

The Land of the Afternoon.

An old man sits in his garden chair,
Watching the sunlit western sky.
What sees he in the blue depth there,
Where only the Isles of Memory lie?
There are princely towers and castles high,
There are gardens fairer than human ken,
There are happy children thronging by,
Radiant women and stately men,
Singing with voices of sweet attire
The songs of the Land of the Afternoon.

The old man watches a fern of cloud
That floats where the azure islands are,
And he sees a homestead gray and loved,
And a hand that beckons him afar,
O, cheek of roses and hair of gold!
O, eyes of heaven's divinest blue!
Long have ye lain in the graveyard mould—
But love is infinite, love is true;
He will find her—yes, it must be soon;
They will meet in the Land of the Afternoon.

The sky has changed, and a wreck of cloud
Is driving athwart its troubled face,
The golden mist is a trailing shroud;
It is cold and bleak in the garden place,
The old man smiles and droops his head,
The thin hair blows from his wrinkled brow.
The sunset radiance has appeared
O'er every wasted feature now—
One sigh exhales like a breath in June—
He has found the Land of the Afternoon.

A SUPERFLUOUS GIRL.

"Another girl!" ejaculated Mr. Simon Williams in answer to nurse's announcement. "That makes four of 'em, and only two boys, and one of them weakly."

"This is a fine baby, sir," said nurse, "and seems strong and lively. She's got some lungs of her own, I can tell you, and you ought to be thankful to have such a promising child," she added, with a little indignant inflection in her voice.

"Of course I am," said Mr. Williams in a more gracious tone. "You don't suppose I wanted a fool or a cripple, but the fact is I'd set my mind on a boy, and girls are enough sight more in the way, unless they've got some snap to 'em, and precious little the other three have got, not a bit of my side of the house."

"I reckon this one'll have snap enough," laughed the nurse, "if she goes on as she's begun, and she has stepped back to attend to her new charge."

Said little bit of humanity was at present nothing but an apparently quiet bundle of flannel, pressed lovingly to the side of the pale mother, who sighed as she met nurse's cheery glance.

"I suppose Mr. Williams is disappointed," she said, "for he wanted a boy so much, and it is a hard word for girls anyway."

"He'll like her well enough when he gets used to her, and sees how smart and strong she is," answered nurse encouragingly. "I guess she won't be in the way much, only give her a chance. You jest go to sleep now, and when you feel a little stronger you won't mind his coming in to see baby."

Mr. Williams had really a good heart underneath a somewhat rough and irritable exterior, but he was quite wanting in the native refinement and generous nature which often made the contrast between himself and his wife so apparent. His temper was at times ungovernable, and his family dreaded his presence when he allowed it to master him. His children rarely gave him their confidence, and the boys feared the ready blow which came almost as promptly as the harsh word, while the daughters either submitted silently, or avoided exciting his displeasure.

Forty years ago, when this story begins, the life of the daughters of a family had very little range or scope, and the nurse's words "only give her a chance," meant a great deal more than they would to-day, when door after door is opened to the girl as well as to her brother.

Welcome or not, this blue eyed daughter had come to stay, and she showed it in every fibre of her positive little body as time went on. Her assertion and aggressiveness, however, were redeemed by a warm, generous nature, and a readiness to make full amends for any little naughtiness.

Mr. Williams himself did not complain of any lack of "snap" in this last of the four daughters, and was not quite certain whether to secretly sympathize or lose his temper, when she half defiantly resented an irritable, impatient, or unjust rebuke on his part.

"She's got lots of my side of the house in her after all," he thought with something of a secret chuckle, as he saw the sturdy little figure and uplifted head at such times, and noticed the deepening color of cheek and eyes, and the fearless glance with which she met his.

There was some trouble in deciding upon a name, but Pauline was finally compromised on, in memory of a favorite sister of Mr. Williams, who had recently died. The length of this appellation did not suit the little damsel, who insisted on calling herself "Paul," and after a while she went largely by that name among the children and her playmates, which caused various complications through having a boy's name attached to a little girl.

