

Accepted.

How many years it's lain away. Unknown, unreal, unseen, The little song I sent one day To that great magazine...

For I was very young indeed, With hopes of rosy tint; I thought I'd soon might live to see My little song in print.

But only now, when I am gray, And life is fleeting fast, The longest for a long delay— Accepted comes at last.

And in the joy it brings to me There lurks a mournful doubt If I shall ever live to see That little song "come out."

For magazines are fresh and strong, They grow not old and gray; And though it's true that "Art is long," 'Tis not so long as they.

But we—see faded With bitter pain I learn that well-worn truth, Alas! I shall not live to gain The cherished hope of youth.

I shall not hear my little song By others read or sung; I feel I cannot live so long— I am no longer young!

HER EVIL GENIUS.

He was not so much to blame after all, for he loved her even against his will. He had striven, but in vain, to banish the sweet young face, all framed in sunny hair, from his memory.

"It was cruel!" she cried, "it was unjust, unmanly, and unfair! You spoke words of love to me, and I believed you—earth was heaven for the bright summer past, and all the time another woman held your promise, another woman wore your ring, and had listened, before I saw your face, to your vows of love."

"I never loved her," Vere St. George said; "you, and you alone, are the one love of my life. You must believe this, Avis; you must not think me a scoundrel."

Avis Leigh smiled half-pitifully, half-soonfully. "How that would lessen your right to the title I cannot see," she said quietly, "it would be no worse, nor even as bad, to woo me, while you loved and were engaged to another, than to win her with words of love, make her your promise, wear, and then be false to your vows. It makes little difference which you love—nothing can excuse your action."

Vere's face flushed hotly, for he knew that Avis spoke the truth; but love for her had been conqueror over every other feeling—even honor itself had been hushed silent for a while; but there was, if no excuse, at least some extenuation of his conduct.

Before he had even seen this fair-faced Avis Leigh, Sibly Meredith had come to his mother's home to make it hers—Sibly Meredith, the orphan daughter of his mother's dearest friend—a friend to whom she owed the very gift of life itself, who had saved her from death at the risk of her own life when they were both girls.

Sibly was about nineteen years old then, a brilliant dark-eyed girl, with a rarely beautiful face, a crown of ebony hair, and royally graceful in every movement. Sibly Meredith, though beautiful as woman seldom is, seemed to care for nothing or no one save Vere and his mother. They seemed to be her world, and Mrs. St. George loved her for it, and Vere, man like, felt flattered.

How it happened Vere could not very well tell, only it was his mother's wish, and then the girl was so beautiful herself, and yet—

Well, he had not the slightest intention of asking her to be his wife that summer afternoon, but somehow they had strayed down past cliffs and crags, away to the woodland beyond, and then the thunder and lightning had broken so suddenly over them, and Sibly was frightened and clung to him, and he in the passion of the moment bent his head and kissed the trembling lips, and called her darling.

After that—well, he had made a fool of himself; he would not be a knave, so he asked Sibly to be his wife, and she had answered him yes.

He was satisfied enough for a while; he did not love the little dark-eyed beauty, and lately he had come to feel with a vague uneasiness that there was something under all the soft childishness of Sibly's manner—something that he could not understand.

But she had promised to be his wife, and his ring glittered on her finger; and then he had met Avis Leigh, and learned what love meant—passionate, abiding love that thrilled his heart with its very presence.

In vain he struggled against the spell of her fair face and the glint of her yellow hair, but love conquered every other thought, and he put the memory of his faith to Sibly aside, showing Avis his love in every word and look, knowing all along, however, that he was acting the part of a villain, but pleading his love to himself as his excuse.

One evening he pleaded with Avis to become his wife—to give herself to his keeping for once and for ever. "I cannot wait, my darling," he said, "Oh, Avis, will you not listen to me?" She raised her clear pure eyes to his face, half startled by the vehemence of his manner.

"There is some reason, Vere, why you urge me to a secret, hasty marriage?" she said. "There is something you have hidden from me. What is it, Vere?"

