A pain or a pleasure, a smile or a tear -What does it matter which we claim? For we step from the cradle into the bier, And a careless world goes on the same. Hours of gladness or hours of sorrow, What dees it matter to us to-morrow?

Truth of love or vow of friend-Tender caresses or cruel sneers — What do they matter to us in the end? For the brief day dies and the long night

Passionate kisses, or tears of gall,

The grave will open and cover them all, Homeless wagrant, or honored guest Poor and humble, or rich and great-All are racked with the world's unrest, All must meet with the common fate, Life from childhood till we are old, What is all when all is told?

PERILS OF AUTHORSHIP.

Mildred's pretty face wore a new expression as she toyed with her teaspoon and tried to fluish her roll and coffee. John had just left her for his office. They had been married three months, and the serious aspects of life were for the first time presenting themselves.

"I wish I could do something to help John," thought Mildred, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window. has to work so hard," and she gave a little sigh.

What can I do?" she pondered, "What can I do?" she asked herself again and again, as with deft touch she straightened and arranged the dainty apartment.

Suddenly her face looked as if the door had opened and flooded it with sunlight.

"I know what I will do; I will write a story. I know I can if I try. People do not have to be so awfully clever to you said yesterdaydo that. It is a knack, not a talent. There is Mrs. ---, who has made heaps of money; and her stories are only poor he had so trusted her! The room had trash-all of them. John says so.'

outline of a plot was dancing in her ex- read en-upon what you said yesterday, cited young brain, and as soon as she but I am at last resolved. I will not could get the time she sat down with a see you again. Any attempt to make pad and sharpened pencil. Then came me break this resolve will be fruitless. a pause. "How shall I begin?"

She drew little geometric figures on blame that this marriage hasthe margin of her paper as she reflected, her thoughts seeming to revolve in a turned into stone, his face blanched, circle, returning over to the place from his muscles tense. Then a ray of hope wrote:

"In a small village on the banks again, then wrote:

second sheet of the pad went into the day. Oh, it is too horrible!"

waste basket. the superfluous first three pages, which never"- At that moment the tele- dull ones, might with benefit to most stories be phone bell rang. He took no notice of eliminated-for John was a journalist it, "I shall never"- Again it rang and literary critic, and his standards and ideals, were just on the measure of There was no one else to answer it; he her own. So she thought with great must go. So he said huskily, "Hello!" deference of what he had said about

tedious preambles. "He is right," she said with decision. "It is the personal interest in the characters which we are looking for in reading a story. All that comes before that is tedious superfluity.

"I will dash right on with a letter from the heroine, which will at once explain the situation." So with the confidence which came from feeling herself at last on the right track, she wrote:

"Dear Frank-I return herewith the letters, which of course I have now no away-good-by." right to keep. I need not tell you what it costs me.

"I have reflected much upon what tain a profounder meaning. you said yesterday, but I am at least resolved. I will not see you again. Any attempt to make me break this resolve will be fruitless. God knows you have only yourself to blame that this marriage has"-

'Please ma'am," said the cook, coming suddenly in upon the young authoress, "Please ma'am, the butcher is Will you come and see him and give the order yourself about havin' them chops frenched, or whatever it

"Oh, what a bore," sighed Mildred. "I was just getting into the swing of it." And she left the manuscript upon her desk to be resumed later. The matter of the chops disposed of

there were other things requiring attention.

At last, however, she was at her desk again. She read over the letter with which her story opened to see how it sounded. "Really," said she, "I think that starts off very well," and I was fool enough to think you"then she took up the broken thread. "Only yourself to blame that this marriage has"- A violent ringing at the telephone again broke the current. "Hallo," said our young novelist.