"She's just as good as a boy anyway, if she is only five years old," said the younger brother Rob one day, when this was being discussed. He was only four years older than herself, and was very fond of her, and nothing pleased the little maiden better than to coast with him on her small sled, or build snow men, and exchange snow balls in most lively fashion.

"A regular Tom boy," said the elder sisters, who felt very much as if some strange birdling had shared the common nest.

But "Paul" only laughed and found vent for exuberant life and spirits by climbing the trees and fences, and even the lamppost near by, and "tearing through" the lane at the back of the house in a race with her brother and his mates to see which could first touch the old tree at the end of it.

Once to her mother's great fright she fearfully climbed on to the very ridge-pole of the barn to rescue a pet kitten which had gone up by a gap between and not daring to descend, mewed piteously till Pauline went to her rescue. Unable to use the somewhat desecrated trellis, the girl had availed herself of

the fence, then of a neighbor's shed, and finally of a stout pole that supported a large bird house. The mother held her breath as she saw her descending, these doubtful supports with her kitten clinging to her, and relieved her overwrought feelings with tears, which greatly distressed Pauline who promised penitently with many caresses, never to attempt such a feat again.

"I only thought how scared poor Kitty was," she said, "and I didn't feel the least afraid. She looked real thankful when she saw me."

From ten to fourteen, Pauline was her brother's frequent companion in skating or rowing on the little pond half a mile away, or taking long tramps with him after berries, wild flowers or nuts, while the patient, much-enduring mother beheld with dismay the serious broads made upon dresses and boots.

"Let her alone!" said her father, in his more kindly moods, delighted that she had so much life and energy, while at other times he called her an idle good-for-nothing, a useless member of the family, for Pauline found it difficult to sit down to her sewing in the long, bright half-school days, or remain in the hot, close kitchen, long at a time.

"I said I never wanted any more girls. We had enough already," he would repeat when vexed at some lapse in these directions, or when his somewhat tightly held purse was opened to meet the necessary additions to Pauline's much-abused wardrobe.

No other baby had followed Pauline, and in the years which had passed since her unwelcome appearance, the eldest daughter had married and gone to a western home, and John, the elder of the two sons, had entered a banking house in a neighboring city.

"I'm glad, Rob, that you're not going away for a long time yet," said Pauline, affectionately, when these changes occurred. "I should miss you so much."

"I shall have to go by me by 'Paul,'" responded Rob, "but I'll get a place near home, and then I can come back for Thanksgiving and Christmas, and perhaps spend Sundays, too, and when I'm a rich man we'll live together, and you shall keep house for me, only you'll have to learn a lot of things beforehand, you know," he added, rather doubtfully, as he remembered Pauline's aversion to the kitchen and her sewing.

"All right," she answered, cheerfully. "I'll be settled down then, and I won't feel as though I must get into the fresh, bright air, and just race about for the fun of it. You see, although I enjoy school and my books it's rather too bad to be shut up over those long seams while the sun and the wind, and the birds and flowers seem to be just calling me all the time," and with a toss of her long, brown hair she rushed off like a young deer, challenging Rob, who was nothing loth to race through the lane.

"That girl will break her neck, yet," said her father, fretfully, to his wife one day. "There she was this morning in the horse-pasture, riding old Charley round at the top of his speed, with nothing but the halter to guide him, and astride of him like a boy. I shouted to her from the road, but she just waved her hand to me and rattled about the pasture as though she didn't hear me. I don't see what you are thinking about not to keep her more indoors and busy like the other girls."

"Because," answered the anxious-looking mother, who was quite used to being blamed on Pauline's account, she's not at all like the other girls, who could not be induced to do half the things which she delights in. It isn't because I haven't tried hard enough with her. I don't see where she gets all those ways from, and yet there's nothing mean or small about her, and she is never wilfully disobedient."

"I knew the moment I set eyes on her she'd be a bother, she might as well have been a boy clear through. Now she's neither one nor the other," grumbled her father.

Yet when Pauline appeared a few minutes later with her school books under her arm, and a great bouquet of wild flowers for her mother, which she had gone quite out of her way to gather, her cheeks all aglow with her rapid walk, and her deep, blue eyes bright with health, the mother, who dearly loved this troublesome child, could not say a word as to her recent escapade with old Charley, but thanked her with a loving hug.

