

The Forsaken Farmhouse.

Against the wooded hills it stands,
Ghosts of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old-time harvests grow.

Unploughed, uncared, by scythe the unshorn,
The poor forsaken farm-fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangle only left
The snake, its tenant, creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossom clad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roofless porch a sad,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould of dust and drouth,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thrasher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so dear! It seems almost
Some haunting Presence makes its sign;
That down your shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine!

THE BOTTLE.

"I believe I'll have a glass of something comfortable," said Tom Barnaby. Tom Barnaby was not a member of any temperance society whatever, and had no dislike to the taste of liquor. Not that he was a drinking man. Oh, dear, no! Never was drunk in his life; never even slightly overcome by liquor. But still—well, still, a nice glass of something comfortable struck Tom in a pleasant light, and he generally took it when it did.

To-night it was cold and chilly and gloomy, and the wind rattled the shutters and crooned down the chimney, and made a banshee of itself along the street; and Tom, who was not very fond of reading, could not lose himself in book or magazine, and there was no one to talk to, and the resolution above recorded seemed to be the most natural thing in the world. "A glass of something comfortable," said Tom, "and a biscuit, and then I'll turn in."

Then Tom went to the closet to look for a vessel in which to bring the necessary liquor for the comfortable something from the corner store, and spied on an upper shelf a green bottle, with a fat body and a long neck, which had nothing in it, and smelled of nothing, and he set it upon the table, while he stirred the fire and put the kettle on, that everything might be ready on his return.

Mrs. Tom was absent from home, and Tom was keeping house for himself. He was on his knees before the stove, raking it, when he heard a groan; but it had such a ghostly sound that he started.

"What's that?" he cried; and something answered: "Only me."

And jumping to his feet, Tom Barnaby stood staring about; for there was standing in the room that ought to have had a voice but himself—not even a kitten or canary bird.

"Who is me?" cried Tom.

"Tom ought to know," said the voice.

And this time Tom saw it came from the green bottle.

"Hanged if it isn't the bottle!" said Tom. "Is it airtight, or what?"

And the bottle answered: "Yes, worse luck. It is airtight. Bad spirits, too. Oh, rum and brandy—whiskey and alcohol!"

"Oh, that kind!" said Tom.

"Yes," said the bottle. "F. v. devils. I've been possessed by them all. Years and years they led me such a life that I wished I was smashed; years and years until your wife got me and put blessed vinegar in me. Nice, sharp, respectable vinegar, that never did worse than give some poor cabbage eater the colic. And I thought I should end my days as a decent vinegar bottle, and here I am going to have one of the devils back, I know. Oh, what did that dear woman go away for? Why did she go?"

Tom, who had grown used to the phenomenon of a talking bottle, and did not mind it at all by this time, nodded his head sagely.

"Right there," he said. "It's exceedingly uncomfortable to have vinegar away, but you are very foolish to talk as you do. What harm is there in a moderate drink? All you'd hold wouldn't hurt a fly. You've been listening to teetotalers."

"I haven't been listening to anybody," said the bottle. "I've formed my own conclusions. There was a time when I thought as you do. It was when I was a brand new bottle, with a gilt label, 'Best Holland Gin,' on me, and my owner, the liquor dealer, took me out of my case and handed me to Jack Barker, who had just finished painting the store."

"Here, Jack," says he, "this will help you keep Christmas."

"Thank ye," said Jack; and off I went under his arm.

"And there, in a bright little room, with a pretty wife and nice old grandfather, and two cunning little babies looking on, he opened me."

"What a nice smell!" said she—the pretty wife.

"And then he made some stuff with lemon and sugar, and they all drank some, and the babies looked at the light shining through my green sides and the gilt label on me. And the old grandfather said the drink had gone to his head, and he should have to be carried up-stairs, and they laughed at that, because it was such a good joke."

"I liked myself then and what was in me."

"Before I was empty the first time I felt pleased to be such a favorite as I was."

"Ah, dear, I was filled up again and again, and again; and after awhile I began to see things change in and about me. The wife's face was not so bright; the old grandfather never laughed; the baby's toes were out and one day Jack staggered in, took me up, drank the last drop from me, and tumbled into a chair. The wife began to cry."