"Mildred, is that you? "Yes, is it you, Alice?" "Yes. Mamma does not feel very well and wishes you to take luncheon with us. She has sent the carriage. Be ready to come soon as it arrives." viously no more authorship to-day. So knows I wish you had not." slipping her paper into her desk she de-

parted. The new purpose of authorship but he pushed her away angrily. "No, brought a great light and hope into no more of that. That has lost its Mildred's life. She pictured to herself | charm, his reading her story, possibly reviewing it. After he has written all kinds of pice things about it I will tell him that I am the author; or-and her heart turned cold and sick-what if he should say it was trash? For, of course, like other good critics, John was seldom pleased. If things were all excellent, what would be the need of critics? So he had cultivated the art of discovering flaws in what seemed to ordinary readers pure gems. He had developed rather a talent for pillorying people in a John's eyes had ever before beheld in single terse phrase, and was much her. She, too, was angry now. valued for his skill in beating down with the editorial club tender young themselves heard. This sounds brutal. In his personal characteristics none

and believed it too-as she did also all of John's attributes and gifts-"but," she thought, "if he should say any of those dreadful things about me; what should I do? I should never-never-

tell him," And so during the entire day she thought and planned. New intricacies of plot suggesting themselves-vivid and interesting scenes coming before her stimulated imagination.

Her mother urged her remaining and sending for her husband to dine with them. Her secret desire was to return, but she looked at her mother's wistful face and had not the heart to refuse. She would stay and send for John.

That gentleman arrived at home at the usual hour. As he put his latch key into the door he smiled, thinking of the quick ear which was listening for it, and of the pretty apparition which would meet him in the hall, "By jove," he thought, "what a lucky fel-

low I am!" But the expected figure did not come to meet him. He was conscious of a little chill of disappointment, and still all this means?" more as he wandered through the rooms and found all silent and de-

serted. He rang for the maid.

"Where is your mistress?" "She is out, sir. There's a note, sir, somewhere," and she looked anxiously about. "Oh, it is on her anxiously about. desk," said she with returning memory, starting to go for it.

"No matter, I will get it," and John turned his impatient steps toward his at that, and with tragic gesture he held wife's room. There was no note on the desk, and quite naturally he opened the lid. His eyes were riveted upon the wards before him:

DEAR FRANK-I return herewith the letter which I have no longer any right to keep. I need not tell you what it costs me.

He felt as if his blood were turned into ice, I have reflected much upon what

"Yesterday!"-John felt as if he were going mad. "Yesterday!"-and grown black and a great sledge ham-Before another hour had passed the mer was beating in his brain, but he God knows you have only yourself to

John stood for a few moments as if whence they started. Finally she seemed to come to him. "There is no signature; it is not hers. He looked again. How could he doubt it! He knew too well the turn of every letter. "Oh, that is commonplace. No; He was alternately livid with rage and that will not do." And she tore off choking with grief. His dream of hapthe first sheet of her pad and reflected piness vanished. Something like a curse came from between his closed

Frank Atwood was the only son of teeth. "She loves this man, and she meets "No, no; that is too stupid," and the him and tells him so, and only yester-He buried his face in his hands and She recalled what John had said of groaned, "I shall go away; I shall long and loud. What should he do?

Mildred's silvery voice replied, "John is that you?" The situation was shocking. How could he reply?-there was no time for reflection. He knew that the Central office would share all his confidences through that infernal piece of black

walnut and ebony. So he said: "Why do you not come? Dinner is waiting for you." How well he knew the pretty inflec-

tions of that voice! "I wish no dinner-I am going

It might have been the conventional telephonic "good-by," for it might con-

The effect at the other end of the ine cannot be described. Ten minutes later a cab drove furiously up to the door of the apartment house, and Mildred, with white face and fast beating heart, rushed into the room, and would have rushed into John's arms if he had

"You are going away," she said breathlessly. 'You are a very clever actress," said that gentleman, repulsing her intended

"A what?" said she, amazed. "John, what's the"--

"A very clever actress," said he quite as if she had not spoken, "but hereafter we will have a more perfect understanding and you need not trouble

yourself." "Why, John," said she, "have you lost your senses?" "No; on the contrary, I have recovered them, I am no longer a dupe,

"John, for God's sake tell me what this means!" "Oh, Mildred! Mildred!" said he breaking down utterly. "Why did you not tell me like an honest woman, that you loved some one else?"

"John, you know. I"-"Stop!" said he. "Stop! do not stain your soul with any more falsehood." "You need not have married me," went on the wretched man, "God

She tried to put her arms about him as he paced to and fro in rapid strides,

Mildred burst into tears. "I never-would-have-believed you would-be-so-so-cruel," sobbed "What have I done?"