"She's got such a good heart she can't but come out all right," thought the mother silently as she placed the flowers in water.

The years went by and Pauline and a somewhat delicate sister were all of the once large family of children left at home. The second daughter was also married, and Bob had persuaded his father to let him enter a technical school in the same city where John was, from which he could soon graduate as a civil engineer. Pauline had missed her brother very much at first but she had been the confident of all his hopes and plans, and as she realized how far his advanced education was taking him out of one part of her life, she easily persuaded him to repeat his German lessons with her when at home, and as she developed a decided taste for languages, she included in her high school course Latin and French, and thus felt that the beloved brother was not getting too far away from studies of mutual interest.

At seventeen she had lost most of her Tomboyish ways, though she still dearly liked a long ramble or row on the pond with Rob in his vacations, and looked forward to a skating match with him in the Christmas holidays. Old Charley had been replaced by a much younger steed, which her mother and sister regarded with considerable trepidation, and consequently Pauline was more frequently her father's companion in his drives, sharing as she did his love for a spirited horse.

Mr. Williams had long since accepted the situation as regarded his superfluous daughter, and in the absence of both sons, had learned to depend upon her for many little services which increasing years and some infirmities rendered necessary. He had been a good manager, and lived prudently on a moderate income for years without any regular business, the care of some real estate and the cultivation of several inherited fields just outside the

town taking most of his time. The latter provided hay for a horse and cow, and the vegetables for family use.

While the boys were for home little help washed about the place, but now a stout, somewhat solid young German had charge of the grounds and stable, who was greatly delighted that Pauline could understand him in his native tongue. "The Fraulein," as Hans called her, was to him the most wonderful lady he knew of, and he admired the deft way in which she assisted in harnessing Prince, when in too much of a hurry to wait for his slow movements.

Her early out-of-door life and exercise had given her an erect, graceful figure, and her bright, intellectual face and frank ways made her a general favorite. Her old impetuous manner and almost restless energy were no longer apparent. A deeper life and more earnest purpose were stirring the currents of her young girl's dawning womanhood, and her mother's heart silently rejoiced over this daughter whom she secretly acknowledged as the dearest of her children, if she could possibly allow herself to make any discrimination. The day she graduated from her high school as the valedictorian of her class, looking so radiantly fresh and fair as she came forward to receive her well earned diploma, her father, who had sat earnestly regarding her with a feeling of pride and a new realization of what she really was to him, suddenly found himself recalling the nurse who had brought him the unwelcome news, "God forgive me," he thought, "What would we do without her? She brightens up the whole house."

Pauline was no longer the superfluous girl, and when, in less than a year from that time, her idolized mother was suddenly snatched from them, and the confirmed invalidism of her sister obliged her to take full charge of the household, her stricken father, who had never known before what his gentle patient wife had been to him, leaned on her, as if their positions were wholly reversed. Obligated to keep back her own grief for his sake, and giving way to it only when by herself, she felt as if she could never have met the demands laid upon her, which she did not so much in the silent communion of her chamber the strength which alone came from a trusting reliance on Him who doth not willingly afflict. Rob's tender sympathy was also a tower of strength.

"She's just the dearest and pluckiest girl you ever saw," said the latter to his class-mate and chum, Rufus Hosman, "and you'll say so when you see her."

Rufus thought so, if he did not say so, when he did see her, but it was some time after that when he asked her to be his wife.

Her sister had soon followed her mother and her father's health seemed completely shattered. "I can never leave him while he lives," she answered tearfully, when Rufus pleaded his suit. "I am his youngest child, and the only daughter at liberty to give him the special care he needs, and he shall never feel a want that I can supply."

"I will gladly welcome him to our home," said the lover earnestly, "and I promise you I will be as a son to him."

"He would never be contented anywhere but here," she replied, "and he is peculiar and would be miserably unhappy to share my love and care with another. Besides we are both young and you have hardly entered your profession."

Rufus sought Rob, and begged him to convince Pauline that her father would be just as happy with him as in his own home.

