

Dreamers.

Many a beautiful sunbeam plays in the forest deep,
Many a beautiful starbeam strays in the children's sleep.
Many a dewdrop glistens unnoticed by mortal eyes,
And lips that we see not breathe us the fragrance of other skies.
Deep in the depths of the heart strays many a golden gleam,
Many a beautiful starry enters the dreamer's dream;
Fewels that sparkle and glisten, breezes from balmy skies,
Live in the soul, ideal, all hidden from mortal eyes.
All the delightful landscapes outstretched to the mental view—
Beautiful worlds receding beyond the horizon blue—
Fancies that blend above it in streams that eternal flow,
Are to the dreamer's fancy as visions of long ago.
"Thus thus the sweet ideal beauty and truth are found—
Unheard, unseen as the treasures deep in the silent ground;
The soul, in its flights of fancy, its hidden and positive dream,
Lives more in the world that's real, and less in the world that seems."

THE HERMIT'S DAUGHTER.

A wild, rock-bound coast; here and here great lichen-covered bowlders lift their heads above the ceaseless, tumultuous wash of the billows.
High up upon the cliff is perched a dim, girlish figure, her hands lightly crossed upon her knees and her dark auburn, with its great, restless gray eyes, looking far out over the water. The moon is one that, once seen, can not soon be forgotten, and so thinks another, who, from a sheltered nook, has been watching for some moments the quiet figure.
The shadows of evening are falling fast; even now the sun, just vanishing in the west, is flinging out into the sky its farweld banners of crimson and gold. Yet still the girl sits motionless, with that strange, yearning look upon her young face which first attracted the watcher's attention.
At last he abandons his post of observation and strolls away down the moss-covered shelves of rocks, picking up as he slowly and carefully, in the uncertain light, along the dangerous path.

Suddenly he trips and catches himself; but with the next false step his foot slips into a crevice, and a sharp twinge at his ankle tells him that he must have sprained it. "What shall I do in this out-of-the-way place with a sprained ankle?" he thoughtfully, rarily trying to draw his foot from where it is held in the rock's jagged embrace. He finds that he is fast, and then he thinks of the maiden in her eerie perch.
Raising his voice, a loud call rings through the silence, and light footsteps approach.

"I fear that my foot is seriously hurt," he says. "Is there any place near where I can stop over night? I think by morning it will be all right, if I keep quiet at first."

The injured member has been deftly drawn out by strong, pliant fingers as he speaks, though not without using him to utter an exclamation of pain.

"My house is not very far off," the girl replies, "and, though my father is not fond of harboring strangers, I am sure he will shelter you to-night for pity's sake."

Guy rises and essays to walk, but it is evidently no easy matter.
"Lean on me, sir," says the girl, with a vibrating, musical voice and correct language, which strikes him as strange in an inhabitant of that rude, uncultured region.

Guy glances at the slight arm extended to him, and then down at his own athletic form, with a half smile.
"I am stronger than I look, sir; try."

She urges, he rests his hand upon her shoulder and finds she spoke truly; and, with frequent pauses, and leaning heavily upon his guide, he manages to reach her rude stone dwelling.

An old man, browned with exposure to the sun, and with long white hair hanging over his shoulders, stands in the lighted doorway, peering down the path. He hears the approaching steps.
"You are late, child. What kept you?" Then he sees the stranger.

"Whom have you here?" he says sharply, with a sudden, noticeable change in his voice from fond solicitude to displeasure.

"A gentleman, father, who has fallen upon the rocks and hurt himself."
Guy Ercolonne lifts his hat courteously to the ward, rough-looking man before him.

"Sir, but for your daughter I should even now be in painful 'durance vie.' Will you not complete the good work she has begun, by allowing me a night's shelter?"

Whether it is that the courtly bow and polite address call up reminiscences of the past, or that the charm of the frank voice and handsome face impresses even him, old Simon, (as he is called in the region around), with a low mutter, which can hardly be called assent, yet is not denial, turns and leads the way in. Guy follows, longing to rest his foot, which now pains him acutely.

