My Toast.

Not to the queen of fashion; Not to the jeweled breast; Not to the slave of fashion; Not to the royal crest.

Not to the brow that's fairest; Not to the eye most bright; Not to the genius rarest, The toast I give to-night.

Not to the rich, almsgiving; Not to the lips most red; Not to the great ones living; Not to the sacred dead.

My toast is far more cheery To every man with eyes, Who hears the drama, weary Behind a hat of size.

I lift my goblet foaming, To that sweet girl, so sage, Who takes off her hat, So polite and pat, To let us see the stage.

To her I lift the beaker, Brimming with sparkling wine, And quaff full measure, To each new pleasure, Her bare head gives to mine.

WINNING A PRIZE ..

It was a sultry afternoon in August, and Mrs. Chatter was "picking up" a codfish for breakfast, or rather, part of a codfish. Whole codfishes seldom make their appearance in Mrs. Chatters domicile. But her daughter Almira was a waitress and general "help" at the Seaside Hotel and fell heir to a great many odds and ends of the culinary kind.

"We ain't able to pay overhigh wages," said Mrs. Brown, the landlord's wife, "but there's lots o' perquisites." And the codfish's tail was part of the 'perquisites' brought home the night before in Almira's basket, with half a squash pie, some Graham gems, and a wedge of plum-pudding left over from

dessert. "We never have to spend much money in provitions, so long as Almiry waits at the hotel," Mrs. Chatter was went triumphantly to observe. Which was perhaps a desirable consummation, as the Chatter family were wretchedly poor, although once they had owned a fine farm, including the point of land on which the Seaside Hotel was built.

"I'm afcared it's pretty dry," said Mrs. Chatter, inspecting the codfish with her head first on one side and then on the other. "Ef I had a little cream to cook it in it would make all the difference in the world, But I hain't, and I ain't likely to have, and so there's an end of the thing. I wonder nowwhy, if there ain't Almiry. Why, child, you never mean to say that your folks is through dinner."

Almira Chatter nodded. She was a bright-eved, high-complexioned girl, with luxuriant brown hair, which she wore, in defiance of the prevailing fashion of the day, brushed plainly away from her fair low forehead, and her lilac calico frock became her as perfectly as if a city dressmaker had fashioned its folds and biases,

nother," said she, "and got Lauretta Jones to set my tea-tables for me, because I wanted to speak to you. Do you think, mother," she added, flinging her straw hat on the table and seating herself on one of the clumsy wooden chairs which stood stiffly against the wall, "that you couldn't take a board-

"Me!" ejaculated Mrs. Chatter, letting the codfish fall to the table, and staring until her spectacle glasses seemof hardly enough to accommodate her eyes. "A boarder!"

"He's only a working-man," explained Almira, coloring a little under her mother's amazed gaze. "He wouldn't be much trouble to you, and I'd help you all I could at odd times, There's the little bedroom over the front hall would be plenty large enough-and

"La!" uttered Mrs. Chatter. "It's one of our boarders," said Almira. "The plasantest, nicest spoken say?" man you ever saw-and there wasn't a bit of trouble until Mrs. Ponsby Hunt happened to see him with a pick-ax, ligging around the foundation of the Lighthouse Tower. And says she, 'I see it all now,' says she, 'he's the bossmason of the gang that's coming to pull down the Tower, and put up that new House for the rich people who've bought the point! And,' says she, 'I ain't going to sit down to table with no workingman no matter how well he dresses, or how plausible he is! Mr. Ponsonby /Hunt is cashier in a bank,' says she, and I've my dignity to maintain. And either that man goes, or me and my nine children and two nurses and French maid pack up,' says Mrs. Ponsby Hunt,"

"Dear me," said Mrs. Chatter, "she cent smile. must be very genteel!" 'Too genteel, by half," said Almira.

of the best rooms toe. But Mr. Pon- (nodding triumphantly at the landlady, sonby Hunt says that don't prove anygood day's wages, will pay any money | Brown!" to crowd themselves up among the would he get to Egypt?' she says."
"Do tell!" cried Mrs. Chatter.

flown at the Oakdale Boarding-house tears. won't take him, because they say they'd ose all their boarders once it was found | ed. out they took mechanics! And I felt so "Because, my dear, I didn't know it sorry for him, mother, he looked so be-myself until I came back from Euwildered and lonesome, and so I told rope," said Mr. Ponsonby Hunt. therefore guard accordingly, and take aim he might come here for four dollars "Only to think," almost screamed care that you entertain no notions unaim he might come here for four dollars a week! so let's go right upstairs, Mrs. Ponsonby Hunt, "that our Bere- suitable to virtue and unreasonable to

'and see if we can't change the carpet around to hide the worn spots, and I'll get a little varnish and shine up the furniture a bit, and-" thus speaking, Almira flew up the stairs, with Mrs.

