil asleep, John- ture chamber of a dentist, are disposed nie nestled in the feeble arms and the withered face drooping upon the,golden curls. We watched them silently, till we saw a shadow pass over John's face, and a change settle there that comes but once in life. Gently Albert lifted the sleeping child and carried him to the nursery, where Susie and I sat beside the armchair. "Uncle Fred," she whispered, "Albert will go for a doctor. But may I waken him. Let him speak to me once more!" Even as she spoke John opened his eyes. All the wild look was gone from them as he groped a moment, till Susie put her hand in his. Then a heavenly smile came upon the wasted lips, and he said softly, tenderly:

## A Woman's Hairpin,

"See here," said a gentleman friend take any amount of money for that little thing; can you guess why?" "There's a romance connected with it, we hazarded. "Not exactly," he said, "but there is a curious little circumand went to the top of Pike's Peak. I stood alone in the midst of the cold and the silence and the solitude. I feit of thin chemisette inside, oppressed. I seemed to myself the only man in the midst of a vast and newly created world. Suddenly I glanced downward, and there I saw on the rocks, lying at my feet, this little bit of wire. It was a woman's hairpin.

companionship. It was almost like the visible presence of a woman. The little loop of wire was the slender link that bound the big world below to me. I have kept it ever since. think I shall always want to keep it.' In Oliver Wendell Holmes' story,

"Elsie Vennor," Elsie, the heroine, is missing. The young schoolmaster suspects that she has stolen into the desolation and wildness of the mountains. led by the awful inheritance of the snake-nature that holds her, and he goes into steep and rocky solitudes. It seems impossible to him that a human being could have ever scaled these steeps and penetrated these fastnesses before. He is about to give up the search when he sees, lying just before him, a woman's hairpin. It is finds the young girl down in a nest of the snakes with which she has such

strange fellowship. It is not often given to these my a role as in these two incidents, but exert in the practical affairs of everyday life. Bereft of a hairpin, woman is at the best a weak, defenseless of vegetables may be the next substichild in his arms. Albert was in the creature, at the mercy of accident and tute for a b uquet, but at present a betrayed by circumstance. Armed cluster of dark red chrysanthemums or chatting still with him, when I heard with the faithful weapon, she faces the carnations, surrounded with red auworld and is equal to it.

"Her masculine companion carries a pocketful of knives, picks, hooks, and so on, with which to perform the thousand little mechanical tricks needful to a peaceful, civilized existence. She, on the other hand, looks each emergency in the face, and with ready hand plucks from amid her tresses the faithful little loop of wire, and 15 ready to encounter whatever comes. With a hairpin she buttons her boots and fastens her gioves, opens her letters and cuts the magazine. With it she pokes and hooks, picks and scratches, pulls and pushes, or even defends herself from accident or assault. Scores of intricate operations for which a man would find it necessary to employ as of by a limbor wristed v

## FASHION NOTES.

-Very elegant carriage robes are shown in natural seal, bear and wolf

-Plain, straight skirts of plush, with possibly a panel of brocade of suitable color, are combined with a plain basque to winter. having a brocade vest and plain lacing of medium-sized cords.

-Evening and dinner dresses are made with bodices cut low in a point both in front and at the back, but young ladies generally wear some sort

-Some women buy brooches on the ground that they cost less than ribbons, and the lovely bunches of enameled flowers might well be considered as economical substitutes for real blooms. They are such exquisite pieces of work that wearing them certainly evinces artistic

-Ribbon is extensively used, not merely in bows, but whole panels are formed of it, terminating in loops and ends, which are finished with tassels of jet or cashmere colored beads, according to the color of the dress material.

-Half-long wraps, in the form of mantles, dolmans and redingotes, are sent out by the best manufacturing houses, along with the short jackets and mantles and the very long Newmarkets, polonaises, pelisses, ulsters, ragians and Huguenot cloaks.

-One of the most attractive and serviceable of the new boucle cloaking has a ground like all-wool very fine diagonal, with little curls of the Astrakan wool set in figures. The most correct name for most of these goods is"Astrakan bourette."

-Basques are often closed with hooks and eyes on the vest, and then from the Eisie's. Encouraged, he pushes on and edge of the jacket, lacets are passed through eyelets worked in its edge across the vest. Lacets are more used every day, though they are a troublesome way of closing a dress, and probfeminine engines to play so romantic ably never will come into general use on this account.