"Oh, Jack!" says she. "Oh, Jack! how I hate that dreadful bottle. We were so happy before it came into the house."

"She blamed me, but I knew it was the evil spirit in me that she meant."

"You've lost your place, Jack," says she. "Everything has changed. You don't care for the children. It's all that bottle."

"But Jack was too tipsy to care what she said. He staggered over to the table, took me by the neck and carried me to a liquor store. There they put another evil into me. That one drove the furniture out of the house; bit by bit it was pawned."

"Then they left the house itself and were living in a cellar somewhere. She took in washing; some of the money she earned went for more evil spirits to fill me."

"Didn't I loathe myself? One night I sat on the table and saw the old grandfather lying dead and Jack drunk on the floor at the foot of the bed. Didn't I loathe myself? I tried to topple off, but I couldn't manage it. If ever a bottle did desire to smash itself, I did. But it was no use. Happy bottles, beautiful out glass cologne bottles, innocent water bottles have been broken when they most desired to last, no doubt; but I, who had become a dwelling place for devils, I lasted."

"They carried the old grandfather away, and his poor daughter got a black dress somehow. One night Jack went sneaking out of the house with a bundle under one arm and me under the other. The bundle was his wife's mourning dress for her father. He took it to a pawn-shop and pawned it for enough to fill me twice. The poor woman never had a decent dress again."

"She was in rags. She was hungry. I've seen Jack clutch her hand and wrench the money she'd earned for her children's bread from it and then go off with me. Think of it! I had to aid and abet him, and hear her say things about me that were very natural, seeing she did not know how I hated the devils that lived in me, but that were hard to bear. But he fell down stairs with me in his pocket, and broke his head, and didn't break me. He hit me against things, to their injury, not mine. I must have a guardian devil, I lasted so."

"One day—it was such a bitter day, ice and snow and sleet everywhere—just five years from the Christmas I'd been made a present to Jack, he stood, ragged and dirty, at a bar-room stove, with me in his pocket—my neck sticking out. In came the proprietor."

"Now, Jack Barker, says he, 'why don't you go home?'"

"He was ashamed to have him there, you see, a ragged creature with his toes out, and a black eye and a broken nose. He used to be called Handsome Jack Barker before he took to filling me. Think of that."

"Now he looked up with a miserable, abject whine."

"Go home with an empty bottle on a Christmas eve," says he. "You didn't use to say so when I came here with full pockets, Mr. Jones."

"Well, no, I didn't," said the man; "but it would have been better if I had. I'll fill your bottle for you, Jack Barker."

"He filled it—goodness knows with what—and the poor wretch staggered home. Oh, the wretched cellar; the miserable straw bed in the corner; the wife lying sick upon it, I remember them so well."

"She was very sick, and there was a little baby beside her. Just think of another baby there."

"Happy Christmas," said he, as he staggered in. "Happy Christmas, old girl!"

"Happy!" said she. "Oh, this dreadful day!"

It takes so little to put a drunken man in a rage. He answered with an oath.

"Anybody would think I was drunk to hear you talk," said he. And the poor woman answered: "Oh, good heaven! are you ever sober? Oh, Jack! Jack!"

"And then he flew at her. He took me by the neck and beat her over the head with me. The cork fell out and the liquor poured over her breast and over the face of the little baby lying upon it. It mingled with her blood."

"At first she screamed. Then she lay still. Her face grew white. I knew I was a murderer. Oh, let me break!"

"I cried, 'Let me be broken into fragments! But her fair flesh was mashed to pulp, her delicate bones broken, and I was sound as ever, when Jack, led by Heaven knows what mad fancy, left his victim and staggered into the street again. The snow was falling. The air was white with it. He staggered along muttering to himself. At last he came to a wharf, and stumbled across it. I believe a boat lay there on which he had been once before, and on which they had given him drink."

"Sea Bird, ahoy!" cried he. "Hullo! hullo! Sea Bird, ahoy!"

"Nobody answered him."

"I'm coming aboard," he muttered—"I'm coming aboard, I shan't stay at home to be preached to, I'm my own master."

"Then he took one step more. Splash—crash! He was through the thin ice under the water."

