You do not hear the restless beat, Upon the floor of childish feet— Of feet that tread the flowery street Of heaven alone.

At morn, at noon, at eve, at night, I hear the patter, soft and light, And carch the gust of wings, snow-white, About my door. And on the silent air is borne The voice that from my world was torn-That left me, comfortless, to mourn, For evermore.

Sometimes floats up, from out the street The boyish laughter, bird-like, sweet— I turn forgetfully, to greet, My darling fair: Soft as the ripple of the stream, Breeze-kissed beneath the moon's pale beam, How strangely real doth it seem!

And he not there. Ah, no; you cannot hear his call; You catch no laugh, nor light footfall; And He who said, "I will not leave thee desolate," Has, som-how, loosed the bonds of fate And left ajar the golden gate Which hides my dead.

A MEAN ADVANTAGE.

A sunny head, almost hidden by a vhite straw hat, was thrust into the open window of the parlor of Dr. Pritchard, a large brick building planted in the vicinity of a newly discovered mineral spring, and a clear voice laughed:

"Shame on you, ladies, for sitting in the house on such a lovely May morning! Just look at my beauties!" displaying a pretty toy of a basket, in which nestled rosy verbenas, big blue violets, and the waxy bells of the wild hyacinth, in charming confusion or profusion. "Take that for your want of taste!

And she threw a handful of flowers into the room, and sped away with a saucy laugh.

"Oh, that Nora!" sighed Mrs. Drapier, a languid widow, in a blue cashmere wrapper, all cream-colored lace and embroidery.

"She is a combination of exclamationpoints and boisterousness," commented Miss Effie Morton, who herself was a combination of die-away prettiness and a jealous disposition, as she spitefully flicked away one of Nora's violets that had fallen on her dress. "And such a hoyden as she is."

"Such a contrast to her father!" mourned Mrs. Drapier, who was more than suspected of having designs on the heart and hand of Mr. Carston, the millionaire widower, who, for his imagined and multifarious ailments, was staying at Dr. Pritchard's with his pretty daughter, Nora.

"Yes, she is a contrast," assented Miss Earle, an beiress, and brunette beayty, looking up from the cardinal silk purse she was beading "Mr. Carston is an old granny, and Nora is as sweet as a rose, and as pretty as a picture, and full to the finger-tips of vigorous life. The trouble is, you are all jealous of her!"

"The idea!" sniffed the ladies, in simultaneous scorn.

"I wonder what Doctor Branscombe will think of Nora? He has finished attending those medical lectures at St. Thomas', and will be back this evening to enter into partnership with Doctor Pritchard," added Miss Earle quietly.

"I fancy he won't waste many thoughts on her. He has often said that he admires only womanly women. simpered Miss Morton, who fancied nerself a "womanly woman," and conequently the handsome young doctor's deal, on the strength of her utter ineffectualness and viny clinging to mascu-

"I fancy he will get enough of her o-night. She is to sing in the concert we got up to celebrate Doctor Prithard's birthday. We had to ask her, 70u know. I've never heard her sing, except in hymns on Sandays and at prayers, but I suppose she'll give us An Awful Little Sarub,' or something of the sort," said Mrs. Drapier. Miss Earl smiled. She had heard

Nora sing. "Now prepare to be astonished," ittered Miss Morton, behind her blue ostrich-feather fan, to Doctor Branssombe as she pointed out on the satin programme the announcement-"Song by Miss Carston." A sudden gleam of admiration shot

into Allan's dark eyes as an aurora in cose and silver came lightly and swiftly to the front of the improvised stage. A tomboy!-this lovely girl with the arch perfection of her face lit by a pair of laughing, topaz eyes, and a shapely "little head running over with surls" of glittering gold. She clasped her dimpled hands lightly

n front of her, and the silver bangles on her round wrists clinked a sweetacted little overture as she began her

It was one of those which have sung their way down the centuries from the time of Shakespeare. As she finished he concluding lines:

"To bid my love good morrow, Sing, birds, in every furrow."

She began to tune her merry note anto the sweet bird's throat, and a mad. musical medley twittered, thrilled and warbled through the room, as if all the birds the poet had mentioned in his sprays and fairly outdoing themselves in their efforts to bid his love the sweetsat of good morrows.

"What an exhibition! I told you she would astonish you," whispered Miss Morton, in the pause that followed the rapturous encore.