The book is gently drawn off, and small, soft fingers bathe and bandage his ankle. Then the girl, whose name he learns is Elvie, moves around the room and prepares a frugal meal which is partaken of in almost utter silence. Guy looks, now and then, curiously toward his host, who eats with gloomily downcast eyes, and from him to the beautiful dark face of his daughter. In his own mind he soon satisfies himself that the man is one of those misanthropical beings who, forsaking the world, live in a solitude of their own choosing.

His sprain proves more serious than Guy had expected, and the next morning finds him unable to move from the shelter of old Simon's roof.

The hermit at first looks surly enough; but when he sees it cannot be helped he resigns himself to circumstances, and after a time, as he listens, apparently unheeding, to Guy's entertaining conversation and amusing anecdotes of that better world which is to him a

sealed volume of the past, his gloomy countenance softens somewhat.
A few days go by, and, evidently much to Elvie's surprise, her father, instead of spending the evening poring over his musty books, draws his chair near their guest and takes part in the conversation.

A sprained ankle seems a trifling thing, but it often proves very troublesome, and Ercolonne's long walk did not do his injury any good. So he is still obliged to keep perfectly quiet.

To tell the truth, it is no inconsiderable thing to him, for fate has never before thrown in his path one who so puzzles, baffles and bewitches him as does this simple maiden, with her lovely, refined face and rude dress and surroundings.

Elvie and her father's guest have many long talks. The girl, with her impulsive actions and her unrestrained delight, as she listens to his stories of the great world she has never known, seems a mere child; but her exquisite form, faintly rounded in the truest symmetry, and her face, with its ever-changing eyes, is a woman's.

More than a week has gone by, and Guy now thinks that he will be able to use his foot. He tells Elvie and her father so.

Old Simon flings back his long white hair with a sudden movement and starts to speak, then hesitates; finally he says:

"Stranger," so he calls him, "in the short time I have known you I have learned to trust you." He says the word "trust" with a strong emphasis.

"I had thought never to believe in anything outside of these walls again; but I feel that you are worthy of confidence, and would not stoop to a dishonorable action. Stay"—as Guy attempts to speak—"you wonder why I say this—let me tell you. I have not always been as you see me. Years ago I was a rich man—rich in money and affection, with a good business, a wife and this child," touching Elvie, who sits quietly beside him.

"A villain in whom I trusted ruined my fortunes, and worse than that, my fondly-loved wife was stricken suddenly and died. There is no need to speak of the anguish and bitterness I struggled with—it ended in my fleeing far from the haunts of men, with the one treasure left me in this world. Here I have been since. Now I am old, I may die at any time, and, though I do not fear death for myself, I dread the idea of leaving this child unprotected, she is without relatives."

"Father! father! do not speak of dying!" Elvie springs to the old man's side, and her dark hair mingles with his white locks as she winds her arms around his neck.

Involuntary tears spring into the listener's eyes. He is ever quickly touched by aught appealing to a sympathetic heart.

"What I want to ask of you is this," continues the old man, unwinding his child's arms and putting her gently aside: "When I am gone will you be a protector to Elvie. Will you place her in a position where she can earn her own living? She is well educated—I have seen to that myself. It is a great boon to ask from a stranger; but, as I have said before, I trust you. I have noticed that you already take an interest in her—will you see that when she is alone in the world no harm comes to her?"

He pauses, and gravely and solemnly Guy Ercolonne answers:

"I will."
Elvie raises her glorious eyes a moment to his face, then, turning, she hides them upon her father's shoulder.

As the old hermit parts from his guest he holds his hands and looks earnestly into his face.

"When I feel my last hour approaching I will send for you; until then—farewell!"

"As Elvie accompanies him down the steep path which leads from the cottage, Guy says to her:

"Elvie, when the time comes that your father is taken away from you (which I hope may be a long distance for your sake), I will take you to a dear aunt—my mother's sister. She loves me, and is childless, and will do anything to please me. Remember, if anything happens, send immediately for me—you have my address."