Chatter slowly trudging after. "But Almira," pleaded the poor old in my life!"

"There's nothin' to do, mother," cried Almira, "Only make him feel that he is welcome, and do all you can to fill his mother's place! We are plain people here, and we can't make no pretensions, -but I did feel awful sorry when I saw his face while Mrs. Brown was telling him that the Ponsonby Hunts objected to boarding in the same house with him. He mayn't be real upper-crust gentry, but he's just as nice as he can be, and I'm sure, mother you can't help liking

"Almiry!" cried Mrs. Chatter, clutching at her daughter's arm with a small spasmodic gasp, "what makes you so interested in this stone-mason feller? You haven't never took an interest in him? You, as might marry Simeon Bowles, the grocer, or Peter Hammond

as owns a farm of his own!" "Nonsense, mother," cried Almira, crimsoning to the very roots of her hair. "I? interest in this man that I haven't spoken to half a dozen times in my life, except to ask him if he would take a little more roast beef or to offer him the butter! What can you be thinking of?"

"Well. I dunno," said the old woman, rather crest-fallen. "It will all come so sudden like. Well, Almiry, I'll do as you say, I'd be glad to get the four dollars a week,-if you thought the gentleman would be satisfied with our plain ways,-but I don't know why you didn't make it five, while you was

about it, -or even six!" "Because, Mr. Cresson is a worker, like myself, mother," said Almira. "And I don't mean that he shall be imposed upon!"

The end of it all was that Mr. Cresson came, as a boarder, to the little cottage where Mrs. Chatter lived,-and seemed, upon the whole, very well pleased with his new quarters,

"He hain't no more trouble than a katy-did," said Mrs. Chatter, in a confidential mood, to her nearest neighbor, the Widow Lupine. "He's suited with every mouthful I set before him, and eats as if it tasted real good. He brings all the water from the well, and ain't above puttin' wood on the fire when it gets low; and that Sunday I went to meetin', I just left the pork and potatoes in the oven, and he turned the pan around at eleven and basted the meat and took out the potatoes jest as handy as me or Almiry could ha' done it. And he seemed so pleased when I cured that cough o' his'n with flaxseed and Irish

moss cooked up together. When the chill October frosts came down, Almira lost her situation at the Seaside Hotel.

"So many of the boarders have gone," said Almira, "that Mrs. Brown has been obliged to cut down her help." "Well, said Mr. Cresson, who was doing some architectural drawing at the

"Why, now I'm out of work," said

Almira, a little plaintively. "And what are you going to do?" "Get work in the factory, I suppose. Oh!" cried Almira, passionately, "I

hate the factory!' "Almira! "Well?"

"Did you never think marrying?" "Sometimes," confessed Almira, hanging down her head. "But-" "Would you marry me, Almira? Should I be a degree less intolerable

than than the factory?" "Oh, Mr. Cresson!" And in another second she found herself sobbing on his shoulder, with a strange, restless happiness in her heart,

a joyful glitter in her eyes, "You are not afraid of marrying a be ain't a bit particular about what he working man, Almira?" he questioned. "Am I not a working-girl myself?" she cried out. "Besides I love you.

"But what will Mrs. Ponsonby Hunt

"As if I cared for Mrs. Ponsonby 'Then, Almira, I will tell you something," said the boarder, holding her hands caressingly in his. "I am not so poor but that I can give you a home as

good as that of which Mrs. Ponsonby Hunt boasts, I am a working-man, that is true, and I am proud of it; but I work chiedy with my brains, and I am not a poor man. And since I have won your love, there is not a millionaire in all the world with whom I would change places."

