

His Sweetheart's Name.

Oh! would you know the sweetest maid
That e'er drank from the fountain,
The fairest one, the nearest one
In valley or on mountain?
If I should tell the secret now
You then would know it well;
But as she's mine, by vows divine,
I think I will not tell, sir.
Her eyes are blue,
Of tender hue,
And clear as yonder well, sir;
Through me you blame,
Her pretty name
I'll never, never tell, sir.
She's a farmer's daughter dear,
And trips among the daisies,
She's like a daisy, little love,
And I will sing her praises;
Though down the rosy, rosy lane,
To greet me she advances;
With smiles so rare, she doth not care
To meet a man's glances.
Her eyes are blue
Of tender hue,
And clear as yonder well, sir;
Through me you blame,
Her pretty name
I'll never, never tell, sir.
My little wild-flower bloometh sweet,
Afar from town or city;
Her maiden heart is full of love;
Her soul is full of pity;
The grand old farm glows with the charm
She gives, from field to dell, sir;
But as she's mine by vows divine,
Her name I will not tell, sir.
Her eyes are blue,
Of tender hue,
And clear as yonder well, sir;
Through me you blame,
Her pretty name
I'll never, never tell, sir.

LOVE'S AWAKENING.

"You understand about the medicine and beverages?"
"Yes," softly assented the new nurse.
She had laid aside her widow's bonnet and veil. In her black dress, serviceably unadorned, she looked very slim and young.
Though her hands were so soft and white, they looked capable. Mrs. Rameaux might be inexperienced—she owned as much herself—but she would assuredly learn quickly, and intelligently; and her sympathy would never be at fault.
This much the young doctor's professional intuitions told him as he saw her softly bend over her first cot in the extemporized fever hospital. Then he passed on.
She might be a young woman and a beautiful one. The atmosphere of the countryside around had been such these many weeks that a man, watching as he did, day and night, by the bedside of the dying and the dead, could have his drift and its nature scarcely such that facts like these would bear in upon it with any element of the exciting.
It had been an awful visitation. Hadn't it? It was so still. Day after day, week after week, the fever raged, knowing no abatement. Those who could flee, leaving all, did so.
Among those who stayed fresh victims were marked and dropped with every new sun. A great pall, an awe-struck fear, had fallen over the community. The spectre of Death among them, walking their streets, sitting down, a familiar guest at their very board, had given to all these blighted faces a serious expression.
When her friends, terrified at the spread of the epidemic, had asked her why she delayed leaving with them, Mrs. Rameaux had let fall some words which acted among them with the effect of an explosive.
"I shall not go at all. I shall stay."
"Stay!"
"Many hands will be needed—and I may be of use. It is what I have wanted. It is my opportunity."
She might have said it was what she had prayed for—the chance of devoting herself, of practically renouncing the world, of leading a consecrated life.
It had been her one wish since her husband had died—she scarcely at the time more than a child. All seemed to have died, too.
Her friends said she was morbid.
Mrs. Rameaux only smiled gently. Her smile in those days was sadder than tears.
"She will get over it said the friends next. So young, so lovely, how could it be otherwise? This giving up, as it were, of all her future; this monastic simplicity of dress; this visiting of the poor and the sick, and dedicating of all her days to the cutting-out of charity children's clothes—this was a phase; it must pass; the reaction would come."
There was a mingling of the sarcastic and the impatient in these asseverations. The impatience predominated, perhaps.
To prate of charity and the love of one's fellow-man, is a thing permissible in good society—provided it be not carried too far. But to have one's intimates suddenly proceed to put such theories into effect is a grievance to be looked upon as personally offensive.
But Mrs. Rameaux's unconsciousness and serenity under this half or wholly expressed opposition were singularly unwavering.
If this was a "fad" she failed to tire of it as quickly as flesh and blood usually dispose of such.
When this last astounding announcement came, the Rameaux acquaintance had an air of dismissing the matter as now having passed beyond comment altogether.
"Lucy always was queer," said one female voice.
"Not always," retorted a masculine organ more dubiously. "That is, she was always rather queer. But—well, having been married to Rameaux might be enough to—" Then the speaker bethought himself and stopped.
Meanwhile, the new nurse gently, with soft footfall, passed on in her self-chosen work. The weeks dragged by, still the fever raged.
She had held the hands of those writhing in sightless delirium of pain and moistened the lips of the dying.
The strain had told on her. The fine oval of her face had grown more transparent. About the full brown of her eyes the blue circles had hollowed.
She was bending now over the pillow of a young girl who had been hovering on the shadowy brink for days. Tonight the crisis had been reached.
The girl was of a singularly nervous and sensitive temperament, and