-At a recent English wedding the bridesmaids carried huge bunches of of vegetables may be the next substitumn leaves, is considered pretty.

-There are also, round hats in great variety and most attractive styles. The crowns are high and square, and the trimmings are massed directly in the front and extended as far above the crown as the nature of the materials employed will permit. Ten or twelve inches is not an unusual height for the hat and trimmings to tower above the forehead.

was en route to California, at Chicago, -It was much 'too economical, that and on the way contracted a cold, fashion of using only a few big buttons, and now six or eight are set down each at Green River, Col. He was a bay side of a skirt, and seem to hold the breadths together, or three are put on the flaps of the great pockets set on each side of the skirt. These pockets, leased his racing qualities to M. M. Alby the way, are simply hideous, although len, of Sacramento, declared to be in wonderfully good style.

HORSE NOTES.

-W. Whitehead, of New York, has purchased the b. g. Stephen G. for \$3000.

-Jim Renwick, the California gelding, has been taken to Orange, N. J.,

-There is a probability of the reopening of the famous old Bascombe Course near Mobile.

-Jacob Pincus will next season resume his old position as trainer of Hon, August Beimont's stable.

-Gus Wilson will winter the Hanna pair, Josephine and Gertrude, Octavia and Nellie G., at Glenville.

-George G. Hall, of Boston, has bought of F. V. Dickey, of Michigan, the b. m. Maggie G. Middleton, record 2.20%.

-The first prize at the National Horse Show or the best tandem was awarded to Charles W. Meyer, Jr., of Philadelphia.

-The trotting stallion Almont, 2.361 by Almont, dam Ashland by Mabrino Chief, has been sold to Mr. Wadding. ton, of New Philadelphia, for \$3050.

Mr. Edward Thorne is now the owner of the Poughkeepsie Driving Park, Material improvements have been made, and now the track'is as fast and as safe as any in the country.

-John Shepard, of Boston, recently gave his double team Blondine and Hattie C. two quarters in 353s. and 363. respectively. Mr. Shepard will drive the pair on the road the coming winter

-The expenses of running the horse show just close at New York amounted to about \$50,000. Of this \$19,000 was paid in premiums, \$5000 for Madison Square Garden, and \$14,500 for carpenter work.

-Among the sales at McFerran's auction in Kentucky, recently, was that of the bay mare Elvira, 5 years old, the purchaser being Mr. Fabyan, of Boston, former owner of Clemmie G.

-When Bair offered \$20,000, for Epaulette as the agent of Robert Steele, L. L. Dorsey accepted with the condition that he be allowed to breed four mares a year to him for four years, free of charge. The conditions were not accepted, Mr. Dorsey holds the horse at \$25,000.

-Nov. 12 was the third day of the

Liverpool English autumn race meet-

ing. The race for the Liverpool au-

tumn cup was won by Mr. Smithwick's

three-year.old chestnut colt Kilcreene.

Mr. W. Whinn's three-year-old Lady

Castlereagh was second and Mr. Man-

ton's aged chestnut mare Thebais third.

joined R. Porter Ashe's stable which

which settled on the lungs and he died

horse, foaled in 1878, by Leinster, dam

Ada A., by Asteroid, and the property

of N. Carnahan, of Oregon, who had

-The English Derby is run over a

-The Oregon race-horse Patsy Duffy

mind, talked with my wife, and found her eagerly willing to take care of the little one.

"I am sure I loved Mary as well as you love John," she said, "and there is no one who can have a stronger claim upon the child than we have.

So, sure of her cordial welcome in our nursery, I made John the offer ot a home for his little one, and it was accepted as lovingly as it was offered. This care removed, my friend hastened his preparations for departure, and I accompanied him to New York and saw him off.

The next morning I returned home to find Susie almost incensolable, crying perpetually for 'papa to come to Susie.'

My wife was distracted at the failure to comfort this childish sorrow, and our own three children looked on wonder-

ingly at --"Nanghty Susie, who cried and cried, after mamma told her to be quiet."

Fortunately Susie was accustomed to seeing me, to snuggle in my arms when I talked to John, to associate me with her father, and she allowed me to comfort her. In time this violent grief. wore away, and the child became very happy in our care My business, that mother. of a hardware merchant, being very prosperous, we did not feel the additional expense of the child's support a burden; and as the years wore by, she was as dear to us as our own little ones.