Mr. Ponsonby Hunt just returned from Europe, came after his family that self-same week to the Seaside Hotel.

this summer?" said he, with a compla-"Mr. Cresson! But how did you with a toss of her head. "Anyhow "Impudent fellow that he was, talking keep, owing to the dearness of money she's made such a fuss about it that Mr. to our Berenice just exactly as if he Cresson has got to go. Although Mrs. were her equal, and putting on airs like Brown hasn't a word of fault to find, a grand gentleman. But I taught him and he pays his way as regular as Sat- his place. I never gave Mrs. Brown urday night comes around, and has one any peace until she sent him away

Hunt.

"Why didn't you tell mo?" she wail- is there yet.

mother," added breathless Almira, nice might have attracted him, if it nature,

hadn't been for that bold, scheming, audscious waitress!'

"But here," as Mrs. Brown afterward told her particular friends, "I couldn't hold my tongue no longer. deed, ma'am, it was all your own doing! woman, "I wouldn't know what to do And there hain't a soul along the beach with a boarder! I never kep' boarders | here but is heartily glad that a good, pretty girl like Almira Chatter has got a husband worth having!"

> expressed the voice of public opinion. As for Almira, she said but little.

> "I love him," she uttered. "I couldn't do more if he was worth a hundred millions of money!"

A CEYLON COFFEE ESTATE.

Preparation of the Ground---Planting -- Profits--- The Leaf Disease

The first thing a planter who was going to start coffee planting on his own account in Ceylon had to do was jungle, by which name all virgin forest which had once felled and allowed to troubled. grow up again, which is known as chena. All the forest lands are in the possession of the British Government, and when the planter had located a suitable block he sent in his application to the government, which then sent up to-day and see what arrangements I can a surveyor, who surveyed it and the surrounding jungles as well. This was cut up into blocks averaging 200 acres, public auction at the nearest government kacherie, generally Kandy, the

mountain capital. Once in possession of the land the next thing was to have it cleared. This was let out to Cingalee contractors whose mode of operation is, to say the least, unique. The embryo coffee estate is generally, if not always, situated on the side of the hill. The contractor sends his men into the jungle I'm very busy." in line, begin to cut upward, only cutting a tree about half through, with their short axes or cutties. When they reach the top they select a row of the largest trees which they cut right through, these falling on the next row bring them down, and so on until the whole fifty or a hundred acres fall with aimost instantaneous crash, It is a grand sight to watch a large block of forest failing in this way. The felled jungle is then left on the ground for about three weeks, until it is thoroughly dry and withered, when the natives are snatching her hand away and flushing again sent in with "fire-sticks," and bot with anger. soon the whole pile is blazing flercely. What a magnificent scene it is, too, to see flames leaping up higher and higher, and to hear the great rocks and bowlreport of artillery, but it would cause husband keep you under lock and key?" pangs of sorrow in the heart of an American lumberman to see piles of left the garden.

tion. although it is still thickly dotted with the large for his cousin's finger. comes the "lining." All coffee is excited brain. planted in rows five feet by four feet, which run in regular order across the clearing. A coolie then digs a hole coffee plant by a coolie who comes caught his ear. after the "holer," and immediately following the "planter" is the "filler it said. in" who fills in the hole, and, when planted and becomes an estate.

The planter does not at once, however, begin to reap any benefit from his | name?" demanded Jack. labor for fully three years. During his time of waiting he has plenty to do; the weeds, a large bungalow, and a store held up his right hand. with machinery for pulping the coffee and preparing it for market must be built, and a hundred and one little flushed crimson. He cleared the disthings that are necessary before the tance between himself and the speaker place is a "punkka totum" or first-class | with one bound, and before the breathestate. When the estate is in bearing it will have cost the planter for 200 acres altogether say \$35,000 to \$40,000. A 200 acre estate in full bearing would cost in unkeep say \$12,000 per annum; man's finger. "I'll have his life for it." a very average crop would be 500 weight of coffee per acre, which would Rob was got out of the way. net \$25 per hundred weight. This would give a clear profit of \$13,000, but the usual crop was nearer eight hundred "So you have had Mr. Cresson here | weight than five. When leaf disease set in, however, the crops were reduced to about one and two hundred weight an acre, sometimes as low as one-half know?" counter-questioned his wife. hundred weight; while the cost of unand the necessity of manuring heavily, greatly increased, so that unless a

planter had the purse of Fortunatus it did not take many years to ruin him. After the estate is once in bearing coffee planting becomes more horticulwho was waiting on Mr. Ponsonby ture than agriculture. Every tree has thing-these common folks that get Hunt's late supper). "Did I, Mrs. to be separately "handled," "pruned" and manured. The manuring is the to crowd themselves up among the "My dear, my dear, what are you most expensive part of coffee planting. upper ten! And she as good as said she talking about?" cried Mr. Ponsonby On some estates large numbers of catwas afraid her Berenice would get interested in Mr. Cresson if he stayed too long, because Berenice was young and giddy; and he did talk so pleasant and genteel about his travels in Egypt, and Hunt you must be out of your senses!'