"Thank Heaven," said I, my miserable career is ended."

"Then I turned cold as ice myself, and there was a roaring in my neck."

"Next thing I knew it was broad daylight, and I was floating on the water."

"There's a bottle," said some one. It was a bare-legged boy. He stooped over the side of a boat and caught me. "There was a man drowned here last night," said he to another boy at his side.

"Did you see him?" said this one.

"Yes," said the first. "He was drunk and killed his wife. They've got an inquest on her, down in the cellar over there. I say, I'm going to sell this bottle to Bill, the junk man."

"So, I was saved, and much against my will stood in the junk shop window for a week. The water had washed the blood off of me. I had no smell of liquor left, and along comes your wife."

"What a nice, flat bottle!" says she, "just what I want. How much for it?"

"And Billy charged her 4 cents, and home she brought me."

"My career of vice has begun again," said I. "And I expected nothing else, but, bless the dear son, she put vinegar in me—nice, sour, innocent, respectable

vinegar—and I've been a good reformed bottle ever since. And now you—you—her husband, are going to put the fish spirits into me again. For Heaven's sake, break me first! I don't want to destroy another household."

"You shan't," said Tom Barnaby. "Here you go back on your shelf. I leave you to innocence and vinegar; and I think I'll make a cup of strong coffee."

"Right," said the bottle.

And so the bottle stands still beside the crust on Mrs. Barnaby's dresser; and Tom Barnaby is still a sober man.

Opium Auctions.

A certain number of chests of opium, as fixed by notification from the Government of India, are sold by public auction every month in one of the rooms of the Board of Revenue in Calcutta. The Secretary to the Board presides at the auction. The auctioneer is one of the assistants of the Board. The auction-room is filled with the intending purchasers; several of them millionaires or their representatives, who have their recognized seats to which they are admitted by tickets. The auction is usually conducted in that calm and quiet manner which is suitable to transactions in which hundreds of thousands of pounds are involved. Each lot consists of five chests, and a native clerk holds up a chalkboard, on which he exhibits in chalk the amount of the last bid. The excitement about the bidding is usually confined to the first few lots, when any good or bad news from China may have led to an alternation in the value of opium subsequently to the last monthly sale. The rival millionaires content by a quiet nod to the auctioneer. The ruling price for the day is soon settled between them, as they well know to what limit they may safely go. The purchaser of one lot of the chests is at liberty to claim the next ten lots at the same price. The auction list is thus quickly run through.

When the millionaires have satisfied their wants for the day, the smaller speculators bid according to their requirements. As each lot is knocked down a clerk goes about with a little book to each purchaser, in which he gives a promissory note, payable on demand, for one-fourth the value of his purchase, with an engagement to pay the balance within ten days. From an unknown speculator a deposit in money is taken. Failure to complete a bargain is of very rare occurrence; but if default occurs the chests are put up for sale at the ensuing auction, at the risk of the defaulting purchaser, who is liable for any loss that may accrue if the price of opium has fallen when the resale takes place.

In the course of an hour the auction-room is empty, and the noisy outside crowd, which fills the courtyard of the Board's premises, has dispersed. Payments for opium purchased are made by the merchants through the Bank of Bengal, and on the production of a certificate of payment the merchant receives a delivery order for the chests which he has purchased, and he at once removes them from the Government warehouse and consigns them to his agents or correspondents in China and the Straits by the swift steamers which trade between Calcutta and China.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

The Eccentric Poet of the Sierras.

The life of Joaquin Miller has been an interesting one. His true name is Cincinnati Hiner Miller, and he was born in the W. Wash. district of Indiana, November 10, 1831. At 13 years of age he removed with his parents to Oregon. He then attempted mining, and lived an adventurous life in California. He served with Walker, in Nicaragua, and afterwards sojourned with the Indians. In 1860 he began to study law, and upon the breaking out of the war he published a Democratic paper at Eugene City, Oregon, in which his expressions of opinion were of so rank a character that the authorities saw fit to suppress it for delinquency. He had then achieved a reputation as the author of poetic pieces marked by striking qualities, and was known as the "Poet of the Sierras."

