

The Blood Horse.

Gamarr is a dainty steed, Strong, black, and of a noble breed, Full of fire, and full of bone, With all his line of fathers known; Fine his nose, his nostrils thin, But blown abroad by the pride within! His mane is like a river flowing, And his eyes like embers glowing In the darkness of the night, And his pace as swift as light. Look, how round his straining throat, Grace and shifting beauty float; Siney strength is in his veins, And the red blood gallops through his veins— Richer, redder, never ran Through the heart of boasting man, He can trace his lineage higher Than the fount of Gieson's— Douglas, Gieson or the Gueph, Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born Here, upon a red March morn; But his famous fathers dead, Were Arabs all and Arab-bred, And the last of that great line, Trod like one on the Arabian day, And yet, he was but friend to one, Who fed him at the set of sun, By some lone fountain fringed with green; With him a roving Bedouin, At last, he learned to obey Through all the hot Arabian day, And died untamed upon the sands, Where Balch amidst the desert stands.

AUCH EINE LIEBE.

Do you know what a hallig is? It is a small broken, jagged piece of ground that projects above the waters of the North sea, which reaches the west coast of Schleswig-Holstein. Once beautiful islands lay here, inhabited by the brave, hardy Frieslanders, whose motto had been through many centuries, "Death rather than slavery," and who up to this day have submitted to no master, and at the present time the Friesland marshes are inhabited only by peasants.

Floods have nearly washed away these islands and left only small bits, upon which the sea still gradually encroaches. Often in a single night hundreds of lives were lost, and when the sun again appeared the high sea swept over happy homes had been, and over their graves the waves danced and the shark swam in the result of his prey. The men on the larger islands gradually built high dams and dikes, until they at last succeeded in erecting defenses that protected their lives and property. But where only two or three families lived they could not afford the labor and expense, and but for the ingenuity of the people on these small halligs when the floods came, everything would be destroyed. Their houses were built in the middle of the hallig, where it is the highest. Embankments of tough clay, sometimes twenty feet in height, are constructed around them, and into this strong foundation are driven the beams and piles which support the roof. If the wild billows now break over their defenses, the husband bees with wife and children, with his sheep and his best goods and chattels, to the roof, and only in rare cases does the flood reach this safe asylum.

But seldom a year passes in which the turbulent waters do not, at least at once, thunder at the house doors with heavy blows, when the whole hallig is a wild, foaming, frightful sea, rushing and roaring, with its numberless fangful heads and cruel white froths stretching out after its victims. Then the inhabitants fall upon their knees, praying to the Almighty to succor them, as they listen in fear and anguish to the howling of the storm, to the rush of the waves, to every blow that death strikes against their closed shutters. Such fearful days and nights come only in spring, when winter departs in wrath because his reign is over, and in autumn, when the heavy storms rage. In summer the hallig presents a peaceful, quiet scene, and is covered with a long, reed-like grass. Swarms of sea gulls are hovering over it, of which many thousands are hatching; and with their eggs furnish delicious food to the families. Then the long-haired sheep bleat and frolic, and the halligman fishes and rows in his boat to Thissam and Tondern, with eggs, hides and the produce of the sea, which he exchanges for flour and potatoes, hemp and wool. Then the wives and children run at low tide to seek on the black, bare sea bottom crabs and mussels, crawfish, oysters and amber, and the young men hasten away to Hamburg, Bremen and Holland, and travel half the world over, yet always again return to the mists and storms of their beloved hallig. Many of the more experienced men cruise as pilots and bring many a ship safe into its harbor, for which service they often carry a bag of shining silver thalers home.

Now it happened several years ago in a small hallig, not far distant from Amram, a single family dwelt on a bit of firm ground, or rather there dwelt there the last remnant of a family, a young girl, Anna Muur, who had lost her father, mother and brother, and who was now the only possessor of the hallig and all that it contained. This girl herself inspired a sentiment warmer than friendship in the breasts of many of the young men, and could have had her choice of a dozen brave fellows, but she was hard to suit, as behests are hard to suit, and none would find fault with her. Strong and self-reliant she stood in high leather shoes and parti-colored gown, and when she sometimes went to the church in Amram with her handsome hair braided with red ribbons and her white handkerchief tied over her head, from under which the fresh face looked cheerfully out, the neat jacket, the waist with its row of bright buttons, and bodice laced closely to the form, and on her neck the heavy silver chain, she there was a great commotion among the young men, and none there but would declare that she was the most beautiful of all the maidens, even though the girls of Amram wore a front of satin embroidered with towers. Many a man envied the blonde haired cousin, Lorenz Karsten, who had the good fortune to live with Anna in the hallig, and who was her protector and escort. Yet, eagerly as they wished for her favor, none spoke slightly of the fortunate one, for Lorenz Karsten was a man highly respected. Few were as skilled as he in guiding a

ship; none as well as he knew the waters from Elbe to north Denmark. He was the best pilot on the island, and had been for several years steersman of a Hamburg frigate that sailed to the East Indies.