He pauses, and looks hesitatingly into her face. Surely, she is such a child, one kiss would be no harm. She lifts her innocent eyes to his face and holds out one tiny brown hand, and, as he takes it, warm and trembling, into his broad palm, he realizes for the first time that this girl, with her peculiar, winsome beauty, is more to him than ever woman has been before.

He raises the little fingers to his lips, and goes, not trusting himself to stay longer.

"What would be a sin," he thinks to himself as he strides along, "to disturb her sweet innocence; but some day, perhaps—"

The time is not long until his summons comes, and as hastily as he travels, there is one that travels faster. He finds a group of rough but kindly fishermen in the stone cottage, trying to soothe the daughter, who had flung herself beside the dead, refusing comfort. But useless are those soles, those passionate caresses; the stern lips which had ever been so tender to her will never again unfold to address her.

The quiet funeral is over, and Guy Ercolonne is glad that he did not speak what was in his mind that morning, as he notes how to no one else does the bereaved girl turn for comfort as she does to him, and like a brother he cares for her.

As they leave the rude cottage where all her life has been spent, with no companion but her books and the father just laid beneath the sod, Elvie gives one long look backward; then she leaves her old home forever.

Mrs. Trevor clasps her kind arms about the young stranger, and in a voice whose sweetness is like a strain of unfamiliar music in the motherless girl's ears, she bids her welcome.

Two years pass. Elvie is still with Guy's aunt, cultivating her great talent for painting and fitting herself to teach. When she speaks of obtaining a position to Guy, he always smiles to himself. He wells knows what position he hopes she will occupy; but he does not speak what is in his thoughts. She is young,

only eighteen, and he must not take advantage of her inexperience. If, when she sees more of this world, she comes to him, then will his happiness be all the greater for waiting. His business does not lie near his aunt's home, so it is but seldom he can be there.

One day Mrs. Trevor holds out to Elvie a miniature which she has taken from a drawer.

"Have you ever seen the picture of the young lady that is to be my nephew's wife?"

Elvie takes it in her hand mechanically. Her nephew's wife? Why does her heart throb so wildly? With an effort she looks at the pictured face which smiles up at her, so different from her own, with its sweet, timid expression, fair hair and blue eyes.

"I did not know he was engaged."
"Oh, yes, placidly replied Mrs. Trevor, laying it back into its case again; "they are to be married before a great while."

It is evening, in the gloaming Elvie walks up and down the veranda. To and fro she paces, her scarlet shawl slipping from her shoulders and trailing like a serpent or flame down her flowing black dress.

She pushes the masses of dark hair away from her forehead. Insupportable thoughts crowd upon her; her head throbs with pain.

"Fool that I am!" she thinks, "to have deluded myself that it was love that looked out at me from his dear eyes, when it was only friendship. Oh! she raised her bare arms to her head, "how it aches! Ah, it is not safe for me to stay where I may meet him any day! I must go or I shall surely betray myself!"

Mrs. Trevor wonders much at the passionate earnestness of Elvie's good-night embrace; but it comes back to her, and she understands, when, the next morning, she finds the dainty nest empty and that the bird has flown.

A brief note on Elvie's toilet stand says that she is tired of being dependent and has gone to carve a future for herself. It begins bravely enough, but the "bar-blotted signature"—"your sorrowful Elvie"—shows the lady that there is something besides the wish for independence. She sits down and thinks over all that has happened the last few days, and suddenly a light dawns upon her. Taking her writing materials, she pens a letter to Guy. He comes, and they confer together.

At last he says:
"Auntie, you may be right. The little proud darling, how well she hid her love—if she does love me. Would that I had spoken and told her what she was to me; but I feared to stake my all until I was sure, and now, through waiting, I have lost her!"

"Nay, Guy, surely she cannot be lost. I feel that what has happened was my fault; let us search for her together."