through all her ravings Mrs. Rameaux's low tone and magnetic touch had had a strangely soothing, controlling effect upon her.
Her dependence on both, her need of her voluntary nurse, came to constitute on the latter one of those claims by which all rich natures are held in bondage to some weaker one.
As she leaned over the girl and noted that the eyes were closed and the chest lifted regularly by the inspirations of a sound and normal sleep, she realized that the crisis was passed and the life saved. Mrs. Rameaux suddenly gave way, and burying her face in her hands, burst into noiseless sobs.
"Mrs. Rameaux!"
She started up breathless, coloring with anger at herself.
"I—don't think me a very weak. I don't know what is the matter with me."
Dr. May's sudden presence, the keen look of his grey eyes, were not to be borne.
"But I know what the matter is," he said. "You are worn out. You have been doing too much. Will you take some rest? If you do not we shall have you ill also."
He spoke with an almost abrupt authority.
"How can I rest? They need me." She looked from the bed in front of her through the open door to a vista of white coats beyond. The faint light of the night-lamp flickered over her black dress, and the white sweetness of her face, upon which indignation at her own most unwonted emotional weakness had already dried the tears.
"They do not need as much of you as you have been giving this girl," retorted Dr. May, pointing to the bed. "It is wrong. You lavish yourself. You can't expect to hold out at this rate."
She dropped her eyes, abashed. The conventional barriers were annulled between them. They were workers amid the dread realities of life and death. They stood together in an atmosphere where there could be no resentment at the directness of his speech.
"Lizzie depends on me so," she murmured in extenuation. "And—I have been sorry for her."
After the words were uttered she would have given much to recall them. Lizzie's history—connected with a man wholly unworthy—was common property.
There were elements in it that brought back Mrs. Rameaux's own tragic experience.
She shrank—with a sensitive flushing of all her face—from any allusion that might seem to bear upon that chapter of her life in which all her youth had been bruised and trodden upon.
What else could she do with a life in which the dreams of perfect love and faith had been shattered, shivering, with brutal thrust to the ground, but dedicate it to the impersonal service of humanity, wherever it had known misery and suffering like unto hers? The purity, the renunciation of her aim would throw a sanctification over that dark, brief period, from which the sinned against had seemed to issue with some of the blight of the sinning upon her shrinking soul.
May God give him rest! Mrs. Rameaux had only an awed sense of pity before the memory of her husband now.
As Lizzie approached convalescence, the fever, by a sudden impetus, seemed to reach a fearful culmination. In ten days the death aggregated an average greater than that of weeks previously.
Rest! There was no rest for doctors or nurses now. They walked, day and night, in the valley of the shadow.
Then, as suddenly, and by a freak as inexplicable, the cases abated. The power and fury of the disease had spent themselves. There was as though a great lull.
Mrs. Rameaux had stepped one night to the door. The wind was soft and humid, and there was a vague stirring of spring in the air.
Raged tatters of dark streak-like clouds swept the faint disc of the moon; and above the watcher's head the bare trees clashed together with a rattling of dry branches.
Mrs. Rameaux closed her eyes and drew a long breath.
When she looked up Dr. May was coming through the lighted hall towards the door.
He was pale, and she noticed at once a drawn look about his eyes that she had never seen before.
He stopped near her.
"Will you rest now?" he said. "You may. The worst is over. And—Lizzie is nearly well."
He smiled, and a faint color came into Mrs. Rameaux's cheek.
"You have more need to rest than I," she said. "You look ill."
"Do I?"
He still lingered opposite her. He did not seem to attach any importance to her words. The breath of the night wind brushed softly in between them. He put his hand abruptly into the pocket of his inner coat. The object he drew out was very small and dark.
"I saw these to-day, drying through the woods. They are wonderfully early comers for our cold climate. You may like them as a pledge that spring is upon us, and with it, I trust, hope."
His voice had dropped very low as he spoke. Mrs. Rameaux held out her hand, and in it he had two frail wild violets. She caught them, with a rapid, sensitive motion, to her face.
"Oh, I like them—I like them! Thank you."
And then she turned and left him.
Dr. May got into his buggy and drove slowly away.
There was a strange tumult in his veins. It was as though he could feel the throbbing of the spring in all this hushed, awakening nature.
His path led him by way of the woods again. Through the naked interlacing boughs above him the moonlight, white and watery, filtered in ghostly gleams.
Faint, intangible perfumes of stirring seed-life haunted the air. He seemed to breathe the very soul of the night.
A desperate joy that life was still his, to feel, to enjoy, seized him. Nature, long suppressed by the chill charnel-house atmosphere of death, asserted itself with a might rebound. He sud-