Hunt, dropping his knife and fork in dismay. "Mr. Cresson! Our bank built after the most approved fashion, but in addition to cattle a large quantitiv of patent forcing fertilizers are genteel about his travels in Egypt, and Hunt you must be out of your senses!' such things. And," added Almira, exclaimed Mrs. Ponsonby Hunt with disease made its appearance. When with her shining brown eyes very wide acerbity. "This was quite a common that scourge first began seriously to to me," she said in a severe voice. "His the postoffice without piling on all his to me," she said in a severe voice. "His to me, which is to me, which open, "Mrs. Ponsonby Hunt says she man, who went about picking at the threaten Ceylon, the planters spared no letter will explain the rest," almost knows that he was one of the foundation stones of the old Lighthouse expense in trying to drive it out. masons sent to Alexandria to find out with a pick-ax, and—" "My dear, he is about the removal of the Obelisk, when the man who has purchased this whole were spent in experimenting with to me," fell at Mrs. Redfern's feet in a it was brought here. 'Otherwise how tract of land!' exclaimed Mr. Ponsonby every kind of known fertilizer. Agri- swoon. "He is the president of our cultural chemists of standing were bank! I never have seen him, but I'm brought out from England, but the "Anyhow, Mrs. Brown has been obli- told that he is a very plain, unobtrusive money might just as well have been ged to tell him she wants her room," gentleman, who never puts on any airs, buried in the ground instead of the ferwent on Almira. "And the Smith's, and—" Mrs. Ponsonby Hunt burst into tilizer, for all the good it aid. The gentleman, who never puts on any airs, buried in the ground instead of the fer-

The happiness of your life depends too late. Jack was gone. upon the quality of your thoughts,

Called Back.

In the waning brightness of departing Summer Phyllis Redfern sat in the And I says out to her, quite bold, 'In- old trysting-place alone. A quaint opal der smile parting her lips, as she thought | suring her that he loved her still. Mrs. Brown was right. She had but of her happy bridal morning, only one

short year ago. For Jack was gone! Gone off over postman's nag? seas; never to return, perhaps. He had left in anger; left without a last kiss or a wild flutter. It was not the postman,

even a tender word! Jack was a sea-faring man. From his very infancy he had followed the water for a living.

During that brief, bright year of his married life, however, his voyages had been "few and far between," and on strong arms and his tears were on his dam the Brustar mare.

—Mr. Robert Ropes one or two occasions he had taken his cheek pretty bride with him. Early in the Spring there was a talk

"I shall not go, Phyllis," he said one you. morning, when the rumor bade fair to with me to leave you at any time; now.

Left to herself, Phyllis made her litand was then advertised to be sold at tempting little dinner, made a pretty toilet, and then, in the cool of the afterher flower beds.

"Phyllis!" called a pleasant, lazy under. She dropped her rake, and looked up.

It was only Rob, her cousin, Rob Dukehart. 'Why, Rob, how you startled me!

she said. "Will you come in? But The young man sauntered in. "You're always busy, it seems to me, Phyllis, when I'm about," he said,

with a smiling sort of impudence. 'Wont you shake hands with a fellow, for the sake of old times?" A flush, almost as bright as the tulip streaks, rose in the young wife's cheeks; but she gave Rob the tip of her fingers.

He took the finger tips she offered, held them an instant, and then carried them to his lips. "How dare you?" cried Phyllis,

Rob laughed audaciously.