Five years have passed. Elvie left no clue, and though Guy and his aunt have searched unwearingly, they have never found even a trace of her they both love so well. Her disappearance is a mystery which their united efforts have not solved, and now Guy has given up all hope. He bears his grief manfully, but his aunt sees how he suffers.

One day a letter comes to him from his brother in his Southern home.

"You have never seen my wife save in a picture," he writes. "Come and acknowledge how much the reality exceeds the artist's ideal."

Guy accepts the invitation, and his brother presents to him with pride his fair mignonette-faced wife.

Time passes swiftly, amid varied pleasures.

One evening they are invited to attend an artist's reception. Guy accompanies his brother and his wife, and together they walk through the long rooms. Before one picture the crowd is somewhat dense. Guy edges his way in and gains a good position. This is what he sees: A stretch of rock-bound shore, against which great waves rear their white-crested heads; above the sky glows with the vivid hues of a setting sun; brown-bodded pines and scraggy shrubs cling to the rocks in the background, while at one side, upon a large jagged-edged bowlder, is seated the slight form of a young girl. She is gazing out over the sea, her hands lightly clasped about her knees, and her great, luminous eyes look out of her dark face with an intense longing in their depths.

Guy trembles as he stands. He knows whose hands must have painted this exquisite thing, which, voices around him are saying, "will surely take the prize."

He reads the artist's name in the catalogue—"Miss Elviet." He tells his brother something of his story, and with his help soon ascertains where she resides.

This evening Miss Elviet, whose picture has been pronounced the success of the season, is seated in her room alone. It is Elvie; the same beautiful dark face as of old; but there is a restlessness in her eyes, and she shivers slightly as she murmurs:

"Ah, all this praise is very sweet, but why does it not make me happy?"
The door opens gently behind her.

"Miss Elviet, a visitor wishes to see you."
Wearily rising, and drawing her crimson shawl over her shoulders, she walks through the long hall. "Another to congratulate me, I suppose," she thinks as she opens the door.

Some one starts forward; clasps her close to his heart, and, in a voice whose musical tones she remembers well, exclaims:

"At last! at last! Elvie, my darling!" She draws away with an air of haughtiness; her face is as chilling as Greenland snows, with never a bit of color, save in the perfect lips. Two or three dark, wavy locks, which have stolen from their confining fillet, flutter down upon the brilliant wrap which envelops her figure.

Again she speaks:
"Elvie, have you no word of welcome for me, after all these long years?"
"Mr. Ercolonne, where is your wife?"
He draws a picture from his pocket, and lays it in her hand.

"You have seen it before," he says, "it is a portrait of my sister-in-law. Did you not know I had a brother?"

Ah, Elvie, whom would I call wife but you?"
A wondering expression arises in her face; then she comprehends all, and, as he holds out his arms once more, she suffers him to enfold her, unresistingly, in their fervent embrace.

"Oh, Guy!" she murmurs, brokenly, "can you ever forgive me for bringing you all these years of pain?"
The next day a small party assembled in the celebrated artist's apartments, whom the world knows as "Miss Elviet," and before a white-robed minister Guy Ercolonne takes Elvie's hand in his, and vows to love and cherish her for life.

Mrs. Trevor waits on the veranda for her dear nephew's approach. She little knows the glad surprise he is bringing her.

They are a happy group this evening. At Mrs. Trevor's knee, in her old position, leans Elvie, her beautiful face looking up into the kind countenance above her, while she tells of the struggles and successes since she left her home five years ago. Not far off is Guy. He cannot bear to lose sight of his darling even for a short time, for he can scarcely realize that the happiness he has despaired of so long is his at last.

Harmless Tricks.

While we cannot recommend the following "tricks" as either new or brilliant, we print them because now and then a "catch" of this kind causes some little merriment on the part of the young people at father's, mother or uncle's expense.

Can you place a newspaper on the floor in such a way that two persons can stand upon it and not be able to touch one another with their hands? Answer: Yes; by putting the paper in a doorway, one-half inside and the other half outside of the room, and closing the door over it, two persons can easily stand upon it and still be beyond each other's reach.