denny drew his horse with a sharp tightening of the muscles.
There was a reason for this throbbing and rush of blood through his arteries. And he had found it in the phantom of a woman's face, sweet and pale as a white camellia bud, and framed in black, that had risen and floated before him, luminous as a vision wrought from the beams of the moon.
He found all his patients doing well. He drove back rapidly. The whole night seemed full of her presence.
He had not hoped to see her again. But as he went in she was crossing the hall. She held some bandages in her hands and her sleeves were drawn up from her delicate wrists and the waxen curve of her arms.
In her dress he saw the two wood-violets. A silver bar of moonlight crept in through the high curtainless window and seemed to imprison her as she turned towards him with a half smile.
The fever in his veins burned more fiercely. Never had there been such a night as this! They two were alone on the face of the earth.
With his eyes on hers, drawing nearer to her, he spoke at once.
"I love you," he said—"I love you. I know it now to the full. You are the one woman, and we were meant one for the other."
White to the lips, she started from him.
"You are ill! Raving! You don't know what you are saying!"
He caught her by the hand with a fierce gesture.
"Do not speak in that way. What I say is as life and death to me."
She drew herself up to her full height, trembling in every limb.
"Then you should know that what you speak of is dead and buried for me! A grave separates me from any such experience again on this earth!"
The sunlight this morning had forced itself through the curtains with a particular triumphant insistence. It lay, a slanting column of golden rays, athwart the floor, and the notes danced in the luminous radiance with a giddy motion.
A convalescent's idle gaze, but half emerged from the land of visions, and wholly incurious, might watch the eddying whirl passively a long time; then, slipping from the sun's rays to the counterpane, might wonder vaguely at the emanation of the hands lying thereon.
Slowly, from this unfamiliar appearance of the familiar, a train of languid thought, quickening as it gathers momentum, might start.
Ah, yes; he had been very ill. Of course it came back now. And that which had occurred before the illness—what was that haunting thing? The vision of the fair face that had been with him through all his delirium came, an almost palpable presence, and brought the weak tears to his eyes.
She had not wanted his love because the first love that she had given to any man had been held more lightly than the pleasures of a night's carousal, than the price of a horse. Because the man she had bestowed her young life upon had been unworthy, because this rare pearl had been cast before a brute, she had shut the springs of her nature against the appeal of passion.
Dr. May heard of the consecrated life the young widow had seemed to resolve to lead. He had not believed at the time that the resolve would hold. No young woman's heart could die so completely, could sleep so profound a sleep until the end. And now—
He turned his face to the wall.
A slight snore roused him.
Mrs. Rameaux came in softly. She was pale as the white band about her throat. Pale? As she met the broad, clear gaze of the haggard eyes, in which full intelligence had only returned to mingle with a nameless pain, the color swept, mounted, deepened, with a suffusing rush, over neck, brow and cheeks.
She took another step forward. Her lip quivered. One despairing effort she made to master the emotion, then, like a tall, slender sapling that is felled to the ground, she dropped suddenly on her knees, and, as once before, buried her face against the border of the cot.
It was deathly still in the room a long interval, except for her sobs. Then he touched her bent head.
"Oh, I have hurt you! I have agitated you! How ill you look!"
"No," came the deep breathless answer. "You make me live!"
She dared not speak or move, holding his hand in both of hers.
Then when the spasm had passed:
"Is it true, dear, the beautiful color came sweeping over neck and brow?"
"Oh, I never thought to love—I never thought to open my heart in this way again!" she cried with a sobbing appeal. "It is all so strange! Just when I thought my life-work had been traced out for ever! But when you fell ill—when you took the fever—the very last one of all—"
"Hush, hush! Are you sorry the awakening has come, love?"
She had buried her face against his arm.
"I am weak—to love you," she whispered low.
But for all answer he drew her close.
"You have suffered," he said simply. "But, please God, I shall atone."
—Spanish and Russian short jackets of flounce lace are made up over surah, the edges of the jacket formed of the well-defined scallops of the lace, these opening over plaited or shirred vests of the silk. There are also cream-colored sets of Irish point lace, which include gilet cuffs and deep Charles IX collars, ready for use at a moment's notice, and always dressy and becoming. Also marine collars with scarf ends attached, in beaded nets and all the fancy white, and cream laces, to say nothing of legions of beautiful devices in lace, from the stately Medici fraise to the simple ruche and frills of etamine net.
—Immensely big buttons—too large to pass through a button-hole—are used simply decoratively, being sewed on dresses that are fastened with hooks and eyes.