"Done?" shouted the exasperated man, "done? Why, you have spoiled the life of an honest man, who doted on you, believed in you-like a trusting fool-who would have risked his life

on your honesty". Stop," said Mildred, and she gathered herself up to a fuller height than

"If you have charges to make I de mand that they be definite, and not in aspirants who were trying to make base innuendo. You are very cruel and also very insulting to me. But he was only professionally brutal. | not remain in this house to-night; nor return to it until you have apologi Mildred knew of this caustic wein John's astonished sight.

A moment later he heard the messenger call, then heard his wife give an order for a cab, then saw her packing a handbag. He intended doing so himself. But somehow having heard her do them was infinitely harder to bear.

Mildred was very angry. "Not a thing of his," she said to herself as she stripped off her rings and gathered her trinkets. "My purse, too, she thought, and went to the desk to find it. Her husband had been watching for this. He knew she would try to secure that

"Oh," said he, "you are a little too late. You should have thought of that

before." These, to her, unmeaning words, uttered with much concentrated bitterness, made her seriously doubt his sanity. She looked at him curiously. How else could she construe this incomprehensible fury? she pursued. The thought had calmed her resentment. She went to his side, placed her hand kindly on his arm, "My dear John," said she, "will you explain to me what

He felt touched, and oh, how he longed to take her to his heart; but that could never be again. "Will you first explain to me," he answered, trying to be hard and cold;

'explain to me where you were yesterday?" "Certainly he is mad," she thought, and she tried to be very calm, "Ah, yes," he went on. "You can look very innocent, but, woman, look

up the paper. Mildred looked at it bewildered; then she read: "Dear Frank." A gleam of light first came into her face, and gradually deepened into an expression of interest and amusement. She under-

stood it all. John looked to see her crushed, despairing and penitent; and instead he witnessed this unaccustomed, this extraordinary change and laughter-peal after peal of silvery laughter-rang through the rooms. She tried to speak, but could not

John in his turn began to think that she was mad. At last, with tears rolling down her cheeks, not from grief

this time, she said: "Oh, you dear silly-silly thing. Oh, you dear goose-that's my story-and I was going to surprise you-and bring you ever-ever so much money-and now you have gone-and spoiled"-and here she began to cry in earnest. "And -you - have- said - such - cruel-

Her sobs, together with John's great enfolding arms, stifled the rest. "Oh, my angel, I have been such a brute. Can you ever forgive me?"

For The Ladies.

Seldom do we find so much wisdom on the dress question in so few lines as is contained in the following paragraph-

Stiff materials are less manageable and graceful than soft ones. One dull stuff and one glossy stuff

unite better than two glossy or two Colors near the face should be soft

A woman to be well dressed and to look her best must concentrate her efforts on tints few and good. Antique lace will last forever,

mend and reclean it as much as you piease. Being yellow, instead of snow white, it scarcely ever shows dirt. Modern lace, however good or costly, soon wears out.

The worst extravagance is to buy "shoddy" materials got up by unprincipled traders to deceive the eye. One or two really fine jewels are in far better taste than a quantity of

mediocre ones. Experience shows that all dull, rich silks wear greasy, that a good satin outlasts three silks and three cheap satins, and that black velvet lasts longer than colored.

A set of good fur is never any loss, as it can be cut, rejoined, dispersed, united, worn on an evening dress, or a mantle, at will, without harm.

A dress or jacket properly made and roperly fitted by a good dressmaker, though this costs more than one made by a novice, will look and hang well to the end, while the other will not.

It is indispensable in buying dresses to remember what your wardrobe contains, as two dresses can often be combined into one nowadays if the colors are happily chosen, which is a great economy.

Ladies who study economy will never adopt the outre in anything, for outre fashions never last long. Women of taste are content with few things-and those good-in lieu of

a quantity of cheap finery. Never buy a bonnet that will not go with all your dresses and jackets likely and prying open the drawers in a most to be required while the bonnet lastsunless you can afford to wear one to

match each suit. Extravagance in dress means not only spending too much money on it, but also the patronage of foolish fashions devised simply to waste mate-

A dark thin stuff is indefinitely cheaper than the cheapest pale material, though its original cost be double. A purposeless chaos of millinery is not beautiful from an artistic point of view, and probably mischievous from a tentiary." sanitary one

True skill in making up materials consists not only in fitting the dress but in giving to every morsel of stuff

its due value. Who is Napoleon.