When he returned and did not go again, for his young kinswoman, Anna Muur, had become an orphan. With her on the hallig he now had his home, and never was a little spot of earth kept in finer order. Lorenz Karsten was thin and bony, as the Frieslanders are who live on the islands, in consequence of the sharp sea air, but in strength and courage none could compare with him; and his face, with his bright blue eyes, the high forehead and the thin, delicate nose, would have been considered remarkable had fate willed that he had been born a nobleman. But here, with his rude surroundings and his hands hardened by labor, while some eyes rested with pleasure on him, there were none that bore him ill-will, and many that loved him. Where he outstretched his hand all went well and quickly; where he entered was success, and that he would marry Anna Muur seemed inevitable. Most people wondered why it had not already occurred, but it was remarked by others that it went with Lorenz as with rest of the world, and that his ungrateful cousin, for whom he did so much, would do nothing for him. One Sunday morning Anna Muur, in her fine crimson dress, her sash with the flashing buckle and her hair braided with bright ribbons, took her cloak from the closet and prepared to set out for the church. At the table sat Lorenz Karsten, quiet and thoughtful, his head leaning on his hand, occasionally looking through his fingers toward the girl, and then turning his face again to the window. Without circling the white mist over the hallig seemed to be waiting for the sun to mount higher and disperse it. The maid was busy and singing at her work. Within the room all was tidy and comfortable, as neat and bright as a little jewel box. Rows of blue plaies and cups stood on the dresser, shining metal utensils were hanging above, and on the wall ticked the great house clock. At length the young man rose and paced to and fro with great strides, pulling his high seaman's boots still higher and buttoning the short jacket with the great horn buttons close to his throat, so that nothing could be seen of the wide, overlapping, white collar and India silk handkerchief.

"Well, now," asked Anna presently, "why are you striding across the floor at this rate?" "Because I must speak," said he, "and the words do not come readily." "So," said she, laughing aside; "canst not hold it, Lorenz?" "No," answered he, defiantly. "It must come to an end. You run now to the church, Anna, every Sunday. What draws thee there? What ails thee?" "That is my business, I think," returned she sharply; "or are you my guardian?"

"No," said he, frowning, "nor do I wish to be. I have but a few words to say to you. For two years I have labored and kept the hallig in good order; now I am tired, and will do it no longer." "Do it not," answered she; "thy way is free." "Over in Schleswig they want men," muttered Lorenz. "The war is not yet over with the Danes, and many brave fellows have gone to Kiel." "Well, follow them," said she, fastening her chain. "Thou art an active man, and hast a fatherland to fight for."

He stood still and clinched his hands together. "Why do you go to Amram, asked he, "and deck yourself out as if for a wedding?" "You may guess if you please," said she laughing. "I will not guess," said the young man, passionately; then, moderating his tone and restraining himself: "I would like another word with thee." "If it be short," said she, "let me hear it."

"Short, yes." He stretched his hand out and said hoarsely: "Take thee this hand or not?" "Thy hand?" She looked mockingly in his gloomy eyes. "My hand that has worked for thee, and will still do all that a brave man can do. You know me, Anna!" "Just because I know thee," said she, "canst thou be nothing between us. Thou'rt much too rude and sharp; see how you appear."

She took the little glass from the wall, and held it before him. He turned away and went out, while Anna laughed after him. Now several hours passed; the mist did not decrease; the sun did not break through; the church-going was abandoned. The handsome heiress had amorously viewed herself in her fine attire innumerable times, and had cast threatening glances toward the upper chamber, where Lorenz Karsten's firm steps were now and then heard. He did not come down to the noonday meal, and there was no mirth and hilarity, no sportive jests and rillery, as was usual at the table. At last the door opened, and there stood the moody man, his hat on his head and a bundle in his hand.