LOOK AT YOUR SOLES.

Different Styles of Shoes.
"New pair of shoes, eh? Well, I guess you need them, and I'm not certain but I need a pair myself from the looks of these soles," said the speaker, by crooking his left knee and placing his left calf on his right knee, exposed to view a sole with a hole worn in the centre. Continuing his remarks, he said: "Strange, isn't it, how many shoes are worn in this country in a year, and also the different styles! There you see a stylishly-shaped shoe, with tapering toe and well-rounded heel, and in your mind's eye you see it on the foot of some elegant gentleman of fashion. Following this same shoe, you see it in the ball room, gliding with peculiarly fascinating motion over the polished floor, keeping time to the latest waltz, polka or schottische. Still follow, and it leads you into fashion's proudest bowers, to theatres; then into the streets again, with its tap, tap on the hard pavement, it leads you into the morning it causes its follower to turn from it in disgust at its unsteadiness and tendencies to turn first to one side, then the other, scarcely ever touching the sole (a case of walking on the uppers, as it were) owing to the lubricated condition of the wearer."
"There goes a coarse cowhide brogan, with hob-nailed sole, a shoe made as tho' 'twere intended to last forever. It bears an honest, whole 'soled' appearance, and is a shoe that should make friends with all mankind. Its very appearance makes manifest the hard labor of its wearer, and should command the respect of both high and low. If that shoe could talk, it would spin a yarn that would wring tears from a newspaper theatrical critic."
"Place that shoe (pointing to a dainty No. 2, as it glided by on the foot of a petite blonde) beside the one just spoken of, and it will form quite a contrast. The high French heel, arching instep, gracefully-tapered toe, were, indeed, things to be admired, and the artist's eye lingered critically until the wearer turned up a side street, obscuring the view."
"Here's a boot now that every one of the male persuasion should regard with a love that memory can not outlive. How well do I remember my first pair, just exactly like those—the red tops, copper toes, identically the same. Was there ever a prouder boy on earth? Was there ever any one of more consequence than I when I strutted about in my first boots? With head up in the air, turning from side to side to see that every one was cognizant of the fact that my feet were increased in my pockets; that on one side, hands in my pockets and fingers distended, to give as large an appearance to myself as possible, I felt that I was the envy of all the boys of my own age, and that all the little girls were admiring me. Hence, in my own estimation, I was the only boy in the world. Ah, well, it's all over now, and those little boots have given way to number twelves. See, there they are."
"But look; there goes a shoe that makes me shudder every time I see it. It seems to bear within the insignia of crime, and nine times out of ten, if you raise your eye from such a shoe to the face of the wearer, you will decry a brutal, hang-dog looking face, that would scare an average infant into a fit; or a handsome (?) pale face, with a wicked eye, that belongs to a pick-pocket or sneak-thief. Just look at the shoe, now—a broad, ungainly-looking thing, with a double-decker sole, turned sharply up at the toe, the whole ending with an unsightly bow. Ugh! It makes me shudder to see it."
"But here's another. See the little toddler who has begun to walk so young that he is inclined to be bow-legged. Notice the little chunks of black at the end of his chubby legs. They are shoes that serve as mementoes of early days in nearly every family in America. We don't know for certain whether babies are proud of their first shoes or not. My observations in this direction have in some cases inclined me toward the affirmative, and in others toward the negative. I do know, however, that the first thing the little fellow does when he has them put on his little feet is to kick as hard as he can to see if he can shake them off, and not succeeding, he grasps one at a time with his two dimpled fists and puts it into his rose bud mouth to see how it tastes."
"Now, here is a pair of shoes, a little out of the ordinary run, they were built for a hunting shoe, or boot, after the idea of a young gent here in town. They afford protection from cold, keep out snow and water and brace the leg. Then, here's the riding boot—a boot that might tell many a thrilling story were it imbued with life and furnished with a lively tongue. It's a pretty thing, isn't it? And I tell you, to see them filled with the calves of a good-looking young gent hanging gracefully on either side of a horse, is a sight for sore eyes."
Milk Venders of the Canary Islands.
Another industry is that of milk venders. Goats' milk is used almost exclusively. And instead of carrying the milk about in gourds or in cans, the goats themselves are driven into town every morning, and are milked in front of the purchaser's door—he himself or his servant inspecting the entire process. This certainly prevents the milk-ship with the pump. Goats do not seem to be used for draft. The yoke does not take hold of the fore-shoulders as with us, but are fastened to the forehead just below the horns; so that the cattle seem to bunt their load along rather than to draw it. I understood that the gain in this sort of harness is that thereby thereby they secure the strength of the neck as well as that of the body. If they would hitch to the top of the horns they might get the strength of those too.
—Crit Davis, of Harrodsburg, Ky., purchased recently a chestnut coupe horse, 5 years old, sixteen hands high and very stylish, for George A. Singlerly.