Can you put one of your hands where the other cannot touch it? Easily; by putting one hand on the elbow of the other arm.

Can you place a pencil on the floor in such a way that no one can jump over it? Yes, if I place it close enough to the wall of the room.

Can you push a chair through a finger ring? Yes; by putting a ring on the finger and pushing the chair with the finger.

You can put yourself through a key-hole by taking a piece of paper with the word "yourself" written upon it and pushing it through the hole.

You can ask a question that no one can answer with a "no," by saying, "What does y-e-a spell?"
You can go out of the room with two legs and return with six by bringing along a chair with you.

The Buffalo in Colorado.

The buffalo which has long been known as the noblest animal native to this region, has become almost extinct, having been hunted to death, and is now found mostly in portions of Montana and Dakota. It is a mild, shy animal, its characteristics being similar to those domestic cattle. The male is a proud strong-minded animal, and is famous for its magnificent proportions and stately air. Buffalo can run no faster than horses, and are thus easily overtaken and captured. Hunters spring upon them from behind bluffs; they become startled, and rush headlong in the greatest confusion, by reason of which they always take the wrong course, and are almost invariably captured.

They are so scarce now that their heads are very valuable. Six years ago these heads sold for \$75; now they sell for from \$75 to \$150. They are considered invaluable in matters of collection, none, however small, being considered complete without them. Last year an Englishman who was visiting Colorado paid the exorbitant price of \$250 for a pair of heads which he bought here, and considered the finest he had ever seen.

The buffalo in the mountains are much darker than those on the plains. They are of a rich brown color, the shades in their fur varying from the darkest to the palest brown. Between these shades there are many lovely golden hues of a deep color, which are never so well seen as when the skins are spread out before an open, blazing fire.

The reflection of the firelight brings out the varying shades as nothing else will, and makes them a subject of universal comment among lovers of the beautiful.

Tattooing of a Japanese.

A Japanese when he desires to be tattooed goes to an artist with the design he wishes to have indelibly imitated on his body. The artist sketches the design more or less in full details, as the circumstances of the case may require, on the skin of his patron. Then, taking a wooden tool in which fine sewing tools are firmly fixed, the artist applies India ink or red color made from cinnabar to the points of the needles, holds the tool in the right hand, which rests on the thumb of the left hand, and proceeds to puncture the skin with marvelous rapidity; pausing at intervals to take on the needles a fresh supply of color. No blood is drawn except sometimes when deep shade is requisite, or when going over the elbows and knees. In a day a skillful operator can complete a picture requiring a few hundred thousands punctures in a manner surprising for its accuracy and varied delicate degree of shading.

When the work is finished the skin is bathed with warm water, which gives a slight pain to the patient, but brings out the colors with great distinctness. The only inconvenience experienced is a slight feverish feeling, which soon goes away. The tattooed parts are never irritable or sensitive, and there need be no cessation from usual work. At the end of three days the skin peels off like bran from the punctured surface, leaving the portions blue that have been treated with Indian ink, and those red that have been touched with the cinnabar.

—A \$10,000 club house at the Memphis race track is nearly completed.

FASHION NOTES.

—The embroidered harlequin shoe, with harlequin stocking to match, is a late English hostery fancy.

—Long gloves have many exquisite ornamentations, such as lace insertions, chenille, embroidery and hand-painted designs.

—The present exhibits show some most admirable effects in wide brimmed hats of the Gainsborough style. Some of them are covered with Jersey cloth, some with lace and a few with velvet, and long plumes are revived to trim them.

—The stockings for full dress occasions are most elaborate and costly. Bits of hand painting and lace confectations are in some sewed on to the instep instead of being "let in," which requires much care and skill.

—New black spun silk stockings, particularly suitable for the present fashion of low evening shoes, are embroidered in the front of the toe and leg with white silk, the designs being dots and squares, which have a pretty effect.

—Black stockings hold their favor with the public. In many cases ladies buy the light-colored ones and have them dyed. Some dyehouses color them so they will not crack, but although all promise this virtue few possess it.