"I am going," said he, "and shall not soon return. Farewell! May you be happy!" "Art going?" said she. "Where?" "Over to Husum; from there to Kiel. I will help to fight for my fatherland. I will go to the little boat across to Amram, and will send it back." "So do," said she, and left him without taking his offered hand. He let it slowly drop. At that instant there fell a bright ray of sunshine through the window, and without it became light, and one could see far over the sea, so suddenly had the mist cleared. Lorenz threw a glance out and stood still in astonishment. Instead of taking his bundle and boldly starting, he threw his pack under a chair and took a step or two nearer the window. Directly between Lorenz and the hallig lay a ship, a sharp light cutter, on the top of which the red cross of the Danes was displayed, and a short distance from it appeared a boat manned by four men.

"What do they want?" cried Lorenz, while he keenly observed them. "They are Danes," murmured he; "they come for no good." The four seamen came toward the house. Blacked glazed hats shaded their weather-browned faces. Three had brown jackets on and knives in their belts; the fourth wore a cord on his hat and another on his neck, with which hung a whistle. He was a young, fresh fellow, with stiff, thick, red whiskers and lively bright eyes. "That is the boatswain," said Lorenz; "the three are sailors." The door was rudely opened and they all entered.

"Hey! Good day," said the boatswain, going toward Lorenz. "What is thy name?" "Lorenz Karsten." "Thou art my man," cried the other in the north Schleswig German tongue. He struck the Frieslander on the shoulder and nodded to him. "Understand Danish?" asked he. "I do not understand it," answered Lorenz. "Shalt learn it," said the boatswain, "seest thou there the cutter? That will cruise with two gunboats and a brig to knock the German apes on the head. Thou shalt go aboard. I have come for thee, as the captain has learned thou art the best acquainted in these waters of any man hereabouts; throw thy tackling on and make thyself ready." Lorenz Karsten was through and through a Frieslander, which means a man endowed with the utmost phlegm and calmness and self-possession and who under the most trying circumstances preserves his presence of mind. He comprehended the spot that he would be pressed by the sailors into the Danish service, and that refusal would serve him nothing. He looked at the tarred rope which two of the seamen held in their hands—he well knew for what purpose. "If it must be so," said he, casting a quick glance through the window, where in the channel lay his yawl with the oars ready, "so must it be. Give me half a dozen minutes, then I will follow."

The boatswain was about to answer in the affirmative, and Lorenz was going toward the door, when Anna stopped him. "Let him not go," cried the girl; "he will escape thee!" At these words the Dane drew his pistol from his belt and seized the Frieslander with the other hand by the collar, while his comrades held the prisoner, who attempted no resistance, fast by the arms.

Lorenz shut his eyes fast; he wished neither to see nor hear. That laughing voice pierced like a thousand sharp spears in his heart. "Oh, the lass, without honor or shame," sighed he. "Who would have thought it?" Suddenly it became dusky. The mist sprang up out of doors so dense it extinguished the light of the sun and steamed over sea and hallig. Lorenz heaved a rustle, saw a woman slip through the small, low door that led from the kitchen into the chamber. In an instant he recognized Anna. She had a knife in her hand.

"Wilt have my blood?" he murmured. "Thrust it in well." "Thou art a fool!" whispered she. "Speak not loud; jump up and come; before those wild folk would have caught thee and shot thee down; thou wouldst not have gone far. Now the mist lies thick; run to thy boat; be nimble with thy oars; thy bundle is in the kitchen."

"And thou, Anna?" said Lorenz, taking her hand in his. "Have no concern about me," answered she resolutely. "When thou art gone and they find the empty I will raise an outcry that will turn all suspicion from me. I will save myself." "And what—what will become of thee?" "All will be well," she answered, pulling him along. "Hear how the knives rattle! I hope that their officer will order them striped coats when they go on board empty handed."

Lorenz Karsten had regained his whole manly energy; he wound his arm around Anna and kissed her. "Now," said he, "all is right; thou wilt no longer spurn my hand." She threw herself on his neck and hung there a moment, then pushed him out of the door, dried her eyes with her apron, listened a moment, then quickly took the bowl with the hot grog and went in to the Dane. When the Frieslander had got a short distance away in the mist he heard wild cries on the hallig, and a pistol was fired. He answered by a peal of laughter, then plied the oars so forcibly that they bent like a reed. The yawl shot into the thickest sheet of mist.

Now is Lorenz Karsten captain of a trim Hamburg brig and Anna Muur is his pretty young wife, who still sometimes laughingly affirms that he is a rough, harsh man, whom it would have done good if the Danes had taught him milder manners.

A Glimpse of Germany.