But she understood always that she was not our child, but had a dear father who loved her fondiy, and was away from her only to make a fortune for her. As soon as she was old enough she had her father's letters read to her, San Francisco, that ruined his employand her first efforts at penmanship were ers for the time, and swept away a row letters to "papa,"

counting his varying success, sometimes all, in trying to save the books of the sending money to buy presents for firm, John was injured on the head by Suste. He was winning fortune slowly, a failing beam and lay for months in a not at the mines, where his health broke down, but in the employ of a San Fran- to be discharged, his mind was still cisco merchant, and some speculations in real estate.

after an absence of ten years, but pros- labor. pering, when he purposed paying us a visit. He wrote hopefully of seeing his child, perhaps of taking her home with him, setting no definite time, but leading us to expect to see him. Then tidings if I waited a turn of fortune's his letters ceased, and he did not come. I wrote again and again. Susie wrote. No answer came to either one or the other. We did not know the name of his employer, and after nearly two years more passed we sadiy thought he must for better times, when my health failed be dead.

natural for Susie to grieve so deeply as she did for a father aimost unknown to her in reality, but she was a girl of most sensitive feelings, with a tender. loving heart, and we had always kept her father's name before her, striving to win him a place in her fondest affection. That we had succeeded only too well was shown by her sorrow. when week after week passed, and there was no good news from California.

When we had really lost all hope, it became Susie's great pleasure to sit be- ness," I said. side me and ask me again and again for

had written a bold, clerk-like hand, clear as print. This was a scrawl, straggling all over the paper, uneven as the first penmanship of a little child.

But the more I pondered over the matter, the more I was inclined to obey the summons. So pleading business, saying nothing of the letter to any one, I left home by the night train for Cincinnati

No. 47 M ---- street, I found to be a boarding-house for the poorest classes. and in a shabby room, half furnished. I found an aged, worn man, perfectly blind, who rose to greet me, sobbing:

"Fred, 1 knew you would come." "Wny, old friend." I said, when surprise and emotion would let me speak,

"how is this? We thought you were dead." "Does Susie think so?"

"Yes. We all gave you up."

"Do not undeceive her, Fred. meant to come home to her rich, able to gratify every desire of her girlish heart. Do not let her know that only a blind, sick wreck is left for her to call father. Tell me of her, Fred. Is she well? Is she happy?"

"She is both, John-a happy wife and

"Married! My little Susie?" "Married to Albert, my son, of whom

you may judge when I tell you tolks say he is his father over again. "I would ask no more for my child." said John.

Then in answer to my auxious questions, he told me of the years of silence. He was prepared to pay us his promised visit when a great fire broke out in of buildings uninsured, in which John John wrote often for ten years, re- had invested all his savings. Worst of hospital. When he so far recovered as impaired, and he could not perform the duties of clerk or superintendent while He was not a rich man, he wrote, bis health was too feeble for manual

"I struggled for daily bread alone, Fred," he told me, "and when I received your loving letters, and Susie's, I would not write, hoping to send better wheel. It never same, Fred, I left California three years ago, and came here, where I was promised the place of foreman in a great pork-packing house. I saved a little money and was hoping again, and this time with it my eye-It might have seemed to many, un- sight. I hoped against hope, spending my savings to have the best advice, and not until I was pronounced incurable

would I write to you. I want you to take me to an asylum, Fred; and, as I must be a pauper patient, I must go to sum is exceeded the soldier must make my own town. You will take me, Fred?" "I will take you to an asylum, John." I promised.

"And Susie? You will keep my secret. You will not disturb Susie's happiness?

"I will not trouble Suste's happi-

Yet an hour later I was writing to the stories I remembered of her father's boyhood and youth, his college life, our many excursions; and above all, of his

"Susie, my own little child, Susie," And with the name on his lips, John's spirit went to seek an eternal asylum, in which there will be no more poverty. pain or blindness.

The Regular Army.