—Silk gloves for the evening were never so pretty and tastefully trimmed and the most lovely shades in cream, pink, sky-blue, gold and tan, have lace-embroidered tops of the same hue. Kid gloves are very soft, white, cream and straw, can be had either with self-colored braid points, or plush ones.

—A number of serge and etamine polonaises, however, are cut like full skirted coats. That is, the back breadth are added to immensely in width, so as to make triple and quadruple box-pleatings that take their own fulness at the waist-line, and hang in straight folds to within five inches of the ground. The underskirt, either plain or trimmed with ruchings, is just visible below.

—Fashionable dressmakers are introducing greater elegance into toilets for the house. Very handsome tea-gowns made up of very rich materials, elaborately trimmed with lace, and opening in front over a silk or satin tablier are greatly in vogue as home dinner toilets. A tasteful model is of a trained over-bro of ruby velvet, something like a Princess dress, with loose open fronts, and under ones of cream satin, covered by a deep lace flounce.

—In spring and summer fabrics we are to see the most lavish displays of embroidery. All cotton materials will be very effectively, but not thickly, wrought. The present fancy is for sparsely set work, more like needle etching than embroidery. Flounces forty inches wide will have two-thirds of their width covered by this work, with applique figures in contrasting colors.

Embroidered pongee in similar effects will be popular, and also pongee having rosary beads are worn about the waist, with an end terminating on the right side in a clasp or hook, to which the fan is fastened. A novel combination in garniture is that of oxidized silver with jet beads, leaves or antique beads of the silver being set in the midst of jet beads of different sizes, cut to droop in flower shapes, or like bangles and sequins.

—The revived fashion of frayed-out or "pinked" silk ruchings, enables a choice of shaded colors in these trimmings, all selected with reference to the tones of the dress material, and like a variation on it, in fact. A white etamine had a foot ruching of brown silk, which was shaded with strips of olive into palest green and cream; and this again deepened into pinkish yellow. An artistic fancy can thus be gratified in blending its own choice of trimmings instead of always taking those that are ready-made.

—Ribbons and velvet ribbons furnish another fancy in trimmings. They are run upon dress-skirts to form bayadera stripes and to define the tucks in thin goods, making a lining to thin tucks and hems. They are put as bretelles and V-shaped trimmings upon bodices and wraps. For stout figures these bretelles and "V's" are taken very long and narrow, reaching below the waist-line in the back and thereby very much diminishing the breadth, while adding to the length of the waist.

—A new and fancy wrap for early spring wear is a visite of Persian brocade, oriental embroidery and a heavy corded silk. The silken sleeves are doubled under to the height of the underarm and held together by a gathered cuff and a ruffle of embroidered silk. The front of brocade is joined or fitted to the back by two side fronts of corded silk, giving the garment a look like a Figaro jacket. Each jacket front is fastened to the back by the shoulder seam and is sewed to the sleeve as high as the bend of the arm, where it stops. The middle of the back is of brocade and this centre piece is finished at the lower edge with a shell pleated flounce of embroidery. It is trimmed with ribbons at the neck and at the waist. The inside front of brocade looks like a full chemisette, and this, too, ends in an embroidered flounce, arranged in shell pleatings. The straight collar of corded silk is secured by an Egyptian buckle. The bonnet is Marie Anne style, with crown of brocade, the material being brought forward. It is trimmed diagonally with beads in the designs and colors of the Persian brocade. The trim is also fancifully embroidered and the bonnet is finished with corded ribbon strings.

—Jimmy Golden will train Mill Boy, and may possibly shape Butterfly for fall events.

HORSE NOTES.

—A Little Gleaner's salts will be good for your horse now.

—John Turner is to have Billy Button, 1.18½, again this year.

—Ban Fox is still favorite in betting for the Kentucky Derby.

—Miss Russell, the dam of Mand S., \$2,084, has been bred again to Belmont.

—A half landful of cake meal each day in the horses' feed will "alicken" his coat.