Ponisi-"Now speaking of great men, what do you think of Napoleon Bona-Miss Poindexter (from Philadelphia) "Pshaw! he was nobody. Who was his like out of its ashes.

grandfather?" Miss Bunkerhill (from Boston)-"I don't think he could have amounted to much; he had no middle name." "Miss Goltham (from New York)-

'How much was he worth?" Miss Porcine (from Chicago)-"Did joyed the play last night!" he make his money before the fire, or Miss Montespan (from St. Louis)-

Did he belong to one of our old French Miss Mount Vernon (from Baltimore) -"I never heard of him; but staywasn't he some sort of relation to the Phæbe's Romance.

Phobe Tacson was sent to Grand-Aunt Garraway's at the foot of High peak, to get out of the way of Mr. Middleton De Motte. She was a little disappointed that the

snug Queen Anne cottage was not more dungeon like, and that the solitary mountain path turned out to be a welltraveled turnpike; and Mrs. Garraway, instead of being a hook-nosed old crone with a gold-headed cane and a temper, was a cheerful old lady, whose cheeks were tinted with fresh bloom like a winter apple, and who wore a black silk dress with lace ruffles.

"Darling Auntie," faltered Phobe, after she had been in banishment for several days, "may I tell you a secret?" "Confide entirely in me, my child,"

patting her on the cheek. "Well, then, he met me under the apple tree last night," confessed Phœbe. "You've written to him, then?" said Grand-Aunt Garraway, with a shrewd twinkle in her hazel eyes.

"Y-yes," owned Phobe. "I told him it was unlike anything that I had anticipated. I described your pretty furniture and choice china and the solid silver tea service, with the Garraway monogram on it, and your set of amethysts, and he came on by the earliest train."

"Oh, he did?" "He said he was hungering and thirsting for one of my sweet glances," added Phebe, very prettily. "And he slept on the hay in the barn last night." "My dear child, this will never do. He must come here." "Here, aunty?"

"It isn't in the fitness of things that silk muslin. No sleeves. my grandniece's suitor should be sneaking around the back orchard and sleeping in the hay-loft like a tramp."

Phobe colored. "But what else could he do, Aunt Garraway?" said she. "For that very reason," said the old lady, with dignity, "I ask him here as a guest. My husband's nephew, Harry Sanford, is to be here from Boston, but there is plenty of room. Harry shall sleep in the cedar chamber. Mr.

De Motte shall have the red room.

Where is he now?" "I-I think he is having a cigar and reading the newspaper in the smokehouse," guiltily confessed Phobe.

"Call him in. Tell him he shall be welcome," said Mrs. Garraway. Mr. DeMotte was tall and troubadourlike. He had dark, pensive eyes, and wore a very handsome satin necktie; and if his finger-nails were not as clean as Mrs. Garraway liked to see, still some people thought different on such sub-

jects. "Harry Sanford looks the most of a gentleman," thought Mrs. Garraway. And even Phobe, in a mental comparison, could not help owning to herself that Mr. Sanford was the most at his

"But then," thought Phœbe, "he hasn't any diplomatic troubles on his mind. I wish, though, that dear Middleton wouldn't eat green peas with a fork, and that he would take a little more notice of the chair covers, and not drag them off every time he sits down. hope it won't make my grand-aunt

nervous, But Grand-Aunt Garraway smiled her sweetest, and seemed to notice

nothing amiss. And Harry Sanford diligently talked politics, and did his best to amuse the

Nevertheless, when Phoebe went to bed that night she was not so happy as she expected to be. For a diplomat, Mr. De Motte was not so remarkably intelligent after all, and she was very certain that his grammar was not altogether correct. She hoped that Harry sanford had not observed it.