"Don't blaze off like a rocket, Phyllis; there's no occasion. We are cousins, you know, and I haven't seen you ders cracking with the heat like the in an age. Does that Blue Beard of a Phyllis gave him a blazing glance and

Rob stood irresolute a minute, half stroyed-ebony, worth \$100 a ton, satin regretting what he had done, half in- colorless glass with water, look through wood, mahogany-in fact, all kinds of clined to follow his cousin and beg her timber which would be immensely pardon. Something glittering in the valuable if there was only transporta- mould at his feet chanced to catch his eye. He stooped and picked up the old opal ring, which had always been a lit-

charred stumps, the next thing to do is He slipped it in his vest pocket and bungalow, where the superintendent place possessed a great charm for Rob. may reside while planting what is now He ordered a bottle of champagne, and known as "the clearing." "Lines," or then brandy and seltzer, and by sunset quarters for the coolies are next in he was not quite himself. Lounging order. Then the clearing has to be on the tavern porch, he saw Jack Redtraced for roads and drains, and bridges | fern coming down the road, and a wickbuilt across the streams. After that ed thought flashed through his over-

"He's coming in now boys," he cried, "look out for some fun "

Jack came in to leave a message with about eighteen inches by eighteen the barkeeper, and having delivered it inches, and into this is put the was going out again, when a loud voice

"Here's to pretty Phyllis Redfern!" He wheeled around like lightning.

that is completed, the clearing is Rob was just in the act of draining his "How dare you trifle with my wife's

Rob laughed, sneeringly. "When a woman shows a fellow favor estate must be kept entirely free of he dares everything," he answered, and

On the little finger gleamed the opal ring. Jack saw it, and his dark face less bystanders could interfere he had felled Rob where he stood.

"Stand back, neighbors," he panted, as he tore the ring from the prostrate But the bystanders interfered and

Jack went home with all the brightness of his life dashed out. His young wife met him at the door, in the silver sheen of the Spring twilight. He caught her and held her at arm's length. "Phyllis," he said, angrily, "where

is your wedding ring?" She looked down at her finger with a start, her heart failing her at his tone. "Why, Jack," flushing and speaking with embarrassment, "it was on my

finger. I hope I have not lost it." Her husband threw her from him, with a muttered exclamation, and strode but of the house without a word. fancied he was angry because her wed-

ill over his cruelty. Morning came at last and Mrs. Red- for it. fern, Jack's mother, appeared. She had the opal ring on her finger and a stand in front of the store, bareheaded, letter from Jack in her hand, "Your husband has returned the opal

Phyllis read the letter, and then, with

The tulips had bloomed, and were withering on their stalks in the garden, school, when she woke from that awful trance of death. On her white, thin finger glimmered the old opal. Hearing of same day his back was so lame that he disease had come there to stay, and it her illness, and bitterly remorseful for couldn't bring in a scuttleful of coal the evil he had wrought. Rob had told for his mother. the truth about the ring. But it was

> "I'll find him, and bring him back to her, if it costs me my life," said Rob, none healthy but the sick; gives sight like the elemental frame in which it is in remorse, and with a last look at her death-like face, he departed.

of a little newborn babe was heard in

"Jack's little baby," said Phyllis, as it lay on her heart, "and he may never

And now in the early Autumn she ring-her wedding ring-glittered on her | sat by the old stile waiting for the postfinge. She touched it caressingly turn- man's arrival. She had waited so many, ing the stone to catch the sunlight, her many times, but surely the letter would pensive eyes full of unshed tears, a ten- come to-day; the letter from Jack, as-

A quick, resolute tread on the white abandoned. country road below. Could that be the

Phyllis looked up, with her heart in out a tall, bronzed man.

"Oh, Jack! oh, Jack!" Her cry of rapture startled the birds nto silence and hushed the chirping

crickets.

"Oh, Phyllis, can you forgive me?" he said, with choking voice.

"There is nothing to forgive," she of his vessel being ordered abroad, and to look out for a suitable "block" of circumstances, beyond the control of sobbed, clinging to him. "See, Jack, I either husband or wife, forbade Phyllis have got my wedding-ring! How I is known, in contradistinction to forest to accompany him. Jack was greatly have wanted you, Jack! You can never and a 3-year-old filly valued at \$500, know how my heart has hungered for were burned in a barn at Detroit last He could only hold her close to his

become a certainty. "It would go fiard heart, he had no words to answer her. with me to leave you at any time; now, "Jack," she asked at last, when the the thoroughbred ch. m. Leon, foaled it is out of the question. I'll go down first rapture of the reunion was over, 'did you get my letter?"