What could he do then but tell her the truth, for she would find it out later—tell her the truth, and ask her to pardon him and listen to him for their love's sake?

But Avis only turned away in passionate despair, and then he caught her hand. "You must listen to me, Avis! My darling, my darling, have mercy on me!" he cried. "Do not wreck my life!"

She smiled bitterly. "You had mercy on me!" she cried; then, suddenly: "Do you think I would

rob a wife of her husband, the bride of her bridegroom? Oh, shame, that any one could humiliate me with the thought!" He then pleaded as a man might plead for his very life! but she only shook her head.

"You never loved me!" he cried passionately. "You can believe as you like," she answered coldly; and we had better part now forever.

He longed to clasp her in his arms, his very soul cried out for one parting kiss, one never-to-be-forgotten caress; but he felt he dare not, and with white set face he turned away.

Once he turned and looked back; she stood still where he had left her, her fair young face still turned towards him, perfectly calm now, though white and weary looking.

"She never loved me!" he cried again. "Never loved him!" Avis said to herself with a pitiful smile. "Oh, Heaven help me how much and how well!" and then, her agony conquering her, she sank down upon her knees—sank down, white and shivering, and knelt there till the evening shadows fell, and the pale moon came out with her train of glittering stars; and then she rose, while as death, and stole to her own room, only to sink down again, this time in blessed unconsciousness.

A pretty little cottage set in a small garden that in summer was all bright with flowers, but looked cold and dreary enough now. Inside, however, there was light and warmth enough, and on her knees a woman, young and beautiful, clasping a child of three or four years old to her breast, and standing at the mantel-piece a man, the expression of whose face, at the moment was perfectly unreadable.

It might be love, it might be hate, or a mixture of both, that filled his handsome, dark, evil eyes, as they rested on the woman.

"This must end, Sibly," he said. "I cannot trust you. I feel you will play me false in some way. There is something in your manner that I don't like."

The woman leaped to her feet and faced him with passionate glowing eyes. "You cannot trust me?" she cried. "Would to Heaven you could not. What I am, you have made me, and yet I loved you once."

The man's face grew dark. "Loved me once! Then you do not love me now?"

"No," she cried, "only for her sake, whom I love better than my life, am I still your slave."

The man's clasp tightened on her shoulder, and he bent his head nearer to her face.

"This is the last game you will have to play; but if you turn traitor you will never look on Estia's face again, and you know I generally manage to keep my promises. Become Vere St. George's wife, and give me the sum of five thousand a year, and I will give up all claim to Estia, and never trouble you or her again."

The woman kneeling there is Sibly Meredith, the betrothed wife of Vere St. George.

It was a bright clear day overhead, one week later, and the ice is most tempting to those to whom skating is enjoyment, and the ice is a bright scene of fair faces and brilliant costumes.

One of the skaters on the ice is Sibly Meredith, looking singularly beautiful in a skating-dress of navy blue velvet, her jetty curls falling loosely down her back, from under the little velvet cap, made to match the dress, both being trimmed with silver fox.

At a little distance from the pond another girl is standing, gazing idly at the gay throng, her eyes, however, full of wistful pain.

Avis Leigh has changed greatly since her parting with Vere St. George. Hers was not a nature to love lightly, and her heart could never love again.

The dream had been perilously sweet, but the awakening was terribly cruel; the lovely face is very pale now, the sweet lips, half drooping, seeming to know no longer how to smile, and the roundness has left her cheeks.

She looks fragile enough for a breath to blow her away. Her eyes turn now to a little dark-eyed girl who is venturesome enough to walk quite a distance on the ice, then run back again, seeming to enjoy it with a child's merriment.

Suddenly a cry leaves Avis' lips, a cry of warning to the fearless child, who has dashed out on a thin shell of ice marked dangerous.

No wonder then, a second cry leaves Avis' lips, and one fraught with more terror, for she hears a crushing, cracking sound, and the child, seeming to realize her danger, turns to run back; but all too late, for with the same slow crushing sound, followed by a crash, the ice parts, and the little one disappears in the water.