"I am astonished! I had expected nothing like this," assented Allan, with a quizzical twinkle in his handsome

"I knew you disapproved of those oold girls, who lay themselves out to gain admiration—so far—so very far from one's idea of a womanly woman!" sooed Miss Morton, pluming her frizzly ashionable little head.

"Can't she see," mused Allan, in wonder, "that any man's idea of a womanly woman is one who is full of saw his own opportunity. Why not sweetness, brightness and fire, like make Nora the price of her father's Mtss Carston, instead of an envious lit- release? @ Parian image like herself!" But "uone so blind as those who

won't seel" and Effic Morton's sleep mediately, otherwise you shall stay in openly suggest cutting the line would that one more link was forged in the chain that bound Allan to her, while Allan's dreams were all of Nora,

Love is the one miracle-worker yet alive, and it was not long before Allan's heart, that till now had never throbbed if to leave. faster for a woman's sake, was irrevocably in Nora's keeping. "But she shall never know it," re-

solved Allan, "Her father is worth a million, and I am poor." But such resolutions are made only to be broken. Allan met Nora returning from one of her favorite flower-

quests, with briar-rose vines, studded and gasped almost inarticulately, "Take thick with buds and blooms, hanging her and let me out!" from her arms, and she looked so sweet that all his heart rushed to his lips, and he told her that he loved her. "I am so glad! for I love you," said

Nora simply, the great, sweet eyes shining like golden-brown stars for joy. And then Allan forgot for a whi e that Nora was rich and he was poor.

But as they neared the doctor's he faltered: "What will your fathersay?" "Let's go and see!" laughed Nora. "He might refuse you if you went alone, but he never refused me anything in my life. I can wind him round my little

triumphantly. So the two presented themselves before Mr. Carston like a runaway couple coming to beg the paternal blessing. But during Allan's appeal, Mr. Carston stiffened visibly, and when it was finished he sat bolt upright, as if a ramrod had usurped the place of his spine,

and gave a polite but stern refusal. "Oh, papa! aren't you ashamed of yourself!" exclaimed Nora, turning wide, reproachful eyes upon him. And thereupon followed a sweet storm of blandishments and prayers,

that softened Mr. Carston no more than a storm of roses would have softened a "I have always let you have your own way, Nora; but to do so now, would be

to wreck my own ambition and your life-long happiness. I intend to take you abroad next winter, and who knows but you may marry a nobleman?" argued Mr. Carston. "I don't want to marry a nobleman,

and I do want to marry Alian!" pouted "I can't allow it, so let us drop the subject. All this excitement will bring on a fit of palpitation or the heart," said

Mr. Carston, gasping elaborately, and reaching for his smelling-salts. "Never mind, dear, it will all come out right at last," consoled Nora, through her tears, as she followed Allen into the hall.

"How?' demanded Allan, gloomily. "I don't know; but something will turn up," said Nora, brightly.

And fortune-slandered goddess!who must have become soured by the world's distrust, thereupon resolved to reward her for her sweet confidence. A few days after this, Nora discovered her father exhausting the air from a small receiver, in which lay a withered

"Just look! Isn't it wonderful?" he exclaimed, as Nora peeped over his shoulder, and watched the apple swell to shapely proportions.

Oh, I've seen that done before in natural philosophy lessons at school!" she said, slightingly.

"Well, this is the principle of Doctor liberated and the circulation of the Carston, beaming with satisfaction.

should burst?" exclaimed Nora, in a horrified voice.

You got so charged with electricity that of most excitement, you jerked about at the dinner table as if you had the St. Vitus' dance, and upset your soup all over Mrs. Drapier's | torn and blistered fingers. old gold silk. I wouldn't try any more of these dangerous experiments.'

"This is another thing altogether, Nora. The principle is delightful! I shall try it to morrow," said Mr. Carston, firmly,

The next morning, as Allan was passing through the upper story of the and the harpoon pole is fifty yards zero. His bare hands were crossed house, he heard groans, shrieks and astern. Into the skiff tumbles one of upon his bare arms, and his bare chest prayers proceeding from one of the

"Ah, some poor weetch is taking the treatment!" he mused. "I must see that he doesn't stay in too long. Pritchard's rule of the same time for every ne is pretty inflexible."