"No," he answered hoarsely. was Rob. He followed me across the tle home as tidy as a bandbox, got up a ocean, found me, and told me everything. Phyllis, can you forgive me?" "Jack," she said, softly, "you are my noon, went out into the garden to weed baby's father. What God has joined together no man has power to put as-

And in the Autumn twilight they went home hand in hand.

How to Tell Pure Water.

In the report of "the water supply of M chigan," some valuable hints are given to test the purity of the water. These tests are so simple that any one can use them. The report says, that because we can not recognize a bad smell or taste, it is far from being a safe criterion of good water. Some people are more acute than others in the use of their senses. Evil effects on the health are the same whether the impurity of water is perceptible or not, Heisch's test for sewerage contamination is as follows: Fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full with the water to be tested, and in this dissolve half a teaspoonful of the purest sugar, cork the bottle and place it in a warm place for two days. If in twenty-four to forty-eight hours the water becomes cloudy or milky, it is unfit for use. If it remains perfectly clear it is probably safe to use it.

The color, odor, taste and purity of water can be ascertained as follows: Color.-Fill a large bottle made of

Odor .- Pour out some of the water and leave the bottle half full; cork the Kentucky. The price which Mr. bottle and place it for a few hours in a France received for Harry Wilkes was warm place; shake up the water, re- \$16,000, one-half of which was paid by move the cork and critically air contained in the bottle. If it has District, but he will be taken to San to fix upon the site of a temporary took his way to the village tavern. This any smell particularly if, the odor is reotherwise not appear.

Taste, -Water fresh from the well is Bay District race. usually tasteless, even if it contains a large amount of putrescribic organic matter. All water of domestic uses way, owned by Mr. Web Norton, of should be perfectly tasteless, and re- Springville, N. Y., is in some respects main so even when it has been warmed, since warming often develops a taste try. His owner has frequently entered in water which is tasteless when cold.

An Andover Woman.

eminent benefactor of the town, whose residence was on the "Hill." One day natural pacer. He can go either way while the lady was in the midst of pre- better than 2.25 most any day, and is a parations for the midday meal (this was horse of powerful endurance and gamein the olden time when people got up ness, in the morning and had dinner at the proper time) a caller was announced, Hastily leaving the kitchen where she was over-seeing operations she entered the next room where the visitor was, and pretty soon the lady broke off the goes, Harry behaved so badly when out conversation and called to the "help" in the kitchen:

"Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, m'am." Then the conversation was renewed, to be broken again in a few minutes by the inquiry; "Nancy, does the kettle boil?"

"No, m'am." "Then take the pine stick in the corner and put it on the fire." This was as a gelding. presumably done, for shortly after, when "m'am" repeated her question:

Nancy, does the kettle boil?" 'Yes, m'am," the answer. "Then take off the pine stick and put it in the corner."

This shows a spirit of saving hardly to be surpassed.

An Unsolved Mystery-How a woman can stand on a cold day, with her sleeves rolled up and her head bare, All though the Spring night, from the and visit with her neighbor across the rising to the setting of the stars, Phyllis | fence for fifteen minutes and not think waited, but Jack did not return. She of taking cold, and yet cannot sit in a cold church half an hour, wrapped in ding ring was missing and wept herself | furs and plushes, without shivering all the time and sneezing a week to pay

Unsolved Mysteries.

Another-How a young man can and buzz his girl for half an hour without a struggle, and yet can't even go to clothing and then kicking about the

beastly cold weather. Another-How a little girl can go and slide down hill with the boys all day long, when her throat was so sore in the morning when she couldn't go to

miles and skate until after dark the

The Lord takes up none but the forsaken; seeks none but the lost; makes to none but the blind; makes alive none eath-like face, he departed.

Months came and went, and the cry ners; and to all these he is precious.

but the dead; sanctifies none but sinwery energy of God's organic will,
which rules and moulds this universe.

HORSE NOTES

-Goliah and Alcade are being backed heavily for the Kentucky

-Phallas will not be taken to Kentucky, but will continue to stand at

Racine. -After a one day's experiment at New Orleans, Sunday racing has been

Hot Springs last week, accompanied by his little daughter, -Charles Nolan is roading Judge Davis (2.201), Lady Alert (2.27), and

-Mike Dwyer left for the Arkansas

Lady Haven (2.311). -P. McCarney is driving on the road a 4-year-old colt by a son of Ironsides,

-Mr. Robert Bonner recently refused \$100,000 for Maud S. from Mr. Joseph Harker for another party. This shows how valuable a star trotter is.