More than one rushes to a certain distance; none venture farther, and at the upper end, where the better skaters are assembled, and among them Sibly Meredith, the accident has not yet been noticed.

face within it, lay open in the stranger's hand. A flush dyed Avis' face. "Pardon me," Sibly Meredith said; "it lay open and—and—" Then after a pause: "You are Avis Leigh, whom Vere St. George loves, I think, you saved a woman's soul as well as a child's life to-day, for the little one was mine—mine; and if I am lost to all other feeling, I would not tell you, only that if it brings me death, I am going to atone for my past by my confession, but before I go, answer me one simple question: 'Do you love Vere St. George?'"

Impelled by something in the dark eyes fixed upon her face, a faint "yes" fell from Avis' lips, and before she could frame another word, the stranger had left the room. Next day Vere St. George was standing in the garden, when suddenly Sibly stood before him, and something in her face for the moment made his heart stand still.

"Sibly," he cried, "what is it?" "It is this," she answered slowly, "that I am not Sibly Meredith, but an impostor, for Sibly Meredith sleeps in her grave under my name, and I am here under hers. I will tell you all, then you can judge me—"

Before another word could leave her lips, a pistol-shot rang out on the air—"He has murdered me!" she cried—"my husband!" then fell forward at Vere's feet, her red blood dyeing the ground.

Vere carried her into the house, but she only lived a few hours. "He—he was my evil genius!" she cried, before her death, "but I am sorry for it all." And then, after a pause, she drew near: "My child, my child! I have her safe. He cannot find her, but you—you—Ah, dare I ask you? She was the little one Avis Leigh—your Avis—saved from drowning."

He knew what was in her mind, and set her for the little one.

It was brought to the dying woman. She looked at Avis, who came with it. "When you are his wife, you will be kind to my little one?"

"I gave it second birth," Avis said softly, "it will never leave my care." A smile lit up the beautiful dark face, and clasping the child in her arms, she closed her eyes on life forever.

Whatever her sins had been, she died penitent, and her judgment is with God, and we cannot fathom His mercy. Six months after, Avis and Vere were married, and though other children blessed their home, Estia, the dark-eyed little stranger, knows not but that she is their child, and never will, God willing.

What became of her father was never known for certain, but a man was shot in a gambling den six months after Vere's marriage, and on his breast was found a likeness of the woman who was called Sibly Meredith for a while.

His last words were: "She was my wife. I loved her in my own way, but I murdered her—shot her dead when she turned traitor to our plans."

One thing was certain; no one ever sought Estia, and if they had it would have availed them nothing, for Vere and Avis had her legally adopted, so she was safe, not only in love, but in law; and with gentle Avis we leave her.

BONAPARTE'S ESTATE.

The Famous Place at Bordentown.

The history of the former residence of Joseph Bonaparte is as varied as that of the remarkable family to which it belonged. Built by Joseph Bonaparte, at the suggestion of Commodore Stewart, it became the centre of fashion and wealth for a brief period and then passed into the hands of his brother, who in 1847 was sold out for debt by Thomas Richard, Henry Eckcott, related by marriage to the Hamiltons, who inherited vast tracts of land from the Penns, bought the property, and erected the section of this house was sold out by his creditors. Three owners have flourished and gone down into the maelstrom of extravagance in the life of this not yet old building.

Joseph Bonaparte purchased the property from Mr. Sayre, of Point Breeze, New Jersey, in 1816. It absorbed ten farms on the border of Crosswick's creek, near Groveville, and had a park of 1,000 acres. Several grand houses were erected, the grounds were improved and turned over to the landscape gardener and miles of carriage drives were built.