He opened the door to go in. Then, as he saw a well-known head, stepped standpoint (for a man,) but happily his cap down about his ears, and drawing back, chuckling wickedly to where be could view the scene unobserved.

Mr. Carston did not seem to find the

principle of the vacuum treatment so delightful in its practical working as it had seemed when viewed abstractedly. shiver from stem to stern, and suggests | mark : "Oh, no; it was getting a lit-His hair stood on end with fright, like an iron-gray aureole; his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, and song were swinging on blossoming the rubber band tightened around his neck as the operator worked the air pumps vigorously.

"Oh! ouf! ah-h-h-h! Stop! You're killing me," he shricked and sputtered. "The old doctor said as how I was to

keep you in the full time, sir," responded the servant implacably.
"I'll give you fifty pounds—I'll give you a hundred—I'll give you my diamond studs if you let me out." "Time ain't up yit, sir!" answered

the incorruptible servant, looking at the "Branscombe-my dear fellow!" gasped the sufferer, catching sight of Allan in the entrance, "let me out! I'm

choking! I'm dying! Hurry!" A brilliant idea darted into Allan's mind. In Mr. Carston's extremity he

"Give your consent to my marriage with Nors and I will reles

was sweetened that night by the thought | till the last second!" said Allan, ap-

proaching nearer. 'You shall never have Nora!" exclaimed Mr. Carston with a gasp of defiance. "Very well," said Allan, turning as

The servant went on pumping. The band tightened around Mc. Carston's neck, like a rubber boa-constrictor. His heart thumped harder, his head swam more dizzily, and his breath became

more labored. "If I should die, she'd marry him a week after my funeral," he thought ming directly under the bow, but with

Allan thrust aside the man at the pump-handle, undid the complicated fastenings of the box, and his future father-in-law dropped limply into his from the heavy wind now blowing

After he had revived his patient with the stern of the sloop watching the fans and sal-volatile, Allan flew to find Nora. "I told you that something would turn up," she said, with an enchanting

A Mean Advantage. CAPTURING A DEVIL FISH.

air of triumph, "though it was taking

finger!" holding up a dimpled digit | An Exciting Adventure off the Florida Coast.

> It has been suggested to the writer by our mutual friend, Dr. Ferber, that some of the incidents which occurred during a certain trip made last season down the western coast of the peninsula six men aided by pulleys can bring of Florida were worth preserving, If it were possible to picture to your readers the events of such a day as vividly as memory presents them to the actors, then might this communication justify itself. The day selected for the experiment is March 10, 1885. The boat is the sloop "Ella M. Little" of about eight tons. Captain and owner, Aifred P. Jones. Pilot, Wilson, Christian name omitted, as a suspicion exists that to sink a shaft through gristle and flesh he never was properly baptized. Able seaman, Abram, Supernumeraries, Messrs. Blank and Black, otherwise the "big" and "little" doctor, well-known physicians of Chicago, genial companions, ardent sportsmen; and lastly, the writer. Time, sunrise. Location, a few miles south of Punta Rassa, and just opposite the entrance to Estero

The day is a perfect one, the air soft, balmy and inspired by a gentle breeze from the west. One of the party is seated upon the cabin sweeping the horizon with his omnipresent field

"Pilot, what's that big fin half a mile away on the weather bow?" "Devil fish."

"Devil fish! Pilot, that's what we are here for. We want that fish." "You don't want to fool with no devil fish; there sin't no child's play about

'Pilot, we want that fish." "Yes," adds the little doctor; "we will have him if we have to follow him

"Well, if I must, I must, but you've got to tend the line, and the others get into the cockpit out of the way. I don't want any one killed by this toolishness."