—The brown stallion Horizon, foaled in 1877, by Landmark, dam by Saechia rometer, has been imported into Illinois by Messrs. Stedaker & Co.

—A call for a meeting of the horse breeders of New Jersey has been issued at Trenton, the design being to form a State Breeders' Association.

—The book of the celebrated English stallion Hermit, is full for the season of 1886 at \$1250 per mare. This is an unprecedented event in the history of the English turf.

—Lizzie Dwyer, that was so seriously injured at St. Louis last year, and it was thought ruined, was backed by her owner, E. Corrigan, to win \$20,000 at New York a few days ago.

—Crit Davis received an order lately for two 2-year-olds (bay geldings) by Messenger Chief. This addition makes eight 2-year-olds by the above sire that Mr. Davis has in his string.

—Spain arrived in Cleveland on the 10th inst. with fifteen horses, purchased at the recent sales in Kentucky, seven of which belong to W. J. Gordon, four to C. F. Emery and four to A. J. McCrea.

—At Angeles, California, on the 12th the stallion Sultan, with a record of 2.24, was sold by L. J. Rose to W. H. Wilson, of Cynthiana, Ky., and P. S. Tolbert, of Lexington, for \$15,000.

There were also sold by Mr. Rose thirteen other horses, the get of Sultan. The total amount realized was \$40,000.

The feature of the summer meetings at Detroit and Cleveland will be the \$10,000 Guarantee stakes, subscriptions to which will close on Saturday, May 1. The Detroit Driving Club names 2.30 as its class, and the Cleveland Driving Park Company has agreed upon a 2.25 class. Each stake is guaranteed to amount to not less than \$5000.

If the entries roll in as they should, the sum will run above the limit. The conditions are: "\$125 to accompany the subscription; \$125 payable on June 1; \$125 payable on July 1, and \$125 payable at Detroit on July 10 and at Cleveland on July 17. The horses must be named and be eligible at the time the last payment is made."

—The dates for the spring meetings at the four Philadelphia tracks have been satisfactorily arranged. Point Breeze and the Gentlemen's Driving Course claimed the same dates—the third week in May—and up to a few days ago neither would consent to a change. However, the Gentlemen's Driving Course have concluded to take different dates, viz.: Tuesday May 4 and continuing four days. Suffolk will follow—May 11 to 14; then Point Breeze, May 18 to 21, and the circuit will wind up at Belmont, May 25 to 28.

The classes and purses will be the same at each track, as follows: Purse of \$500 for each of the following classes: 2.15, 2.22, 2.25, 2.30, 2.34, 2.36, 2.45 and 3 minutes; also 2.30 and 2.30 classes for pacers. The aggregate of the purses offered at the four meetings is \$20,000—\$5000 at each meeting.

—Pierre Lorillard's retirement from racing circles, gloomily proclaimed in the early winter months as an indication that the coming season would be unusually dull and uninteresting, has not had the effect which the sporting pessimist feared. Already there have been made such arrangements as are almost certain to result in an unusually interesting and profitable season.

For the Washington races 212 entries have already been made, as against 142 in 1885; for the Maryland club season at Pimlico, lasting four days, there are 144, as opposed to 114 a year ago; and for the New York American club's meeting there are already a hundred more engagements than when the lists closed last year. A marked increase in the number of entries for the Monmouth park races is also noted, among the many being the flyers of the most reputable turfman in the Union.

The prospect of heavier purses has not been without its effect upon the men who own quick steppers as far west as California. As for the Saratoga season, the secretary of the association himself writes that quite all the old and many new and noteworthy horses have been entered.

—The new English betting rules adopted last month differ but little from the rules in vogue in this country. The only rule where there is a special conflict is the third, and in the only a part. The new rule says: "All bets are play or pay, with the following exceptions: First, when the nomiator decides before the decision of the race; second, when the race is postponed to a future week or the conditions are altered after the bets are made; third, bets on matches; fourth, bets made after the running numbers are telegraphed about a horse that is not subsequently under the starter's orders."

Of these the fourth feature