-Flora R. record 2.231, valued at \$2000; Joe Hooker, valued at \$1700, week.

-Clay & Woodford, Runnymede 1864, by Lexington, dam Liz Mardis, by imp. Glencoe, out of Fanny G., by imp. Margrave.

-The latest betting on the English Derby, to be run on May 25 was as follows: The Barton, 5 to 1; Enterprise, 8 to 1; Florentine, 10 to 1; Timothy, 16 to 1: Jack 6. Lantern, 20 to 1. and Glentrae, 25 to 1.

-Boston is to have a gentleman's driving association. George H. Warren, George G. Hall, John Shepherd, Colonel R. A. Stevens, J. R. Whitten, Henry Burnham and J. H. Richardson are interested in the movement.

-John Splan has bought from Louisville (Ky.) parties the black 5-year old gelding Wilkins, by George Wilkes, dam Lady Patchen, by Mambrino Patchen, and full brother to the stallion Jersey Wilkes. The reported price was \$6500.

-The Brooklyn Jockey Club held its annual election on February 14 and elected the fallowing named as a Board of Directors: P. J. Dwyer, M. F. Dwyer, Charles Gold, W. H. Jordan, Richard Hyde, J. Delmar and A. C. Washington.

-The English sporting papers announce that Frederick Pratt, a nephew of the late Fred Archer, and remembered by the latter in his will, has embraced the profession, as becomes "a nephew of his uncle," and has been apprenticed to Mr. J. Ryan, of Green

Lodge, for five years. -Sire Brothers, of New York, have purchased Mr. Temple's interest in Harry Wilkes, and Frank Van Ness has started for California by way of smell the | Van Ness. The gelding is now at Bay pulsive, the water should not be used Ness gets back on the Pacific coast. for domestic purposes. By heating the The race between Harry Wilkes and water an odor is evolved that would Oliver K. is fixed for April 2. The two geldings will come East after the

-George R. (2.271), sired by Getathe most wonderful horse in the counhim in two races the same afternoona pacing class and trotting class-and won them both, trotting and pacing him alternate heats. By the use of This story is told of the wife of an toe weights he can be converted into a trotter, and, taking them off, he is a

> -The breeder of Harry Wilkes was J. M. Hendren, of Madison, who sold him to Wm. R. Letcher. It was while Harry was in Mr. Letcher's possession that he was gelded. One day, the story on the track that his owner had him thrown as soon as he reached the stable, and the operation was performed that robbed the trotting interest and the public of perhaps a phenomenal sire. Mr. Letcher would have given \$1000 next day to have been able to restore Harry Wilkes to what he was. But Harry, as a stallion, might never have attained the fame he has reached

-The breeding farm of J. B. Hag-gin, Rancho del Paso, California, is undoubtedly the most extensive establishment of its kind in the world. The private catalogue of the thoroughbred stock contains the names of 154 brood mares and eight stallions. The latter include three sons of Leamington-Hyder Ali, out of Lady Duke, by Lexington; Warwick, out of Minnie Minor (dam of Wanda), by Lexington, and Milner, also out of a daughter of Lexington. Then there is the imported Irish horse, Kyrle Daly, the two celebrated Australian racers, Darebin and Sir Modred; Ban Fox (winner of the Coney Island Derby), by imported King Ban, dam Maud Hampton, by Hunter's Lexington, and John Happy (a full brother to the great George Kinney), by imported Bonnie Scotland, out of Kathleen, by Lexington. The brood mares represent a large expenditure of money and include many distinguished names, among them Maud Hampton, dam of Ban Fox and King Fox, that cost her owner \$10,000; Miss Woodford, the Queen of the Turf; imported Agenorla, the dam of Pontiac and Pontico: Explosion, dam of Dew Drop; Bonnie Kate, dam of Bonnie Lizzie; Katie Pearce, dam of Lizzie S, and Ballard Letola, dam of Unrest; Lou Lanier. Another-How a boy can walk four dam of Katrine; Lydia, sister to Barnes and Runnymede; Second-Hand, dam of Exile; Vandalite, dam of Hiawassee, and other producers of winners and

distinguished racers themselves. The soul of man is not a thing which comes and goes, is builded and decays set to dwell, but a very living force, s