In 1863, his attention was attracted by a series of graceful verses in the Western papers, which bore the signature of "Minnie Myrtle." The name of the writer was Miss Minnie Theresa Dyer. Mr. Miller called upon the lady, and after a three days' acquaintance married her. Domestic trouble soon followed, and in 1870 the couple were divorced. Miller went to England in 1871, and published a volume of poems called, "Songs of the Sierras," a portion of which had already been published under the same name in the United States. His efforts met with better success in England than they had done in America, and from that time forward his publications met with a ready sale.

The poet is a most eccentric man, and for many years his long hair, red shirt, unpolished boots and tramp-like appearance were a source of much comment. After his divorce from his Pacific coast wife he married into the L. and family of hotel fame. It is claimed that the fortune he had accumulated from his successful sale of his books was lost on Wall street, and the fact that to-day he works hard as a New York newspaper man, for moderate pay, leads to a belief in the report. His hair and clothing are now of conventional cut, and he walks Broadway unnoticed, save by those who know him. Perhaps his most popular book is "Songs of Italy." He is the author of that successful drama, "The Danites."

Many new coarsages are very short, not reaching to the waist line, with a basque underneath, either square, rounded or cutaway. Nothing is easier than to transform an old waist to suit this fashion, or to make such a one of a scant pattern of stuff. The collar, revers and cuffs may also be made of a different material from the dress, velvet, plush, astrachan or plain or brocade silk. A group of three large buttons on each side of the corsege, and of six or eight on the skirt on the lengthwise plaits or panels at the sides, is very fashionable on wool or velvet costumes.

HOW MILLIONAIRES BATHE.

The Bath Rooms of the Vanderbilts, Mr. Marquand, Mr. Garrett and Others.

The millionaire's bath room marks the age. Nothing so gives the sign of the material prosperity of the country, the growth of luxury, the indulgence of the senses. In the past few years there have been placed in private residences a half dozen bath rooms that are veritably palatial. In fact, the prevailing style of the bath room of the money king has been suggested from those of royal palaces, and particularly from the famous one placed by Francis I. in the chateau of Chenonceaux on the Cher.

The chateau of Chenonceaux is now the home of M. Daniel Wilson, the son-in-law of President Greys, and the bath room still remains one of the features of the interior. The walls are covered with small beveled mirrors, scarcely larger than a span. Between these panels runs a slender line of gold, and at the intersections hang metal drops like tears, and just long enough to be reflected in the glass. The effect is most impudic and brilliant, and the panels are so small that the purposes of a mirror are skillfully frustrated. The bath is of solid silver with the water issuing from swan's heads, which, with a mirror behind, produces the illusion of swans on the surface of the water. All the other appointments are in keeping with this magnificence, even to an ante room, where repose can be found with cigars after the bath.

The famous bath room in the palace of Fontainebleau was modeled after the Chenonceaux bath by Louis XVI, for his queen, Marie Antoinette. The bath, it will be remembered, is in an alcove of the ante room, and is just large enough for its purposes. The walls are paneled in large mirrors of beveled glass, and on these are painted Cupids with garlands of lace, about, about, and each as if about to leap from the air to earth.

This brings us directly to the present. The late Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's bath room is paneled in mirrors, but over these is painted a delicate lace-like design that is exquisite in effect, and destroys the power of the glass for reflection. Its magnificence, however, is exceeded by the bath room of his son, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. The walls are paneled with mirrors, and on these are painted apple blossoms, but by no means so thickly as to obscure the glass. The ceiling is in Henry II. panels of white and gold, with horses in the center. The bath is a solid block of marble, and the water issues from swan's heads, as in that of the chateau of Chenonceaux. Above the bath is a niche with a marble Venus prepared for the bath. There is a Pompeian table of marble, beautifully carved, and a toilet adjoining of Ecclian marble.

Mr. Henry Marquand has modeled his bath after the luxurious room in Jerome Bonaparte's superb house in Paris. In this the bath is sunk, Pompeian fashion, in the floor, and above the ceiling is a beautiful summer sky. Mr. Marquand has had his walls wainscoted with cream-colored tiles. Above these is a painted frieze, representing flowers springing from a hedgerow; the arch of the ceiling springs from this frieze. This is given the semblance of the sky, across which birds are skimming. The marble bath is sunk several feet in the floor, and is reached by a descent of several steps. It is said that, exclusive of the artist's work, Mr. Marquand's bath room cost \$4,000.