Very few young men who desire to enlist in the regular army have much of an idea of the requirements of the service. Nearly all think that they can be soldiers when they have failed in everything else. Such an impression is entirely erroneous. It is the aim of the recruiting officers to secure young men of intelligence and good habits. The applicants should be mentally as well as physically qualified for the duties of a soldier. Loafers, sots, and idlers will tind no comfort in the service. The oldier is not, as many suppose, put under penitentiary discipline. He is expected to conform to strict army rules only when on duty, and life at the posts is as pleasant as it could be at any similar out-of-the-way place, Furloughs are given to good men when necessary, and with hunting, fishing, the post library, walking!" and other amusements, there is much to make life interesting and rob the army of its disagreeableness. There is practically no interference with a soldier's private habits if they be good. It must not be inferred, however, that army life is full of pleasure. There are many hard hips to centend with that are not encountered at home. The fare is plain but good, and plenty to eat can always be had. The pay of the private is \$13 per month for the first two years, and an increase of \$1 per month is granted in each of the last three years, this increase of \$72 being paid at time of dis-

charge. If a private works at the post as an artisan he recives fifty cents per day extra, and if as a laborer thirty-five cents extra. Clothing is furnished or a money allowance for the same to the extent of \$187.50 in five years. If this it good at the end of his term. If his clothing costs less than that amount the goverment pays him the difference. When discharged the soldier is furnished free transportation to his home or the place of enlistment. The expenses of a soldier are light, and he can easily save ten dollars per month. There are many young men who may desire to enlist in

with a few ingenious turus of a hairpin, before her brother has time to hunt up his tool chest.

"Talk about the limitation of being a woman! Man, deprived of hairpins as an aid to his existence, knows little of the breadth of usefulness that opens before womankind when armed with the instrument whose slender wires have been her best weapon against an adverse world,'

Extravagance in Dress in Old Times.

The great dressmakers of those days were Mme, Eloffe, the artist who dressed Marie Antoinette, and whose account books have recently been published. with notes and curious colored plates, by the Comte de Reiset; and Mme. Cafaxe, the modiste-couturiere of the Fauburg St. Honore, celebrated for her exorbitant charges. One has only to consult the curious historical researches of the Brothers De Concourt in order to appreciate the luxury and extravagance of the last century. Imagine that in the wedding trousseau of Mile. Lepelletier Saint-Fargeau there figured twelve blond wigs, varying in shade from flax to gold! Mme. Tallien alone possessed thirty of these wigs, each of which was valued at that time at \$100-that is to say, some \$290 of modern money. None of our modern elegantes would ever think of buying \$6,000 worth of false hair. At the same epoch, the ladies who had fallen in love with Greek and Roman fashions had abandoned the old-fashioned shoe in order to adopt the cothurnus; and Coppe, the chic shoemaker, or cothurner, of Paris, charged \$80 a pair for his imitation antique sandals, with their straps, Alas! Coppe's sandals were no more durable than the fleeting rose; and whenever a fair dame came to show her torn cothurnus to the great Coppe, he replied sadly: "The evil is ir remediable-madame has been

A Novel Duel.

A duel between a lady and a gentleman recently occurred at Warsaw. The latter had offered the lady his hand, which she refused, whereupon he spread abroad reports injurious to her good name. Saveral gentlemen came forward in a knightly manner and volunteered to avenge her by challenging her calumniator to a duel. Sue replied that if a duel was required in order to vindicate her honor she conceived that she had a right and title to be one of the principals. The strong-minded damsel prided herself upon being a good shot, and resolved to punish her traducer, but not to injure him mortally. She sent him a challenge; he accepted it, and the du-ellists met in a place outside Warsaw. Happily both missed their aim. The lady wanted to fire a second time; but her second assured her that full reparaogy, which she accepted,

-One of the most comfortable and desirable of all winter garments is the standard sealskin or otter sacque, fortytwo inches in length. This style is m every way serviceable and practical, and the longer paletots, Newmarkets and ulsters, have only their length and some additional warmth about the lower limbs to commend them. This is, however, an item of so much importance to many ladies that the stylish

effect of a short garment has no temptations for them in view of the comfort they find in the long styles.

-A plomb grey costume has a boxplaited flounce on the foundation skirt. The long overdress is made en tablier and is bordered with wide silver galloon. It is draped high on one side. disclosing a panel enriched with the galloon. The back drapery is long and straight The postilion bodice has vest. high collar and cuffs of the silver galloon. The visite worn with this is of the same material as the dress, and is bordered with chinchilla. The highcrowned hat is of felt of corresponding color, and has a broad band of silver galloon around the crown, while directly in front is a group of gray feathers 2.30, leaving but thirteen that were held in position by a silver agraffe.