The present mansion is not the one that was originally domiciled in. That was burned, and with it perished a fortune in works of art, rare books, tapestry and furniture. The mansion was a perfect fairy land, constructed on the plan of the old French novels, with secret staircases, book-cases concealing entrances to apartments, and all manner of curious contrivances for securing secrecy and inspiring wonder. The present house was built on the ruins of the first. While nearly as large and costly, it was not fitted up with the sensational attachments of its forerunner. The grounds are said to be among the finest in New Jersey, and the 280 acres in the present enclosure are fit for the surroundings of a palace.

Even in its decay the mansion is an imposing structure, massive rather than ornate, covering much ground and built in the substantial way houses were then constructed. It is almost square, with peaked gables and a square copula on the apex of the central roof. Broad verandas surround the house on three sides and the approach to the front entrance is up a broad flight of stone steps set into the terrace. Ornamental trees and shrubbery grow close to the walls and almost hide the mansion from some points of view. The interior arrangements are a curious mingling of half a dozen styles, French of the Directory period predominating. The drawing room, an oval apartment, with heavy cornices and lofty ceiling, is a remarkable room and is still in a fair state of preservation. Once its walls were hung with the rarest canvases and its floor were covered with the richest Turkish carpets. The servants were relegated to a building apart from the mansion, which is itself not a mean structure.

—New York City lost nearly \$5,000,000 in February, by fire.

RE-AWAKENED MEMORY.

How Often a Very Simple Thing May Restore the Connection.

Two years ago, a young man, living in a Vermont village, having finished his academic education, was ready to enter college. But just before the day appointed for his examination he was taken ill. After several weeks of suffering he slowly recovered his health, but discovered that his mind had lost the knowledge acquired by six years of hard study. Latin, Greek and mathematics, all were gone, and his mind was a blank in respect to his preparatory studies. His doctor prescribed that he should rest his mind and familiarize himself with the few simple details of light work.

He obeyed the advice, and found, in his old habit of doing things carefully, the schoolmaster that brought back his old knowledge.

Before his illness the young man, in order to earn a little money, had taken care of the village church, sweeping it out, cleaning the lamps and doing all the work of a sexton. He now resumed this work, and by the physician's advice, tried to keep his mind from puzzling itself about its loss of memory. Several weeks went by without bringing any change in his mental condition.

One Sunday evening a stranger entered the church, and, as the sermon was a dull one, gazed curiously around until his attention was attracted by the lamplight on the wall. He noticed that all the wicks were so carefully trimmed that there was not an irregular flame to be seen. He wondered as to who could be the careful sexton, and, happening to be in the place the following Sunday, he again noticed the same uniform trimming of the wicks.

Passing the church the next day, and seeing the door open, he walked quietly in and saw the young sexton sweeping out the central aisle. Looking closely at the young man, the stranger asked, "Do you do all the work about the church?"

"Yes, sir," "Do you trim the lamps?" "Yes, sir."

"Why do you trim them in such a peculiar way?" "I don't know what you mean?" "Why, the flames are all alike."

"Oh, but they ought to be. You would not have them uneven, would you?" "No," answered the stranger, with a smile. "But it speaks well for your carefulness. Why, I should think one of the flames would fit all the others exactly if it were superimposed on them."

"Superimposed? Isn't that word used in geometry?" "Certainly. If polygons, having equal sides and angles—"

Before the stranger could finish his sentence the student threw down his broom, rushed frantically out of the church, ran across the street and into his house, where he astonished his mother by exclaiming, in tones of triumph, "Mother, I know that the square of the hypothenuse of a right angle triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides!"

In a moment his school knowledge had come back to him, flashed into his mind by the mention of the superimposed figures.

RETURN OF AN ARGONAUT.

Jacob Leese and the Purchase of California.

Jacob P. Leese, who arrived in California overland in 1833, who erected the first house in Yerba Buena, who first raised the American flag on this peninsula, and who celebrated the first Fourth of July this side of the Sierras, arrived overland from Texas recently, after an absence from San Francisco of twenty years.