"It's of no use," said Bob. "If Pauline has made up her mind, that ends it. I never saw the time when she came first with her, and her patience with father's ways is unbounded. I almost wonder at it," he added, "for when she was little, I've heard him say many a time, when he was provoked about some trifle, that she came without being asked."

"Such a girl can't help making a good wife, God bless her," exclaimed Rufus, "and I'll wait for her as long as Jacob did for Rachael, if necessary."

It was nearly five years before Pauline's dutiful and loving care of her father ceased. She had become as the very apple of his eye, and almost his last words were those of thanks and blessing for the once superfluous daughter.

"Seem's though," said faithful old Hannah, who had been in the family many years, "he couldn't bear her out of his sight those last days. Times had changed wonderful."

Pauline has been the happy wife of Rufus Hosman for many years, with happy children of her own, not one of whom but was welcome into the world which will surely be the better and brighter for their being in it.

Bob has never married, and makes his home with his sister. "She promised me, years ago," he says, laughingly, "she'd keep house for me, but Rufus spoilt all that. I had to have her do it for me sort of second hand, you know."

The children think that Uncle Bob is just perfection, and could never by any possibility belong anywhere else.

Superstitions of the Fair Sex.

If a young lady finds a four-leaf clover and puts it in the heel of her shoe, the first unmarried man she meets she will surely wed. The first gentleman she meets after counting ninety-nine white horses and one white mule, is her betrothed. The first gentleman passing through a doorway, over which is a "wish-bone" means that he and the lady putting it there will be married within a year. If nine stars are counted for nine successive nights, the next single gentleman that meets the fair one who did the counting is entitled to her heart, hand and fortune, if he is only as brave enough to ask it. These are only a few of the many superstitions the members of the fair sex have of deciding their fate. The latest is to keep account of the number of young gentlemen who tip their hats to them, and the forty-first tip is the lucky or unlucky one.

—Nevada, the dam of Luke Blackburn, has been bred to George Kinney.

CRANKS AT THE MINT.

Silly Men and Women Hunting For Mythical Millions.

Lots of cranks visit the Philadelphia Mint. The majority look sensible, and are well dressed, but some can be identified as insane at the glance of a block, and the attire of these are in keeping with their disordered intellects. Men and women who are a little "gone in the upper story," as the poet puts it, go to the Mint usually with but one errand—to collect thousands of millions of dollars which they firmly believe is there deposited to their credit. Most of them are from the city or vicinity, but once in a while one puts in appearance who has come a goodly distance by rail to get money supposed to be all ready. By long and painful experience the jolly chief usher of the Mint has been led to adopt one unvarying mode of treating his cranky visitors. He don't fling them into the street. He doesn't even order them away, or advise them to go to a place where intellects are cheaply repaired, but instead, he agrees to all they say, acknowledges that there are tens of thousands of millions of dollars, as the case may be, waiting for them, and then gets rid of them by some polite excuse for temporary delay in payment of their claims or sends them upon fool's errands to use government officials who exist only in imagination.

Recently a lady with a wall eye, a ragged black cloak and a bushy head of uncombed hair, walked up the Chestnut street steps of the Mint and demanded to be introduced to the "Treasurer of the United States."

"He is out," said the chief usher, who had had a painful previous experience with this visitor.

"When will he be in?" she asked fiercely.

"I don't know, madame."

"Show me the chief clerk?"

"He has gone to lunch."

"When will he be in?"

"In a couple of hours. Call again."

"I'll wait," said the lady with the unfurnished skull. "I have \$25,000 here on deposit. I'm going to draw it to-day. No nonsense, young man," and she sat firmly down upon a leather covered chair.

By persuading her to let her money lie a day or two in order to "draw interest," she was induced to depart.

Not long ago a clean shaven gentleman, 40 or 45, well dressed, looking the typical man of business, came to the Mint and asked to see the cashier. He was taken to that official's office.

"I am Gen. Jackson," said the visitor, "and have several millions on deposit here, placed to my credit by my friend, the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild of Paris."

"Ah, General, glad to see you. Be seated. Your money's all right."

"But I want to take it away."

"Now?"

"Right off."