-In relation to other articles, one of the newest things is a close fitting jacket in green cloth, exactly the same as that used for covering billiard tables. It is trimmed with black braid, and has a high officer's collar and turn-over cuffs of black astrachan. And just bere let me say, please, that we have broken out into an epidemic of astrachan; everything is trimmed with it; dresses, jackets, ulsters, wraps of all kinds, have astrachan on them, if only for the collars and cuffs; some of the dresses have a panel of it, and it is matched in the bodice by a waistcoat; indeed, astrachan waistcoats really form a feature of the autumn coats. But to \$250 additional. In the race colts are retarn to the green coat which has been to carry 115 pounds and fillies and geldlying unnoticed all this time. It is a isgs 112 pounds. The second in the genuine walking jacket, and it is lined with silk of the color of the outside. The shades are a most perfect match. The finish is something exquisite; one might wear it on the wrong side as well as the right, so perfectly is it finished.

-A well known English fashion house has introduced among its autumn novelties jackets with hats to match, the arrangements of trimmings as well as materials harmonizing in every particular. A jacket known as the Seventeenth Lancers, is accompanied by a high cavalry hat, with berons or "officer's" plume, made with ring, an exact copy in every detail of true cavalry plume-in fact, they are supplied according to especial order by an English military manufacturer and cost to the house itself \$8 and \$9 dollars each. The hats are of fine cloth, bordered with | shaped without being either too short, real astrachan and trimmed additional thick or long, running into oblique, ly with doubled cords passed three times round the crown. The jacket is cut high, with standing collar and cuffs of astrachan, the front of which may be tion had been made. Her adversary was so moved by her masculine gal-lantry that he made her a formal apoied cords are festooned. The "Gen-darme" hat is turned up in front, and the "Napoleon" is of velvet, red, blue, the "sapoleon" is of velvet, red, blue, the "sapoleon" is of velvet, red, blue, the sapoleon turned up in indented crown.

course both had and dangerous. Nobody that has ever seen the horses come round Tottenham corner, and afterwards examined that turn, can fail to have been struck with its excessively hazardous character when ridden round at racing pace. Not only is it a mostawkward bend, but it is made worse by the ground sloping like a penthouse roof.

-P. Lorillard's noted mare Aranza, by Bonnie Scotland, slipped her foal, by Iroquois, on October 30, The circumstance was most unfortunate, 34 Aranza was probably one of the fleetest mares of the decade, although she lost her form after she was three, and never showed at her best. The Bonnie Scotland mares have generally bred so well to sons of Leamington that great things were naturally expected of her Iroquois colt

-The total number of heats trotted and paced duirng the seven meetings from Homeward Park, Pitteburg, Pa,, to Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., was 346, of which ninety-five were in 2 20 and bett.r, 149 between 2.20 and 2.25, and eighty-nine between 2.25 and not fast enough to find a place in the 2.30 records. The total amount of money hung up in purses was \$109,600, and the amount in round numbers that changed hands through the medium of the pool-box was \$1,278,000, making a grand total of \$1,384,600 contested for.

-The Coney Island Jockey Club, N. Y., has issued a circular in regard to the Futurity Stakes, to which the club will add \$10,000, to be raced for in the autumn meeting of 1888. The sweep stakes are for 2-year-olds, foals for 1886, According to the conditions \$25 each is subscribed for the mares covered in 1885 and \$50 each for the produce of such mares. The starters are to pay race is to receive \$2,000 of the added money and 30 per cent, of the starting money. The race will be three-quarters of a mile. The estimated value of the stakes will be \$30,000, as follows: Subscriptions of mares-400 at \$25 each, less 20 percent. for void entries, \$8000; subscriptions of produce-150 at \$50 each. \$7500; starters-18 at \$250 each. \$4500; added money, \$10,000.

-St. Blaise, August Belmont's recently imported stallion, is a chestnut with a white stripe down his face, near fore ankle white above the joint, near hind leg white nearly to the hough, and a little white on the coronet of the off hind foot; he stands 104 hands high, has a neat well-shaped head, broad between the eyes, Indicating intelligence; the ear fine and well placed; neck wellwell-placed shoulders; great depth of girth; good, round body. well ribbed home to the hips; fine, well-muscled loins; good length of hip from the point wide half points all round upon a soft foaled in the spring of 1880, by Hermit, dam Fusee, by Marsyns.