FASHION NOTES.

—Wide, white Hercules braid, fringed and knotted at the ends, forms the sash belt falling low on the hips of many frocks for girls of 12 to 15.
—When the sacque-form of frock is used for little girls it is now so trimmed as to simulate a long, round waist and full skirt, with high hip draperies.
—Pen-jackets are provided for cool days, and there are summer ulsters and dust coats for traveling. Play suits are made of thick twilled linen, and for country use mothers will find a blouse and kilt skirt of dark blue denims one of the most useful items in the outfit.
—The new silk mulls have stripes of mossy looking frise that are very pretty in combination with the thin foundation fabric. Other goods of this sort have stripes of satin and open-work, like revering. Yet others have an over-pattern resembling netted chenille, the heavy spots; where there is the appearance of knots, being made of thick plush.
—Coats and kilts of chevrot or flannel, and also of thick brown and gray linen are shown for country wear. For dressy suits there are jackets and kilts of fine linen duck or cord pique. These are worn with blouse waists of fine cambric having plain or embroidered ruffles at the neck and wrists, and also down the front. The kilt is attached to a half-fitting underwaist, and the blouse falls over it from beneath the jacket, which reaches only to the waist.
—For elegant summer evening gowns are displayed frise velvets on etamine grounds, and also very rich and beautiful Persian brocaded stripes on pale fawn and ecru canvas foundations, to be made up in conjunction with plain fabrics of like texture. Many of the less expensive serges, molairs, camel-hair goods, and like fabrics, are striped with lines of brilliant color; these lines are both wide and narrow, to suit individual taste. Summer homespun dresses are shown, with plain goods for the overdress, with stripes en suite for the panels, vest, etc., or for the lower skirt entire.
—Other dresses have long half-fitting waists, and straight skirts in kilt-plaits set in. These skirts may have three tucks each about an inch wide, or they may be altogether plain. Some dresses for small boys are ornamented with simple braiding patterns on the collar, cuffs, belt, and the plaits of the waist. There are also suits of white pique with embroidery and insertion, but there are so many boyish styles and materials that these dresses do not find much favor among mothers who are "willing that their sons should be boys."
—The new parasols are positive novelties, and are of beautiful design. There is one made of four rows of transparent Chantilly lace, with a hand-some carved ebony handle. The Marie is of Spanish lace, in both black and white. The Marquise and Handrun are lace-covered parasols in white, black and beige colors, with olive-wood handles and gilt chains. The coaching club parasols are of numerous designs, with elaborate carved handles, in color showing a tendency to quieter tints than have been usual of late. There is one with alternate stripes of cardinal and mauve of transparent texture.
—There is a new black crape in the market that bids fair to eclipse in point of durability anything in this line. It is woven in the peculiar effect so familiar in English crape, and is dyed as it last process. It is evident that if it will go through the dyeing process without taking out the crimp, it must be able to withstand the wear and tear of ordinary use. There has been so much complaint of crape within the past few years that it has quite fallen into disrepute, and that there is something more reliable will be welcome news to those who feel constrained to wear it.