"I am sorry," said the official, "but the fact is we have nothing we could give you except silver. Your deposit would fill several wagons. Leave your address and we will send it."

"Gen. Jackson," thanked his informant, wrote John—, 11— Girard Avenue; and left in the confident expectation of seeing his three millions carted home.

Some years ago, when the chief usher of the Mint hadn't had very much experience with cranks, a wild-eyed gentleman with a spare body and fierce mustache, strode into the Mint and asked for \$100,000 which he said he had left there.

"Get out. You have no money here."

"Do you think I'm a fool? Don't I know what's what. I tell you the money belongs to me. Hand it over, or I'll—"

And the visitor stepped forward, glowing with indignation, with his fist upraised.

He was pacified and told to go to Chestnut street wharf, where his money was due at 2 P. M., by a Trenton steamer.

Paper Pulleys.

A new use has been found for paper in the manufacture of paper pulleys, by the American Paper Pulley Company of Indianapolis, Indiana. Three patents for these pulleys were issued to E. B. Martindale last October. One for a composite pulley, formed of a cast iron hub, a web or body made of paper, pasted and pressed into a solid block; of the thickness to give the required strength, and this web surrounded with a cast or wrought iron rim, secured to the web by means of knees or flanges riveted through the rim and the paper. By actual test, it has been found that the rim having a uniform bearing upon the paper body, it is more steady, even and perfect than any iron pulley. The other two pulleys patented are, with the exception of the hub, made entirely of paper. One is constructed with a web or body the same as that used for an iron faced pulley, and this web forms a part of the face. Paper or pasteboard is then cut into rings and pasted and pressed upon either side, of sufficient thickness to make the required width of face. The rim thus formed is riveted solidly, and turned up to receive the belt. The other is constructed in much the same manner that paper vessels are made—by pasting and pressing sheets of paper.

FASHION NOTES.

—Beaded cuirass bodices in rich designs are worn over the dress bodice.

—Some of the ball dresses in preparation have sleeves that are visible.

—Overdresses of *corde de la reine* are worn with skirts of plain velveteen.

—Beige in gray, brown and biscuit color is the favorite material for spring wear.

—Gauze ribbons, striped and figured, will be much used for millinery purposes.

—Very elegant are the buttons of cut or engraved pearl with silver mountings.

—Flounced India mull dresses have French bodices edged with a frill below the waist.

—Walking costumes of summer serge or cheviot are made with a pleated skirt; a second skirt, much shorter, pleated across the front, forming a shawl-point at the side and a puff at the back. The bodice comes down into a peak both in front and at the back. It is trimmed with a collar and ruffle of woolen lace to match.

—For evening wear underdresses of transparent textiles are new summer satins in a number of pale beautiful rose tints and exquisite mauve dyes, to be used as princess slips under black or white lace dresses. Primrose, amber, deep coral-yellow, cameo and new gold are all fashionably used for satin slips under black lace toilettes. For "second" mourning, slips of pearl, dove or violet are largely used by fashionable dress-makers.

—A handsome seaside costume of white Yak lace, over cashmere, is another Paris design. It is slightly looped at the left side, and full drapery of the same is placed at the back. The waist is of cashmere, with two rows of Yak lace straight down the front, clasping with tiny pearl buttons. The neck and sleeves are bordered with black velvet. A large straw hat, trimmed with white plumes and lined with black velvet, is the design to be worn with this costume.

—Sangler and other crape-like tissues in self-colors are frequently combined with silk-striped pekings, in two or more shades of color. The stripes are placed either lengthways or across. The upper-skirt of the woolen material is draped as above described, showing the underskirt of the peking on each side. The bodices in the shape of a close fitting jacket, the fronts turned back into revers, and showing a plastron of the peking, put on with the stripes running the same way as those of the skirt. The sleeve-facings are also of peking to match.