In the dead of the night Grand-Aunt Garraway's hand fell softly on Phobe's shoulder. She started up. "Hush!" said the old lady. "Don't

utter a sound. Get up and come down stairs with me." "What is the matter?" gasped the 'Your fine lover is breaking into my

big cherry-wood bureau," said Mrs, Garraway. "He has a complete kit of burglar's tools. But don't look so frightened,

my dear. The jewel-case is there, but it is empty. Harry Sanford has the pins and pendants at the County Bank. He's welcome to all he can find. Harry and the farm laborers have got his accomplice safely tied outside, and they're ready to seize on him the moment he quickly! I want you to see for your-

And, standing on the staircase, where she could peep through the transom light into the back parlor, Phœebe beheld her troubadour lover picking locks usiness-like manner.

In spite of her resolution she uttered room was in darkness.

"But we caught the fellow as neatly as possible," Harry Sanford said, after- buckle. ward, with the empty jewel-case in his possession and a lot of silver spoons in his breast pocket. He's an old hand, the Albany authorities say. Fingered Lemuel,' they call him, and he's safe to get a long term in the peni-

Alas, poor Phœbe! Harry Sanford set himself so diligently to work to console the disillusionized maiden that he soon succeeded in restoring her temporarily eclipsed smile.

So the expedition to Grand-Aunt Garraway's proved a success after all. The Middleton De Motte engagement was broken up, and there is every probability that a new one will rise, Phoenix-

theatre party, and has apparently taken root in his chafr. Miss Marshall-Neal "You don't know how much I en-

Dr. M. Fleischer has conducted experiments on the action of sea mud on moorlands and sands. In the first year there was no appreciable result, but in the second and third years there was a beneficial influence manifested, which, however, declined again in the fourth

FASHION NOTES.

-In a dark begonia-colored velvet a medium shade is used to suggest the foundation and underbodice. The latter shows in the palest tones a frilled lisse handkerchief, so folded as to give the appearance of a jabot escaping from one side of the full waistcoat.

-Crepe lisse is also being adopted by youthful wearers, and is especially adapted for the soft-plaited draperies into which it seems to fall of its own accord. It is likewise used for the fashioning of that sort of draw baby bodice, which is a revival of this season. A specimen of this was shown in a shade of lisse under a bodice of peach satin, having on its surface a conventional primrose.

-Tulle is entering very extensively into the evening dresses of debutantes, and has a soft, simple effect when mingled, as it often is, with clusters of baby ribbons. The latter are sometimes supplied in heights to border closely kilted flounces of tulle. A tulle in a shade of buttercup was draped with folds of wide faillie, and had long sprays of bluets and grass carried from the shoulder to the edge of the skirt.

-Evening-dress for a bride: The skirt is of white satin put in gathers, and trimmed in front with a tablier of embroidered silk muslin, fastened on the left side by a large flowing bow of white satin and a cluster of red and white ostrich feathers. Satin train, fall- He claims that they can go well toing in full, ample folds. Low cuirass- gether. bodice of brocaded red velvet, completed by a drapery of embroidered

-A pretty ball-dress for a young lady is of embroidered white tulle over rose-colored silk. The front is formed of two superposed tulle flounces with revers of brocaded rose-colored silk on each side; then come robings of tulle, slightly draped, and at the back a puff of brocaded rose-colored silk. Bodice of the same brocoded silk with the front of finely plaited rose-colored faille, put in like a plastron; narrow drapery of faille round the top; short sleeves of the brocaded silk gathered on to a band; bow

on the left shoulder. -In the latest importation of costumes there is an evidence of increasing brightness of coloring, even tones as bright as geranium are to be seen upon some of the cloths now used. When the general effect inclines to be combre, brilliancy is descernible through some folds, or it is imparted by means of revers, a breast-plate or a panel. One side of a bodice often differs from another, so that folds apparent in the right are usually absent in

the left. - A dinner dress of violet velvet is trimmed all round with an embroidery border standing out in lighter shades of the same color. Two lace panels open in the middle of the skirt, and are gathered up at the sides under ornaments of beaded passementerie, Low velvet bodice, with no trimming round the top but a row of beads; but the beads are continued in a torsade pattern down the middle of the front; there are ornaments of beaded passe-