Works of art are considered nowhere more appropriate than in the bath room where their subjects are significant. In that of the late Mr. Charles J. Osborne, at Mamaroneck, there is a large frame overlooking the bath by Mr. George Maynard. The subject is inevitably Venus with Loves at a fountain. The figures are life size in Limoges tiles fired by the Volkmar process. The walls otherwise are lined and ceiled with white porcelain lined bath.

The last of the new and notable bath rooms is for Mr. Robert Garrett's new Baltimore house. This is distinguished not only by the beauty of its decoration but by its process. The ceiling is by Mr. George Maynard, and represents a lattice on which morning glories twine. This design is painted on marble by means of an overlaying composition, and on being fired the medium melts away and the color sinking in, becomes incorporated with the marble. This endolithic process, as it is called, is new, and its results in the soft radiance of the blended color and marble are said to be very fine. The design is in radiating sections, which make room for small octagonal panels, which are to be mirrors on which Cupids are painted.

The bath room of Mrs. Seward Webb's house is like a cave of white marble. Walls, ceiling and bath are all of marble, and the only variation of tint is in the silver fixtures.

The bath rooms in the billiard house are conceived in a different way. To each chamber is attached a large, lofty bath room with mosaic floors, walls lined with white enamel tiles, porcelain lined bath and marble toilet, and instead of works of art the distinguishing feature is in the exposure of the plumbing.

A Ship-Canal for Rome.

There seems to be just now a rage for turning inland cities into seaports by means of ship-canal. The last proposal of this nature comes from an Italian engineer, Mr. Galassi, who suggests that Rome should be connected with the sea by a channel fifteen and a half miles in length. The proposed canal which it is estimated would cost nearly \$37,500,000, would have a width at the bottom of seventy-two feet and a depth of twenty-six feet, so that merchant ships of the largest kind could take advantage of it.

A lap-robe for "use on the road," is of plain black cloth, lined with very warm-looking plaid material. A black border, about one inch wide, is covered with designs in yellow satin. The figures show horses, horse-shoes and other designs pleasing to lovers of driving.

FASHION NOTES.

—California blankets are now made into wrappers.

—Just now straight feathers lead the ostrich plumes in popularity.

—The full skirt of last season is again the favorite of young girls.

—White woolen tulle is a novelty in ball dresses; it is draped over white or colored silk.

—Parisian ball dresses are ornamented by flights of tiny stuffed birds or real butterflies.

—Sleeve-buttons with crystal tops, through which peer the faces of famous actresses, are novelties.

—Delicately tinted gray feather fans in a variety of forms are favorites, harmonizing with almost any toilette.

—Quite new are the sleeves slashed inside the arm almost to the shoulder showing lace or contrasting material.

—Silver and gold nets, studded with balls of silver and gold, are worn over pale-colored satins and brocade silks.

—A flat necktie that has just been seen has size to recommend it if nothing else. It is 6½ inches in width by 10 inches in length.

—Capes of Persian lamb's wool, with sling sleeves, which only reach to the waist line, are worn as opera mantles by young girls.

—For young ladies there are small white toques of lamb's wool in pure white. The wings at the side and occiput at the top are all white.

—Panels and scarfs with ends to correspond are to be found in faille Francaise with satin and plush stripes. They are all in the evening shades.

—A new bath wrap has a black background, both on the interior and exterior, the outside having large blue polka dots, and the inside the same dots in red.

—Buttons are of great size and are used for trimming without any reason d'être. Their excessive use will probably cause the fancy for them to be short lived.

—Fancy smoking-caps are tufted, although some are capped with a single button and some in silk and lisle thread. Others are in bright-colored, even-colored stripes.

—The newest jerseys are made in tailor style, with as many seams as any lined basque, and are finished along the edges with rows of stitching or else a binding of braid.

—Boucle jersey cloth is a novelty. The surface is covered with small loops of various sizes. It is made in all the dark colors as well as in cream-white, rose and delicate blue.