In 1861 he inaugurated a project of purchasing the peninsula of Lower California from the Mexican Government. He obtained from Mexico a grant on such terms as enabled him to form a company in New York for the purchase of the peninsula. One of the conditions of the sale was that \$100,000 should be paid down at once. But before the transaction could be consummated Maximilian invaded Mexico. He was requested by the company to go to Mexico and obtain from the Emperor a confirmation of the grant, but he refused to do so, as he believed Maximilian would be driven from the country, in which case the transaction could never be carried out by the Republic which would succeed.

He was in Washington at the time the fortunes of Mexico were at the worst, the French having driven the Mexican Army in the Northern Mexican States, where they were powerless. Senor Romero, Minister of Mexico to the United States, in an interview with Mr. Leese regarding the purchase of Lower California, referred to the difficulties surrounding the Mexican Army, and stated that it could be greatly assisted if the \$100,000, or part of it, could be paid at once. Mr. Leese raised \$50,000 which was paid over, and gave his note for the rest, and this money was used for the relief of the Mexican forces, which were in consequence enabled to effect their escape south and join with other forces assembled there in the struggle against Maximilian, who was shortly after captured.

Until his arrival in San Francisco recently, Mr. Leese has not visited this city since his departure in 1865 to witness the great review in Washington. Much of his time in the interval has been passed in European travel and in work prosecuted in Mexico in relation to the purchase of Lower California. The transaction was deemed so far complete that a colony under Drake McKay went out to Magdalena Bay, but got into trouble with the Mexicans, and were driven out of the country.

In the new Werderman electric lamp there is no globe from which the air has been exhausted as in all the other incandescent systems. Instead of a filament of carbon Mr. Werderman uses silicium, with it is claimed, better results.

FASHION NOTES.

Rose is to be one of the favorite colors for elegant evening wear this winter. There are exquisite new shades of this color, both pale and decided in hue.

Plush hats are very fashionable, but more especially for young girls and children. Quite popular are soft felt hats of almost masculine style; a wide moire ribbon goes round the crown and a long smooth feather comes out on one side.

Pearl-white China craze is announced as the very height of fashion in Paris. This extremely elegant fabric is richly decorated with silk embroidery and trimmings of costly lace. It is made up also with contrasting fabrics, but it has the most charming effect combined with the satin of the same tint.

Jersey waists are more worn than ever, but they now have seems like any other bodice, plastrons, waistcoats, bretelles, collars, cuffs, embroidery, and so many accessories of one kind or another that they are really bodices, basques, or jackets, as the case may be, of jersey webbing, trimmed and decorated to resemble anything you choose in the way of a waist.

Beaded nets are used for overdresses or panels, and line tulle with drops of pearl, crystal or colored beads are used for draperies over silk or satin. Tulle and fine gauze or mull with various embroideries, drops, tinsel brocades, and tufts like small chestnut burrs, come in all desirable evening shades. White crape, crepe de Chine and real China crape, both plain and embroidered, are in high favor.

Black rosary beads are extensively used in mourning for millinery and dress and wrap garniture, and with most satisfactory effect. They are among the most desirable of the new fashionable trimmings, as they are in various sizes and shapes and in glossy and dull finish, so that they produce in skillful hands most artistic results. An attractive costume for light mourning is shown in a camel's-hair fabric with a handsome panel, and full waist and sleeve trimmings in watered silk set on in applique with outlining of small rosary beads.

That great high priestess of dress, the Princess of Wales, did the American women a wonderful favor when she encircled her own fair throat with a band of velvet ribbon held closely in place by a little diamond ornament in the form of a buckle, and thereby gave the precedent for some sort of collar to shorten the effect of a long, thin neck. American women, almost without exception—and in décollete dresses especially—require the addition of neck ornaments to conceal or mitigate a lack of plumpness that is almost unknown to English women.

Silk plush has a new lease of favor both for the costume and for wraps and millinery purposes. The plushes appear not alone with the velvet-like and furry surfaces of former seasons, but in imitation of various fur skins, and also in gold-threaded and moss-like effects, glittering with metallic spirals and shining tufts of gold and silver. Handsome Roman plushes are also seen with broad stripes and rich vivid colors, besides many "log-nap" plushes in every conceivable shape, some of them covered with a frost-like vitrification made to resemble beading.