The Germans begin the day not with a good American breakfast of meat and peas, but with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread—sometimes honey with the bread, but rarely butter. About the middle of the forenoon everybody eats a "piece." The peasant and day laborer eat their hard brown bread and wash it down with a muddy looking liquid; the skilled workman also eats brown bread, but has good beer to drink with it; the merchants and professional men usually eat their sandwiches dry; school children at their morning recess eat the "pieces" which they brought from home or else buy sandwiches and pretzels (German, bresel) from the bakers' boys who are on hand with big baskets. Almost invariably I relish my 10 o'clock sandwich, but it makes me feel so much like a boy to eat a "piece" between meals.

The big meal of the day is dinner, which is usually taken between 12 and 1, and consists of soup, meats and vegetables, and a dessert of pastry and fruit. The soups are excellent, and vary according to the day of the week. The meats are generally roasted or boiled, with occasional fried cutlets or steaks. The vegetables are in Macassar (not so large or mealy as in Macassar), red cabbage, cauliflower, kohlrabi, beets, peas, beans, etc. The pastry is destitute of rich, juicy pies, but his cakes, dumplings, tarts, pancakes and bakers' sweetmeats instead. Fruit varies with the season—I have had peaches, pears, plums, grapes, apricots, apples, etc., but no watermelon. I miss the sweet potato very much; and I have eaten sweet corn only once in Europe, and that was at a hotel. A few other Americans and myself seemed to be the only ones who knew how to manage the puny eat, the rest not knowing whether to eat them like bananas. This reminds me of an American who, at a hotel one day, astonished a party of English people who heard him. The English say biscuit instead of cracker, and fully expected to see the waiter appear with a plateful of firecrackers. In the middle of the afternoon the Germans have bread and coffee, after which they fast till between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening. Then they have supper, which is similar to the dinner, with the exception of dessert. Frequently the family remain around the supper table after it is cleared and spend the evening especially if company be present in conversation, moistened with beer or other drinks and sweetened with confectionery.

The new tint of Neapolitan violet is lovely indeed, but few who study the becoming may venture to adopt it. A rich costume worn at a matinee recently, charming in itself, but by no means complimentary to the wearer, was made of faulle Francaise of this shade, combined with velvet of a deeper color. En suite was a princess bonnet of softest velvet-like mauve felt, trimmed with violet loops and clusters of Neapolitan violets, with gold and purple hearts. The narrow strings were of faulle, with a vest of bodies was of dark-brown fur pelerine, with narrow stole fronts, was the only extra covering added when the play was over and the wearer left the heated auditorium.

Captain S. S. Brown has sent the imported horse Richmond to his farm in Oldham, Ky., where he will make the season of 1887. A great soul is above insult, injustice, grief and mockery.

HORSE NOTES.

—There are about 135 runners at New Orleans. —Dan Woodmansee is driving Little Brown Jug on the road. —Brown Hal, the pacer, will do stud service in Tennessee this year.

—D. B. Goff of New York, has sold the g. g. Gilbreth Knox (7) to D. C. W. Berry for \$1500. —C. H. White, of Lexington, Ky., has secured the pooling privilege of Latonia for 1887 at \$53,700.

—There are over 1400 trotters with records of 2.30 or better that are able to appear on the turf in 1887. —John S. Campbell has sold to W. B. Sink the b. g. Dousman (4) by Versailles—Carrie Watson, for \$4000.

—Conemara has so completely recovered from her recent attack of lung fever that she shows no traces of it. —Palmer Cleveland, the former trainer of Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium, is handling W. Ehrich's horses in New York.

—Robert Steel has purchased the blk. m. Mineretta, by Administrator, dam, Buzz Medium, from H. E. Smith, of New York. —Twelve horses the get of Grinstead started in 124 races in 1886, winning 29 and \$59,332, of which amount Volante contributed \$24,530, and Silver Cloud \$12,920.

—Sire Brothers, of New York, have purchased from Milton Saunders, of Cleveland, the ch. g. George V., 2.20, by Masterlode, dam by Magna Charta. Price stated, \$2500. —The get of Falsetto, thirteen of which ran in 1886, started in 106 races, winning 28 and \$51,214. Dewdrop won \$28,425, and Rupert and Jennie T. each won over \$10,000.

—T. E. Moore, Shawhan, Ky., has sold the bay colt Bismarck Wilkes, foaled 1885, to A. Sherwood for Mr. Beckerlie, of Connecticut. He was sired by Victor von Bismarck, dam Mattie Wilkes, by Colonel Wilkes, son of George Wilkes. Price, \$2500. —The Great Kentucky stakes, opened by the Louisville Jockey Club, has only 175 nominations. Colonel Clark is considering the advisability of asking the consent of the subscribers to reopening the stake in order to secure the necessary 300 nominations.