—Young girls were never so much considered as at the present season in all sorts of garments and styles of goods for dress wear, and some of the goods distinctly juvenile are exquisite in style.

—A collar of wide lace falls over the shoulders, a narrow straight turn-over collar finishing it at the throat, where it is fastened by a lace pin, from which depends a voluminous jabot of the wide lace.

—The designs of a worn-out brocade may be cut out and sown on another material, finishing the edges with the fine gold or silk cord, and thus making a most effective table, panel, quilles and plastron for a low or corsage.

—A skating costume of dark green serge has a box-plaited skirt, ornamented with gold braid in a broad design on each plait. The short drapery is trimmed in the same way. The jacket and turban are trimmed with heavier fur.

—Effective dresses are made entirely of plain tulle in several shades of the same color. Blue arranged in this way is exceedingly beautiful, the outer skirt being of blue-white veiling, the deeper tints imparting a cloud-like effect to the costume. Shaded ostrich feathers are used for trimming these dresses.

—A basket-cloth house-jacket, with pockets and cuffs, and frogs for buttons, is a very handsome garment. Others, in almost countless numbers, have been described, and suffice it to say that new ones are being constantly received, and are open in best places for inspection.

—Among the novelties in canes are some having handles that conceal, each, one of a variety of different articles. One springs out a candle and candle-stick, another a dice-box and dice and another a corkscrew. A barrel-shaped handle can, by unscrewing, be transformed into a spiglass.

—In wristlets, new ribbed silks, in alternate and solid striped goods, are fashionable. There are also new Roman combinations and tartans and black and white, which have a plain but tasteful appearance. Vertical Roman stripes in cashmeres and wools are pretty and not expensive.

—Evening bonnets to correspond with the costume have the crowns of the figured material and the brims of the plain fabric of which the dress is composed. Tartan ribbons of velvet are used to trim felt bonnets, worn with tailor-made costumes. A bonnet of black tulle, embroidered with gold filigree, has the brim covered by plaited lace corresponding to the gold embroidered tulle. The only trimming is a knot of cream-white velvet ribbon. The strings are of black velvet. A bonnet of gray ottoman silk has the brim lined with plush of the same color. It is trimmed with bows of gray satin ribbon, relieved by delicate pink feathers, arranged among the loops. The strings are of gray satin.

—A very tasteful novelty for trimming half-mourning dresses is white lace beaded with black jet, arranged into a slightly gathered tablier, or else in flounces superposed over a foundation of either white or mauve silk; a similar trimming is arranged upon the bodice by way of berthe or fichu. Clear crystal beads, either in white or colors, are those mostly used for embroidering elegant dresses; while the plain or even carved wooden beads are suitable only for costumes for the day and for the street, or again for trimming cloaks of wooden material. We make an exception for the pretty little wooden berries called "Job's tears," of which we have seen a deep fringe mixed with chenille, very prettily disposed round a large mantle of plush brocade over ribbed silk.

HORSE NOTES.

—R. B. Conklin recently received an offer of \$20,000 for King Wilkes.

—Jack Tront, of Beacon Park, Boston, will come to Philadelphia, it is said.

—A New York man paid "Knap-sack" McCarthy \$500 for Dr. M. Lady Miller.

—The added money at Monmouth Park for the season of 1886 amounts to \$150,000.

—Fred Archer, the English jockey, is reported to be worth nearly a million dollars.

—Paradox, son of Sterling, is expected to prove the best cap horse in England this year.

—The once famous Sadie Belle, 2.24, is frequently seen upon the New York drives. She is now 14 years old.

—E. B. Thayer, Chicago, Ill., has bought the stallion Exception, seven years old, chestnut, by Stillson; dam Abdallah Maid, by Erie Abdallah.

—W. F. White, Jr., Lexington, has bought from Sidney Taylor, Millions, Ky., the horse Foxhound, six years old, bay, by Foster, dam Carrie D., by Don Juan.

—Honesty, the pacer, record 2.22, and Noontide, record 2.20½, each once sold for \$100.

—There are prospects of the organization of a trotting-horse breeders' association in New Jersey.

—The 2.30 list of horses for the season of 1886, so far as known, has been made out. By the 2.30 list is meant the recorded horses whose records made last season will require them to enter the 2.30 class the coming season.