—Every-day suits for boys are made of gingham, linen, blue apron check or light flannels or suitings. They are in one-piece suits for younger boys, and in kilt suits for the next grade older. The little dresses that the well-grown boy at 2 or 2½ years should wear are made with a yoke, and either one box-two in front and at the back, or one box-side of the middle, five box-plaits both in front and at the back, or with three in front and three in the back. These may be real plaits, or the material may be cut out underneath, making the waist cooler and lighter. The plaits are stitched down to the waistline, and the fullness below this point makes the skirt. There may be a plain hem only, or the hem and several tucks above it. Some of these dresses are double-breasted and have two rows of buttons. Metal buttons or of wooden vegetable ivory are used on woollen goods, while pearl or bone buttons are more appropriate for washable materials.
—Flannel suits should be kept in suitable wearing condition throughout the entire season, and during the cold spells or long rainy seasons the little ones should be dressed in them. Of course every child wears gossamer underwear, and this with gingham or linen dresses does very well with ordinary weather; but there is a chilly dampness at intervals in our climate that requires something for proper protection. As soon as the boy, by reason of years or size, has outgrown his dresses, there are kilt suits of serge, flannel, camels'-hair or any of the lightweight wool fabrics that are ordinarily employed for boys' wear. The skirts are laid in deep plaits, often with a single, very wide box-plait in front and narrower plaits around the rest of the skirt. The coat can either be double or single-breasted, and there may be side or box-plaits or a vest, in the latter case the sides of the coat being slightly cut away at and below the waistline. There are no collars on any of the new coats, the collar of the skirt waist upon which the skirt is buttoned turning over the neck of the coat, which is bound or faced with braid or stitched by machine. The cuffs of the shirt waist reach the wrists and show a line of white below the sleeves.
—Maud S. is being trained to trot without toe-weights.

HORSE NOTES.

—A. J. Cassatt has purchased of Colonel Dowell, of Virginia, the promising 3-year-old, Eolian and Eurus.
—Mr. Bonner's g. m. Russell, 6 years old, a full sister of Maud S., has been bred to Startie, sire of Malojica.
—A Denver (Col.) dispatch says that Clifton Bell, of that city, has purchased the California crack, Beaconsfield for \$10,000.
—Mr. Duryea offers to match Adèle Gould against Billy Button, and for somewhere in New Jersey, on a half-mile track, on July 5.
—Lester B. Goff has sold to Mr. A. C. Vail, of Plained, N. J., the bay mare Belle Mitchell, by Fiska's Hambletonian. Price, \$2500.
—Detroit has raised the purses for the 2:27 and 2:25 classes on the Grand Circuit programme from \$1000 to \$1200, making the sum total of purses, \$21,500.
—Pierre Lorillard has resigned the Presidency of the Monmouth Park Association, to which he was recently elected to succeed his brother, the late George L. Lorillard.
—C. N. Payne's blk. a. Boom was one of the entries to the free-for-all novelty race at Rochester, which did not fill. Harry Wilkes and Phil Thompson were the other entries.
—Mr. Joseph Aitken Coleman's mare, Lady Marmingo, by Marmingo Pilot, foaled on May 23, at Cedar Park Farm, a very promising colt, sired by Stranger, son of Goldsmith Maid.
—The b. g. Dart trotted a half mile in 1:03 at New York this week. The b. g. Colonel Wood did a mile in 2:25½, and S. N. Dickenson's pair of mares, Jane R. and Flora Hoff, trotted a mile in 2:27½.
—Mr. Kendall, the owner of the g. s. Don Carlos, by Highland Gray, has at his place at Melrose, N. Y., a full brother and sister to that horse—Roscoe C. g. s., 5 years old, and Florence, ch. m., 6 years old.
—Dynamit, a sailing plater with only one eye, jumped through the inside fence in a race at Covington last week and was almost instantly killed. The jockey, Scott, escaped unhurt. It is a curious coincidence that the same rider was on Rowdy Boy, also a one-eyed animal, when the latter jumped over the fence at the Mobile December meeting.
—The following shows the ages at which some of the best trotters obtained their fastest records:

Name	Age	Time
Maud S.	11	2:08½
Jay-Eye-See	6	2:10
St. Julien	11	2:11½
Barus	11	2:13
Maxy Cobb	9	2:13½
Phyllis	8	2:13½
Clingstone	7	2:14
Trinket	6	2:14
Goldsmith Maid	17	2:14
Hopful	12	2:14½
Harry Wilkes	8	2:15
Lulu	12	2:15
Majolica	8	2:15
Scragler	10	2:15½
Clennie G.	7	2:16
Hattie Woodward	8	2:16
Phyllis	11	2:16
Anteo	6	2:16½
Edwin Thorne	11	2:16½
Fannie Witherspoon	10	2:16½
Luelle Goldust	11	2:16½
Maud Messenger	8	2:16½
Wilson	8	2:16½
American Girl	12	2:16½
Darby	9	2:16½
Jerome Eddy	7	2:16½
Phil Thompson	9	2:16½
Charlie Ford	9	2:16½
Occident	10	2:16½

—The Suburban handicap, which was run at Sheephead Bay on Thursday, June 10th, resulted in an easy victory for S. S. Brown's br. c. Troubadour, by Lisbon, dam Glenine, his time being 2:13½. There were twenty starters. This was the third running of the Suburban, a sweepstakes for 3-year-olds and upward, at \$100 each, half forfeit, \$25 only if declared by February 20, with \$2500 added, the second to receive \$500 of the added money and 20 per cent. of the stakes, the third 10 per cent. of the stakes. General Monroe won the first Suburban, with 124 pounds up, in 2:11½, and Pontiac, last year's winner, made the distance (1¼ miles) in 2:09½, carrying 102 pounds. Mr. Brown is said to have won \$42,600 on the victory of his horse outside of the stakes. The new York World of June 11, has this to say of the race: "In racing circles, especially since the Kentucky Derby was run, no other event has been so discussed. Of the eighty odd acceptances more than a dozen had been named as sure winners. Twenty riders weighed in and their names were promptly displayed, which showed that the public and the sporting writers generally had been very correct in their judgment of those that had good chance to win, for the only 'sure things' absent were Exile and Pontiac. The latter had never been considered a sure starter, while Exile after his race at the Beach on Wednesday developed a splint, and had to be 'scratched.' As to the twenty that did appear, they presented a magnificent spectacle. They got an even start, which was virtually a sure thing with the flag in Captain Connor's hands. They ran a good race, and while the finish was not as close or exciting as was when General Monroe just beat War Eagle and Jack of Hearts, it was a good race cleverly won by Troubadour, with Richmond second. A way back in the ruck were the blasted hopes of thousands who had pinned their faith and invested their money on Joe Cotton, Favor, Ban Fox, Barnum, Lizzie Dreyer and Springfield, all of which had been named sure winners. Troubadour ran in the lead from start to finish, and won very easily. He was well ridden by Fitzpatrick, who never once became flurried, but simply let the horse race along as close into the rails as he could run. The success of Captain Brown, who hails from Pittsburg, must have been very gratifying to him, especially as he not only landed a good stake, but raked in a good sum in bets, much of which was on at 70 to 1.