—For some time past there has been a rumor going the rounds that Major B. G. Thomas, proprietor of the celebrated Dixiana Stud and owner of King Ban, Hilmayr, Fellowcraft, etc., had an early retirement from the turf, and also from the career of a breeder, in contemplation. This is denied, however, upon good authority. Major Thomas has no intention of retiring. As to racing, he has not taken a very active part for some years.

—A curious accident happened Mr. Haggin's nominations to the English Derby in 1885. The way the story goes about Iowa is that, last season when the stake closed, Mr. Haggin made some thirty nominations by cablegram to Weatherby's, at London. The large number of nominations staggered the English. They were without precedent, and that, in the mind of the average Briton, is sufficient room for doubt. When the nominations were published Mr. Haggin's did not appear. The explanation is that the English thought it either the joke of some mad man, or some one who had taken the liberty, unsanctioned by Mr. Haggin; the enormous number alone shocking them and arousing suspicion.

—O. P. Alford, Kentucky Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., has sold to H. G. Toler, Wichita, Kan., the following trotting stock: Zoo Zoo Maid, by Hibernian Star; dam Sister Mac, by Whirlwind; in foal to Judge Salsbury. Silver Hair, by Administrator, dam by Jackson's Flying Cloud; in foal to Judge Salsbury. Ellen Clay, by Cassius M. Clay, Jr., dam Ellen Wallace; in foal to Judge Salsbury. Jarfield, bay colt, by Red Wilkes, dam Zoo Zoo Maid, by Masterlode. Miss Arding, bay filly, by Robert McGregor, dam Ellen Clay, by Cassius M. Clay, Jr. Silver Lake, bay filly, by Red Wilkes, dam Silver Hair, by Administrator. Ignora, bay filly, by Egbert, Ellen Clay, by Cassius M. Clay, Jr. Bay filly, by Barney Wilkes, dam by Collins' Iron Duke.

—The trotting meeting of the Pennsylvania Association of Trotting-Horse Breeders of 1887 will be held on the track offering the greatest inducements. A committee, consisting of Edward A. Litch, of Brookville; J. A. Quay, Mor. ganza, and B. Milton, of Kittanning, has been appointed to confer with the different track managements of the State and receive propositions. The following were elected members of the Executive Committee for two years: W. O. Selkregg, North East; A. D. Sutton, Indiana; W. E. Reis, New Castle; P. H. Hacke, Pittsburg, and B. Milton, Kittanning. H. C. Litch, of Brookville, was elected for one year. The Executive Committee organized by re-electing N. G. Eddebute President, J. A. Quay Vice President, B. H. Henderson Treasurer and A. W. Harbison, Secretary.

—The b. m. Waterwitch, foaled 1859, by Pilot, Jr., dam by Kinkead's St. Lawrence, died at the Woodburn Stud on January 8. In her long career in the stud Waterwitch dropped seventeen foals to Alexander's Abdallah, Rel's Marmora Pilot, Edwin Forrest, Bonnie Scotland, Joe Hooker, Woodford Mambrino, Hero of Thorndale and Belmont. Some of these died early, and no attempt was made to develop the speed of others. Four of her colts obtained records—Mambrino Gift, 2.30; Scotland, 2.29; Viking, 2.30; and Undine, 2.35—two of them trotted fast trials—Wavelet, 2.28; and Naiad, 2.30. Three of the daughters of Waterwitch have produced winners—Fairy Belle, dam of Nymphia, 2.26; Sprite, dam of Sphinx (3) 2.24; and Peri, dam of Alice Taylor, 2.30. Mambrino Gift would have been a great stallion had he lived. As it is he figures as the sire of Mambrinette, 2.24; Alfretha, 2.26; Mambrino Sotahm, 2.26; Gift, Jr., 2.27; Tecumseh, 2.28, and Faro, 2.29.

FASHION NOTES.

—There is something else new in the way of head-gear, but to my mind, not very taking. With the small capotes, violettes are worn, arranged so as not to crush the coiffure. They are composed of a small strip of fine tulle, plain or spotted, fourteen inches long, eight inches deep, rounded off so as to terminate with a point on each side of the back. In the middle over a width of about eight inches at most, this violette is slightly gathered, so as not to cling too close to the face. This arrangement is both more comfortable to the wearer and more becoming. Of course, the violette must be put on before the bonnet.