—Winners of American-bred horses in England last year were: Blue Grass, \$8,899.75; Jolly Sir John, \$5,085.37; Bolero, \$3,354.26; Idea, \$2,473.50; Eole, \$1,091.25; Invalid, \$275.73; Aristocrat, \$217.03. Sachem, Passaic and Oliver did not win anything.

—The Louisville Great American Stallion Stake of 1886 is represented by the following stallions: Hindoo, Billet, Rebel, Miser, Blue Eyes, Whisper, Enquirer, Great Tom, Lake Blackburn, Bramble, Ten Brock, Longfellow, Saracen, Kyle Daly, Outcast, Springfield, Faustus, Hyder Ali, Grinstead, King Ban, Fellowcraft, Quartermaster and Hi Ban.

—The Kempton Park hurdle handicap race was run on the 2d and won by J. A. Wilson's aged brown horse Woodman, by Volotte, out of Sherwood. The only other starter was Douglas Baird's six-year-old bay colt Man-of-war. Man-of-war was favorite in the betting, seven to four being offered on him, while two to one was offered against Woodman. The conditions were £10 each for starters, with £200 added, winning penalties, two miles, eight hurdles.

—Taking the aggregate number of additions to the 2.25 list for 1885 we find there are three less than the contribution for the previous year, which was 103. Comparisons show that while there is a slight falling off in the list for 1885, on the other hand there is an improvement in the speed average. Out of 103 horses that trotted in 2.25 or better for the first time in 1884, 55 were new to the 2.30 list, 53 old members lowered their record to 2.25 or better, and 28 of the old members of the 2.25 list got better marks. The 2.20 list now includes 154 members, an increase of 23 over 1884. In the entire list 17 of the sires have records of 2.30 or better themselves, and of the 17, 6 were contributors in 1885, namely: Nil Desperandum, 2.24; Sultan, 2.24; Pan-coast, 2.21½; Black Pilot, 2.30; and White Line, 2.30. These beat the figures of any previous year. Of the 154 performers in the list, 23 made their debuts last year. Taking these new comers by families, we find 10 are by Hambletonian sires, 6 of the Mambrino Chief family, 3 Blue Bulls, 1 Clay, 1 Vermont Black Hawk, 1 Pilot, and 1 of pure ancestry. Electioneer and Blue Bull are the leading progenitors, having 3 each. In the female line we find six are out of Hambletonian dams, 3 out of Mambrino Chief mares, 3 out of Clays, 2 out of Vermont Black Hawk, and the balance out of mares of miscellaneous breeding.

—The Coney Island Jockey Club has opened a new three-year old stake, with \$10,000 added, to be run in 1889, and which will be known as the Realization. The conditions of the great event are as follows: Realization Stake, with \$10,000 added, to be run at the June meeting in 1889, for three three-year-olds. Foals of 1886 to be entered by July 15; yearlings of 1887, by July 15, 1887; as follows: Foals of 1886, at \$25 each, \$50 forfeit unless declared out by July 15, 1887; \$100 forfeit unless declared by July 15, 1888; the second to receive \$2,000 of the added money and 30 per cent. of the starting money; the third \$1,000 of the added money and 20 per cent. of the starting money—starting money to mean the total amount at \$250 each paid by starters. Colts to carry 122 pounds; fillies and geldings 110 pounds; non-winners of \$3,000 allowed four pounds; of \$3,000, seven pounds; of \$1,000, ten pounds. Handicaps and selling races not reckoned as races. The produce of mares or stallions which have not produced a winner prior to Jan. 1, 1886, to be allowed three pounds or both five pounds. The produce to be entitled to such allowance in all cases at time of starting, whether claimed or not in the entry. By filing with the Coney Island Jockey Club an accepted transfer of the foal's entry, the original subscriber will be released from any liability as to the engagement, except as to the first forfeit of \$25, leaving the purchaser liable for the same unless duly struck out. If the entry be accompanied by the entrance money, there shall be no disqualification on account of death of nominator or for other cause. In such cases the first subscription to be paid when making the entry, and this provision shall continue to apply if the subsequent amounts be remitted as they fall due according to the dates of declaration. Mile and five furlongs.