"We will do as we are told, if it is to jump overboard; only strike that fish!" Of came the pilot's coat, shoes and where a thin layer of soil covers an unstockings, the anchors are carried aft, known depth of thin soft mud. For Pritchard's celebrated vacuum treat- everything movable taken from the for- miles there is no water fit to drink, and, ment. The patient sits in the box, and | ward dock, and three or four hundred the air is exhausted. The patient feet of half men manifeld rope coiled are intensely alkaline. An exploring swells something after the manner of there. The jib is hauled down and this apple, and nerve force is thereby carefully lashed. The pilot plants himself upon the bowsprit, with his heavy blood established. Tompkins says it pole balanced in his right hand, his left has done him immense good. I mean gathering in a few coils of the line to try it to-morrow," exclaimed Mr. which he has just attached firmly to the which he has just attached firmly to the harpoon. The hand of the captain is During the spring terrible gales of wind "Oh, don't, papa! What if you on the tiller, while his eyes follow every motion of the pilot. Abram stands by the halliards ready for the expected "Of course the exhaustion of air is order. One of the passengers, with not to be carried too far," sootned her hands trembling with excitement, holds the line, prepared to give it a turn "But don't do it! I know it won't do around the windlass or his own neck, you any good!" urged Nora. "You as he may be instructed. The other know you had fumes of sulphuric acid two sit with the rifles on the top of the pumped into your lungs till you said cabin, equally ready to jump overboard you felt as if you had swallowed a vol- or down among the coils of line, accord- and cheeks were clean shaven, but the cano. And then that electric bath! ing as the one or the other gives promise

> Thod! Crash! A young waterspout under the bow, a line whizzing through of the banshee. He had just come up

"Down mainsail. Give that line a turn round the windlass. Hard down socks, working pataloons, and armless your helm. Catch that pole." But everything cannot be done at once. The line has a double turn around the wind- white skin, clear face, and sparkling lass; the sloop is already plowing the eyes, and he appeared to enjoy this outwater in the direction of the great fish, door atmosphere of a few degrees above the party, and, pulling vigorously, soon was exposed to the zephyrs from the recovers the pole. To turn is less easy, and when, after a long pull, our friend is within forty yards of the sloop, the monster, suddenly changing his course, swims straight for the little boat. For a moment the occupant contemplates the sport of the chase from an unusual moment of hesitation and pulling his boat is barely touched by one of the great wings of the gigantic "sea bat," to ask the handsome statue if he didn't and he soon finds himself safe (and think he might be hable to the charge warm) on board. Back comes the fish, of forcing the season just a little? The and a casual blow makes our craft answer was a slight laugh and this rethat we owe much to the ignorance of the close down in the cellar, and I thought I'd come up and take a

Somebody's rifle cracks, and the spouting blood and crimson wake promise to our inexperience the approaching termination of our resistance, and consequently of sport. But neither one bullet nor the score that follow it avail in the direction of our anticipations. Deeper and deeper swims the fish, now probably forty feet below the surface, but straight out into the gulf, and with increasing velocity. The occupants of a pleasure yacht which we pass gaze with wonder upon a sloop bowling along against wind and wave without a sail set. The wind is increasing; waves rising; hours passing. The weight of three men is constantly on the line bauling in as opportunity offers, paying out as the vagaries of the fish demand.

Our captain, after a glance in the direction of the now invisible shore and another toward some fast gathering clouds, incidentally observes, "That devil fish is bound for Mexico."

"Theu so are we, captain."

And yet something mast be done. To

FASHION NOTES. expose one to the risk of assassination.

mechanical force somewhere.

other harpoon is hastily prepared, an-

windlass. Soon the devil fish is swim-

hook is soon cast in his cavernous

mouth, its heavy chain carried aft and

straight for Estero bay. We sit upon

great mouth, the curious horn-like flip

have him anchored as near the shore as

him; his broad back (eighteen feet from

cessful as we believe it to be unique.

Death Valley.

Cal., owes its name partly to its fright-

most part destitute of everything neces-

county. In 1852 a targe party of immi-

grants perished from thirst within its

below the sea, giving it a greater de-

pression than the Caspian, and nearly

year—as high as 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

When there is no breeze through the

long canyon the air becomes so dense

that respiration is painful and difficult.

fill the air with salt, gravel and sand,

Fitted for Arctic Discovery.

was standing in six inches of snow at

the northeast corner of Fourth and

Race streets. The wind didn't blow

under shirts, open at the neck. He

was an athletic young man, with very

north. He stord leaning against the

stone pillar of the building, puffing

his ulster closer about him, ventured

smoke." He seemed to be utterly in-

sensible to the cold, and explained that

from childhood he had subjected him-

ency to pulmonary trouble. His discip-

line included regular exercise for mus-

Sage Brush

the comment was the street with

cular development.

It was midnight, or a little later. He

in clouds as black as coal smoke.

The "Death Valley" in Inyo county,

swims easily after us.

interior.