—Frise velvet on beige etamine, or pale almond-colored canvas grounds, and also Persian brocaded stripes on ecru silk, grenadine are displayed, and many of the less expensive serge, mohair, camel's-hair goods and like materials are striped with lines of rich color, these lines both wide and narrow to suit individual taste. Summer home-spuns are shown with plain grounds for the overdress with stripes in suite for lower skirts. Summer chevrons are shown in many soft shades of gray, also Baltic blue and beige, water borders in green and beige, with borders in handsome Oriental patterns. These stylish goods promise to have a wide following for two seasons to come, as they make up into a dressy, effective gowns appropriate for all general occasions.

—A superb summer wrap, just imported, is made of amber silk canvas, brocaded with golden bronze velvet patterns in heavy raised Byzantine designs, and trimmed with golden bronze silk lace of the same pattern, mingled with bronze and amber colored beads. Another wrap of cream colored Venetian canvas, brocaded with gold, olive, cardinal and pale brown figures in Oriental designs, has a bordered decoration of appliques in beadwork wrought upon a groundwork of plain deep red velvet, the cashmere beads reproducing in their tints the richly-colored designs of the superb fabric composing the wrap. This decoration nearly covers the front of the wrap, which is made with "stole" fronts, and also comprises the deep Charles IX collar and rich bordering to the sabot sleeves.

—Among the most fashionable materials for the summer season we must notice sanglier, a sort of rough woolen crape; plain and fancy woolen etamines of various kinds; some of them with open-work stripes; and Norwich net, a pure wool fabric, the texture of which resembles thick net. There are also a variety of striped pekings, for, as we have several times repeated since the opening of the season, stripes are extremely fashionable, though, of course, not exclusively so, for one would soon get tired of wearing none but striped dresses. In fact, nothing is exclusive in modern fashion, and personal taste and fancy have full scope to exercise themselves. Plain fabrics are in great favor, and if the new striped and open-work tissues are in vogue this does not prevent self-colored ones from being also employed. It depends, of course, very much upon the style of costume. For a walking costume a plain material is best, and should be made up quite simply; for a visiting costume a fancy striped or open-work fabric can be very prettily combined with plain silk. Indian silks, thin and soft, known by the names of foulard, surah, pongee, etc., are used as lining or underskirts to fancy net or gipure-like woolen materials—those that are of an open-work pattern absolutely require some sort of silk lining. The silk skirt is made quite simply, either gathered or pleated around the waist. The lace-work tissue forms a second skirt, which is slit open on the left side; in front it is slightly draped, and the folds are fastened upon the right hip with a flow of ribbon; on the opposite side of the slit it falls in large hollow pleats, and at the back is draped up into a puff. The bodice is made in the shape of a Jersey, without bodice-pleats, stretched plain over a silk lining matching the underskirt, or else it is of silk, with merely a plastron of the lace-work fabric; or, again, it opens over a plain silk vest.

HORSE NOTES.

—Dexter's teeth are badly worn, and some care has to be taken with his feed.

—Fitzpatrick, of the Kittson stable, is now in the West, riding for the Corrigan stable temporarily.

—There are reported to be twelve entries to the \$2500 guaranteed stakes of the Cleveland Course.

—Isidor Cohnfeld drove Minnie Warren and Mollie Harris, a mile in 2.33, over Fleetwood this week.

—A movement is on foot to erect a shaft over the grave of Hambletonian, at Chester, Orange county, N. Y.

—Westchester Girl, one of the entries to the 3-minute class at Suffolk, trotted a mile in 2.26 at New York this week.

—Six colts and fillies of the Palo Alto shipment died of pneumonia on the journey from California to New York.

—The track of the Chicago Driving Park is built on leased ground, and the lease, which will expire next year, is not likely to be renewed.

—The once famous trotter Young Bruno, 2.22, is now owned by C. K. Lake, of Belvidere, N. J., and the old fellow is still well and sound.

—The trotting mare Sunset, in foal, owned by A. Cooper, fell through the stable floor at Oswego, N. Y., on the 6th, and was killed.

—G. W. Wilson's filly Lauragie, by Falsetto, after getting off seventh, finished second in the purse stakes at Lexington, Ky., on the 5th.

—Messenger Chief and Rienzi are looking finely and doing well, as are also a number of brood mares and colts at Macey Brothers, Versailles, Ky.