Kismet; or flagret, is the latest fancy work craze. It is entirely new, and consists of flowers, sprays, leaves, and insects in tinsel wire, formed into motifs for applique on plush or velvet or fine heavy satin. These flowers, leaves, and insects are not flat, nor in low, but in very high relief in real forms. They look as if actually molten of silver, copper and gold, and have all the colors, shades and softness of flowers combined with the brilliancy of the metal. Roses, fuchsias, buttercups, tuberoses, morning glories, fern leaves, dogwood, Virginia creeper, and water lilies are reproduced in this kismet, or flagret work. It is destined to a rapid and long tide of feminine favor.

A compromise between low and high corsages in the V-shaped neck, which discloses what is usually the prettiest part of the neck in back and front; the sleeves reach to the elbow. This waist is pretty when made of piece lace or of flounces or lace passing over the shoulders and shirred below the bust in quaint old-fashioned design. A pretty set of pure white dresses for a group of bridesmaids has this V-shaped corsage of Valenciennes piece lace with flounces across the front of the skirt, and straight full back breadths, with a lace bow on the tournure. White ostrich-tips are on the left side of the corsage and skirt and in the high coiffure.

White slippers, white silk stockings, and long white undressed-kid gloves. The only jewels are small fanciful pins thrust in the lace on the bust; there may be six or eight of these, representing a daisy, a butterfly, crescent or spray of flowers, in diamonds, colored jewels, or enamel.

Low Corsages are again in such favor that modistes supply two waists with most full-dress toilettes, the low corsage being used for dinners, the opera, and all evening entertainments, while the higher basque is used for day receptions. The low corsage is round at the top, sharply pointed below the waist in front and back, and is laced behind. There is only one dart each side of the middle seam of the front, but a side form beginning in the armhole is necessary to make the fronts taper properly. At the top the material is cut longer than the lining, and is caught down in full folds or gathers across the bust, its upper edge being turned under to fall upon softly gathered tulle, which fills in the space above to the top of the lining. Beaded tulle is used for this full tulle, and above this are bias folds of plain tulle; or else piece lace may be gathered in across the corsage top, held by narrow ribbon, forming a sort of gimps, which may be carried above to form a half-high V-shaped neck. By way of sleeves the armholes have an inch-wide bias fold of the dress goods, with two tulle folds inside meeting or crossed at the top, and held by a ribbon bow, or feathers, or flowers.

HORSE NOTES.

The jockey Meaton will ride for W. L. Scott next season.

The b. g. Rex, record 2.22 1/2, by Orion, dam Mary Bell, is dead.

Budd Noble will winter at Chicago where he has four or five horses.

E. Bonner has sold Compeer, by Kentucky Prince, to A. J. Dawson for \$5000.

To-To, full sister to Trinker, is in foal by Happy Medium. She is owned by Robert Steel.

Starter Caldwell, of Brighton Beach will officiate at the Mobile and New Orleans meeting.

William Tompkins, Macedonia, Ia., has sold to Bailey & Kennedy, Anita, Ia., the br. c. Bluff City, foaled 1882, by Council Bluffs, dam Mary G., by Pat Malloy, for \$1000.

The b. m. Arcola, foaled in 1872 by Enquirer, dam Paris Belle, by Lexington, out of Ella D., by Vandal, died at Muir's Station, Ky., on November 24, from an injury.

Hettie C., record 2.33 has been sold by John Shepard, of Boston, to J. A. Bailey, of circus fame, for \$3000. Her new owner bought her as a mate to drive with Florence on the road.

Edward Corrigan has purchased of D. R. Harness, Chillicothe, O., the bay filly shadow, 2 years, by Virgil, dam Sunshine, by imp. Tharton and the weeping bay colt Altamont, by Longfellow, dam Chance, by Revolver. The price paid was \$2250 for the pair.