So another turn of the line around -Scarfs of fine white lawn are again the windlass, the bars inserted, and the sloop walked up toward the fish until fashionably worn.

the parting of one of the strands of the -Black trimming is now considered | meeting. rope warns us we must draw the line of fashionable on all colors, even brown. -Ivory white vests are worn with track at Ashland, Pa., and starting a But now the back of the monster is velvet, silk and fine wool basques of jockey club. again seen near the surface, and some thirty feet beyond the bowsprit. An-

-Hoop ear-rings set with pearls, diamonds, garnets, or rubies, are very died on February 5, fashionably worn with full evening other thud, flurry, and renewed excitement. Now we have two lines on the toilets.

-Low corsages of red velvet are undiminished energy. A great shark word with skirts of various materials, tulle and other thin fabrics not excepted.

-The new silk gloves are now emmade fast, the big mainsail and jib broidered and trimmed, but do not koisted, and our bow pointed away meet with the favor that was prophesied for them. -Among the new colors for spring

are eucalyptus and celery green. Straw pers, and the wonderful power and color and maize are the new shades of grace of the propeller-like wings, as yellow. with oft loosening chain the great fish -Close-fitting independent wraps will be fashionable in the spring, and

As we reach the entrance to Estero many small wraps will be made to bay, and are about entering it, our capmatch costumes. tive suddenly awakens to the possibility that perhaps he is after all not carrying with India ink on the girl of the of an association. out his own ideas. His propellers are period's face, and she thinks it a great

worked backward, the spray covers us, deal better than court-plaster. the commotion in the water is tremen--Khedive satin is a new material. dious, and for a moment the result It is to be had with small Oriental deseems doubtful, But wind and sail signs, and also plain. When draped it prevail; it is a dying flurry. Soon we

falls in peculiarly soft, rich folds, -Full and wholly undraped skirts are suitable only for very young ladies, and, even among these, the figures that

wing to wing) above the water so that we can safely venture on it. We excan wear them are the exceptional ones. amine the curious half fish and half -Coffee" parties are newer than leeches which have domicled themselves afternoon "teas," Tea and small cakes upon the back of our victim, and are replaced by coffee, coffee cake, greedily sucking the wounds made by creams, ices, jellies and similar delicaour rifles. We remove a square yard or

so of the tough and rasp like hide with -An effective evening dress is in a view to future slippers, and proceed bronze velvet, brocaded with gold and silver thistles, lace skirt striped with (bone there is none) into the creature's chandron velvet, train in plain chandron plush. It is already sunset, and our caterer

-Sleeves that have been severely invites us to indicate our preferplain for so long a time are expanding ences in the matter of a proposed supagain, and are henceforth to have, so it per. The firm flesh of the fish with its is stated, all sorts of furbelows, frills steaks of bright red and pure white and "chicken fixings." suggests the answer, and we try a gastronomic experiment, which is as suc--Cashmere is never out of fashion.

make it very useful for many occasions. It may be made plain for the street or elaborate for the house. -A high-crowned hat with wide brim is of black velvet dotted with fully desolate character, being for the small black rosary beads. It is trimmed

with black feathers held in place by a sary to support life, and partly to the knot of yellow ribbon. number of persons and animals that -Bright red is exceedingly fashionperished there, The valley is 100 able for opera cloaks. Some of the miles long by 20 miles wide, though only about 40 miles in length and eight are open up the back to the waist so as

or ten in width is embraced within Inyo not to crush the train. -Crinkled zephyr cloth is shown in every variety of dark and light colors, limits. Its level is from 100 to 400 feet with stripes for the skirts, while the bodice and drapery are plaid, corresponding to the skirt in color.

as great as that of the Dead Ses. It is probably the bel of a former lake, the -Scotch ginghams have bourette stripes, and are in a variety of combinawaters of which were strongly charged tions, blue and olive on a pink ground, with salt and sods. For 45 miles in d a dark blue and red on a pal gth and 15 m depth, along its cenground being the most frequent. ter, it is a salt marsh in which the Amargoza (or Bitter) river sinks, and -Flounces, when of something thin

and transparent, are permissible in evening gowns. They do not reach quite as high as the belt, and are comalthough springs are numerous, they pleted by a twisted scarf or draperies. -Dark blue sateens have a border party in 1865 found the temperature in

imitating Torchon lace, a tiny figure January-the coolest month of the of which is strewn over the material. Others have a broad border of wheat ears, miniature ears forming the design upon the fabric.