—B. J. Treacy, of Lexington, Ky., recently sold to Mrs. Squires, of New York, the 3-year-old colt Almont Messenger, by Messenger Chief. Price \$2000.

—Budd Hayden, whose training stable is near Harrodsburg, Ky., has a 2-year-old filly by Rienzi that trots quarters in 41 seconds, and promises to be very fast.

—H. Clay Mock, of Danville, Ky., has forty colts and fillies on his farm. Most of them are by Messenger Chief and Rienzi. He says they are doing finely this season.

—Mr. Straus has declined the invitation to trot Majolica against Harry Wilkes on the track of the Driving Club of New York in June. The purse, \$1500, is not large enough.

—Grit Davis, Harrodsburg, Ky., has thirty-six horses and colts in training. He has eleven Messenger Chiefs among them, and has five horses without records that can trot in 2.25 or better.

—Maxey Cobb was 11 years old when he died at Belmont Course, having been foaled in 1875. He was got by Happy Medium, dam Lady Jenkins, by Black Jack (Prince Nebo), son of Long Island Black Hawk. He was bred by Harrison Robbins, of Philadelphia, and passed through the hands of Edward Pyle, R. S. Maloney and A. H. Swan, to Isidor Cohnfeld, of New York, by whom he was owned when he died. Speaking of the dead stallion, the *Spirit of the Times* says: "Maxey Cobb inherited speed from sire and dam, Happy Medium got a 6-year-old record of 2.32, in 1869. Lady Jenkins had no experience as a public performer, but was very speedy on the road. Her grandsire, Long Island Black Hawk, was the founder of the family that bears his name. From his loins came Andrew Jackson, Jr., Dandy, Jupiter, Mohawk, Nonpareil and Plover Boy, all sires of fast trotters, and a host of descendants, male and female, that have sired and produced speedy performers."

—So great is the interest felt in the great Eclipse Stakes, to be run at the coming St. Louis meeting, that the managers of the Fair Association have published for distribution a complete record of the performances of horses engaged. By this it is seen that Freedom has started in 55 races and won 31; Modesty has started in 42 and won 23; Irish Pat has started in 29 and won 9; Hazaras has started in 29 and won 13; Miss Woodford has started in 40 and won 33; Pontiac has started (in America) in 22 and won 9; Editor has started in 25 and won 6; Clay Pate has started in 51 races, of which he has won 21; John A., the Californian, has run in 12 races and won 7; Philip S., has started in 24 races and won 10; W. R. Woodward has started in 23 races and won 7; Troubadour has started in 35 races and won 13; Freeman has started in 6 races and won 3; Kirkman has started in 12 races and won 9; Alta has started in 19 races and won 9; Binette has started in 33 races and won 13; Grey Cloud has started in 16 races and won 6; Lucky B. has started in 51 races and won 15; Volante has started in 25 races and won 9; Rapido has started in 34 races and won 12; Silver Cloud has started in 14 races and won 2.

—The sale of Coldstream Stock Farm thoroughbreds, property of John S. Clark, Lexington, Ky., took place May 7th at Treacy & Wilson's stable. B. C. Ezekiel, 2 years old, by Hindoo, was sold for \$3000 to A. G. McCampbell, Louisville, Ky., who also purchased the 2-year-old colts Gilpin, by King Ban, for \$1500, and Bob Kelly, a tall brother to Hipple, for \$1525. A yearling Ten Broeck colt, out of Queen Maud, and a yearling filly, by Longfellow, out of Katie, by Phaeton, sold for \$1000 and \$1100 respectively to Ed Corrigan, Kansas City, Mo. J. B. Haggins, San Francisco, bought the Longfellow yearling colt of Indemity, by Tipperary, for \$1000, and the Dwyer Bros. secured the chestnut yearling colt, by Hindoo, out of Lady Stockwell, for \$1050. The sale aggregated \$11,175, an average of \$241 per head. After this sale Ed Ingels sold a bay yearling colt, by Hindoo, out of Galatea, to G. M. Rye, Little Rock, Ark., for \$1000. J. E. Hodges sold Wandrette, a 5-year-old mare by Wanderer, out of Nellie Baoko, to Milton Young, for \$1125.