James R. Keene's br. f., foaled April 22, 1885, by Spendthrift, dam imported Bombazine, met with a severe accident recently, breaking some of the bones in her shoulder and permanently laming her. She is doing very well, and if she recovers she will be kept as a brood mare.

Under a judgement for \$5863, obtained by Mr. Hugh McMahon, Sheriff Farley, of Kings county, seized on Saturday the stables of Mr. Herndon, at Brighton Beach, including the horses Mollie Walton, Rannymede, Ruchiel, Theodor Shortcake, Constance and Sarsfield.

William C. France has purchased from Thomas B. Armitage the br. s. Peter Story, 18 years old, by Hambletonian, dam by imp. Tom Crab. This horse has been in litigation for some time back; and, in consequence, served no mares last season.

Dexter B. Goff, of New York has sold the bay gelding Ripton, 14 years old, by American Boy, dam by American Star, to Albany parties for \$1000. He has also sold to Morris Bacon, of New London, Conn., the bay gelding, 9 year old, by Gideon, that recently showed a mile in harness, over Fleetwood track, in 2.29 1/2. Price \$1500.

Six or seven hundred people assembled on the North Hudson Driving Park grounds, N. Y., on the 4th, to witness the races. The first race, at a half a mile, was won by the favorite, Bay Rebel, after he had made a dead heat with Belle B., the time of both heats being 52 1/2. Mutuel pools paid \$5.30. The second race, at a mile, was won by Clarence, who sold in the field in the betting, the favorite, Henry B., being second and Josh Billings third. Time, 1:54. Mutuel pools paid \$37.00. The third race was at half-mile heats, which Ben Thompson won easily in straight heats, while Kensington beat Weasel out in the second heat and captured place money. Time, 5 1/2 seconds in both heats. Mutuel pools paid \$4.10 and \$3.80 after the first heat.

There were ninety-four days racing at Brighton Beach this year, during which 511 races were run, including the match between General Harding and Shelby Barnes, running early on the morning of June 9. The money contributed by the Brighton Beach Association, in purses, and added money to stakes, amounted to \$161,300, and the total amount involved, including the gross value of stakes, surplus after selling races and for the General Harding Shelby Barnes match, was \$168,375. The number of starters that have run in the 511 races make a total of 4586, and the largest number starting in one day was seventy-five on September 2, when for the second race there were no less than thirty-one runners. W. C. Daly was the most successful owner, winning thirty-five races and \$9,375; H. J. Woodford, with twenty-three races and \$7,150, was second; J. S. Campbell, with twenty-one races and \$7,155, third; W. Lakeland, with twenty-four races and \$6,825, fourth; twenty races and \$6,490, fifth.

The well-known trotter Epaullet has been bought of L. L. Dorsey, of Kentucky, by Mr. Robert Steel, for \$22,500. Epaullet is five years old. He is bred to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, the sire of his third dam, who was Nellie. Epaullet has an interesting history. He was bred by Mr. R. S. Veech, at Indiana Hill Stock Farm, near Louisville. At one of the annual sales of that gentleman, several years ago, the expert judges of horse flesh, some of whom paid as high as \$6,000 for almost untried horses, overlooked Epaullet, and he was knocked down to Mr. Dorsey for \$300. Mr. Dorsey is quite old, and in his palmy days was the first stock farmer of his State. He owned thousands of acres of the richest land, and his home was a centre of hospitality. He became famous in the trotting world through Rolla Goldust and his progeny, and Epaullet brought him later fame. He trotted in the Eastern and Western circuits, making his best record in Lexington in 2:30, 2:20 1/2, and 2:19, defeating such good horses as Lizzie Wilkes, Early Dawn and Lela II in three straight heats. This performance by a four-year-old caused much comment, and Mr. Boner offered \$20,000 for Epaullet, who was held out for \$30,000. Mr. Dorsey's winnings came in good time, and the sale money will help him to assume the position he held in former days.

The gold annually taken from the Siberian mines is estimated to be worth \$6,000,000. The first discovery of the metal in that country was made at the beginning of this century.