> collar and cuffs, velvet straps across full guimpes or blouse vests, and velvet belts and sashes will enrich wash dresses that are otherwise of very simple fabrics.

-A necklet of pearl beads is one of the pretty dainty creations of the season. It is made with a dog-collar and long netted fringe with pendants, and through his whiskers, because his chin may be worn over a close body or with a low corsage.

way it made music with the telephone wires for strings would put to blush the stripes of blue, mauve or pink alter- Cocks, four; and Ed Corrigan, five. barmonies of the Æolian and the wail nating with white, with rosebuds strewn over them. These will be used out of the cellar to get a breath of fresh for skirts, the overdress being of plain air. His costume consisted of shoes, sateen corresponding to the colored

> -A turquoise blue plush bonnet has a plaited crown. The brim is covered smoothly and is edged with gold beads. The trimming consists of pale yellow feathers and aigrette. The strings are of blue satin corresponding to the shade of the plush.

-New silks for spring wear consist of serge-woven surahs, India silk in contentedly at a cigar caught in a to be combined in a costume, and seven-yard lengths, plain and figured, holder. A solitary pedestrian, emerg- China and Japan silks, with the poping from a swirl of snow dust, halted ular Mikado figures and colors, mingled in a stupified sort of way, and after a with palms, arabesques and conventionalized flower and leaf design.

-While the American women are rushing into low-necked gowns with an enthusiasm that amounts to recklessness, word comes from Paris that, out of ten women attired for dinner or an evening party, you will not find more than three in absolutely low dresses; for hops not more than one.

-A very pretty indoor dress is of gray woolen, trimmed with passementerie and rosary beads. The silk underskirt has entered five; Ed Corrigan, two; R. self to a regime of cold water and cold is bordered with a narrow kilting; the air as a standoff for an original tendoverdress is plaited and ornamented with pointed tabs edged with beads; the tunic, which is plaited in front, is draped high at the side, the ends terminating with tassels. Zouave vest with full plastron.

It has been found that under the -In no point whatever is fashion subjected to any rigid rule in the shape vast trees of sage brush in Nevada there is a rich, deep, loamy soil, which can be made wonderfully productive with a of bodices. Of peaked waists, round waists, pleated or gauged waists, Jersey bodices, casaquins, or coats there is no end; they may be in either vest habit, Gretchen, cuirass, zouave. Russian, jaunty French, or severe Quaker -An exceptionally pretty novelty of the season is a bonnet made of suede style; they may be as long and "woodkid, dyed the exact color of autumn leaves—a rich golden brown. It is en" in their fashion as a Joan of Arc bordered with brown velvet, in which | bodice, or the natural waist-line may a vest of the leather

HORSE NOTES.

-A. J. Cassatt's Rica, aged, in entered for the Rockaway steeplechas

-There is talk of building a race

-Walter M. Greene, Treasurer of the Narragansett Park Association,

-J. D. Ripley will sell his entire stable of trotters in the spring. Phil Thompson, record 2.16; is among the

-Suffolk, Point Breeze, Belmont and Gentlemen's Driving Courses should each give a free-for-all purse for pacers to saddle at their coming spring meetings.

A pacing mare, said to be very fast, sired by Tyrone, son of Scott's Hiatoga. dam by Billy Bashaw, has been purchased by a Boston man in Wisconsin for \$1750. -N. G. Edleblute, of Brookville,

has addressed a circular to the trotting horse breeders of the western section of -"Beauty spots" are now painted the State, with a view to the formation -"Knapsack" McCarthy has shipped

his stable from Lexington. Ky., to Chicago. In the string are Richball, Mambrino, Sparkle, Marlowe, Felix, Belle F., Mattie H. and Otto K. -A revival of winter trotting and racing is coming in the South. Jack-

sonville, Fla., and Charleston, S. C., are already in the field, and Tarboro, N, C., is agitating the organization of a circuit. -Samuel Scott the breeder of Scott's

Hiatoga, Scott's Chief, Maria Scott, Duck, Tyrone, Bay Girl and a number of trotters and pacers, died at New Philadelphia, O., on January 26, at the age of 70 years.