-In visites the latest models are well curved in at the waist, tightfitting at the back, with a rounded or pointed basque, or loose fronts coming down in long peaked lapels. They are made of plain or brocaded velvet, silk plush or Ottoman silk, lined with quilted silk, and trimmed with a fur border, or else a rich passementerie fringe and edging; but for winter fur is the more elegant trimming. Canadian beaver, minnever, skunks, chin-

furs this season. -An elegant evening toilet 18 moss-green French faille, put on in full gathers at the back so as to form a puff. Tablier of ivory white lace, draped up on the right side, and falling in an ample quilling down to the edge of the skirt; on the left it falls in bias plaits. Bodice of moss-green plush, open in the shape of a heart in front, with narrow revers, and trimmed with a lace drapery commencing from the shoulders, fastened with a rose in the middle of the breast, and thence draped across to the left hip, where it is lost under the bodice. There are no sleeves to this bodice, but only a bow of moss-green faille on the left

shoulder. -A gown that had its bronze velvet steps across the threshold. But come front worked in a dog-toothed pattern, shaded from gold to black, was draped with chartreuse satin, and had side pockets formed by the drapery, but defined by the embroidery. The longpointed embroidered bodice, displayed through the open jacket fronts, had the waist marked in the dog-toothed de-While for morning costumes the short belt is brought to a point some a little cry. Mr. De Motte looked up inches below the waist, in dresses for and saw her. The next instant the evening wear the leading Paris house carries it straight from one side seam to the other, to end with rosette or

-The prevailing tone of the handsome dinner dresses is suggestive of a subdued drapery in rich material, being so arranged over a brilliant foundation as to leave scarcely any of the latter perceptible, whereas, in fact, the bright coloring is supplied where it can be given most artistically. A velvet in seal brown, showing an embossed pineapple in its natural size, has the effect of a polonaise to the folds of its skirt. which is draped to afford glimpses of nasturtium colored satin. The same bright color is shown at the neck, as well as evident among the passementerie leaves that form the band carried across the waist line in front of the bodice. -Rotherhill, the stallion purchased

recently in England for Daniel Swigert, Young Spindrift Smythe has escorted Miss Marshall-Neal home from the Lydian Monarch, of the Monarch Line, last week. There was a great deal of curiosity to see Rotherhill, he being a full brother to the famous Petrarch (sire of Busybody, The Bard and Florentine), being by Lord Clifden, from Laura, by Orlando. He is a year older than Petrarch, and hardly so blood-like as the latter is said to be, but Rotherhill is certainly a horse of enormous power, standing sixteen hands, a good deep bay, with plenty of length behind fuls of flow the saddle splendid arms and paskins

HORSE NOTES.

-Daniel Swigert's horse Kingcraft that died on passage from England was well insured.

-Tremont and Ben Ali, the best of Virgil's get on the turf in 1886, won

between them \$59,000. -Dr. Lobb has recently purchased an 8-year-old black gelding from Can-

ada with a record of 2 391. John S. Campbell's horses won seven of the first twelve races at the New Orleans' winter running meeting.

-Miss Nellie Burke, the famous equestrienne, is at New Orleans with a string of twelve horses, five or six of them being in training.

-R. S. Lore, of Philadelphia, has purchased from J. N. Wilson, of Easton, the b. f. Bird, by Major Miller, dam by Kemble Jackson. -Ed. Garrison, the famous young jockey, has settled down for the winter

at his home, at Parkville, and will not join Captain Brown's stable at Mobile until March 1. -The Driving Club of New York will probably take a three years' lease of the track at Morrisansa, as there is no likelihood of the property being di-

vided by streets within that time. -Major Leavett says he expects to give J. H. Gould (trotting record, 2.281) and Bessie M. (pacing record, 2.163) a fast mile to pole next spring.

-Two sons of Silvio, Jupin and Viennois, won in stakes during 1886, in France, \$52,500. Silver Mine, owned by R. E. Roberts, of Georgetowa, Ky., is the only son of Silvio in this coun-

try. -Johnny Campbell says that he does not intend to take Jim Gray through the Southern circuits. He will not take up the son of Ten Broeck until spring, find will not start him until he reaches

-During the last four years the get of the English horse Hermit have won: 1883, £30,801; 1884, £29,236; 1885, £30,-121; 1886, £22,756—the last sum being just £50 short of that by which Bend Or topped him this season.