—The fashion of wearing ornaments in the high coils of hair arranged a la Japonaise is by no means decreasing in popularity. Ornamental pins of various devices take the place of ordinary hair-pins. Real jewels are worn, not only in the hair, but appear upon expensive dress hats and bonnets. Jewels are ransacked for odd pins and other ornaments which have been laid away as obsolete to furnish decorations for various portions of the dress. The fashion of wearing real gems on head-gear, it is said, arose from the example set by the Princess of Wales, who wore a glittering diamond ornament on her violet-velvet bonnet at the Edinburgh Exhibition. This fashion may do for royalty, but it is not to be commended to our cosmopolitan countrywomen. The display of diamonds worn in such fashion and the risks attending it are too obvious to need comment.

—Black silk-warp serge, richly trimmed with appliques of black silk gimp, combined with black silk, rich and lustrous in quality, formed one of the most elegant and lady-like toques among a score of handsome gowns recently exhibited. The skirt had killings of the black silk laid in groups of five, with killings of the silk serge alternating, these nearly covered by the silk gimp embroideries. Draping the upper portion of the skirt was an overdress, very bouffant in the sides, and forming double wings at the back, the longer, lower one being of serge. The lower wing of silk, the edge of each bordered with embroidery. The garniture also decorated the back of the postilion bodice, formed the vest front, and trimmed the sleeves to the elbow. The style of the dress was closely repeated in a second gown made of black satin and Lyons velvet, with a garniture of jetted appliques, this glittering trimming alone costing \$20 a yard. A French coat was added to this last mentioned costume, made of black velvet, lined with heliotrope satin, with jetted hood at the back, and bordered with bands of jet-beaded passementerie six inches wide, the bands a scintillating mass of jet pendants.

—Many of our leading modistes are looking forward to something by the way of a change in arrangement of dress skirts. They are promised in the near future short dinner and visiting dresses, devised by notable French dressmakers, which are to be exceedingly smart by introducing four full breathers at the back of the skirt, the silks and satins for these to be of the "stand-alone" quality. This is, however, a phase of simplicity which costs much more than elaboration. A skirt made with one plaited frill or ruche around the edge, and otherwise wholly plain, breathes of economy and moderation, but when that skirt is made of some very costly fabric—satin, velvet, silk or brocade—a different result is reached. Then, again, the cut of a plain skirt must be unexceptional. Upon a trimmed skirt a false slip of the scissors may be craftily concealed by the clever disposition of garnitures draped above it, and even a greater error may be remedied by the addition of a daintily devised tunic or pannier sash, which no one would suspect as being a happy second thought to a faulty original design. If, then, the foremost style of dress really succeeds abroad once more, and this eventually obtains favor in America, there will be a finis to those deft economies, which, after all, do but prove the inferiority of the modiste as compared with the tailor.

—Women are constantly chidden—and justly, too—for the manner in which they obstruct the view of audience in theatres and other places of amusement. There has never been any real need of this, for there are always small enough bonnets, that are not too much out of the fashion, if women were disposed to wear them. A few seasons ago very small bonnets were the rage, unfortunately, at the same time very large hats were worn. Instead of wearing a bonnet nearly every woman wore a hat to the theatre; not because they were fashionable, for that they were comfortable, for that they were not; but I do believe out of a perverse desire of parade. Now, however, they think they have a good excuse, for making themselves obnoxious, for bonnets and hats are alike monstrosities. Neither is pretty or becoming to any face. To obviate these difficulties a daring innovator of this city has invented a sort of cap or turban expressly for evening wear. They are made in all shades of surah silk. They are not expensive, and are very light and airy and exceedingly pretty. A half yard of surah silk would make one, any woman with a modicum of taste or ingenuity about her could make one for herself. It remains to be seen now whether woman will adopt this style of theatre wear, and so make herself a fair and pleasant picture for man to look upon, or whether she prefers making herself the cause of further objugation and criticism.

—"Knap" McCarty will have the wonderful filly Mambrino Wood, 2.27, Floodwood and the 3-year-old pacer last fall in 1.21, owned by Congressman Flood, of Elmira, N. Y., in his string next summer. —The bay yearling colt Judge Rider, by Billy Wilkes (son of Daniel Wilkes, 2.14), dam Miss Beulah, by Mambrino Patenon, has been sold by Harry Sapp, Pekin, Ill., to M. E. McHenry, Freeport, Ill.