-The entries for the spring meeting of the St. Louis fair races are as follows: The Carriage Builders' stakes is for two-year-olds, over three-quarters of a mile, and has sixty-seven subscribers. J. S. Clark has three nominations; S. S. Brown, three; the Palc Alto stock farm, three; F. B. Harper, two; W. Cottrill, two; Chinn & Morgan, two; R. C. Pate, one; the Santa The beauty of its folds and the colors Anita stables, four; P. G. Cocks and J. B. Haggin have five each; Ed Corrigan,

-Hyde & Behman, of Brooklyn, have purchased the Prospect Park Fair Grounds on Long Island for \$90,000, and it is rumored that it may be devoted to running purposes. The Engeman estate holds a lease of the property until November next.

The Jockey Club of Mexico will hold newer ones reach quite to the feet, and its spring meeting April 25 and May 2 and 3. The programme is a novel one and covers a wide range, including thoroughbreds, crossbreds, trotters to "wagon with single horse, form, and weight unrestricted," etc.

> -The black colt Sharpfellow, foaled 1884, by Longfellow, dam Scissors, by War Dance, out of Monomania, by Melbourne, Jr., property of Captain William Cottrill, recently fell and broke his back while being exercised at the Bascombe Course, Mobile.

-J. R. Hubbard, agent for Commodore N. W. Kittson, of the Erdenheim Stud, has sold to W. J. Fitzpatrick the ch. f. Sister Marie (1884), by Reform, dam Sister of Mercy, and to M. Yeokle the ch. c. Brushwood (1884), by imp. Woodlands, dam Nemesis.

-The following were elected officers of the New York Driving Club recently: President, David Bonner; Vice President N. L. Hunting; Treasurer, A. De -Velvet bretelles, a high velvet dog Cordova; Secretary, Thomas L. Watts, Executive Committee. Stephen F. Knapp, Nathan Straus, Charles H. Raymond, J. H. Miller and David Scott.

-The Sale and Livery Stables stakes is for two-year-old fillies, over three-quarters of a mile. This has fifty-nine subscribers. The Melbourne stables send two; W. L. Cassidy, two; the Fleetwood stables, two; the Palo Alto stock farm, two; F. B. Harper, two; R. C. -Some of the new sateens have Pate, one; J. B. Haggin, four; P. G.

-Quite a number of trotting records were beaten last season. Maud S. lowered the trotting record to 2.083; Patron cut the 3-year-old stallion mark down to 2.19; Anteeo made the 4 year-old stallion record 2.161; Fanny Witherspoon beat Monroe Chief's two-mile record 2 seconds by doing the distance in 4.43; Cohannet also lowered the pacing stallion mark to 2.174.

-The entries that have been made to the stakes of the Latonia Jockey Club this year are more in number than at any time in the history of the club. There are fourteen stakes, and 836 entries. During the spring meeting the following events will be decided:

The Clipsetta stakes, which is for two-year-old fillies, has sixty-three subscribers, and is over five furlongs of ground, Ed Corrigan sends four entries; J. B. Haggin, six: F. B. Harper a couple, and W. L. Cassidy the same number. Among the eastern horse owners represented are Blohm & Co., the Melbourne stables, and the Lone Star stables.

The Harold stakes, which is for twoyear-old colts, has fifty-eight entries, and is over five furlongs. J. B. Haggin C. Pate, two; W. Cottrill, the same number, S. S. Brown, two. The Santa. Anita stables send three.

-The Tobacco stakes is a selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, one mile and a furlong. This has seventy-one subscribers. Alexander & Hoffman have entered three horses; N. Armstrong, four; Blohm & Co., two; S. S. Brown, three; J. S. Campbell, four; Ed Corrigan, two; J. B. Haggin, two; W. Mulkey, two; R. C. Pate, two; J. & J. Swigert, three. The Cincinnati Hotel stakes is a

handicap for all ages, over a mile and a quarter, and has seventy entries. Alexander & Hoffman have three; N. nestle three tiny seagulls; the muff to match is trimmed with velvet and sumilar birds. There is a straight velvet collar to complete the set, a tached to a vest of the leather.

be relegated to half-way up the length of the waist, a la bebe, and yet be in best form. The only questien at present to be weighed in regard to the corstal to be weighed in regard to the co Armstrong, three; Blohm & Co., one;