-W. H. Wilson, of Abdallah Park, Cynthiana, Ky., has sold to D. W. Woodmansee, of Midway Park, St. Paul, Minn,, the ch. f. Minnie Winnie, foaled 1884 record 2.50, by Simmons, dam Annie Cook, by pacing Abdallah. -W. H. Fearing, of the Newminster

Stud, Johnstown, N. J., has sold to Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., the chestnut filly Golden Rod, foaled 1885, by imp. Hurrah-La Gloria, by Lever, Golden Rod was the original name of Mr. Corrigan's noted mare Modesty. -St. Bel. the 2.241 four-year-old stallion, by Electioneer, recently bought

from Palo Alto Stock Farm by Hon, Joseph D. Sibley, of Franklin, Pa., for \$10,000, will remain in Marvin's care until next season. Since the colt's return to California he trotted a quarter in 32 seconds. -The Futurity Stakes of 1889 of the menterie upon the shoulders, but no Coney Island Jockey Club, which closes for entries for mares recently,

promises to equal the expectations of its projectors. At last accounts it had received 258 nominations. J. B. Haggin, of California, has thus far been the most liberal subscriber, having named fifty-four mares; A. J. Cassatt, thirty-five; W. L. Scott, fifteen; E. J. Baldwin, thirteen.

-The New England Association of Trotting and Pacing Horse Breeders held a meeting at Boston, December 23, 1896, and elected the following ofchila and frizzly astrakhan are favorite ficers: President, General W. S. Tilton, of Boston; Vice President, Hon. George B. Loring, of Massachusetts; Colonel John C. Clarke, of New Hampshire; C. H, Nelson of Maine; H. J. Cutts, of Vermont, and Henry Bull, Jr., of Rhode Island; Secretary, S. W. Parlin; Treasurer, J. R. Graham.

-P. S. Talbert, Lexington, Ky., has made the following sales: Silver Mine, yearling b. c., by Alcyone, dam Silver Lock, by Mambrino Chief, for \$3500, and Onwood, weaning blk. c., by Wedgewood, dam Roxana, by George Wilkes, to J. S. Clark, New Brunswick, N. J., for \$1000; Quartermaster, 3 years, br. c., by Alcyone, dam Qui Vive, by Sentinel, to Rundle & White, Danbury, Conn., for \$3000. Astrione, 3 years, blk. f., by Alcyone, dam Jessie Pepper, by Mambrino Chief, to L. J. Rose, San Gabriel, Cal., for \$2500; weanling b. c., by Baron Wilkes, dam Alma Mater, by Mambrino Patchen, to Elizur Smith, Lee, Mass., for \$2500; 3-year-old b. f., by Mambrino Patchen, to W. H. Wilson, Cynthiana, Ky., for \$1000; Celeste, 3 years, b. f., by Alcyone, dam by Neil Robinson, to William Hawson, Almont, Can., for \$1000; yearling b. c., by King Rene, dam by Alcantara, to parties in Michigan for \$5000.

-The past season has been an off one for Chicago, and there have been but three horses who have distinguished themselves as public performers. The bay mare Opal, 2.24, by Jay Gould, owned by N. S. Jones, and driven by John Kelly, started eight times and was first three times. Starting without a record, she finished the season with a record of 2,24. The gray stallion Moody, 2,181, by Swigert, owned by Dan Brown, and driven by Lewis Fay, faced the starter fourteen times and won first money eight times, reducing his record from 2.23½ to 2.18½. The chestnut gelding Charlie Boy, 2.29½, owned by F. T. Berry and driven by John Atkinson, has eighteen races to his credit out of twenty-two starts, and chopped off ten seconds, having started the season with a record of 2.39. I think Charlie Boy heads the list for 1886. chestnut gelding Dick Stauffer. 2.212, by Blue Bull, owned by B. F. Stauffer, and driven by P. V. Johnston, started but once, in a cup race at Washington Park for members' horses, and won in straight heats, reducing his record from 2,26 to 2.212, and that right off the road. Chicago furnished several other starters, but none whose performances

are worthy of note, BATTER PUDDING, No. 2 .- One quar of milk, four eggs, six tablespoon-fuls of flour, a little salt. Bake twenty minutes Serve with hot sauce